

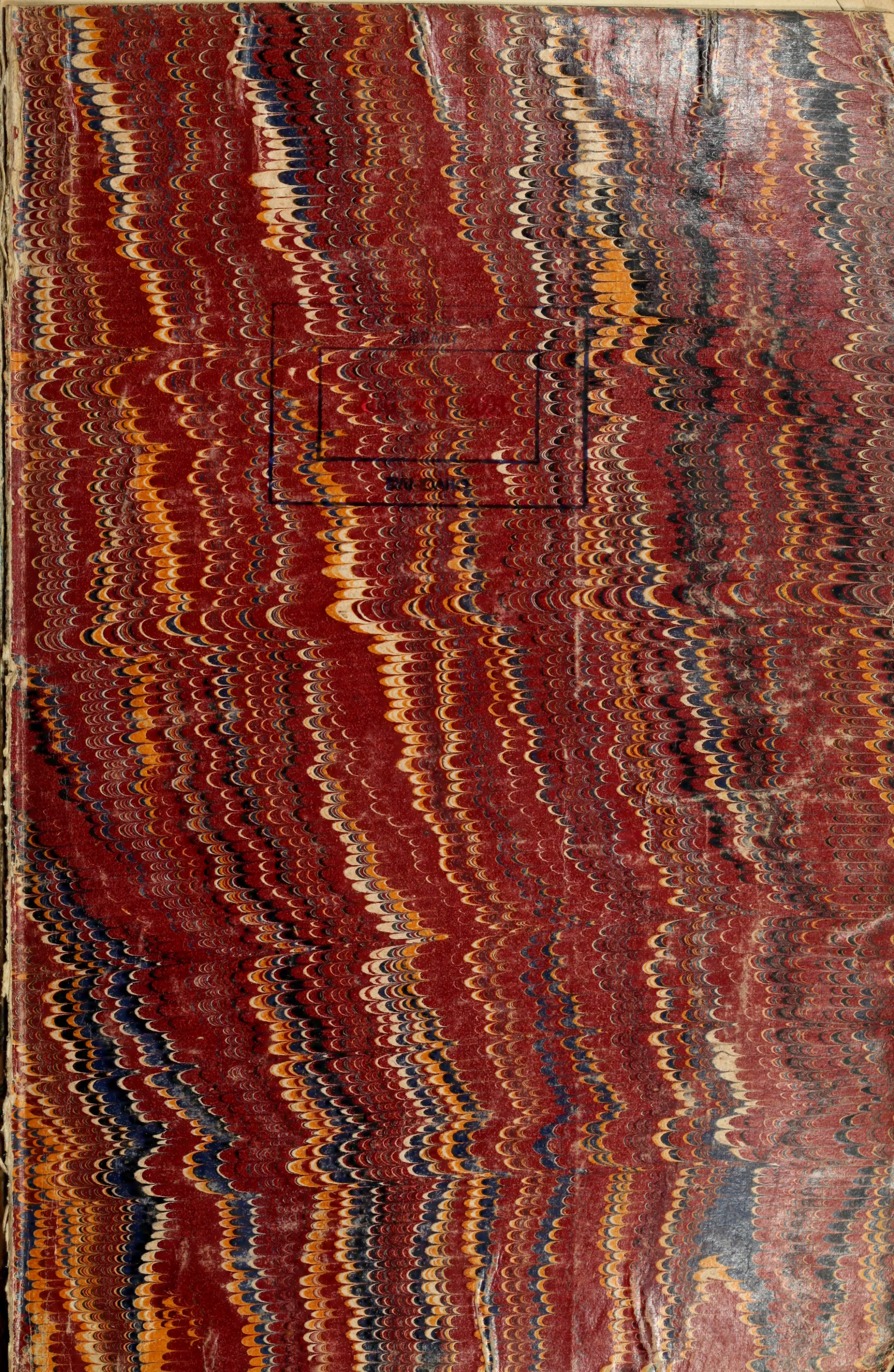


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HARPER'S

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCV.—JUNE, 1867.—VOL. XXXV.



THE COURSE OF EMPIRE.

OVER THE PLAINS TO COLORADO.

WISHING to examine the mines of Colorado, and being also urged to do so by certain Eastern gentlemen, in order to see if capital could safely and profitably be invested there, two of us New Englanders, and a Mississippian, recently from California, left Boston together, bound for the El Dorado of the West, thus far the land of disappointment to the East—the far-famed Colorado Territory—to examine its gold and silver mines, or rather to ascertain if there really was such a country;

and, if it did exist, to learn if any mines were there, as in the East both were being seriously doubted.

The month of August found us in Chicago, where the cholera had made its appearance; and although we had been but a few hours in the city, yet one of our number, while walking along one of its principal avenues, was so violently taken with symptoms of the disease as to require prompt medical attention. We were urged to leave the city immediately, which we

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did that evening by taking the cars on the Northwestern Railroad.

We took the night-train, intending to pass the Mississippi at Clinton, and through Cedar Rapids to Boonesborough in Iowa, thence by stage, some hundred and twenty miles, to Council Bluffs. Entering the sleeping-car we were whirled rapidly toward our place of destination, unconsciously to ourselves, as we slept soundly until 2 o'clock A.M., when, by the deep peals of thunder that came crashing around us, I was awakened, and found the train standing perfectly still on the track, surrounded by a dense forest, which the vivid and almost incessant flashes of lightning revealed to view. All was silent in our sleeping-car, no one appearing to know but that we were at some *dépôt*, or still in motion. Carefully I awoke my California friend, to accompany me to see the cause of our delay, as I began to think both engineer and fireman had been killed by some lightning-stroke. Out of our sleeping-car into the mud we went, and as we came up to the engine all was silent—not a soul to be seen or heard. What could it mean? Soon the vivid lightning revealed on the track, some distance ahead, a smashed-up freight train. It took nearly eight hours to clear the track so that we could pass; then we slowly steamed forward, leaving one poor fellow so mangled that his life was despaired of, and others less severely wounded.

This accident prevented our arrival at the place of destination, Boonesborough, at the appointed time, and it was 11 o'clock when we reached the place. Here we had comfortable beds, and early next morning took the stage for Council Bluffs. The heavy rains the previous night had made our road muddy enough, and we were slowly dragged over it, passing on an open rolling prairie a horse lying dead in the middle of the road. It had been shot, two nights before by robbers, who here met the stage near midnight, and from two large revolvers fired some six or eight shots at the coach and horses, killing one of the wheel-horses instantly, and slightly wounding the others. The wounded horses sprang forward, tearing off the harness from the dead animal, and ran at full speed with the coach, while ball after ball passed through and around it from the pistols of the robbers. The driver jumped from the box, as he found the balls striking too thickly about him, and surrendered himself to the robbers, who took what money he had, and cursed him for not holding his team. The horses ran with the coach for some distance, until they came to a hill which checked their speed; all the passengers here jumped out and secreted themselves in the surrounding grass until the driver came up and eventually secured the team, which had stopped on the summit of the hill.

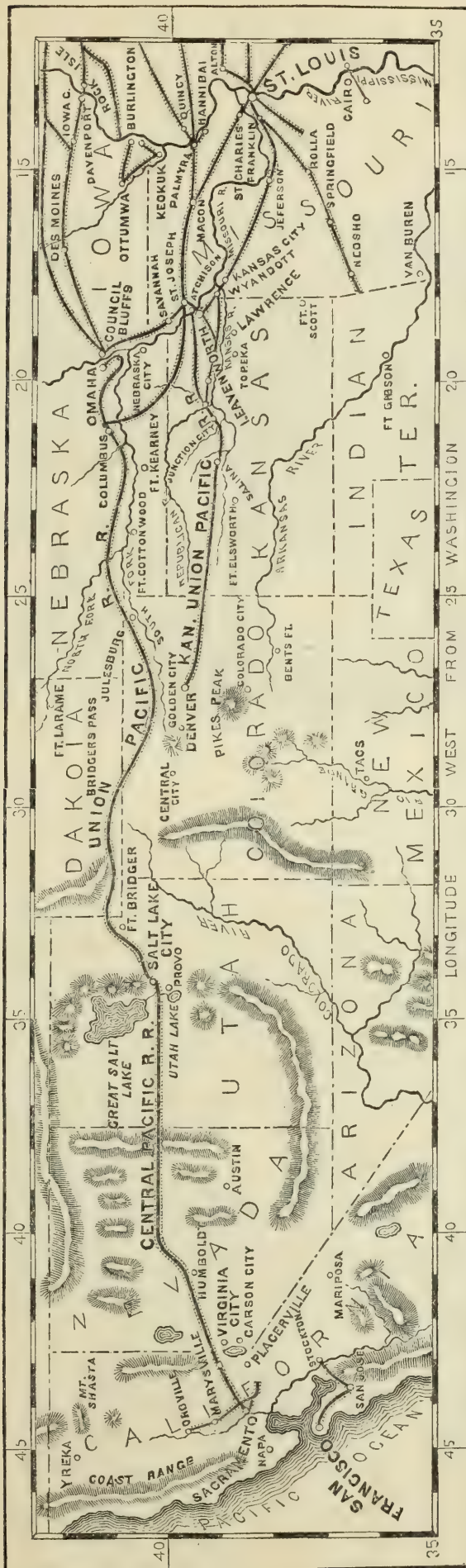
This robbery took place in a dark night, on a lonely spot surrounded by high rolling prairie ground, so that the flashes from the pistols could not be seen, nor their reports heard at any great

distance. The place had been well selected by the robbers—two in number. They came to the place on horseback, and, picketing their horses at some little distance, advanced on foot, each with two revolvers, to the attack, and when all was over rode away, and will probably never be traced.

Our road soon struck the valley of the Boyer River, down which its course lay. This beautiful valley—a level, fertile, open prairie, bounded by gently rising hills covered with luxuriant grass to their very summits—averages nearly three-quarters of a mile in width. By the side of the stream that winds through this valley, and on the summits of some of the hills, may be seen a few trees, which add greatly to the beauty of the landscape. The valley is little improved, having only a few farms in it. Most of it is in the same wild, uncultivated state as when the buffalo and elk roamed undisturbed through all this vast region. As we rode down this lovely valley, soon to be traversed by a railroad now fast approaching, it required but little imagination to see countless herds of buffalo and elk grazing over its surface and on the hills adjoining, with their usual accompaniment, the red man and his wigwam. Now all is silent and lonely; though the engineer and his locating party have been here, and left their stakes marked ready for the gradation of the road. Constructing parties, whose tents and temporary sheds, covered with brush-wood instead of boards, we had passed a few miles back, will soon follow, since the construction of this road is being pushed toward Council Bluffs with a rapidity and skill only equaled by the great Pacific Railroad leading westward from Omaha, to which it is to be united by a bridge over Missouri River. Here, in a single month, more than 500,000 cubic yards of earth have been placed in embankments, or thrown from cuts, for the gradation of the road; the bridges and all structures completed, so that the average track-laying has exceeded a mile a day. Once, when an emigrant team was alongside of the track-layers, when the traveling was very bad and the teams often stuck fast in the mud, a strife sprang up between the team and track-layers; and when night closed upon them the camp-fires of the emigrants were behind the head of the track.

This railroad is well located and well constructed, and is destined to become one of our great thoroughfares when it reaches, as it will before this page is printed, the Missouri River beyond Council Bluffs, and by a bridge joins the great Pacific Railroad at Omaha.

Down Boyer River Valley our road continued for many miles, until we came to the bottom-lands of the Missouri River, which are here some 10 or more miles in width, and resemble the American bottom-lands opposite St. Louis. At this point we turned southward, following for some 15 miles the base of the hills or bluffs that bound the eastern side of the bottom-lands; and here, turning westward, as the sun was sinking



The accompanying map shows the line of railways, completed and in progress, between the Pacific and the Mississippi River, with their principal connec-

behind the hills of Omaha, we rode into a long street well built with wood and brick houses. At this place, called Council Bluffs, we soon found a comfortable hotel to pass the night. In the morning, taking a coach, we were driven several miles to a ferry over the Missouri River, and soon landed on its opposite banks at the city of Omaha.

At Council Bluffs we met four "pilgrims"—gentlemen from Pennsylvania *en route* for Colorado to examine some mining property in that Territory. As they were bound over the same road with us, and our Eastern papers had teemed with accounts of Indian depredations on the plains, and of the danger of a general and immediate Indian war, we were happy to meet them. General Sherman had gone across the country only a few days previous to examine into the truth of these rumors, and learn the disposition of the various tribes.

As we had brought several repeating-rifles, we concluded to arm our traveling companions as fellow-soldiers in our pilgrimage across the great American Desert. Unpacking our guns at Omaha Railroad Dépôt we presented each of the party with a rifle, and went through with them the exercise of loading and unloading, arming and firing, etc., until all were judged sufficiently proficient for any emergency. While thus handling our fire-arms there stood before us an Indian, dressed in his native costume, a splendid specimen of his race, tall and straight as an arrow and finely proportioned. His eye was like an eagle's, which he riveted upon us with a defiant look, while intelligence beamed from a very expressive and handsome countenance, as he contemptuously gazed upon his pale-faced brethren, arming to kill, if necessary,

tions. It also indicates the route followed by the author of this paper from Council Bluffs, in Iowa, to the mineral region of Colorado. A more detailed map of this mineral belt will be found on a subsequent page.

The main lines are, (1.) The *Central Pacific*, from Sacramento to Salt Lake City. (2.) The *Union Pacific*, from Salt Lake City to Omaha. The principal connecting lines are shown on the map. The work is pushed forward very rapidly, especially upon the Union Pacific road. On the first of January cars ran from Omaha westward 305 miles to the crossing of the Platte River. How far they will have reached in June, when this paper appears, we can not say. On the Central Pacific they were running to Cisco, 93 miles from Sacramento. The Company hope during the present year to reach Humboldt, 250 miles from Sacramento. From Sacramento to San Francisco, 123 miles by water, for the present the passage is by steamers; although eventually the Company propose to extend their track to Oakland, across the bay of San Francisco, shortening the distance 43 miles. The following are the distances from New York to San Francisco:

New York to Chicago.....	979 miles.
Chicago to Omaha.....	500 "
Omaha to Salt Lake City.....	1035 "
Salt Lake City to Sacramento....	625 "
Sacramento to San Francisco.....	123 "
	3262 "

Of this distance nearly 2100 miles are now traversable by railway and steamers, leaving not quite 1200 miles of railway between the present western terminus of the Union Pacific and the eastern terminus of the Central Pacific to be constructed.



OMAHA CITY.

his red-skinned brothers. We thought if he was a specimen of those we might have to contend with on the plains, it would indeed be no boy's play. There was a report that a hostile tribe was now down on the Republican Fork, contemplating an attack on the railroad, to prevent, if possible, its further extension; and that the Governor of Kansas had called on the Secretary of War for additional force to oppose them. Was this Indian a scout, a spy of this or some other unfriendly tribe?

As we entered the car for our ride to Fort Kearney our Indian friend followed us, but at the first stopping-place took his departure for his brethren of the friendly Pawnee tribe. Soon Indian and all were forgotten as sleep took possession of us, while our rifles fell over on the car floor, and we were in far more danger from them than from Indian warriors.

Daylight found us some hundred or more miles from Omaha, and as we passed along we had an opportunity of examining the railroad constructed near the line of the telegraph, on long tangents, and on slight embankments to elevate the grade-line above the water, which otherwise, on the level plain where it is constructed, might prove detrimental to the road.

About two o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at the station opposite Fort Kearney, one hundred and ninety miles from Omaha. Here we left the cars, and entered a wagon on wheels high and broad-tired, so as to ford the Platte River, which must be crossed in order to reach the stage-station on the opposite side. The

river is here divided into small channels by islands, some of them of great length; and its muddy waters hold vast quantities of sand and soil, which, deposited in many places, form quicksand beds in the channel of the river. When our wagon was on these beds it would spring up and down, as if passing over a rough stone pavement. We had passed several small channels, and were descending a slight declivity to enter the main one, when, with a crash, down went one of our wagon-wheels, broken to fragments, close to the water. Fortunately no one was seriously injured, and doubly fortunate were we to meet with the accident at this place rather than in the river.

At Fort Kearney we found the stage in waiting for us, and with rifle in hand, pockets well filled with cartridges, and magazine-box ready for any emergency, each took his seat in the coach, and off we started, at full speed, for our long ride of some four hundred miles across the plain to Denver. Our road lay up the valley of Platte River—if that can be called a valley which consists of a level tract of land, viewed transversely, nearly on a meridian line, while longitudinally, running westward, it ascended some ten or more feet per mile, as Denver is some five thousand feet above the ocean. This valley is from ten to twenty miles in width, and is bounded both on the north and south by rolling prairie land. The entire distance between these elevations, for more than seven hundred miles in length—from near the base of the Rocky Mountains to Missouri River—

has been perfectly graded by soil and sand washed down for countless ages by the waters of the Platte River, whose bed has been constantly changing until it has passed over the entire surface of the valley—leaving its bed, when it became filled with sand and soil, to seek some lower level in this vast plain. This entire valley is destitute of trees and all cultivation, but is covered with nutritious grass—without which it would indeed be the Great American Desert, almost impassable for man or beast.

Station-houses along the road, some twelve or fifteen miles apart, have been constructed by the Overland Stage Company, where relays of horses are kept, and where passengers are provided with “square meals” at \$1 50 each—a price not too high, as most of the provisions are brought from the States; even wood for cooking has to be transported hundreds of miles, and often costs more than a hundred dollars a cord; and at Julesburg one hundred and fifty dollars per cord has been paid. These stations—or *adobes*, as they are called—are constructed of turf, piled sod upon sod, to form the sides of the houses and barns, some two feet in thickness, while the roofs are covered with turf supported by rough frame-work—the whole forming a kind of burrow. Small windows are inserted in the turf walls of the house, and answer both to admit light and for port-holes to fire from. The houses and barns are generally connected with each other by high turf walls, which are often pierced with small port-holes for defense, and sometimes the

front entrance to the house is defended by a turf wall, through which also are port-holes. Many of these adobes have been attacked by Indians, and some have been destroyed, with their brave defenders, after a desperate and prolonged resistance. But, as a general rule, the wily savage prefers to attack emigrant teams for plunder, rather than risk himself storming one of these miniature fortifications; but they often prowl about them, and drive off stock. Only a few days previous to our arrival at Cotton-wood Station eighty head of cattle and mules were taken in one night, close to the station; and soon afterward ten more were driven off in open day by some half-dozen Indians, while the whites calmly looked on, not daring to interfere, apprehending that there was a large body of Indians in reserve. Teams and emigrants, in passing the plains, go in large bodies for defense, and when attacked, or when encamped for the night, form into a circle—or *corral*, as it is called—with their wagons securely joined together, often chained; and from behind this wall of wagons the hardy emigrant pours his fire upon the Indians, and is seldom overpowered.

We had a most delightful ride up Platte River Valley for three days and nights; the air was dry and bracing, and highly exhilarating; and when we alighted at the Pacific House in Denver we felt as fresh as when we first entered the cars in Boston for our long journey. We encountered no Indians, seeing but one on our entire route; and saw no game, except a few antelope, far away from rifle-shot; no elk,



PLATTE RIVER VALLEY.



THE VICE-PRESIDENT VIEWING THE WORK.

no buffalo. Indeed, I have never seen a new country so destitute of game; and have seen more in one day in former years in Illinois, or in Northern New York or Maine, than one would be likely to see here in a year, unless the buffalo and elk resume their old stamping-ground.

From a description given in the work entitled "Across the Continent," by Mr. Bowles, who had seen Switzerland and the Alps, I had anticipated much pleasure from a view of the scenery. It was indeed a beautiful panorama of mountain scenery, with Long's Peak on the right, and far off to the south Pike's Peak, both towering to an elevation of more than 13,000 feet above the ocean, while Grey's Peak between them, far in the back-ground, appeared even higher than either, and all connected by mountains little inferior to these peaks in height; but they lack one very prominent feature of Swiss scenery—the snows and glaciers which add such infinite beauty and sublimity to the Alps.

The great Pacific Railroad, leading westward from Omaha, under the direction of Thomas C. Durant, Vice-President of the road, and General Granville M. Dodge as Chief Engineer, is being constructed up the Valley of Platte River with a rapidity hitherto unequalled in railroad building in America, even surpassing the Northwestern railroad in Iowa; for here have been laid $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles of track in a single day, and 150 miles in 100 consecutive days. More than 12,000 hands are employed upon the road, procuring ties, grading, and track-laying. Nine saw-mills are owned by the Company, and more than a dozen hired, which are all constantly employed in getting out lumber. Steam-

boats are owned and many chartered by the Company for transportation purposes, and for 60 miles below and 150 miles above Omaha the banks of Missouri River are being depleted of timber for ties for the track; and all are sent forward to its terminus, together with construction materials of every kind, by regular freight trains, run for that purpose only. The track is laid in a substantial manner with long \perp rails.

Boarding-houses for construction parties are very appropriately placed on wheels. Some are constructed like a dwelling-house, with windows, doors, etc., on three platform cars, one being fitted up for a dining-room, another for a kitchen at one end and a reception-room at the other, and the third for sleeping berths. When all are run upon a temporary track for use, the middle or kitchen-car is placed transversely across the track, the truck-wheels being detached and the two other cars are brought against its opposite sides; all combined forming a comfortable dwelling-place.

The road is well supplied with engines and cars from our best Eastern works, and to meet the rapidly-increasing demand more are constantly being transported at heavy expense to Omaha. The necessary buildings at Omaha have been substantially constructed, as well as dépôts along the line of the road. The gradation for the reception of the track is fast being prepared, and by June of 1867 not more than



LAYING THE RAILS.

180 miles of staging will be required between Denver and Boston, whereas 15 months since there were some 800 miles, 600 in Colorado and Nebraska and 200 in Iowa. Onward is the destiny of this great Pacific Railroad until it meets the California division now being rapidly constructed, when our vast continent will be bound with iron bands.

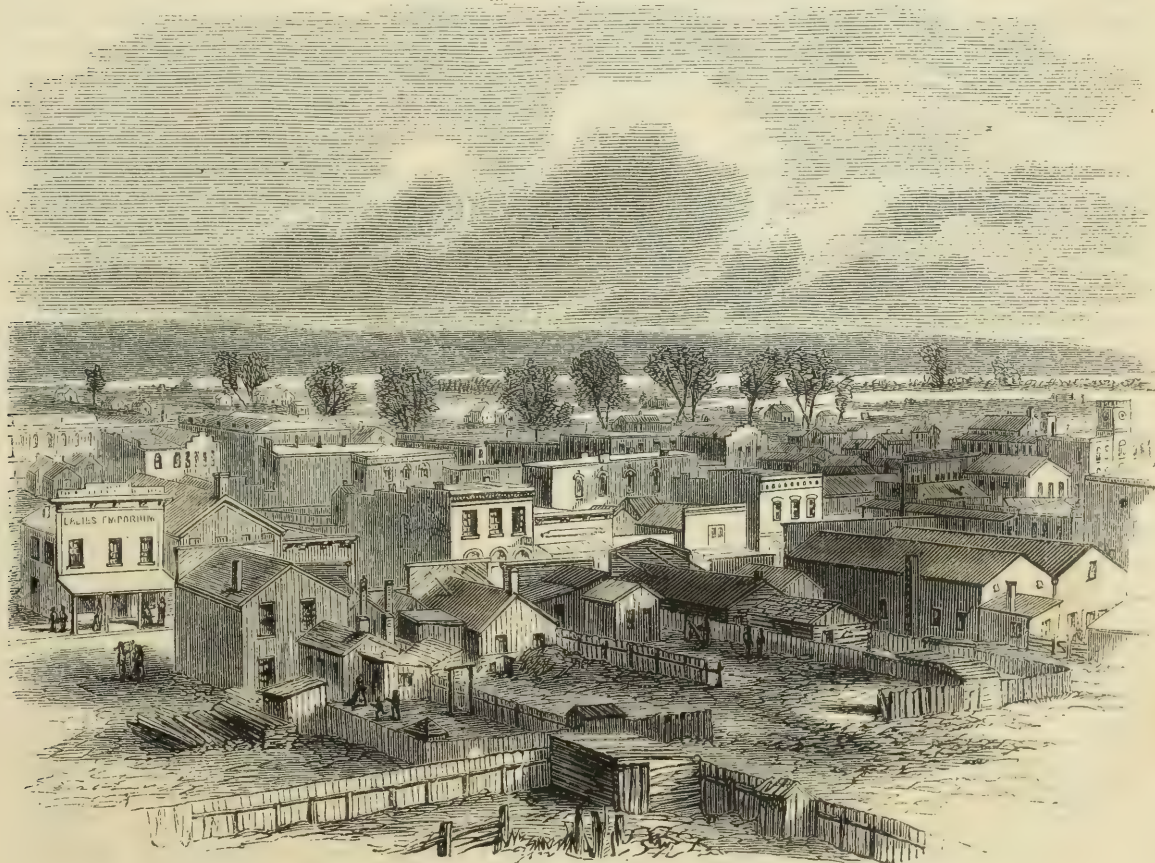
We remained but one night at Denver, which is located on the plains, on the South Branch of the Platte River, about 16 miles from the base of the mountains, and is being substantially built with brick structures on wide and well located streets; and with a branch railroad leading to it from the great Pacific line, and perhaps another from the Union Pacific road, over the Smoky Hill route, one of which without doubt will be extended up Clear Creek, it will become a flourishing place.

Again we found ourselves on Ben Holladay's stage-coach bound for Central City, which is situated about 35 miles westward by the traveled road from Denver, among the mountains on the gold mining belt of Colorado. Over

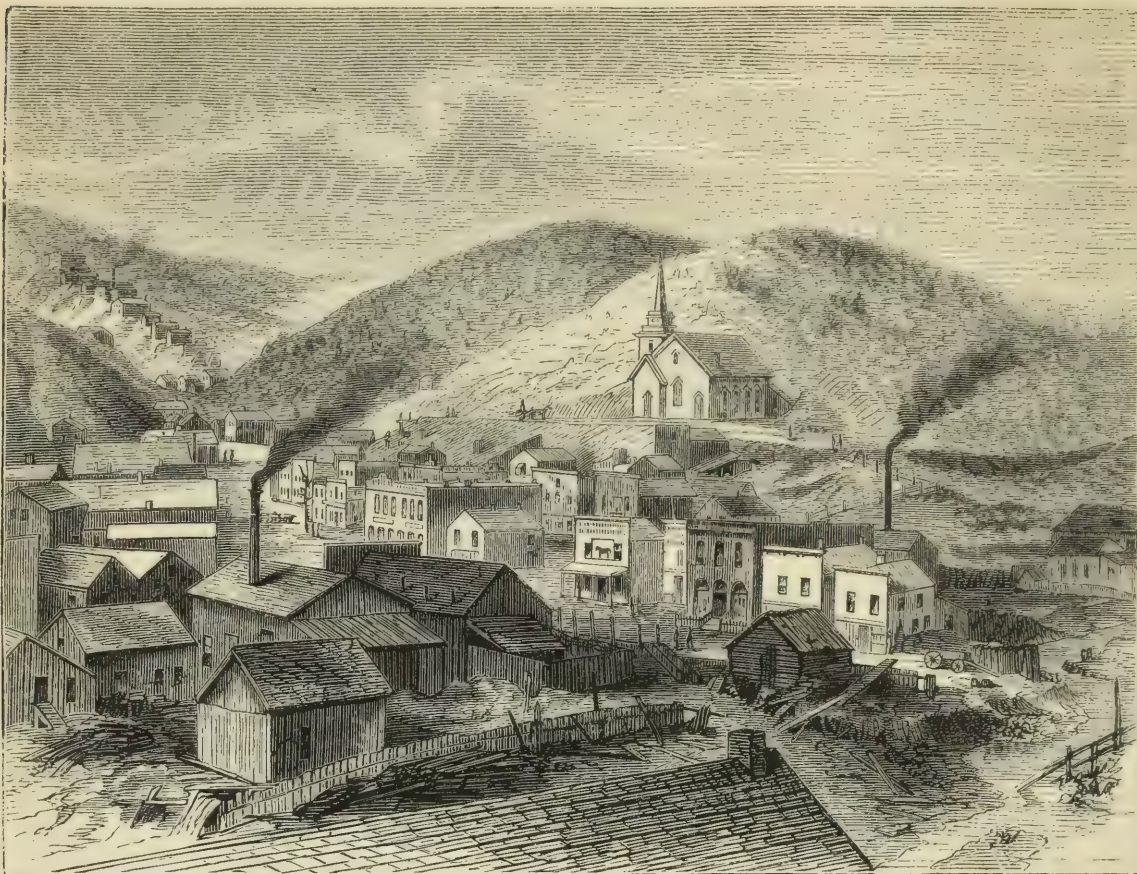


CONSTRUCTION TRAIN.

undulating prairies covered with innumerable herds of cattle and horses grazing on the nutritious bunch-grass now unusually luxuriant on account of the great quantity of rain that has fallen this summer, our road lay, until we came to Golden City, a small place located where Clear Creek, a rapid stream of nearly 100 feet in width pours from its mountain home. Turning to the left our road soon entered a deep valley, on both sides of which rose abrupt, rocky hills, or rather mountains, in some places almost perpendicular, and often covered with peculiar pine-trees resembling the yellow pine of New England, and named the "Cembra Pine," by Nuttall. Up this valley and over the abrupt



DENVER CITY.



BLACK HAWK CITY.

mountains lay our road, often in a zigzag course to gain distance for a more gradual ascent. For hours we climbed up one side of these mountains only to dash down the other, into a deep valley resembling the one we had left. Thus our route continued ascending and descending until passing down a deep valley, through which flowed a small stream, we struck the waters of North Clear Creek, some two miles below the city of Black Hawk.

Turning up this creek, hemmed in by high mountains on both sides, we were soon in the city itself, amidst structures of every description, a motley string of buildings—stamp-mills, engine-houses, shops, stores, offices, and dwellings—often stuck into the sides of the hills or located in the valleys, and in some cases even below high-water-mark, on a small creek where the city is in part located.

On through the city we went, drawn by six splendid horses over a road having a rapidly ascending grade, and excavated along the abrupt side of the hill, and through another place called Mountain City, until we at last arrived at our place of destination. Where Black Hawk ended and Mountain and Central cities commenced or ended, no one could tell, for they were all alike composed of mills, shops, and dwellings, promiscuously jammed together in every imaginable way. Our stage at last came to a halt in Central City, on Main Street, closely built of log, brick, and wooden buildings, and we alighted at the Conner House, a wooden structure of no prepossessing appearance, but

with comfortable fare. Here we proposed to make our home while thoroughly examining, and, if possible, understanding this one great gold-mining centre of Colorado Territory.

We found the topography in and about Black Hawk, Mountain, and Central cities peculiar, the first in part located on the north branch of Clear Creek, while the other two are built upon a small stream which enters the main creek at Black Hawk. All are located in deep, narrow valleys, while towering above them are high hills, or what in the East would be called mountains, and intersecting these valleys are several transverse valleys, here called "gulches."

Across the whole of this mountainous section of country sweeps one of the mineral belts of Colorado, filled with gold lodes or veins, and here, over the hills and through the valleys, can be seen excavations of more or less extent, made in search of, or for the development of these lodes, cutting the country into countless pit-holes of all depths and forms imaginable; while over many of these excavations are to be seen long lines of buildings of all manner of forms and dimensions, covering steam-engines, stamp-mills, etc., appertaining to working the lodes, some of which have been excavated to a depth of five hundred or more feet. Across the valleys, through the cities, and among the buildings these lodes often pass. In the valleys are many stamp-mills, some constructed of stone, and others of wood, sometimes standing directly on the veins or lodes; while towering far up the side of the mountain at the lower end

of Black Hawk on the northerly side of the small creek, are seen the lofty chimneys belonging to James E. Lyon and Co.'s smelting-works.

Over the hills as far as the eye can reach, and up and down the valleys, stand the lonely stamp-mills, with their high iron chimneys tied up with iron strings, from only a few of which could smoke be seen to issue. Now and then from one here, and another there, came a dull heavy sound, like the falling of a huge weight on some solid body, showing that some of the stamps were in motion, though most of them were silent as the tomb; no smoke, no sound, and no living thing seen about the innumerable mining tenements.

At first I was greatly puzzled at what I saw about me in every direction. If the gold mines were really rich as report declared, why were they not extensively worked? If not rich, why were they not abandoned entirely? And why, after years of experimenting with other machinery, were the old stamp-mills apparently coming into use again? To comprehend this I had to look back through the insane mining fever through which the country had passed, and see how the Eastern people, without any exercise of their brains, madly and foolishly rushed into mining speculations, often purchasing without the least examination any thing that was offered them called "a gold mine in Colorado." And as soon as the purchases were made they would form a Joint Stock Company with a capital of a million or more dollars, and a small working capital, purchase steam-boilers,

engines, and stamps, or any other paraphernalia requisite as they thought to work their mining property, and then send all by railroad to some point West, generally to St. Joseph, thence to be hauled at great expense some six or seven hundred miles across the plains, often some parts of the machinery scattered along the route never reaching their place of destination.

In the mean time a person was sent from the East as Superintendent, who, perhaps, had never seen a mine or even a rock blasted, the son or favorite of some heavy stockholder in the Company, who never before had charge of constructing any thing; but now, receiving a large salary, and intrusted with unlimited power, this man would make his appearance in Colorado and commence building a large wooden or stone structure, on a spot pointed out to him as his lode, which, long before it was finished, would cost far beyond expectations, and when the engines, stamps, and other things arrived, if such a thing took place at all, the working capital would all be gone. Scattered in all directions around half-finished, roofless buildings, can be seen boilers and engines, stamps and crushers, pans and amalgamators, and machinery of every kind, half buried in the soil, rusting and wasting, lying in the roads, even driven over by the traveler as he passes the wreck—a monument of one kind of Eastern mining.

Other companies, with better management or more working capital, would succeed in getting roofs on their buildings and machinery in them fitted for working, and then commence for the first time excavating their so-called



CENTRAL CITY.

mine, and often fail to find any appearance of a true lode; or if a mark was found indicating a vein, it would soon prove entirely worthless. If none but the guilty suffered it would be a just punishment for such stupidity and folly as the purchasing of a lode for a mine without the most thorough inspection and exploration. At the best mining is uncertain enough, and without the requisite caution none but a set of lunatics would engage in the business.

Others, again, with buildings finished, machinery in place, abundance of working capital left, and first-class lodes to work, soon found they had an elephant, and knew not what to do with it. And here, perhaps, is the greatest blunder of all. It is almost beyond belief that so many companies, one after another, should all rush into the same error of sending stamp-mills and all the machinery connected with them across the plains, six hundred miles in extent, at vast expense, without even knowing whether they had a mine or not, or even for a moment thinking of delaying to have the stamp-mills tested before accepting them. Appointing superintendents with salaries of \$10,000 or \$15,000 per year, and paying for labor from \$5 to \$10 per day, they rushed with breathless haste to erect expensive buildings for the reception of this stamp-mill machinery, when there can not now be found in all Colorado, after years of experience, a single one with their accompanying amalgamating plates that takes out one-half the gold that is in the ore after the decomposed or surface ore has been worked. It is now called a liberal estimate to say that thirty per cent. of the gold is extracted by this process, and no silver or copper obtained, the latter of which, in mines in this vicinity, is often found in the ores in large quantities.

All who had stamp-mills learned by sad experience that with them and the amalgamating plates only a portion of the gold in the ores could be obtained. But some of the mines are so rich that, in spite of the imperfections of the apparatus, the companies working them, though losing all the silver, all the copper, and perhaps three-quarters of the gold, have nevertheless made, and are now making, money out of their comparatively small returns from their valuable mines. But many of these stamp-mill companies, when they struck the iron or solid ore in mines not so rich, entirely suspended operations after using up all their capitals, and have ever since remained motionless. Then came the rush for other kinds of machinery too numerous to mention; among the rest, desulphurizers of every name and form, warranted to take out more gold than even the assaying chemist could possibly obtain by the most careful quantitative analysis. And through this new fever passed the mining interest, with hope again and again deferred, until many enfeebled stamp-mill companies expired under these new experiments. Others, more fortunate, with constitutions strong enough to withstand the effects, turned back again to the old stamps and amalgamating

plates. And to the use of these, combined with some of the new machines of merit, in some cases using for their best ores some desulphurizing process, has now settled the slowly-moving mining interest.

While considering the many errors of the past committed by the inexperienced in this interesting mining country, we do not forget, and can not but admire, the untiring energy of some of the present able managers of mines here, who, struggling with many disadvantages, are making the best use of their stamp-mills on their present ores, using the best desulphurizers on the rest. In this way they obtain half, or possibly more than half, of all the gold. By this course they are making handsome profits; "bound," as one noble superintendent told me, "to do something for Colorado now in her time of distress and need;" and nobly is he redeeming his pledge by the monthly remittances to the East of the productions of his mine. If mines here can do thus when saving only a portion of the gold, what may not be expected of them when *all* of the gold, silver, and copper is saved?

Another drawback to the successful working of mines here is the deficiency in length of some of the lodes, often located high up a mountain, where ores have to be raised and water pumped from a depth of some five hundred feet, whereas, if one company owned the entire lode, it could be easily drained and worked by a tunnel from the base of the mountain. Some of the most valuable mines here are admirably located for tunneling.

While stamp-mills were being so extensively erected and used a certain firm here took a different course, and erected at heavy expense extensive smelting furnaces and cupeling hearths, or furnaces as here called, and commenced purchasing the ores of different mines and all the "tailings" (*i. e.*, the leavings of the mills after the gold has been extracted) which they could obtain, and by submitting these ores and tailings to the action of their furnaces they obtained some three or four times the amount of gold that had been or could be obtained by the stamps and amalgamating plates, besides all the silver they contained. But to carry on their works required a large quantity of galena ore, which, unfortunately, did not exist in or about Black Hawk and Central City in sufficient quantities to supply their wants, and the firm was driven to seek it from a distance at heavy cost for transportation, not being able even then to procure the requisite supply. And although this process, with a proper supply of galena ore, was a perfect success, as far as saving all the gold and silver was concerned, yet this company have recently been induced to change their works into a regular smelting, or, what is here called, "matting" furnace, in which all the ores can be successfully worked.

For this smelting, or matting furnace, the ores, as they are taken from the mines, are conveyed directly to the furnace, where they are

crushed and screened to a fine powder, then thoroughly "washed"—i. e., passed through different processes to free the ore from sediment, rock, zinc, etc. Without this preparation the ores could not be properly smelted. This washing process requires skill, and men of much experience in the business have been procured from the smelting-works of Swansea, in Wales. When thoroughly cleansed by skillful manipulation the ore is put into a reverberating furnace, where it is desulphurized; thence it is taken to the smelting, or matting furnace, having been mixed with finely-pulverized quartz-rock for a flux; and from this furnace it is drawn off into moulds, and when cooled the top, or iron part, is knocked off, leaving the "mat" containing all the gold, silver, and copper, with perhaps some iron. I was shown a quantity of "mat" said to contain seven hundred dollars of gold, two hundred dollars of silver, and three hundred dollars in value of copper—in all twelve hundred and fifty dollars. Now, allowing that a stamp-mill, with the use of some desulphurizer, would take out one-half the gold, we should then have three hundred and fifty dollars in gold, instead of twelve hundred and fifty dollars of gold, silver, and copper, taken out by the matting process. Of course matting is the most expensive; but if a good desulphurizer is used to assist the stamp-mills the difference in cost is not very great.

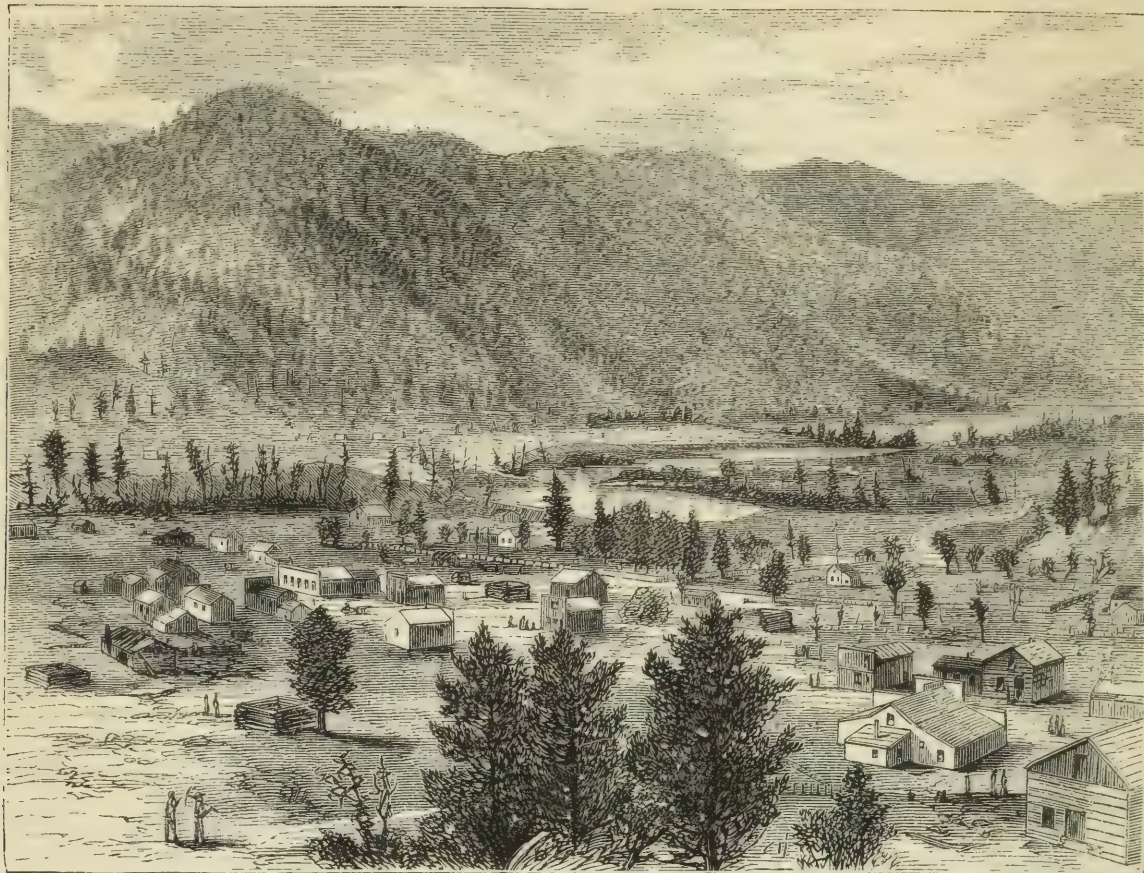
The cost of matting is increasing in the vicinity of Black Hawk and Central City on account of the scarcity of fuel, all of which the inhabitants require for their own consumption.

Unfortunately this matting containing the gold, silver, and copper can not be separated in any cheap practical manner in this country, but for this purpose is sent to Swansea, where a company has agreed to take all that this company produce, and give them coin value for all the gold and silver it contains, retaining the copper as their compensation. The secret of separating this matting can not long remain confined to Swansea, but will be done in this country, and, without doubt, in Colorado itself.

But how will this mining business ultimately be managed? It appears to me that the answer is clear. Smelting furnaces of some kind, probably matting furnaces, will be constructed upon the coal-beds at the base of the mountains, on the plains, and a railroad will be constructed up Clear Creek to the mines; and where water-power is abundant, that will be used for crushing the ores before they are sent to the furnaces for smelting. But where water-power is not to be had, then the ores will be transported directly from the mines to the furnace, and there crushed and smelted. Some furnaces will probably be constructed up Clear Creek Valley, and coal brought by railroad to them; but the best locations will be on the coal-beds, and the two branches of business, mining and smelting, kept separate. When this is accomplished the productions of the mines will astonish the country.

Besides examining the gold region in and about Black Hawk and Central City I extended my researches among the mines and lodes in other places; among the rest I examined the rich gold deposits in Empire and vicinity, with invariably the same conclusions—viz., the necessity of some other than the present process of working the ores with stamp-mills. I saw some lodes where the decomposed or surface ores could be crushed and worked even by stamp-mills at good profit, as these surface ores have always proved comparatively easy to manipulate. The same lodes, as soon as the iron on hard ore is struck, prove refractory. Some places were found sufficiently supplied with wood for fuel to justify the erection of small smelting furnaces near locations where railroads would eventually reach them.

To the silver region, located high above the gold deposits, I resolved to go, and having had some experience here in horseback riding, concluded to take this mode of locomotion—in fact, the only practicable one for this journey—to the Argentine district, over the snow range of the Rocky Mountains, down Snake River on the Pacific side, and up Blue River to Breckinridge, thence through South Park back to Central City again. Snow had recently fallen, and we had once been baffled by it in an attempt to pass the range over to the Middle Park. And now, with some misgivings, as several experienced persons had expressed fears of our being "snowed in" over the range, we started to pass the summit of the mountain. We were three in number, mounted on horses which were loaded with India-rubber and woolen over-coats, blankets for camping out, and saddle-bags for carrying provisions, or specimens of rock, as we pleased. It was a beautiful October morning without a cloud when we left the Conner House and Central City by an abrupt ascent through a gulch, and passed over a creek which had been brought by an artificial ditch for gulch-mining purposes. We soon came to Missouri City, a city with only four dwellings, located on the top of a hill—the smallest "city" I was ever in. On for miles we went among the pit-holes, indicating former mining explorations, now silent and lonely, and in some cases so close to our road that a single misstep on the part of our horses would have plunged us into them. Descending a deep valley we emerged upon a level tract of land, on which the town of Idaho is located, on South Clear Creek, where we found a small but pleasant village and a good hotel. Hot mineral baths of some celebrity are located a short distance from the village, up a small stream, flowing into the creek from the south. Another but larger stream nearly opposite the town, also from the south, here enters the creek. These two streams open fine vistas among the lofty mountains, which are here seen piled one upon another, peak on peak. The highest of these, named the Old Chief, is, I should think, at least ten thousand feet above the level of the sea.



EMPIRE CITY.

Idaho is well located for a pleasant town; and with its warm soda springs and fine mountain scenery, will doubtless become a place of resort. Gold lodes are thickly scattered about the place, and with a railroad up the creek it would probably do a good mining business.

Leaving Idaho our road lay near to and parallel with South Clear Creek, a rapid stream here about seventy-five feet in width, running in an easterly direction. Both sides of it are hemmed in by very abrupt and lofty mountains which are often composed of barren rocks, their strata twisted in every possible form by the force that elevated them. In many places on the sides of the mountains have been cut deep gulches by the action of water in ages past, which always deposited the *débris* directly in front of the gulches and sometimes forced it across the creek itself, through which the creek in its turn has cut its channel and settled into a rapidly descending mountain torrent. Nowhere can be seen stronger proofs of former action of both fire and water than is here exhibited in all directions. Still up the valley of Clear Creek, twisting and turning, lay our way. Coming at last to a road leading southwardly up a branch of the creek my companions passed on toward Georgetown, while I continued up the main stream a few miles to Empire, a small village well located in a southern sloping valley that intersects the main valley at right angles, forming a picturesque location for a town, hemmed in, though not very closely, by lofty mountains on every side. A wide, deep valley

southward from the village opens a fine vista among the distant mountain peaks.

Empire is located in a valuable mining district. On Douglas Mountain southwardly, and Silver and other mountains northwardly, can be seen the rich lodes, some of which have been worked. They are generally well situated for tunneling, and some of the many companies here are now engaged in constructing tunnels to their lodes, waiting and hoping for some better process to be developed for handling the ores, as they too have passed through the machinery—as well as speculating—fever. On Clear Creek, coming from Idaho, as well as at this place, can be seen the silent stamp-mills.

Westward from the town, high up the sides of the mountain on the north side of Clear Creek, I was taken to see some gold and silver lodes, and walked for a long distance over sliding rocks, which for ages have been tumbling down the mountain sides. They now form a perfect avalanche, piled, like a frozen torrent, in countless layers, one above another, resting on a declivity of nearly forty degrees, and liable at any time to slide again, carrying every thing before it. On both sides of the creek above Empire can be seen these barren, rocky slides.

It was my intention at a former visit at Empire to continue up Clear Creek, and to go over Berthoud Pass into the Middle Park; but heavy snow-storms prevented. A party of ladies and gentlemen from the town had been “snowed in;” and rumor had it that one gentleman, the minister of the place, and his wife and sister,

had been lost in the storm; but after an absence from the party of some two days and nights they were found, and the anxious people of Empire were relieved as to their fate.

Up South Clear Creek and over Berthoud Pass a survey of the great Pacific Railroad has recently been made; but I think that the height of the Pass, which is, if I have been correctly informed, 11,400 feet above the ocean, will prevent its location upon this route, and that a more favorable one further north will be found. Should this Pass be taken, the road will come through Denver, and up South Clear Creek, greatly enhancing the value of mining property in the vicinity of its location.

From Empire I turned my course toward my companions now at Elizabethtown, some 6 miles southward, riding under the frowning sides of the far-famed Douglas Mountain on my right, near whose rocky summit among its gold and silver lodes I had been on a former visit. Continuing on up a wide valley, bounded on the left by the lofty range opposite Douglas Mountain, and passing the Henry Ward Beecher, and other lodes, located high upon the summit of a mountain on the right, I entered the village of Georgetown, and passed through it into another, called Elizabethtown, where, late in the evening, I joined my companions ready for the morrow's ride over the range to the Pacific slope.

Georgetown and Elizabethtown join, and are located at the upper end of a deep valley surrounded by lofty mountains, and both are situated on the south branch of Clear Creek, which at Elizabethtown is divided into two streams by Leavenworth Mountain, rising abruptly from the little plain on which the town is now being constructed. Ere long these places will probably be united under one city name. Being in the silver and galena region they are well located for smelting purposes, surrounded by timber in abundance, which will last until a railroad is completed up Clear Creek from the coal beds. At Elizabethtown some furnaces are being constructed, indicating a healthy development of the mining interest. May no insane speculative *furor* mar or destroy the prospect!

It was a beautiful Indian summer morning, not a cloud upon our limited horizon, when we mounted our well-trained horses for a ride over the range. A party had come over the evening before, and another had started that morning in advance of us, so that we did not anticipate any serious trouble from the depth of snow upon the summit. Leaving Elizabethtown we immediately struck the base of Leavenworth Mountain, on the side of which, by a zigzag bridle-path only wide enough for a single horse, we entered the timber, consisting of fir, and spruce, and pine, and announced the ascent. We took the left-hand valley, at the foot of which ran foaming and tumbling along its rocky bed a wild mountain stream, while from the opposite side of this valley a long range of snow-capped mountains towered far above the timber-line

into the pure blue sky. For hours we toiled on our way, passing lodes but little worked, yet enough to exhibit the galena in the ore, often in places where a careless step of our horses would have rolled us far down the mountain. Encountering another stream, which came foaming down the side of the mountain which we were traversing into a valley that separated us from M'Clellan Mountain, on the south, we turned westward, and continued our course up the stream until opposite the highest point of Leavenworth Mountain. Huge and rocky, it frowned upon us far above our heads, while the *débris* from it lay scattered around in the form of massive rocks. Our road here turned more southward, and soon struck the side of the far-famed Argentine Mountain.

On Leavenworth Mountain, which we had now crossed, as well as on Argentine and M'Clellan Mountains, high up their sides, running in the general course of the mineral belt, northeast and southwest lay the silver lodes. These on a subsequent visit I examined more particularly. On this mountain a large number of lodes have already been discovered, and new ones are almost daily added to their number. Some of these lodes are composed of true silver quartz, carrying sulphuret of silver; others are of argentiferous galena. Many assay high, and will, without doubt, prove valuable mines. On some lodes shafts have been sunk from 10 to 40 feet in depth, a few others have even deeper shafts; but, as a general thing, sufficient explorations have not yet been made to determine fully the character of the lodes.

From Elizabethtown to Argentine there are two routes, one some 6 or 8 miles along the left fork of the creek, which we took, and the other by the right fork, some 12 or more miles. I regret that time did not permit me to explore the right fork, on which are many valuable lodes, one of which, the Baker lode, was purchased by our Pennsylvania traveling companions. Up this fork are undoubtedly many valuable mines yet undiscovered. Indeed, from all I learned and saw here I was nearly forced to the same conclusion as that of a Kentuckian whom I met on the coach coming from Denver to Central City. To my inquiry—"Have they valuable mines here?" he replied: "Yes; their wealth can not be over-estimated; but there are so many of them *that they are of no value whatever!*" Of course he meant in a speculative point of view.

Leaving Argentine on our right our path ran along a small ridge of land leading southward for nearly a mile, when it entered the crater of an extinct volcano. It was clearly and distinctly marked by the high conical sides of the mountain towering above us on every side except the one by which we entered. This, in ages past, had been cut away by the action of the water; and a small stream down the valley still runs from some pit-holes at the base of the crater. As we slowly toiled up the zigzag path, now filled with snow, on the abrupt western



THE MINERAL BELT OF COLORADO.

side of the crater, we often halted to give our horses breath—so particularly needed in the high, rarefied atmosphere of this elevation—and turned to view the crater with its craggy sides, resembling the old crater of Mount Vesuvius, and gazed again and again on the wonderful scenery about us. When, at the height of nearly 1500 feet from the base of the crater, we stood on the summit of the snow range of the Rocky Mountains at Sanderson's Pass, which can not be less than 13,000 feet above the ocean, there burst upon us a view the like of which I had never before seen, except upon a beautiful, tranquil, cloudless day, like the one we now enjoyed, when I stood upon the Righi Culm, in Switzerland, and viewed the unequaled panorama, which this in some respects resembles; the mountain peaks, now covered with snow, give a fair representation of the Oberland Alps, with their glaciers and lofty summits.

It was our intention to ascend Grey's Peak, at no great distance from the Pass, and a few hundred feet above it; but time would not permit. I would, however, advise all travelers over this Pass to go by all means to its summit, from which the view must be such as will amply repay them for the journey.

Leaving our horses picketed together on the summit of the Pass, we ascended a high point adjoining it, and had a yet grander view of the near and distant snow-capped mountains, piled range on range, and peak on peak, off toward the setting sun; while eastward lay the mountains of the Atlantic side, beyond which stretched the level plain over which we had traveled, some 600 miles in extent, resembling a vast ocean as it faded away in the eastern horizon.

After dining on sardines and crackers we returned to our horses to commence the descent. Near the summit of the Pass, on our ascent, we met an Irishman on foot laden with buffalo-robe, blanket, rifle, and camp-kettle, returning from an exploring tour. To some remarks of ours about the steep ascent before us he quickly replied: "Faith and be jabbers, you will soon want your cruppers on." We fully realized the truth of Pat's assertion as we cast our eyes down the steep declivity of fallen rocks over which, zigzag, lay our path, cut out of these rocks, not more than eighteen inches in width, now filled with ice and snow. Uncoiling the long ropes which had been fastened about our horses' necks by some kind friend who knew what was before us, each took one end, going ahead of his horse as far as the rope would reach, to avoid the danger in case the animal should turn somersault down the declivity, which event seemed highly probable. We then commenced pulling; two of the horses, obeying, passed on; but, "No, you don't," my horse exclaimed, and bracing his feet against the draft, determined not to be drawn head foremost down such a declivity, where a single misstep would send him rolling thousands of feet down the rocky mountain side. By alternate coaxing and stoning I at last got him under way. But, "shades and ministers

of grace defend us! people surrounded by the comforts of civilized life can have no idea what roads are, or rather, what a road can be if it only has a mind to!" If I am ever again on the summit of Mount Washington, or standing on the top of Marshall's Column, in Virginia, or on any other mountain, I shall never think of looking for a road, but at once plunge directly down the most abrupt precipice, fully believing I shall come out all right at the bottom. By dint of storming and scolding, dragging and coaxing for hours, in some cases through snow three feet deep, we at last found ourselves some 2000 feet below the summit of the Pass, and mounting our horses, were soon at Peru City, consisting of some half-dozen small log-houses stuck on the side of a lofty mountain, just under the timber-line. Here we found several mining explorers, and among the rest an acquaintance, with his tents; for even in this wild, inhospitable region, far up the sides of Grey's Peak, are found some of the rich silver lodes.

Our road now lay down the valley of Snake River, which runs between two ranges of lofty mountains, their summits above the timber-line, now covered with snow; while their sides, as well as the valley in which our road lay, were covered with the cembra pine, a tree which is peculiar to this high elevation, with bodies of a reddish color, and free from limbs except near the top. Down beside the roaring, foaming Snake River (though I believe a snake was never seen here) lay our road, and strange were my feelings when, for the first time in all my wanderings, I found myself severed from the Atlantic slope. Soon we met, coming on foot up the road, two hardy-looking bronzed-faced woodsmen, whom my companions recognized as belonging to the camp to which we were going, and which, as we learned from them, was but a few miles distant down the stream. Over the mountain-road, filled with rocks and stumps, at a gallop we went until we came near the camp, when, my companions making the woods resound with the Ute Indian war-cry, we dashed at full speed up to the tent. We found but one person there, sitting upon a log before a large fire, whom I at first thought was my son, from whom I had parted a few months previous, then a well-dressed Cambridge student; but when "all tattered and torn," hair flying in all directions, head bare, and face bronzed to the color of an Indian, he came rushing toward me, I drew back my hand and felt for my revolver, thinking a brigand was upon me. "Don't you know me?" he said, in a familiar tone. "I thought I did," said I; "but what a bear you have become!" Learning that, in his capacity of engineer and chemist, he enjoyed good health while enduring the hardships of a prospector's life, I became reconciled to his rough appearance. Soon we were comfortably seated before a good fire, enjoying a well-cooked supper, and but for the lodgings would not have changed our quarters for a Fifth Avenue hotel. Not being sufficiently provided with

blankets for this cold region my two traveling companions and myself were obliged to share one covering. It may be imagined that the middle man fared the best; but with the blankets drawn tight as a drum-head over him by the two outsiders pulling and hauling with hands and *teeth*, in vain efforts to increase the dimensions of their covering, even his position must have been any thing but comfortable. However, as we were all old campaigners, the loss of a few hours' sleep did not affect us. When weary of pulling blankets we went and stirred up the fire to roast all hands out of the tent if possible.

Snake River, a stream of about twenty miles in length, rises at the base of the mountains near Sanderson's Pass, and empties into Blue River. At the source of the stream are some valuable silver lodes recently discovered, and for many miles on both sides of the river high up the mountain-sides, after crossing the stream, are the silver veins. The country is but partially explored, and more lodes were probably discovered here last summer than were ever before known to exist in this vicinity. The ores are generally argentiferous galena; and it is claimed that, near Peru City, ruby silver ore has been found, yielding by assay sixty per cent. of silver, but I did not see any specimens of it. The owners of mines or lodes here claim that they are richer and stronger veins than those found on the Atlantic slope; but every man in this section always has "the best mine or lode in all Colorado." Undoubtedly it is a very rich silver region, though now it is only partly explored and but little developed. A large number of lodes will soon be opened, at least to a depth of ten feet, the requisite distance now required by law to secure the title.

About a mile southward from our camping-place is a *city* of some half dozen log-houses, called Montezuma, and in its vicinity is a small furnace just commencing to work upon some galena ores. These, with the exception of a few log-cabins at Peru *City*, were the only signs of civilization here. In other respects the place is as wild as when the Ute Indians had undisputed possession of the country.

Our camp was about five miles within the timber-tract which extended for many miles below, thus furnishing plenty of fuel for mining uses. It is said coal also can be obtained on Blue River, some miles below the mouth of Snake. In this vicinity are good points for erecting furnaces, with a plenty of galena ore for use. The climate is cold, as the elevation is more than ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, and there are lofty mountains on every side. Snow often falls here in October, and remains until June, sometimes to a depth of more than five feet, but does not drift as on the Atlantic slope, for the air is always very still here.

There are two routes by which supplies can be transported to this place from Denver—one through South Park, over the range to Breck-

inridge, and up the Snake, in all about one hundred and twenty-five miles; the other by Georgetown, and over the range by the route we came, or by the right-hand fork of the creek at Georgetown. The latter undoubtedly will be the best when the road over the range now commenced shall have been finished. Then gone will be the romance of the pathway over Sanderson's Pass and down the rocky slope; but, judging from the topography of the country, I think there will be sufficient romance over the other route to please all ordinary tastes.

"Time rolls his ceaseless course," and at last rolled us out of camp into our saddles again for a ride down the Snake and up the Blue. On a beautiful morning, like all those it had been our good fortune to enjoy since leaving Central City, we started off in Indian file over a rough wagon-road here thickly bordered by heavy pine timber, mountains towering to the sky on either side for miles, till at last they turned to the right and left in long ranges. Then we came into a more open country with less timber, and with hills instead of mountains. Here in the open meadows we first struck the sage bush, which here grows about two feet high in bunches some ten or more feet apart. We met some explorers on horseback, bound over Sanderson's Pass, and of course all halted to inquire of each other the news. After a gallop of many miles, the balmy Pacific air giving new spirits to man and beast, we came to a log-house situated on a beautiful open space of level ground, near the Snake, and about three miles above its entrance into Blue River. Here we found a live Yankee from Saratoga, New York, with his wife and young child, who had "squatted" on a farm in this Indian territory. Two lodges of the natives were camped a few miles westward, on the Blue, who often visited him. While dinner was being prepared for us we walked about half a mile westward to drink some mineral waters from "Congress Spring," which is in every respect, as far as we could judge, equal to its celebrated namesake. At the base of a large hill there are several mineral springs coming directly through solid rock, the waters from the spring having formed a kind of calcareous tufa about them. Using a stick for a rod we tried our hand at fly-fishing for trout in a stream running into Snake River, but with poor success. After a good dinner, as we were mounting our horses to be off again, a gentleman and lady, with a small child, all on horseback, rode up for a day's visit. They lived some twenty miles distant, and, except the natives mentioned above, were their nearest and only neighbors.

Down the Snake we went, following in an open country an old and well-trodden Indian trail, until we struck the waters of the Blue River, now any thing but blue, filled as it is with mud from extensive gold washings many miles above. Turning southwardly, for hours we rode up the broad alluvial valley of the

Blue River, which is covered with the sage bushes so peculiar to the Pacific slope, and which in many places is nearly a mile in width, and bounded on both sides by mountain ranges covered with timber. This plain has been graduated by the waters of Blue River, which, like the Platte, has been constantly changing its bed for countless ages from base to base of the mountains bordering its sides. As we galloped in Indian file up the Blue over the well-trodden Indian path no voice, no sound was heard—the very air was mute. Not a living being aside from our party was seen. Soon, however, we came to signs of former habitations in shape of old dilapidated log-cabins located on the side of the river or at the base of the mountains, and large *débris* of former gulch and patch mining here extensively carried on, but long since abandoned. Too soon our ride was ended, as we came to a small village called Breckinridge, containing about a dozen roughly-constructed wooden houses all on one street, which was parallel with, and but a short distance from, Blue River, which we forded to reach the place. Here we alighted at a log hotel.

Soon our tatterdemalion acquaintance from the camp on Snake River hove in sight. Imagine a huge raw-boned horse, with a long neck lying level with his back, and a young man mounted upon him, with an old round-top felt hat on, turned up in front, covered with dirt, with his clothes only held by pistol-belt to his body, with unmentionable streamers flying in the wind, a large bundle of blankets lashed behind his saddle, and saddle-bags filled with minerals for assaying purposes, John Gilpin-like galloping down the wind, and you will have a faint idea of a Cambridge student on a prospecting excursion.

We all remained overnight at Breckinridge, and next morning started for the mountains on the east side of the town to explore the gold and silver lodes here abundantly found. They appeared rich, but have not been worked or extensively assayed, so that we can not speak with confidence respecting their value. High on the sides of some of the mountains we found extensive veins of galena ores, undoubtedly argentiferous, and well located to work the gold lodes by furnaces, which will, without doubt, be much used, as here is the most extensive timber land I have seen in Colorado. There is also good water-power on Blue River, and the topography of the country is such that railways can be easily made from the mines to the mills and furnaces. As we ascended the mountains to examine the lodes we passed large *débris* of former patch and gulch mining, once extensively carried on here, though now all is deserted.

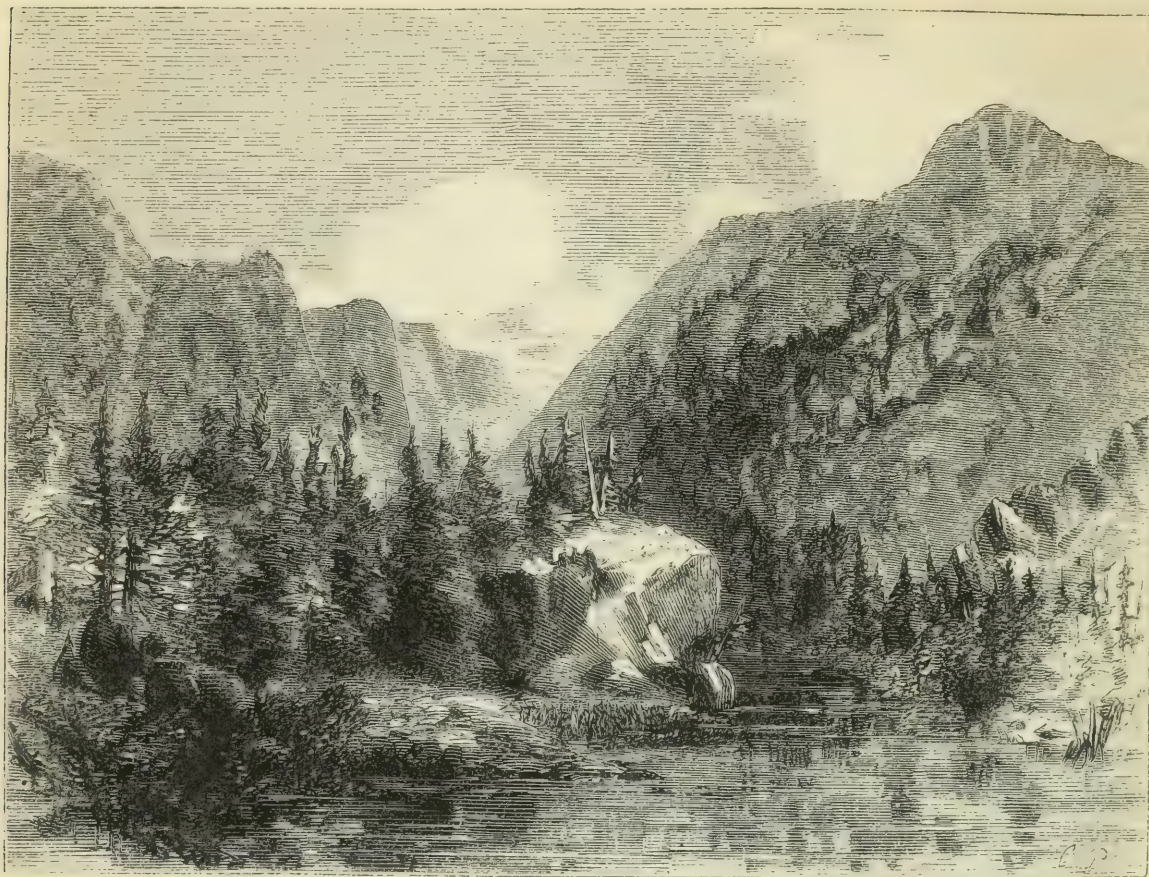
Breckinridge is located near the eastern side of a level tract of land, which is estimated to be nearly six miles in width, constituting the valley of Blue River, and is entirely covered with timber, principally the cembra pine. On the west side of this valley runs a high mountain

ridge divided into innumerable peaks, all of which tower above the timber-line, and are now covered with snow, and resemble the Alps more than any mountains which I saw in Colorado. On the east the mountains are not as high, but are well covered with pine timber. The village itself must be nearly ten thousand feet above the ocean, and its topographical location is such that no railroad will ever reach it. Snow often falls here to a depth of five feet, coming in October and lasting until May or June. It is a lonely place to pass a winter in, and we found most of the inhabitants preparing to leave for the Atlantic side before they were "snowed in."

Leaving Breckinridge, with our party now augmented to four, we proceeded in a southerly direction, and were soon inclosed by the mountains, which here form narrow valleys covered with pine and other evergreen trees. Our road continued on a gradually ascending grade, over which a good road could easily be constructed to the summit of Breckinridge Pass, where we soon came. Casting a long, lingering look back upon the Pacific Mountains we turned our horses to the southeast toward the South Park—a broad open space of land which was just visible in the distance. Night closed upon us ere we reached the Park, and we stopped at a log-house, where we had comfortable beds. As a fine brook ran past the house we tried our hand again at fly-fishing for trout, and caught a few. They resemble our Eastern brook trout, but do not take the fly with the same avidity as the latter. Catching them is more like dace than trout fishing. Directly opposite the house where we stopped are seen extensive remains of former gulch and patch washings. It is surprising to find such evidence of former activity in gulch and patch minings as we saw here and in other places. It has been estimated that at one time when the different kinds of surface-mining were at their highest Colorado contained nearly one hundred thousand inhabitants, but this is probably an over-estimate.

Early in the morning we started for the Park by the road leading down the trout stream, which we again essayed with a fly, but with poor success. Along the side of the stream we passed *débris* of former gulch-mining once extensively carried on here, but now entirely abandoned: we soon came to the Park itself, where we found a small collection of log-houses, forming a town or city (I do not know which) called Hamilton, where we alighted to examine some of the far-famed Tarryall gold washings. Among the rest we saw here some nuggets of pure gold as large as two fingers of one's hand, which had been purchased by a bank agent from Denver.

Hamilton stands near the eastern side of the mineral belt, and a line from here at right angles with the belt, to Ten-Mile Creek, where are extensive silver lodes, some of which are now being worked, would give a distance of some twenty-six miles as the width of the belt at this



ENTRANCE OF UPPER CANON OF SOUTH PLATTE.

point. On this belt we have been constantly traveling since we left Central City, crossing and recrossing but never off of it, and far down southwestward from here it has been traced and worked, demonstrating its vast extent.

Soon, homeward-bound, we were galloping over the Park toward Central City along a well-trodden wagon road. We could easily have ridden two abreast, but we had become so used to being free from all restraint that in our usual independent Indian file we went, each taking his own time for his journey. It was about three hours before we reached the hills on the opposite side of the Park.

This Park consists of an open space of ground some thirty-five or forty miles from north to south, and about twenty or twenty-five miles from east to west. Its general aspect is like a prairie, but there are small gravel hills upon it, over some of which our road passed. It is free from timber and covered with nutritious grass, forming fine pasture ground. Several streams, the head waters of South Platte River, in which the city of Denver is located, flow through it in a southwestern direction, and form picturesque cañons where they take their exit from the Park.

It is wild and uncultivated, and only a few ranches or grass farms are to be seen upon it. These consist of a few log dwellings and some fenced-in corrals, into which the stock that runs at large upon the Park in the day is driven for protection in the night. It is surrounded by mountains on every side, those on the west be-

ing the highest. In the spring and early summer their summits are covered with snow, and when the Park is covered with luxuriant grass the whole must present a beautiful landscape. The soil of the Park consists of a gravelly loam, not very rich, and, judging by the timber-line, I should estimate its height to be not less than eight thousand feet above the ocean. It is too elevated for a good farming region, but will always be a fine grazing section, and as such will undoubtedly be extensively used.

As soon as we had passed the Park we commenced ascending some high hills or mountains, having but little timber upon them. Over these and through deep valleys we went, until coming to a long declivity we encountered a wagon well laden with supplies for a mine in Buckskin Joe, which is several miles westward from Hamilton. This team was accompanied by three men from Pennsylvania, formerly merchants, now miners here. They anxiously inquired if, in coming over the Park, we had met any persons; for according to reports this country was again infested by robbers, or "Jay Hawk-ers," as they called them. Formerly several such had been hunted down in this vicinity and shot like wild beasts of the forest. Indeed, summary justice under Lynch law awaits robbers if caught in a mining district.

We dined at a log-cabin at the foot of a hill in a wide valley, and here saw a few specimens of poor minerals, showing that we were now off the mineral belt. Yet even here they were exploring for lodes. Our road soon struck the

side of a stream or branch of South Platte River, which has on both sides high rocky mountains. For miles we rode by the side of this stream until we came to a log-cabin, where we stopped for the night. Soon after our arrival our number was augmented by a wagon-load of passengers, as we were now upon the post route for Denver. We all had a fine supper of trout, etc., but indifferent lodgings, since we were all put into an attic room with beds almost touching each other. At midnight I was awakened by a new-comer, who was standing with overcoat in one hand and two pistols in the other, ready for his bed. I found him to be an acquaintance I had made in my ride across the plains coming to Denver. We were equally surprised at meeting again. This man is extensively engaged in gulch mining in different sections of the Territory, and was now bound for Arkansas River to superintend some mining operations there. He is a gentleman of intelligence, and I gained much topographical knowledge from him, in conversing next morning about the probable location of the railroad over the Smoky Hill route across the plains. Indeed, I have often been surprised in meeting in this section disguised under a rough miner's dress very intelligent and accomplished gentlemen.

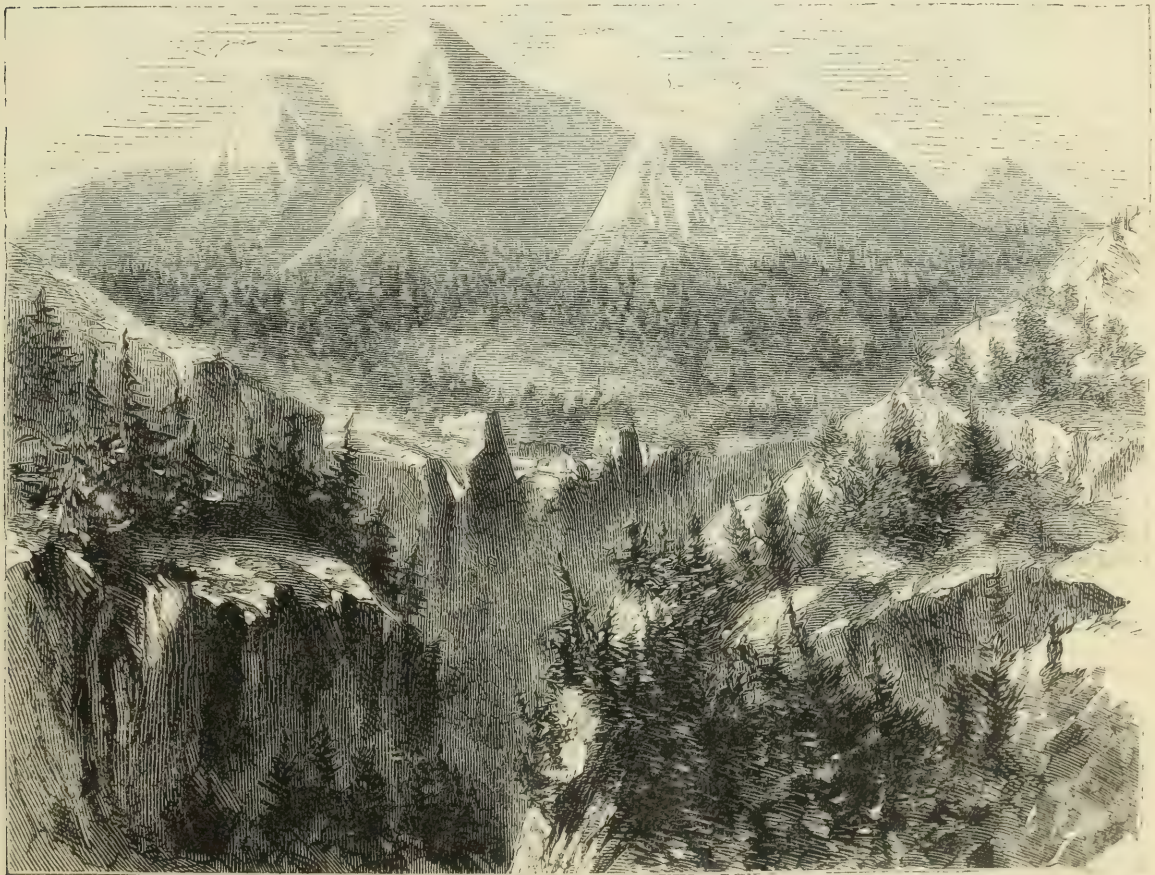
Our road continued for several miles down the north fork of South Platte River, till we left the valley and turned into another road leading down an old river-bed composed of red sandstone. This river-bed is clearly marked

by water-worn rocks on every side, and "pot-holes" can be seen in the rocks, cut out by the long-continued rotation of small rocks forced round by the water. This bed is nearly ten thousand feet above the ocean, and far above the possibility of any water reaching it from any source but from the clouds; and there was no chain of mountains in sight so situated as to form the bed for a lake the outlet of which this river-bed could be. By expansion from beneath it must have been elevated to its present position, unless formed, pot-holes and all, by one of Professor Agassiz's glaciers.

On the summit of a high range that we soon passed along the line of our road I observed a great number of trees shattered by strokes of lightning. I should think that, for a mile or more, I did not pass three hundred feet at any one time without seeing some of the trees thus scathed; and if this is the case in every part of the mountain, it must be any thing but a safe place in a thunder-storm.

Darkness closed upon us ere we reached our place of destination, and it was late in the evening when we arrived at a log-built hotel, where we were saluted by the barking of innumerable dogs that appeared to be let loose upon us from the hotel itself, as one after the other we came slowly riding up. Having safely passed the dogs, we unsaddled our beasts and conveyed our "traps" into a large room already filled with similar traps belonging to a rough-looking set of travelers.

We were up betimes for our last day's ride.



VIEW ON SOUTH PLATTE RIVER.

For the first time since leaving Central City we saw a few clouds, betokening a change in the hitherto beautiful weather. As we had a long day's ride before us, we took an early breakfast and were again off in our usual Indian file fashion. Our route, as usual, lay through valleys and over mountains; but the valleys were wider and the mountains smaller and less abrupt, and nestled in many valleys could be seen the houses of stock ranchers, constructed of logs—sometimes built like palisades standing upright in the ground, battened by small strips of boards. We saw many enormous vegetables growing about the ranches, or farm-houses, though stock-feeding on the nutritious grass, here every where found, is the chief business at these ranches. We saw less pine timber, or more scattered, and some fir and spruce began to be seen as we descended from the elevated region. Our road now became more abrupt and tortuous, and soon we came to the waters of South Clear Creek again, and, turning up the stream upon a good road, struck once more upon the mineral belt, off which we had been since leaving Hamilton, on the west side of the Park.

Soon we were at Idaho again, and here indulged in a warm soda-bath; and, taking the road we had formerly traveled, we entered Central City, and galloped up to the Conner House, and looking as we did, expected to produce some kind of sensation, if nothing more; but, alas for human weakness! they were here so accustomed to such scenes, and, if possible, to even worse or better-looking sets, that we did not even get a passing glance from a single soul. Half chagrined at our insignificance, we went limping into the house like any other bipeds of our race, resolved, if we could not create a sensation amidst the gentry out of doors, we would among some within,

"By the legend's store

Of our strange ventures, happ'd by land and sea,"
or by our huge mountain appetites.

In all our long ride through this wild region it struck us as most singular that we did not encounter any kind of game, unless a small ground-squirrel could be called such. We probably made too much noise with our horses, and frightened it ere we came in sight. One of the men belonging to the camp on Snake River, a few days before we arrived there, in passing over the range of mountains west of Breckinridge to Ten-Mile Creek, saw two large cougars, or mountain lions, as they are here called; and at a subsequent time encountered two large cinnamon bears, with their cubs, and climbed a tree to escape an attack from them.

The mineral wealth of the West is but little known, and the results of its development even less appreciated. Now and then the chemist has a glance into the future by the astonishing assays that some lodes and mines produce; but the enthusiast in his wildest flight has never yet dreamed of the reality. But it will take a long time to develop all its resources. Many hundred years will not suffice to discover all the

mineral wealth of this land, and a thousand years of constant development will not exhaust it.

Look at the vast production of gold in California, and nearly all from surface washings. The veins and lodes from which nature has decomposed and washed this harvest of wealth remain almost untouched, and for the most part unknown, for posterity to exhaust their energies upon. And Oregon and Washington have their share of mineral wealth yet undeveloped.

Think of the Territories of Wyoming and Dacotah, Idaho and Montana, with their already large production of gold from surface-washings, only just commenced being developed by the few hardy miners who are bold enough to encounter all the difficulties and dangers incidental to a life in those remote regions, far from railroad communication. Lodes and veins in some places are so numerous as to be passed unclaimed as worthless. Imagine the amount of wealth destined to be produced in this boundless extent of country when all is fully developed.

Look at Nevada with her rich silver mines, and Utah with her mineral wealth. Both are but just at the commencement of their mining career. Then listen to the accounts of the mining wealth of Arizona and New Mexico. Think of this vast expanse of territory nearly two-thirds as large as all Europe, and filled with mineral wealth, and behold what a field is opened for the enterprise of the world.

Come at last to Colorado; though less than one-tenth the size of the combined mineral surface of the West, yet it is larger than all New England and half of New York State together. It was not known as a mining country till '58, and probably does not now contain more than forty thousand inhabitants. The State of Vermont has been inhabited for more than one hundred and forty years, and has a population of three hundred and fifteen thousand live Yankees, who, though greedy enough for the "almighty dollar," with all their energy have not yet discovered one-half the mineral wealth of their State in copper mines, and slate, steatite, and marble quarries. What, then, shall we say of Colorado, which has so few inhabitants, and is more than twelve times the size of Vermont? Is it not safe to say that her mineral wealth is yet undiscovered and unknown?

Finally, let us glance at only one of the mineral belts of Colorado Territory, on which Black Hawk and Central cities are located. Northerly from them for more than forty miles this belt has been traced, and in some places worked; and southwestward far down across Arkansas River for a distance of more than seventy-five miles it has been traced, and more or less worked, and it probably extends through the northeastern corner of New Mexico into Arizona. It is difficult to give an average width of this belt; but twenty miles is not an extravagant estimate. On this one belt alone

what an amount of mineral wealth will be developed and added to the resources of the nation! And when we consider that this one mineral belt will require more than a hundred years for its exploration, and many hundreds for its complete development, let us hope that Eastern capitalists will not again start across the plains with stamp-mills, and amalgamating plates, and all the paraphernalia attached to them, in breathless haste to reach "Pike's Peak" for fear some neighbor will have appropriated all the mineral wealth of the country to himself. If any one chooses in the greatest haste to purchase a lode or mine developed by some "gopher hole," and recommended as the best property in all Colorado by some broker or speculator who knows nothing and cares less for the intrinsic value of what he recommends, let him not therefore conclude that he really has a gold or silver mine. For if only one in twenty of the so-called lodes in Colorado prove good mines, even then it will be the greatest mining country in the world.

It is to be hoped the time has passed for starting a company with a capital of from five to ten millions of dollars, shares from one to five dollars each, "and only a few left to dispose of to particular friends," with Hon. —, and Judge —, and General —, and Rev. —, D.D. as Directors; and perhaps some Governor and Senator as President and Treasurer of the Company—all paid out of its stock for allowing their names to be used. "This mining business of the West is too promising of real profit, and too legitimate and necessary to the national wealth and development, to be trifled with in this weak and wretched way." Those who have the true interest of the Territory at heart, "who foresee her future, and would have her progress steady and sure, can not but look upon the invitation of Eastern capital, hitherto under false expectations and by deceptive enterprises, with equal sorrow and indignation."

It is also to be hoped that the opposite error will not be adopted—viz., concluding that all mining is worthless, because losses have been sustained in investing in the business without thought or proper examination. If this course is taken then some of the best of opportunities for investments will be lost to Americans, and European capitalists will profit by their neglect and folly.

Already far-sighted and accomplished agents have been and are being sent from Europe to seek opportunities for profitable investments in the mines of the West, while our "wise men of the East," who can thank their own folly

alone for any losses they may have sustained in mining *speculations*, now ignore *all* mining enterprises, apparently resting contented, while treating almost with *contempt* the hardy, honest miners, who, with their valuable properties well located to be immediately and profitably worked, have sought the Eastern markets—too late, as the reckless speculator has swept over them—to dispose of interests in their mines in order to obtain working capitals for their full development, asking no payments to be made until their properties can be most thoroughly inspected by competent men to be chosen by the purchasers themselves.

Only a few of these hardy miners now remain in the East. Many of them, discouraged and disgusted by their reception here, have sought for gentlemen among the Comanches of the plains; while others have sailed for Europe, where they hope at least to be recognized as *honest men*, even if they *are* miners in America.

I believe that very few of the gold mines worked by stamp-mills will be profitable. Yet I have great faith in the ultimate value of all true gold lodes in the Territory. It would be a good investment to purchase those lodes or mines at the low prices at which many of them are now offered, and hold for development on the completion of a railroad to or near them. But to invest with a view of immediately working is not judicious, unless the surface or decomposed ore is extensive enough to justify the expenditure. The silver ores offer better inducements, and bid fair to rival, and even to surpass, the gold ores in richness. They are much more easily worked than the gold, and are generally, in Colorado, located where there is abundance of wood for furnaces, which will last until railroads can be constructed to transport coal to them.

When investments in mining properties are to be made the topographical locations should be well considered, and the presence of true lodes or mines fully determined; and time enough should be spent and the utmost caution used to obtain all the facts and fully comprehend the subject. And above all, stern integrity and proper ability will be required to insure favorable results.

This vast mining region of the West demands all the energy and capital the East can spare, and calls on Europe for more. If the mines are selected with proper care and judgment by those competent to the task, and worked as they should be, especially after the completion of railroads to or near them, they will richly remunerate for all the capital invested.

THE DODGE CLUB; OR, ITALY IN MDCCCLIX.



THE BANDITS CAPTURED.

XV.

MAGNIFICENT ATTITUDE OF THE SENATOR; BRILLIANCY OF BUTTONS; AND PLUCK OF THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE CLUB; BY ALL OF WHICH THE GREATEST EFFECTS ARE PRODUCED.

"BOYS," said the Senator, assuming a gay tone, "it's evident these rascals have planned this arrangement to attack us; but I've got a plan by which we can turn the tables. Now laugh, all of you." A roar of laughter arose. "I'll tell it in a minute. Whenever I stop, you all laugh, so that they may not think that we are plotting." Another roar of laughter. "Buttons, talk Italian as hard as you can; pretend to translate what I am saying; make up something funny, so as to get them laughing; but take good care to listen to what I say."

"All right," said Buttons.

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!" said the others.

Now the Senator began to divulge his plan, and Buttons began to talk Italian, pretending to translate what the Senator said. To do this required much quickness, and a vivid imagination, with a sense of the ridiculous, and many other qualities too numerous to mention. Fortunately Buttons had all these, or else the Club would not have acted precisely as it did act; and perhaps it might not have been able to move along in the capacity of a Club any longer, in which case it would, of course, have had no further adventures; and then this history

would not have been written; and whether the world would have been better off or worse is more than I can say, I'm sure.

[What the Senator said.]

"Boys, look at these devils, one on each side of us. They have arranged some signal, and when it is given they will spring at us. Look sharp, for your lives, and be ready to do what I say. Buttons, listen, and when you don't hear look at me, and I'll repeat it."

[Club. — "Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!"]

"My idea is to turn the tables on these varminths. They put themselves in our power. What they have arranged for themselves will do for us just as well as if we planned it all. In fact, if we had tried we could not have adjusted the present company better."

[Club. — "Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!"]

"Listen now, Buttons. We will arrange a signal, and at a certain word we will fall on our neighbors and do with them as they propose doing with us. But first let us arrange

[What Buttons said he said.]

"He says, most noble Captain, and gentlemen, that he is desperately hungry; that he can't get what he wants to eat. He generally eats dried snakes, and the supply he brought from the Great American desert is exhausted; he wants more, and will have it."

[Sensation among bandits.]

"He says he wouldn't have come out here today, but had a little difficulty just before he joined our party. He was landing from the American ship of war, and on stepping on shore a man trod on his foot, whereupon he put him into the water, and held him there till he was drowned."

[Bandits looking more respectfully.]

"It makes him feel amused, he says, when he thinks how odd that guide looked at him when he made him go down into the crater of Vesuvius; gave him five minutes to

[What the Senator said.]
carefully about the signal; for every thing depends on that."

[Club. — "Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!"]

"First, we must keep up our uproar and merriment to as great an extent as we can, but not very long. Let it be wild, mad, boisterous, but short. It will distract these vagabonds, and throw them off their guard. The first thing on the programme, then, is merriment. Laugh as loud and long as you can."

[Club. — "Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!"]

"The next thing is, to have some singing. They seem to like our glorious national songs. Give them some of them. Let the first one be 'Old Virginny.'"

[Club. — "Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!"]

Buttons had to work on that word "Old Virginny," for the quick ears of the Italians had caught it. Bandits cross themselves again.

Captain. — "I don't believe a word of it. It's impossible."

Bandit No. 5. — "He looks like it, any way."

In fact, the Senator did look like it. His hair tinged to an unnatural hue by the sulphur of Vesuvius, his square, determined jaw, his heavy, overhanging brow, marked him as one who was capable of any desperate enterprise.

[What the Senator said.]
"Next and last, Dick, you are to sing 'Yankee Doodle.' You know the words about 'coming to town riding on a pony.' You know that verse ends with an Italian word. I am particular about this, for you might sing the wrong verse. Do you understand, all of you? If so, wink your eyes twice."

[The Club all winked twice. Then, as usual:

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!"]

"Look at me. There are six. I will take two; each of you take one—the man on your right, remember. As Dick, in singing, comes to that word, each of you go at your man. Buttons, you hear, of course."

[Club. — "Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!"]

[What Buttons said he said.]
say his prayers, and then lifted him up in the air and pitched him down to the bottom. He thinks he is falling still."

[Bandits exchange glances.]

"He doesn't know but what he'll have a little trouble about a priest he killed last night. He was in a church, and was walking about whistling, when a priest came up and ordered him out; whereupon he drew his revolver, and put all six of the bullets in the priest's head."

[Bandits cross themselves, and look serious.]

"He heard that the priest was not dead. As he always makes sure work, he intends to look in in the morning, and if he's alive, he'll cut his throat, and make all his attendants dance to the tune of 'Old Virginny.'"

[What Buttons said he said.]
"He says there is no danger for him, however, for foreigners are in terror of the tune of 'Yankee Doodle.' If he were arrested by the Government, the American Admiral would at once send ashore a file of marines with an 'ultimatum,' a 'Columbiad,' a 'spanker boom,' a 'Webster's Unabridged,' and a 'brachy-catalectic,' to demand his surrender at the cannon's mouth."

[Great sensation among the bandits at the formidable arms of American marines.]

"They think in town that he is the Devil, because he has killed seven men in duels since he came, and has never been wounded. People don't know the great American invention, worn next the skin, which makes the body impervious to bullets."

[Captain, sneering. — "I don't believe it."

[What the Senator said.]

"Boys, arrange in your minds what to do. Grab the gun, and put your man down backward. I'm almost ashamed of the game, it's so easy. Look at these boobies by me. They are like children. No muscle. The fellows at the end won't dare to shoot for fear of wounding their own men."

[Club. — "Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!"]

Captain, coldly. — "That crow didn't blow up."

Buttons. — "Oh yes it did. It was dark, and you didn't notice. Go get it to-morrow, examine it, and you will find traces of the exploded shell."

Bandit No. 4. — "Santa Maria! What lies this giant tells his friends! and they all laugh. They don't believe him."

Bandit No. 1. — "Well, that revolver is enough for me; and they all have them."

The above conversation was all carried on very rapidly, and did not take up much time.

At once the Club proceeded to carry out the Senator's plan. First they talked nonsense, and roared and laughed, and perfected their plan, and thus passed about ten minutes. Then Buttons asked the Italians if they wished more music.

"Answer, gallant Captain of these Kings of the Road. Will you hear our foreign songs?"

"Most gladly," said the gallant Captain. "There will yet be time before we get our supper."

A sinister gleam in his eye as he said this about the supper did not escape the notice of Buttons. Thereupon he handed the guitar to Dick, and the latter began to sing once more the strains of "Old Virginny." The Italians showed the same delight, and joined in a roaring chorus. Even the men by the door stood yelling or whistling as Dick sang.

Lastly, Dick struck up the final song. The hour had come!

"Yankee Doodle came to town
To buy himself a pony,
Stuck a feather in his hat
And called it—*Maccaroni!*"

As the song began each man had quietly braced himself for one grand effort. At the sound of the last word the effect was tremendous.

The Senator threw his mighty arms round the Captain and the other bandit. They were both small men, as indeed Italians are generally, and beside his colossal frame they were like boys to a grown man. He held them as in a vice, and grasping their hands, twisted them back till their guns fell from their grasp. As he hurled the affrighted ruffians to the floor,

the guns crashed on the stone pavement, one of them exploding in its fall. He then by sheer strength jerked the Captain over on his face, and threw the other man on him face downward. This done he sat on them, and turned to see what the others were doing.

Buttons had darted at No. 5 who was on his right, seized his gun and thrown him backward. He was holding him down now while the fellow was roaring for help.

Dick had done about the same thing, but had not yet obtained possession of the gun. He was holding the Doctor's pistol to the bandit's head, and telling him in choice Italian to drop his gun, or he would send him out of the world with twelve bullets.

The Doctor was all right. He was calmly seated on Bandit No. 3, with one hand holding the bandit's gun pointed toward the door, and the other grasping the ruffian's throat in a death-like clutch. The man's face was black, and he did not move.

Mr. Figgs had not been so successful. Being fat, he had not been quick enough. He was holding the bandit's gun, and aiming blows at his face.

"Doctor," said the Senator, "your man's all right. Give it to Figgs's man."

The Doctor sprang up, seized Figgs's man by the throat, just as he staggered back, and brought him down.

The whole thing had been done in an incredibly short time. The robbers had been taken by complete surprise. In strength they were far inferior to their assailants. Attacked as they were so unexpectedly the success of the Americans was not very wonderful. The uproar was tremendous. The women were most noisy. At first all were paralyzed. Then wild shrieks rang through the hall. They yelled, they shouted, they wrung their hands.

The four bandits at the end of the hall stood for a moment horror-struck. Then they raised their guns. But they dared not fire. They might shoot their own men. Suddenly Dick, who had got the gun which he wished, looked at the door, and seeing the guns leveled he fired the revolver. A loud scream followed. One of the men fell. The women rushed to take care of him. The other three ran off.

"Doctor," said the Senator, "have you a rope? Tie that man's hands behind him."

The Doctor took his handkerchief, twisted it, and tied the man's hands as neatly and as firmly as though they were in handcuffs. He then went to Buttons, got a handkerchief from him, and tied up his man in the same way. Then Dick's man was bound. At that moment a bullet fired through one of the windows grazed the head of Mr. Figgs.

"Dick," said the Senator, "go out and keep guard."

Dick at once obeyed. The women screamed and ran as he came along.

Then the two men whom the Senator had captured were bound. After a while some

pieces of rope and leather straps were found by Buttons. With these all the bandits were secured more firmly. The men whom the Senator had captured were almost lifeless from the tremendous weight of his manly form. They made their captives squat down in one corner, while the others possessed themselves of their guns and watched them. The wretches looked frightened out of their wits. They were Neapolitans and peasants, weak, feeble, nerveless.

"It's nothing to boast of," said the Senator, contemptuously, as he looked at the slight figures. "They're a poor lot—small, no muscle, no spirit, no nothing."

The poor wretches now began to whine and cry.

"Oh, signore," they cried, appealing to Buttons. "Spare our lives!"

At that the whole crowd of women came moaning and screaming.

"Back!" said Buttons.

"Oh, signori, for the sake of Heaven spare them. Spare our husbands!"

"Back, all of you! We won't hurt any one if you all keep quiet."

The women went sobbing back again. The Doctor then went to look at the wounded man by the door. The fellow was trembling and weeping. All Italians weep easily.

The Doctor examined him and found it was only a flesh wound. The women were full of gratitude as the Doctor bound up his arm after probing the wound, and lifted the man on a rude couch. From time to time Dick would look in at the door to see how things were going on. The field was won.

"Well," said the Senator, "the other three have probably run for it. They may bring others back. At any rate we had better hurry off. We are armed now, and can be safe. But what ought we to do with these fellows?"

"Nothing," said Buttons.

"Nothing?"

"No. They probably belong to the 'Camorra,' a sort of legalized brigandage, and if we had them all put in prison they would be let out the next day."

"Well, I must say I'd rather not. They're a mean lot, but I don't wish them any harm. Suppose we make them take us out to the road within sight of the city, and then let them go?"

"Well."

The others all agreed to this.

"We had better start at once then."

"For my part," said Mr. Figgs, "I think we had much better get something to eat before we go."

"Pooh! We can get a good dinner in Naples. We may have the whole country around us if we wait, and though I don't care for myself, yet I wouldn't like to see one of you fall, boys."

So it was decided to go at once. One man still was senseless. He was left to the care of the women after being resuscitated by the Doc-

tor. The Captain and four bandits were taken away.

"Attend," said Buttons, sternly. "You must show us the nearest way to Naples. If you deceive us you die. If you show us our way we may perhaps let you go."

The women all crowded around their husbands, screaming and yelling. In vain Buttons told them there was no danger. At last he said,

"You come along too, and make them show us the way. You will then return here with them. The sooner the better. Haste!"

The women gladly assented to this.

Accordingly they all started, each one of the Americans carrying a gun in one hand, and holding the arm of a bandit with the other. The women went ahead of their own accord, eager to put an end to their fears by getting rid of such dangerous guests. After a walk of about half an hour they came to the public road which ran near to the sea.

"I thought I smelt the sea-air," said Dick.

They had gone by the other side of Vesuvius.

"This is the road to Naples, signori," said the women.

"Ah! And you won't feel safe till you get the men away. Very well, you may go. We can probably take care of ourselves now."

The women poured forth a torrent of thanks and blessings. The men were then allowed to go, and instantly vanished into the darkness. At first it was quite dark, but after a while the moon arose and they walked merrily along, though very hungry.

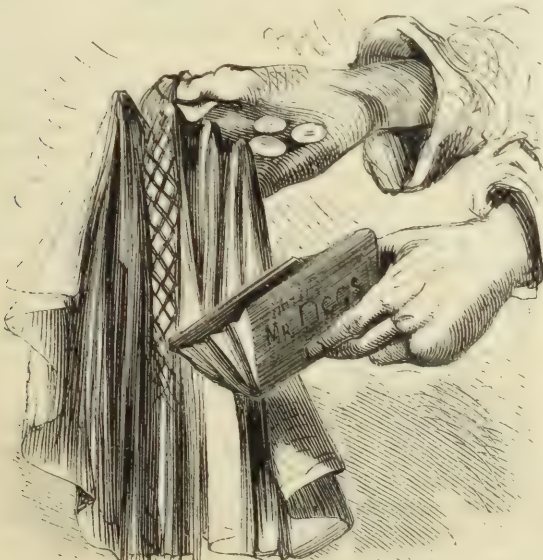
Before they reached their hotel it was about one o'clock. Buttons and Dick staid there. As they were all sitting over the repast which they forced the landlord to get for them, Dick suddenly struck his hand on the table.

"Sold!" he cried.

"What?"

"They've got our handkerchiefs."

"Handkerchiefs!" cried Mr. Figgs, ruefully, "why, I forgot to get back my purse."



SOLD.

"Your purse! Well, let's go out to-morrow—"

"Pooh! it's no matter. There were only three piasters in it. I keep my circular bill and larger money elsewhere."

"Well, they've made something out of us after all. Three piasters and five handkerchiefs."

The Senator frowned. "I've a precious good mind to go out there to-morrow and make them disgorge," said he. "I'll think it over."

XVI.

DOLORES ONCE MORE.—A PLEASANT CONVERSATION.—BUTTONS LEARNS MORE OF HIS YOUNG FRIEND.—AFFECTING FAREWELL.

As the Club intended to leave for Rome almost immediately, the two young men in the Strado di San Bartollo were prepared to settle with their landlord.

When Buttons and Dick packed up their modest valises there was a general excitement in the house; and when they called for their little bill it appeared, and the whole family along with it. The landlord presented it with a neat bow. Behind him stood his wife. On his left the big dragoon. And on his right Dolores.

Such was the position which the enemy took up.

Buttons took up the paper and glanced at it.

"What is this?"

"Your bill."

"My bill?"

"Yes, Signore."

"Yes," repeated Dolores, waving her little hand at Buttons.

Something menacing appeared in the attitude and tone of Dolores. Had she changed? Had she joined the enemy? What did all this mean?

"What did you say you would ask for this room when I came here?" Buttons at length asked.

"I don't recollect naming any price," said the landlord, evasively.

"I recollect," said Dolores, decidedly. "He didn't name any price at all."

"Good Heavens!" cried Buttons, aghast, and totally unprepared for this on the part of Dolores, though nothing on the part of the landlord could have astonished him. In the brief space of three weeks that worthy had been in the habit of telling him on an average about four hundred and seventy-seven downright lies per day.

"You told me," said Buttons, with admirable calmness, "that it would be two piasters a week."

"Two piasters! Two for both of you! Impossible! You might as well say I was insane."

"Two piasters!" echoed Dolores, in indignant tones—"only think! and for this mag-



TWO PIASTERS!

nificent apartment! the best in the house—elegantly furnished, and two gentlemen! Why, what is this that he means?”

“Et tu Brute!” sighed Buttons.

“Signore?” said Dolores.

“Didn’t he, Dick?”

“He did,” said Dick; “of course he did.”

“Oh, that *uomicciuolo* will say any thing,” said Dolores, contemptuously snapping her fingers in Dick’s face.

“Why, Signore. Look you. How is it possible? Think what accommodation! Gaze upon that bed! Gaze upon that furniture! Contemplate that prospect of the busy street!”

“Why, it’s the most wretched room in town,” cried Buttons. “I’ve been ashamed to ask my friends here.”

“Ah, wretch!” cried Dolores, with flashing eyes. “You well know that you were never so well lodged at home. This miserable! This a room to be ashamed of! Away, American savage! And your friends, who are they? Do you lodge with the lazaroni?”

“You said that you would charge two piasters. I will pay no more; no, not half a carline. How dare you send me a bill for eighteen piasters? I will pay you six piasters for the three weeks. Your bill for eighteen is a cheat. I throw it away. Behold!”

And Buttons, tearing the paper into twenty fragments, scattered them over the floor.

“Ah!” cried Dolores, standing before him, with her arms folded, and her face all aglow with beautiful anger; “you call it a cheat, do you? You would like, would you not, to run

off and pay nothing? That is the custom, I suppose, in America. But you can not do that in this honest country.”

“Signore, you may tear up fifty bills, but you must pay,” said the landlord, politely.

“If you come to travel you should bring money enough to take you along,” said Dolores.

“Then I would not have to take lodgings fit only for a Sorrento beggar,” said Buttons, somewhat rudely.

“They are too good for an American beggar,” rejoined Dolores, taking a step nearer to him, and slapping her little hands together by way of emphasis.

“Is this the maid,” thought Buttons, “that hung so tenderly on my arm at the masquerade? the sweet girl who has charmed so many evenings with her innocent mirth? Is this the fair young creature who—”

“Are you going to pay, or do you think you can keep us waiting forever?” cried the fair young creature, impatiently and sharply.

“No more than six piasters,” replied Buttons.

“Be reasonable, Signore. Be reasonable,” said the landlord, with a conciliatory smile; “and above all, be calm—be calm. Let us have no contention. I feel that these honorable American gentlemen have no wish but to act justly,” and he looked benignantly at his family.

“I wish I could feel the same about these Italians,” said Buttons.

“You will soon feel that these Italians are determined to have their due,” said Dolores.

“They shall have their due and no more.”

“Come, Buttons,” said Dick, in Italian, “let us leave this old rascal.”

“Old rascal?” hissed Dolores, rushing up toward Dick as though she would tear his eyes out, and stamping her little foot. “Old rascal! Ah, piccolo Di-a-vo-lo!”

“Come,” said the landlord; “I have affection for you. I wish to satisfy you. I have always tried to satisfy and please you.”

“The ungrateful ones!” said Dolores. “Have we not all been as friendly to them as we never were before? And now they try like vipers to sting us.”

“Peace, Dolores,” said the landlord, majestically. “Let us all be very friendly. Come, good American gentlemen, let us have peace. What now *will* you pay?”

“Stop!” cried Dolores. “Do you bargain? Why, they will try and make you take a half-carline for the whole three weeks. I am ashamed of you. I will not consent.”

“How much will you give?” said the landlord, once more, without heeding his daughter.

“Six piasters,” said Buttons.

“Impossible!”

“When I came here I took good care to have it understood. You distinctly said two piasters per week. You may find it very convenient to forget. I find it equally convenient to remember.”

"Try—try hard, and perhaps you will remember that we offered to take nothing. Oh yes, nothing—absolutely nothing. Couldn't think of it," said Dolores, with a multitude of ridiculous but extremely pretty gestures, that made the little witch charming even in her rascality.—"Oh yes, nothing"—a shrug of the shoulders—"we felt so honored"—spreading out her hands and bowing.—"A great American!—a noble foreigner!"—folding her arms, and strutting up and down.—"Too much happiness!"—here her voice assumed a tone of most absurd sarcasm.—"We wanted to entertain them all the rest of our lives for nothing"—a ridiculous grinace—"or perhaps your sweet conversation has been sufficient pay—ha?" and she pointed her little rosy taper finger at Buttons as though she would transfix him.

Buttons sighed. "Dolores!" said he, "I always thought *you* were my friend. I didn't think that you would turn against me."

"Ah, infamous one! and foolish too! Did you think that I could ever help you to cheat my poor parents? Was this the reason why you sought me! Dishonest one! I am only an innocent girl, but I can understand your villainy."

"I think you understand a great many things," said Buttons, mournfully.

"And to think that one would seek my friendship to save his money!"

Buttons turned away. "Suppose I staid here three weeks longer how much would you charge?" he asked the landlord.

That worthy opened his eyes. His face brightened.

"Three weeks longer? Ah—I—Well—Perhaps—"

"Stop!" cried Dolores, placing her hand over her father's mouth—"not a word. Don't you understand? He don't want to stay three minutes longer. He wants to get you into a new bargain, and cheat you."

"Ah!" said the landlord, with a knowing wink. "But, my child, you are really too harsh. You must not mind her, gentlemen. She's only a willful young girl—a spoiled child—a spoiled child."

"Her language is a little strong," said Buttons, "but I don't mind what *she* says."

"You may deceive my poor, kind, simple, honest, unsuspecting father," said she, "but you can't deceive me."

"Probably not."

"Buttons, hadn't we better go," said Dick; "squabbling here won't benefit us."

"Well," said Buttons, slowly, and with a lingering look at Dolores.

But as Dolores saw them stoop to take their valises she sprang to the doorway.

"They're going! They're going!" she cried. "And they will rob us. Stop them."

"Signore," said Buttons, "here are six piasters. I leave them on the table. You will get no more. If you give me any trouble I will summon you before the police for conspiracy

against a traveler. You can't cheat me. You need not try."

So saying, he quietly placed the six piasters on the table, and advanced toward the door.

"Signore! Signore!" cried the landlord, and he put himself in his way. At a sign from Dolores the big dragoon came also, and put himself behind her.

"You shall not go," she cried. "You shall never pass through this door till you pay."

"Who is going to stop us?" said Buttons.



THE BRAVE SOLDIER.

"My father, and this brave soldier who is armed," said Dolores, in a voice to which she tried to give a terrific emphasis.

"Then I beg leave to say this much," said Buttons; and he looked with blazing eyes full in the face of the "brave soldier." "I am not a 'brave soldier,' and I am not armed; but my friend and I have paid our bills, and we are going through that door. If you dare to lay so much as the weight of your finger on me I'll show you how a man can use his fists."

Now the Continentals have a great and a wholesome dread of the English fist, and consider the American the same flesh and blood. They believe that "le bogues" is a necessary part of the education of the whole Anglo-Saxon race, careful parents among that people being intent upon three things for their children, to wit:

(1.) To eat *Rosbif* and *Bifteak*, but especially the former.

(2.) To use certain profane expressions, by which the Continental can always tell the Anglo-Saxon.

(3.) TO STRIKE FROM THE SHOULDER!!!

Consequently, when Buttons, followed by Dick, advanced to the door, the landlord and the "brave soldier" slipped aside, and actually allowed them to pass.

Not so Dolores.

She tried to hound her relatives on; she stormed; she taunted them; she called them cowards; she even went so far as to run after Buttons and seize his valise. Whereupon that young gentleman patiently waited without a word till she let go her hold. He then went on his way.

Arriving at the foot of the stairway he looked back. There was the slender form of the young girl quivering with rage.

"Addio, Dolores!" in the most mournful of voices.

"Scelerato!" was the response, hissed out from the prettiest of lips.

The next morning the Dodge Club left Naples.

XVII.

DICK RELATES A FAMILY LEGEND.

"Dick," said the Senator, as they rolled over the road, "spin a yarn to beguile the time."

Dick looked modest.

The rest added their entreaties.

"Oh, well," said Dick, "since you're so very urgent it would be unbecoming to refuse. A story? Well, what? I will tell you about my maternal grandfather.

"My maternal grandfather, then, was once out in Hong Kong, and had saved up a little money. As the climate did not agree with him he thought he would come home; and at length an American ship touched there, on board of which he went, and he saw a man in the galley; so my grandfather stepped up to him and asked him:

"Are you the mate?"

"No. I'm the man that boils the *mate*," said the other, who was also an Irishman.

"So he had to go to the cabin, where he found the captain and mate writing out clearance papers for the custom-house.

"Say, captain, will you cross the sea to plow the raging main?" asked my grandfather.

"Oh, the ship it is ready and the wind is fair to plow the raging main!" said the captain. Of course my grandfather at once paid his fare without asking credit, and the amount was three hundred and twenty-seven dollars thirty-nine cents.

"Well, they set sail, and after going ever so many thousand miles, or hundred—I forget which, but it don't matter—a great storm arose, a typhoon or simoom, perhaps both; and after slowly gathering up its energies for the space of twenty-nine days, seven hours, and twenty-three minutes, without counting the seconds, it burst upon them at exactly forty-two minutes past five, on the sixth day of the week. Need

I say that day was Friday? Now my grandfather saw all the time how it was going to end; and while the rest were praying and shrieking he had cut the lashings of the ship's long-boat and staid there all the time, having put on board the nautical instruments, two or three fish-hooks, a gross of lucifer matches, and a sauce-pan. At last the storm struck the ship, as I have stated, and at the first crack away went the vessel to the bottom, leaving my grandfather floating alone on the surface of the ocean.

"My grandfather navigated the long-boat fifty-two days, three hours, and twenty minutes by the ship's chronometer; caught plenty of fish with his fish-hooks; boiled sea-water in his sauce-pan, and boiled all the salt away, making his fire in the bottom of the boat, which is a very good place, for the fire can't burn through without touching the water, which it can't burn; and finding plenty of fuel in the boat, which he gradually dismantled, taking first the thole-pins, then the seats, then the taffrail, and so on. This sort of thing, though, could not last forever, and at last, just in the nick of time, he came across a dead whale.

"It was floating bottom upward, covered with barnacles of very large size indeed; and where his fins projected there were two little coves, one on each side. Into the one on the lee-side he ran his boat, of which there was nothing left but the stem and stern and two side planks.

"My grandfather looked upon the whale as an island. It was a very nice country to one who had been so long in a boat, though a little monotonous. The first thing that he did was to erect the banner of his country, of which he happened to have a copy on his pocket-handkerchief; which he did by putting it at the end of an oar and sticking it in the ground, or the flesh, whichever you please to call it. He then took an observation, and proceeded to make himself a house, which he did by whittling up the remains of the long-boat, and had enough left to make a table, a chair, and a bootjack. So here he staid, quite comfortable, for forty-three days and a half, taking observations all the time with great accuracy; and at the end of that time all his house was gone, for he had to cut it up for fuel to cook his meals, and nothing was left but half of the bootjack and the oar which served to uphold the banner of his country. At the end of this time a ship came up.

"The men of the ship did not know what on earth to make of this appearance on the water, where the American flag was flying. So they bore down straight toward it.

"I see a sight across the sea, hi ho cheerly men!" remarked the captain to the mate, in a confidential manner.

"Methinks it is my own countrie, hi ho cheerly men!" rejoined the other, quietly.

"It rises grandly o'er the brine, hi ho cheerly men!" said the captain.



BUYING A WHALE.

“And bears aloft our own ensign, hi ho cheerly men!” said the mate.

“As the ship came up my grandfather placed both hands to his mouth in the shape of a speaking-trumpet, and cried out: ‘Ship ahoy across the wave, with a way-ay-ay-ay! Storm along!’

“To which the captain of the ship responded through his trumpet: ‘’Tis I, my messmate bold and brave, with a way-ay-ay-ay! Storm along!’

“At this my grandfather inquired: ‘What vessel are you gliding on? Pray tell to me its name.’

“And the captain replied: ‘Our bark it is a whaler bold, and Jones the captain’s name.’

“Thereupon the captain came on board the whale, or on shore, whichever you like—I don’t know which, nor does it matter—he came, at any rate. My grandfather shook hands with him and asked him to sit down. But the captain declined, saying he preferred standing.

“‘Well,’ said my grandfather, ‘I called on you to see if you would like to buy a whale.’

“‘Wa’al, yes, I don’t mind. I’m in that line myself.’

“‘What’ll you give for it?’

“‘What’ll you take for it?’

“‘What’ll you give?’

“‘What’ll you take?’

“‘What’ll you give?’

“‘What’ll you take?’

“‘What’ll you { give? take? give? take? } give? take? give? take?’

“Twenty-five minutes were taken up in the repetition of this question, for neither wished to commit himself.

“‘Have you had any offers for it yet?’ asked Captain Jones at last.

“‘Wa’al, no; can’t say that I have.’

“‘I’ll give as much as any body.’

“‘How much?’

“‘What’ll you take?’

“‘What’ll you give?’

“‘What’ll you take?’

“‘What’ll you give?’

“‘What’ll you take?’

“‘What’ll { give? take? give? take? } give? take? give? take?’

“Then my grandfather, after a long deliberation, took the captain by the arm and led him all around, showing him the country, as one may say, enlarging upon the fine points, and doing, as all good traders are bound to do when they find themselves face to face with a customer.

“To which the end was:

“‘Wa’al, what’ll you take?’

“‘What’ll you give?’

“‘What’ll you { give? take? give? take? } give? take? give? take?’

“‘Well,’ said my grandfather, ‘I don’t know as I care about trading after all. I think I’ll wait till the whaling fleet comes along. I’ve been waiting for them for some time, and they ought to be here soon.’

"'You're not in the right track,' said Captain Jones.

"'Yes, I am.'

"'Excuse me.'

"'Ex-cuse *me*,' said my grandfather. 'I took an observation just before you came in sight, and I am in lat. 47° 22' 20'', long. 150° 15' 55''.'

"Captain Jones's face fell. My grandfather poked him in the ribs and smiled.

"'I'll tell you what I'll do, as I don't care, after all, about waiting here. It's a little damp, and I'm subject to rheumatics. I'll let you have the whole thing if you give me twenty-five per cent. of the oil after it's barreled, barrels and all.'

"The captain thought for a moment.

"'You drive a close bargain.'

"'Of course.'

"'Well, it'll save a voyage, and that's something.'

"'Something! Bless your heart! ain't that every thing?'

"'Well, I'll agree. Come on board and we'll make out the papers.'

"So my grandfather went on board, and they made out the papers; and the ship hauled up alongside of the whale, and they went to work cutting, and slashing, and hoisting, and burning, and boiling, and at last, after ever so long a time—I don't remember exactly how long—the oil was all secured, and my grandfather, in a few months afterward, when he landed at Nantucket and made inquiries, sold his share of the oil for three thousand nine hundred and

fifty-six dollars fifty-six cents, which he at once invested in business in New Bedford, and started off to Pennsylvania to visit his mother. The old lady didn't know him at all, he was so changed by sun, wind, storm, hardship, sickness, fatigue, want, exposure, and other things of that kind. She looked coldly on him.

"'Who are you?'

"'Don't you know?'

"'No.'

"'Think.'

"'Have you a strawberry on your arm?'

"'No.'

"'Then—you are—you are—YOU ARE—my own—my long-lost son!'

"And she caught him in her arms.

"Here endeth the first part of my grandfather's adventures, but he had many more, good and bad; for he was a remarkable man, though I say it; and if any of you ever want to hear more about him, which I doubt, all you've got to do is to say so. But perhaps it's just as well to let the old gentleman drop, for his adventures were rather strange; but the narration of them is not very profitable, not that I go in for the utilitarian theory of conversation; but I think, on the whole, that, in story-telling, fiction should be preferred to dull facts like these, and so the next time I tell a story I will make one up."

The Club had listened to the story with the gravity which should be manifested toward one who is relating family matters. At its close the Senator prepared to speak. He cleared his throat:

"Ahem! Gentlemen of the Club! our adventures, thus far, have not been altogether contemptible. We have a President and a Secretary; ought we not also to have a Recording Secretary—a Historian?"

"Ay!" said all, very earnestly.

"Who, then, shall it be?"

All looked at Dick.

"I see there is but one feeling among us all," said the Senator. "Yes, Richard, you are the man. Your gift of language, your fancy, your modesty, your fluency— But I spare you. From this time forth you know your duty."

Overcome by this honor, Dick was compelled to bow his thanks in silence and hide his blushing face.

"And now," said Mr. Figgs, eagerly, "I want to hear *the Higgins Story*!"

The Doctor turned frightfully pale. Dick began to fill his pipe. The Senator looked earnestly out of the window. Buttons looked at the ceiling.

"What's the matter?" said Mr. Figgs.

"What?" asked Buttons.

"The Higgins Story?"

The Doctor started to his feet. His excitement was wonderful. He clenched his fist.

"I'll quit! I'm going back. I'll join you at Rome by another route. I'll—"

"No, you won't!" said Buttons; "for on a



THE LONG-LOST SON.

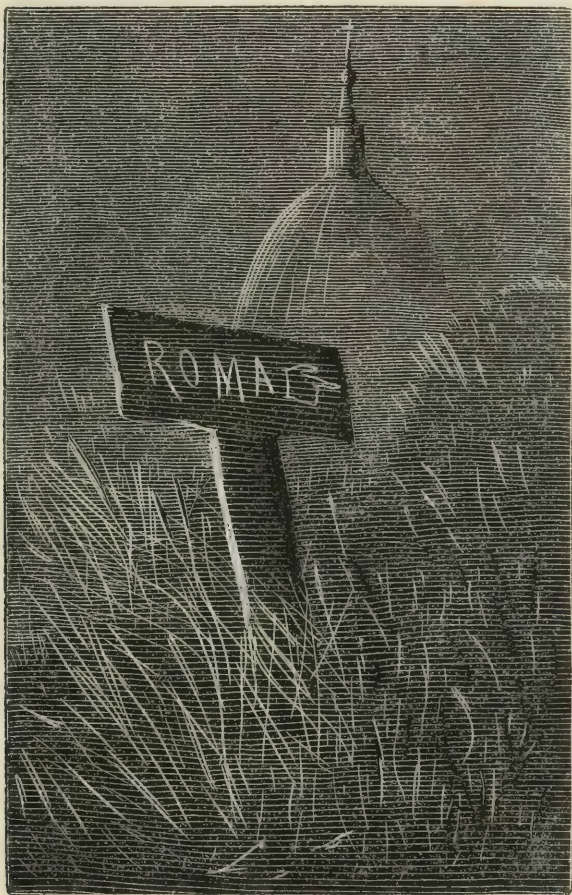
journey like this it would be absurd to begin the Higgins Story."

"Pooh!" said Dick, "it would require nineteen days at least to get through the introductory part."

"When, then, can I hear it?" asked Mr. Figgs, in perplexity.

XVIII.

NIGHT ON THE ROAD.—THE CLUB ASLEEP.—THEY ENTER ROME.—THOUGHTS ON APPROACHING AND ENTERING "THE ETERNAL CITY."



TO ROME.

XIX.

A LETTER BY DICK, AND CRITICISMS OF HIS FRIENDS.

THEY took lodgings near the Piazzà di Spagna. This is the best part of Rome to live in, which every traveler will acknowledge. Among other advantages, it is perhaps the only clean spot in the Capital of Christendom.

Their lodgings were peculiar. Description is quite unnecessary. They were not discovered without toil, and not secured without warfare. Once in possession they had no reason to complain. True, the conveniences of civilized life do not exist there—but who dreams of convenience in Rome?

On the evening of their arrival they were sitting in the Senator's room, which was used as the general rendezvous. Dick was diligently writing.

"Dick," said the Senator, "what are you about?"

"Well," said Dick, "the fact is, I just happened to remember that when I left home the editor of the village paper wished me to write occasionally. I promised, and he at once published the fact in enormous capitals. I never thought of it till this evening, when I happened to find a scrap of the last issue of his paper in my valise. I recollected my promise, and I thought I might as well drop a line."

"Read what you have written."

Dick blushed and hesitated.

"Nonsense! Go ahead, my boy!" said Buttons.

Whereupon Dick cleared his throat and began:

"ROME, May 30, 1859.

"MR. EDITOR,—Rome is a subject which is neither uninteresting nor alien to the present age."

"That's a fact, or you wouldn't be here writing it," remarked Buttons.

"In looking over the past, our view is too often bounded by the Middle Ages. We consider that period as the chaos of the modern world, when it lay covered with darkness, until the Reform came and said, 'Let there be light!'"

"Hang it, Dick! be original or be nothing."

"Yet, if the life of the world began any where, it was in Rome. Assyria is nothing to me. Egypt is but a spectacle!"

"If you only had enough funds to carry you there you'd change your tune. But go on."

"But Rome arises before me as the parent of the latter time. By her the old battles between Freedom and Despotism were fought long ago, and the forms and principles of Liberty came forth, to pass, amidst many vicissitudes, down to a new-born day."

"There! I'm coming to the point now!"

"About time, I imagine. The editor will get into despair."

"There is but one fitting approach to Rome. By any other road the majesty of the Old Capital is lost in the lesser grandeur of the Medieval City. Whoever goes there let him come up from Naples and enter by the Jerusalem Gate."

"Jerusalem fiddle-sticks! Why, there's no such gate!"

"There the very spirit of Antiquity sits enthroned to welcome the traveler, and all the solemn Past sheds her influences over his soul—"

"Excuse me; there is a Jerusalem Gate."

"Perhaps so—in Joppa."

"There the Imperial City lies in the sublimity of ruin. It is the Rome of our dreams—the ghost of a dead and buried Empire hovering over its own neglected grave!"

"Dick, it's not fair to work off an old college essay as European correspondence."

"Nothing may be seen but desolation. The waste Campagna stretches its arid surface away to the Alban mountains, uninhabited, and forsaken of man and beast. For the dust and the works and the monuments of millions lie here, mingled in the common corruption of the tomb, and the life of the present age shrinks away in terror. Long lines of lofty aqueducts come slowly down from the Alban hills, but these crumbled stones and broken arches tell a story more eloquent than human voice."

"The walls arise before us, but there is no city beyond. The desolation that reigns in the Campagna has entered here. The palace of the noble, the haunts of pleasure, the resorts of the multitude, the garrison of the soldier, have crumbled to dust, and mingled together in one common ruin. The soil on which we tread, which gives birth to trees, shrubs, and wild-flowers without number, is but an assemblage of the disintegrated atoms of stones and mortar that once arose on high in the form of palace, pyramid, or temple."

"Dick, I advise you to write all your letters before you see the places you speak of. You've no idea how eloquent you can be!"

"Now, if we pass on in this direction, we soon come to a spot which is the centre of the world—the place where most of all we must look when we search for the source of much that is valuable in our age."

"It is a rude and a neglected spot. At one end rises a rock crowned with houses; on one side are a few mean edifices, mingled with masses of tottering ruins; on the other a hill formed altogether of crumbled atoms of bricks, mortar, and precious marbles. In the midst are a few rough columns blackened by time and exposure. The soil is deep, and in places there are pits where excavations have been made. Rubbish lies around: bits of straw, and grass, and hay, and decayed leather, and broken bottles, and old bones. A few dirty shepherds pass along, driving lean and miserable sheep. Further up is a cluster of wine-carts, with still more curious horses and drivers."

"What is this place?—what those ruins, these fallen monuments, these hoary arches, these ivy-covered walls? What? This is—"

"The field of freedom, faction, fame, and blood;
Here a proud people's passions were exhaled,
From the first hour of Empire in the bud
To that when further worlds to conquer failed;
The Forum where the immortal accents glow,
And still the eloquent air breathes, burns with Cicero!"

"Yet if you go up to one of those people and ask this question, he will answer you and tell you the only name he knows—'The Cow Market!'"

"Is that all?" inquired Buttons, as Dick laid down his paper.

"That's all I've written as yet."

Whereupon Buttons clapped his hands to express applause, and all the others laughingly followed his example.

"Dick," said the Senator, after a pause, "what you have written sounds pretty. But look at the facts. Here you are writing a description of Rome before you've seen any thing of the place at all. All that you have put in that letter is what you have read in books of travel. I mention this not from blame, but merely to show what a wrong principle travelers go on. They don't notice real live facts. Now I've promised the editor of our paper a letter. As soon as I write it I'll read it for you. The style won't be equal to yours. But, if I write, I'll be bound to tell something new. Sentiment," pursued the Senator, thoughtfully, "is playing the dickens with the present age. What we ought to look at is not old ruins or pictures, but men—men—live men. I'd rather visit the cottage of an Italian peasant than any church in the country. I'd rather see the working of the political constitution of this 'ere benighted land than any painting you can show. Horse-shoes before ancient stones, and macaroni before statues, say I! For these little things show me all the life of the people. If I only understood their cursed lingo," said the Senator,

with a tinge of regret, "I'd rather stand and hear them talk by the hour, particularly the women, than listen to the pootiest music they can scare up!"

"I tried that game," said Mr. Figgs, ruefully, "in Naples. I went into a broker's shop to change a Napoleon. I thought I'd like to see their financial system. I saw enough of it; for the scoundrel gave me a lot of little bits of coin that only passed for a few cents apiece in Naples, with difficulty at that, and won't pass here at all!"

The Senator laughed. "Well, you shouldn't complain. You lost your Napoleon, but gained experience. You have a new wrinkle. I gained a new wrinkle too when I gave a half-Napoleon, by mistake, to a wretched looking beggar, blind of one eye. I intended to give him a centime."

"Your principle," said Buttons, "does well enough for you as a traveler. But you don't look at all the points of the subject. The point is to write a letter for a newspaper. Now what is the most successful kind of letter? The readers of a family paper are notoriously women and young men, or lads. Older men only look at the advertisements or the news. What do women and lads care for horse-shoes and macaroni? Of course, if one were to write about these things in a humorous style they would take; but, as a general thing, they prefer to read about old ruins, and statues, and cities, and processions. But the best kind of a correspondence is that which deals altogether in adventures. That's what takes the mind! Incidents of travel, fights with ruffians, quarrels with landlords, shipwrecks, robbery, oddscrapes, laughable scenes; and Dick, my boy! when you write again be sure to fill your letter with events of this sort."

"But suppose," suggested Dick, meekly, "that we meet with no ruffians, and there are no adventures to relate?"

"Then use a traveler's privilege and invent them. What was imagination given for if not to use?"

"It will not do—it will not do," said the Senator, decidedly. "You must hold on to facts. Information, not amusement, should be your aim."

"But information is dull by itself. Amusement perhaps is useless. Now how much better to combine the utility of solid information with the lighter graces of amusement, fun, and fancy. Your pill, Doctor, is hard to take, though its effects are good. Coat it with sugar and it's easy."

"What!" exclaimed the Doctor, suddenly starting up. "I'm not asleep! Did you speak to me?"

The Doctor blinked and rubbed his eyes, and wondered what the company were laughing at. In a few minutes, however, he concluded to resume his broken slumber in his bed. He accordingly retired; and the company followed his example.

XX.

ST. PETER'S!—THE TRAGIC STORY OF THE FAT MAN IN THE BALL.—HOW ANOTHER TRAGEDY NEARLY HAPPENED.—THE WOES OF MEINHERR SCHATT.

Two stately fountains, a colonnade which in spite of faults possesses unequaled majesty, a vast piazza, inclosing many acres in whose immense area puny man dwindles to a dwarf, and in the distance the unapproachable glories of the greatest of earthly temples—such is the first view of St. Peter's.

Our party of friends entered the lordly vestibule, and lifting the heavy mat that hung over the doorway they passed through. There came a soft air laden with the odor of incense; and strains of music from one of the side chapels came echoing dreamily down one of the side aisles. A glare of sunlight flashed in on polished marbles of a thousand colors that covered pillars, walls, and pavement. The vaulted ceiling blazed with gold. People strolled to and fro without any apparent object. They seemed to be promenading. In different places some peasant women were kneeling.

They walked up the nave. The size of the immense edifice increased with every step. Arriving under the dome they stood looking up with boundless astonishment.

They walked round and round. They saw statues which were master-pieces of genius; sculptures that glowed with immortal beauty; pictures which had consumed a lifetime as they grew up beneath the patient toil of the mosaic worker. There were altars containing gems equal to a king's ransom; curious pillars that came down from immemorial ages; lamps that burn forever.

"This," said the Senator, "is about the first place that has really come up to my idee of foreign parts. In fact it goes clean beyond it. I acknowledge its superiority to any thing that America can produce. But what's the good of it all? If this Government really cared for the good of the people it would sell out the hull concern, and devote the proceeds to railways and factories. Then Italy would go ahead as Providence intended."

"My dear Sir, the people of this country would rise and annihilate any Government that dared to touch it."

"Shows how debased they have grown. There's no utility in all this. There couldn't be any really good Gospel preaching here.

"Different people require different modes of worship," said Buttons, sententiously.

"But it's immense," said the Senator, as they stood at the farthest end and looked toward the entrance. "I've been calc'latin' that you could range along this middle aisle about eighteen good-sized Protestant churches, and eighteen more along the side aisles. You could pile them up three tiers high. You could stow away twenty-four more in the cross aisle. After that you could pile up twenty more in the dome. That would make room here for one hundred and fifty-two good-sized Protestant churches,

and room enough would be left to stow away all their spires."

And to show the truth of his calculation he exhibited a piece of paper on which he had penciled it all.

If the interior is imposing the ascent to the roof is equally so. There is a winding path so arranged that mules can go up carrying loads. Up this they went and reached the roof. Six or seven acres of territory snatched from the air spread around; statues rose from the edge; all around cupolas and pillars arose. In the centre the huge dome itself towered on high. There was a long low building filled with people who lived up here. They were workmen whose duty it was to attend to the repairs of the vast structure. Two fountains poured forth a never-ceasing supply of water. It was difficult to conceive that this was the roof of a building.

Entering the base of the central cupola a stairway leads up. There is a door which leads to the interior, where one can walk around a gallery on the inside of the dome and look down. Farther up where the arch springs there is another. Finally, at the apex of the dome there is a third opening. Looking down through this the sensation is terrific.

Upon the summit of the vast dome stands an edifice of large size, which is called the lantern, and appears insignificant in comparison with the mighty structure beneath. Up this the stairway goes until at length the opening into the ball is reached.

The whole five climbed up into the ball. They found to their surprise that it would hold twice as many more. The Senator reached up his hand. He could not touch the top. They looked through the slits in the side. The view was boundless; the wide Campagna, the purple Apennines, the blue Mediterranean, appeared from different sides.

"I feel," said the Senator, "that the conceit is taken out of me."

"What is Boston State House to this; or Bunker Hill monument! I used to see pictures of this place in Woodbridge's Geography; but I never had a realizing sense of architecture until now."

"This ball," said Buttons, "has its history, its associations. It has been the scene of suffering. Once a stoutish man came up here. The guides warned him, but to no purpose. He was a willful Englishman. You may see, gentlemen, that the opening is narrow. How the Englishman managed to get up does not appear; but it is certain that when he tried to get down he found it impossible. He tried for hours to squeeze through. No use. Hundreds of people came up to help him. They couldn't. The whole city got into a state of wild excitement. Some of the churches had prayers offered up for him though he was a heretic. At the end of three days he tried again. Fasting and anxiety had come to his relief, and he slipped through without difficulty."

"He must have been a London swell," said Dick.

"I don't believe a word of it," said Mr. Figgs, looking with an expression of horror, first at the opening and then at his own rotundity. Then springing forward he hurriedly began to descend.

Happy Mr. Figgs! There was no danger for him. But in his eagerness to get down he did not think of looking below to see if the way was clear. And so it happened, that as he descended quickly and with excited haste, he stepped with all his weight upon the hand of a man who was coming up. The stranger shouted. Mr. Figgs jumped. His foot slipped. His hand loosened, and down he fell plump to the bottom. Had he fallen on the floor there is no doubt that he would have sustained severe injury. Fortunately for himself he fell upon the stranger and nearly crushed his life out.

The stranger writhed and rolled till he had got rid of his heavy burden. The two men simultaneously started to their feet. The stranger was a short stout man with an unmistakable German face. He had bright blue eyes, red hair, and a forked red beard. He stared with all his might, stroked his forked red beard piteously, and then ejaculated most gutturally, in tones that seemed to come from his boots:

"Gh-h-h-r-r-r-r-acious me!"

Mr. Figgs overwhelmed him with apologies, assured him that it was quite unintentional, hoped that he wasn't hurt, begged his pardon; but the stranger only panted, and still he stroked his forked red beard, and still ejaculated:

"Gh-h-h-r-r-r-r-r-r-acious me!"

Four heads peered through the opening above; but seeing no accident their owners, one by one, descended, and all with much sympathy asked the stranger if he was much hurt. But the stranger, who seemed quite bewildered, still panted and stroked his beard, and ejaculated:

"Gh-h-h-r-r-r-r-r-r-acious me!"

At length he seemed to recover his faculties, and discovered that he was not hurt. Upon

this he assured Mr. Figgs, in heavy guttural English, that it was nothing. He had often been knocked down before. If Mr. Figgs were a Frenchman, he would feel angry. But as he was an American he was proud to make his acquaintance. He himself had once lived in America, in Cincinnati, where he had edited a German paper. His name was Meinherr Schatt.

Meinherr Schatt showed no further disposition to go up; but descended with the others down as far as the roof, when they went to the front and stood looking down on the piazza. In the course of conversation Meinherr Schatt informed them that he belonged to the Duchy of Saxe Meiningen, that he had been living in Rome about two years, and liked it about as well as any place that he had seen. He went every autumn to Paris to speculate on the Bourse, and generally made enough to keep him for a year. He was acquainted with all the artists in Rome. Would they like to be introduced to some of them?

Buttons would be most charmed. He would rather become acquainted with artists than with any class of people.

Meinherr Schatt lamented deeply the present state of things arising from the war in Lombardy. A peaceful German traveler was scarcely safe now. Little boys made faces at him in the street, and shouted after him, "Maledetto Tedesco!"

Just at this moment the eye of Buttons was attracted by a carriage that rolled away from under the front of the cathedral down the piazza. In it were two ladies and a gentleman. Buttons stared eagerly for a few moments, and then gave a jump.

"What's the matter?" cried Dick.

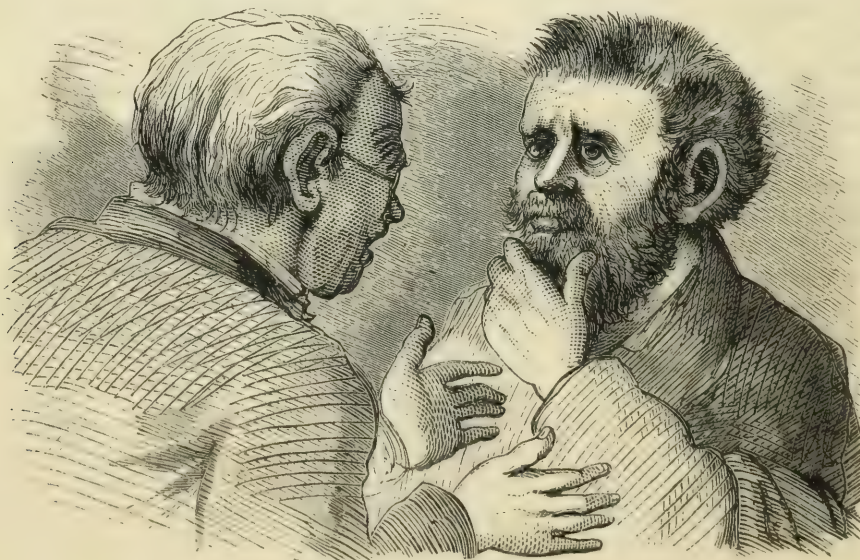
"It is! By Jove! It is!"

"What? Who?"

"I see her face! I'm off!"

"Confound it! Whose face?"

But Buttons gave no answer. He was off like the wind, and before the others could re-



"GRACIOUS ME!"

cover from their surprise had vanished down the descent.

"What upon airth has possessed Buttons now?" asked the Senator.

"It must be the Spanish girl," said Dick.

"Again? Hasn't his mad chase at sea given him a lesson? Spanish girl! What is he after? If he wants a girl, why can't he wait and pick out a regular thorough-bred out and outer of Yankee stock? These Spaniards are not the right sort."

In an incredible short space of time the figure of Buttons was seen dashing down the piazza, in the direction which the carriage had taken. But the carriage was far ahead, and even as he left the church it had already crossed the Ponte di S. Angelo. The others then descended. Buttons was not seen till the end of the day. He then made his appearance with a dejected air.

"What luck?" asked Dick, as he came in.

"None at all," said Buttons, gloomily.

"Wrong ones again?"

"No, indeed. I'm not mistaken this time. But I couldn't catch them. They got out of sight, and kept out too. I've been to every hotel in the place, but couldn't find them. It's too bad."

"Buttons," said the Senator, gravely, "I'm sorry to see a young man like you so infatuated. Beware—Buttons—beware of wimmin! Take the advice of an older and more experienced man. Beware of wimmin. Whenever you see one coming—dodge! It's your only hope. If it hadn't been for wimmin"—and the Senator seemed to speak half to himself, while his face assumed a pensive air—"if it hadn't been for wimmin, I'd been haranguing the Legislatoor now, instead of wearying my bones in this benighted and enslaved country."

XXI.

THE GLORY, GRANDEUR, BEAUTY, AND INFINITE VARIETY OF THE PINCIAN HILL; NARRATED AND DETAILED NOT COLUMNARILY BUT EXHAUSTIVELY, AND AFTER THE MANNER OF RABELAIS.

OH, the Pincian Hill!—Does the memory of that place affect all alike? Whether it does or not matters little to the chronicler of this veracious history. To him it is the crown and glory of modern Rome; the centre around which all Rome clusters. Delightful walks! Views without a parallel! Place on earth to which no place else can hold a candle!

Pooh—what's the use of talking? Contemplate, O Reader, from the Pincian Hill the following:

The Tiber, The Campagna, The Aqueducts, Trajan's Column, Antonine's Pillar, The Piazza del Popolo, The Torre del Capitoglio, The Hoar Capitoline, The Palatine, The Quirinal, The Viminal, The Esquiline, The Caelian, The Aventine, The Vatican, The Janiculum, St. Peter's, The Lateran, The Stands for Roast Chestnuts, The New York Times, The Hurdys, The London Times, The Raree-shows, The

Obelisk of Mosaic Pharaoh, The Wine-carts, *Harper's Weekly*, Roman Beggars, Cardinals, Monks, Artists, Nuns, The New York Tribune, French Soldiers, Swiss Guards, Dutchmen, Mosaic-workers, Plane-trees, Cypress-trees, Irishmen, Propaganda Students, Goats, Fleas, Men from Bosting, Patent Medicines, Swells, Lager, Meerschaum-pipes, The New York Herald, Crosses, Rustic Seats, Dark-eyed Maids, Babel, Terrapins, Marble Pavements, Spiders, Dreamy Haze, Jews, Cossacks, Hens, All the Past, Rags, The original Barrel-organ, The original Organ-grinder, Bourbon Whisky, Civita Vecchia Olives, Hadrian's Mausoleum, *Harper's Magazine*, The Laurel Shade, Murray's Handbook, Cicerones, Englishmen, Dog-carts, Youth, Hope, Beauty, Conversation Kenge, Blue-bottle Flies, Gnats, *Galignani*, Statues, Peasants, Cockneys, Gas-lamps, Dundreary, Michiganders, Paper-collars, Pavilions, Mosaic Brooches, Little Dogs, Small Boys, Lizards, Snakes, Golden Sunsets, Turks, Purple Hills, Placards, Shin-plasters, Monkeys, Old Boots, Coffee-roasters, Pale Ale, The Dust of Ages, The Ghost of Rome, Ice Cream, Memories, Soda-Water, Harper's Guide-Book.

XXII.

HARMONY ON THE PINCIAN HILL.—MUSIC HATH CHARMS.
—AMERICAN MELODIES.—THE GLORY, THE POWER, AND THE BEAUTY OF YANKEE DOODLE, AND THE MERCENARY SOUL OF AN ITALIAN ORGAN-GRINDER.

THE Senator loved the Pincian Hill, for there he saw what he loved best; more than ruins, more than churches, more than pictures and statues, more than music. He saw man and human nature.

He had a smile for all; of superiority for the bloated aristocrat; of friendliness for the humble, yet perchance worthy mendicant. He longed every day more and more to be able to talk the language of the people.

On one occasion the Club was walking on the Pincian Hill, when suddenly they were arrested by familiar sounds which came from some place, not very far away. It was a barrel-organ; a soft and musical organ; but it was playing "Sweet Home."

"A Yankee tune," said the Senator. "Let us go and patronize domestic manufacture. That is my idee of political economy."

Reaching the spot they saw a pale, intellectual-looking Italian working away at his instrument.

"It's not bad, though that there may not be the highest kind of musical instrument."

"No," said Buttons; "but I wonder that you, an elder of a church, can stand here and listen to it."

"Why, what has the church to do with a barrel-organ?"

"Don't you believe the Bible?"

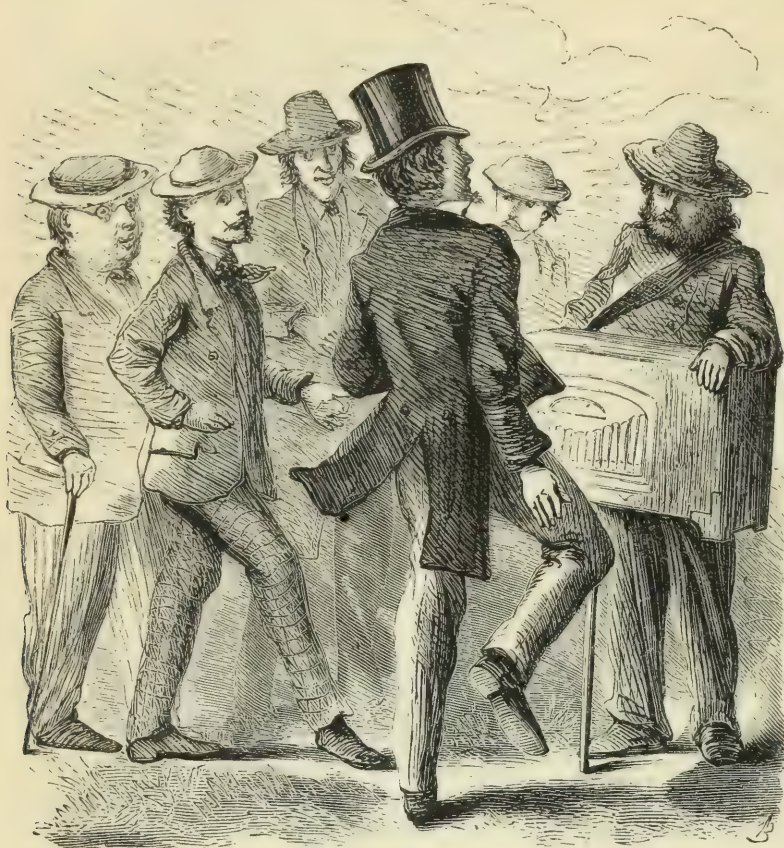
"Of course," said the Senator, looking mystified.

"Don't you know what it says on the subject?"

"What the Bible says? Why no, of course not. It says nothing."

"I beg your pardon. It says, 'The sound of the grinding is low.' See Ecclesiastes, twelfth, fourth."

The Senator looked mystified, but said no-



OLD VIRGINNY.

thing. But suddenly the organ-grinder struck up another tune.

"Well, I do declare," cried the Senator, delighted, "if it isn't another domestic melody!"

It was "Independence Day."

"Why, it warms my heart," he said, as a flush spread over his fine countenance.

The organ-grinder received any quantity of *baiocchi*, which so encouraged him that he tried another—"Old Virginny."

"That's better yet," said the Senator. "But how on airth did this man manage to get hold of these tunes?"

Then came others. They were all American: "Old Folks at Home," "Nelly Bly," "Suwannee Ribber," "Jordan," "Dan Tucker," "Jim Crow."

The Senator was certainly most demonstrative, but all the others were equally affected.

Those native airs; the dashing, the reckless, the roaringly-humorous, the obstreperously jolly—they show one part of the many-sided American character.

Not yet has justice been done to the nigger song. It is not a nigger song. It is an American melody. Leaving out those which have been stolen from Italian Operas, how many there are which are truly American in their extravagance, their broad humor, their glorious and uproarious jollity! The words are trash. The melodies are every thing.

These melodies touched the hearts of the listeners. American life rose before them as they listened. American life—free, boundless, exuberant, broadly-developing, self-asserting,

gaining its characteristics from the boundless extent of its home—a continental life of limitless variety. As mournful as the Scotch; as reckless as the Irish; as solemnly patriotic as the English.

"Listen!" cried the Senator, in wild excitement.

It was "Hail Columbia."

"The Pincian Hill," said the Senator, with deep solemnity, "is glorified from this time forth and for evermore. It has gained a new charm. The Voice of Freedom hath made itself heard!"

The others, though less demonstrative, were no less delighted. Then came another, better yet. "The Star-Spangled Banner."

"There!" cried the Senator, "is our true national anthem—the commemoration of national triumph; the grand upsoaring of the victorious American Eagle as it wings its everlasting flight through the blue empyrean away up

to the eternal stars!"

He burst into tears; the others respected his emotion.

Then he wiped his eyes and looked ashamed of himself—quite uselessly—for it is a mistake to suppose that tears are unmanly. Unmanly! The manliest of men may sometimes shed tears out of his very manhood.

At last there arose a magic strain that produced an effect to which the former was nothing. It was "Yankee Doodle!"

The Senator did not speak. He could not find words. He turned his eyes first upon one, and then another of his companions; eyes beaming with joy and triumph—eyes that showed emotion arising straight from a patriot's heart—eyes which seemed to say: Is there any sound on earth or above the earth that can equal this?

Yankee Doodle has never received justice. It is a tune without words. What are the recognized words? Nonsense unutterable—the sneer of a British officer. But the tune!—ah, that is quite another thing!

The tune was from the very first taken to the national heart, and has never ceased to be cherished there. The Republic has grown to be a very different thing from that weak beginning, but its national air is as popular as ever. The people do not merely love it. They glory in it. And yet apologies are sometimes made for it. By whom? By the soulless dilettante. The people know better:—the farmers, the mechanics, the fishermen, the dry-goods clerks, the news-boys, the railway stokers, the butchers,

the bakers, the candlestick-makers, the tinkers, the tailors, the soldiers, the sailors. Why? Because this music has a voice of its own, more expressive than words; the language of the soul, which speaks forth in certain melodies which form an utterance of unutterable passion.

The name was perhaps given in ridicule. It was accepted with pride. The air is rash, reckless, gay, triumphant, noisy, boisterous, careless, heedless, rampant, raging, roaring, rattle-brainish, devil-may-care-ish, plague-take-the-hindmost-ish; but! solemn, stern, hopeful, resolute, fierce, menacing, strong, cantankerous (cantankerous is entirely an American idea), bold, daring—

Words fail.

Yankee Doodle has not yet received its Doo!

The Senator had smiled, laughed, sighed, wept, gone through many variations of feeling. He had thrown *baiocchi* till his pockets were exhausted, and then handed forth silver. He had shaken hands with all his companions ten times over. They themselves went not quite as far in feeling as he, but yet to a certain extent they went in.

And yet Americans are thought to be practical, and not ideal. Yet here was a true American who was intoxicated—drunk! By what? By sound, notes, harmony. By music!

"Buttons," said he, as the music ceased and the Italian prepares to make his bow and quit the scene, "I must make that gentleman's acquaintance."

Buttons walked up to the organ-grinder.

"Be my interpreter," said the Senator. "Introduce me."

"What's your name?" asked Buttons.

"Maffeo Cloto."

"From where?"

"Urbino."

"Were you ever in America?"

"No, Signore."

"What does he say?" asked the Senator, impatiently.

"He says his name is Mr. Cloto, and he was never in America."

"How did you get these tunes?"

"Out of my organ," said the Italian, grinning.

"Of course; but how did you happen to get an organ with such tunes?"

"I bought it."

"Oh yes; but how did you happen to buy one with these tunes?"

"For you illustrious American Signore. You all like to hear them."

"Do you know any thing about the tunes?"

"Signore?"

"Do you know what the words are?"

"Oh no. I am an Italian."

"I suppose you make money out of them."

"I make more in a day with these than I could in a week with other tunes."

"You lay up money, I suppose."

"Oh yes. In two years I will retire and let my younger brother play here."

"These tunes?"

"Yes, Signore."

"To Americans?"

"Yes, Signore."

"What is it all?" asked the Senator.

"He says that he finds he makes money by playing American tunes to Americans."

"Hm," said the Senator, with some displeasure; "and he has no soul then to see the—the beauty, the sentiment, the grandeur of his vocation!"

"Not a bit—he only goes in for money."

The Senator turned away in disgust. "Yankee Doodle," he murmured, "ought of itself to have a refining and converting influence on the European mind; but it is too debased—yes—yes—too debased."

XXIII.

HOW A BARGAIN IS MADE.—THE WILES OF THE ITALIAN TRADESMAN.—THE NAKED SULKY BEGGAR, AND THE JOVIAL WELL-CLAD BEGGAR.—WHO IS THE KING OF BEGGARS?

"WHAT are you thinking about, Buttons?"

"Well, Dick, to tell the truth, I have been thinking that if I do find the Spaniards they won't have reason to be particularly proud of me as a companion. Look at me."

"I look, and to be frank, my dear boy, I must say that you look more shabby-genteel than otherwise."

"That's the result of traveling on one suit of clothes—without considering fighting. I give up my theory."

"Give it up, then, and come out as a butterfly."

"Friend of my soul, the die is cast. Come forth with me and seek a clothing-store."

It was not difficult to find one. They entered the first one that they saw. The polite Roman overwhelmed them with attention.

"Show me a coat, Signore."

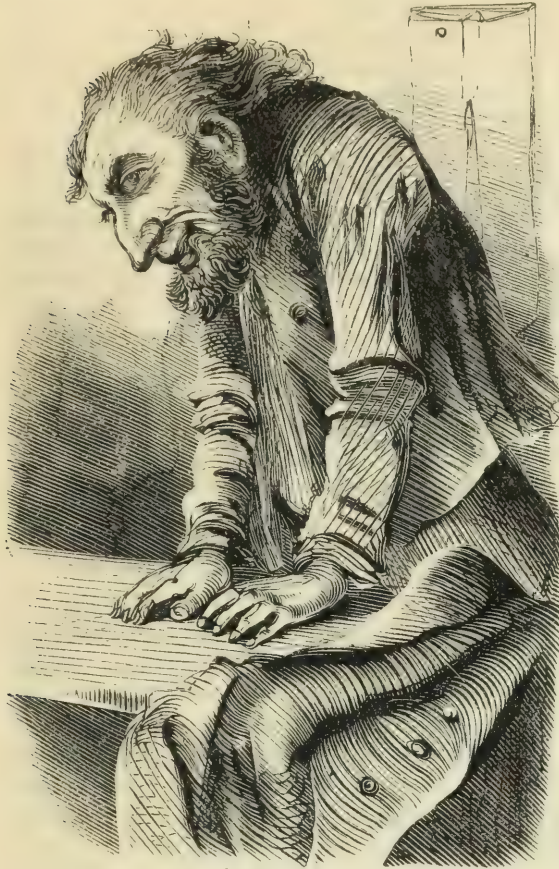
Signore sprang nimbly at the shelves and brought down every coat in his store. Buttons picked out one that suited his fancy, and tried it on.

"What is the price?"

With a profusion of explanation and description the Roman informed him: "Forty piasters."

"I'll give you twelve," said Buttons, quietly.

The Italian smiled, put his head on one side, drew down the corners of his mouth, and threw up his shoulders. This is the *shrug*. The shrug requires special attention. The shrug is a gesture used by the Latin race for expressing a multitude of things, both objectively and subjectively. It is a language of itself. It is, as circumstances require, a noun, adverb, pronoun, verb, adjective, preposition, interjection, conjunction. Yet it does not supersede the spoken language. It comes in rather when spoken words are useless, to convey intensity of meaning or delicacy. It is not taught, but it is learned.



THE SHRUG.

The coarser, or at least blunter, Teutonic race have not cordially adopted this mode of human intercommunication. The advantage of the shrug is that in one slight gesture it contains an amount of meaning which otherwise would require many words. A good shrugger in Italy is admired, just as a good conversationist is in England, or a good stump orator in America. When the merchant shrugged Buttons understood him and said:

"You refuse? Then I go. Behold me!"

"Ah, Signore, how can you thus endeavor to take advantage of the necessities of the poor?"

"Signore, I must buy according to my ability."

The Italian laughed long and quietly. The idea of an Englishman or American not having much money was an exquisite piece of humor.

"Go not, Signore. Wait a little. Let me unfold more garments. Behold this, and this. You shall have many of my goods for twelve piasters."

"No, Signore; I must have this, or I will have none."

"You are very hard, Signore. Think of my necessities. Think of the pressure of this present war, which we poor miserable tradesmen feel most of all."

"Then addio, Signore; I must depart."

They went out and walked six paces.

"P-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-t!" (Another little idea of the Latin race. It is a much more penetrating sound than a loud Hallo! Ladies can use it. Children too. This would be worth importing to America.)

"P-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-t!"

Buttons and Dick turned. The Italian stood smiling and bowing and beckoning.

"Take it for twenty-four piasters."

"No, Signore; I can only pay twelve."

With a gesture of ruffled dignity the shopkeeper withdrew. Again they turned away. They had scarcely gone ten paces before the shopkeeper was after them:

"A thousand pardons. But I have concluded to take twenty."

"No; twelve, and no more."

"But think, Signore; only think."

"I do think, my friend; I do think."

"Say eighteen."

"No, Signore."

"Seventeen."

"Twelve."

"Here. Come back with me."

They obeyed. The Italian folded the coat neatly, tied it carefully, stroked the parcel tenderly, and with a meek yet sad smile handed it to Buttons.

"There—only sixteen piasters."

Buttons had taken out his purse. At this he hurriedly replaced it, with an air of vexation.

"I can only give twelve."

"Oh, Signore, be generous. Think of my struggles, my expenses, my family. You will not force me to lose."

"I would scorn to force you to any thing, and therefore I will depart."

"Stop, Signore," cried the Italian, detaining them at the door. "I consent. You may take it for fourteen."

"For Heaven's sake, Buttons, take it," said Dick, whose patience was now completely exhausted. "Take it."

"Twelve," said Buttons.

"Let me pay the extra two dollars, for my own peace of mind," said Dick.

"Nonsense, Dick. It's the principle of the thing. As a member of the Dodge Club, too, I could not give more."

"Thirteen, good Signore mine," said the Italian, piteously.

"My friend, I have given my word that I would pay only twelve."

"Your word? Your pardon, but to whom?"

"To you."

"Oh, then, how gladly I release you from your word!"

"Twelve, Signore, or I go."

"I can not."

Buttons turned away. They walked along the street, and at length arrived at another clothier's. Just as they stepped in a hand was laid on Buttons's shoulder, and a voice cried out:

"Take it! Take it, Signore!"

"Ah! I thought so! Twelve?"

"Twelve."

Buttons paid the money and directed where it should be sent. He found out afterward that the price which an Italian gentleman would pay was about ten piasters.

There is no greater wonder than the patient waiting of an Italian tradesman in pursuit of a bargain. The flexibility of the Italian conscience and imagination under such circumstances is truly astonishing.

Dress makes a difference. The very expression of the face changes when one has passed from shabbiness into elegance. After Buttons had dressed himself in his gay attire his next thought was what to do with his old clothes.

"Come and let us dispose of them."

“Dispose of them!”

"Oh, I mean get rid of them. I saw a man crouching in a corner nearly naked as I came up. Let us go and see if we can find him. I'd like to try the effect."

They went to the place where the man had been seen. He was there still. A young man, in excellent health, brown, muscular, lithe. He had an old coverlet around his loins—that was all. He looked up sulkily.

"Are you not cold?"

"No," he blurted out, and turned away.

"A boor," said Dick. "Don't throw away your charity on him."

"Look here."

The man looked up lazily.

"Do you want some clothes?"

No reply.

"I've got some here, and perhaps will give them to you."

The man scrambled to his feet.

"Confound the fellow!" said Dick. "If he don't want them let's find some one who does."

"Look here," said Buttons.

He unfolded his parcel. The fellow looked indifferently at the things.

"Here, take this," and he offered the pantaloons.

The Italian took them and slowly put them on. This done, he stretched himself and yawned.

"Take this,"

It was his vest.

The man took the vest and put it on with equal *sang froid*. Again he yawned and stretched himself.

"Here's a coat."

Buttons held it out to the Italian. The fellow took it, surveyed it closely, felt in the pockets, and examined very critically the stiffening of the collar. Finally he put it on. He buttoned it closely around him, and passed his fingers through his matted hair. Then he felt the pockets once more. After which he yawned long and solemnly. This done, he looked earnestly at Buttons and Dick. He saw that they had nothing more. Upon which he turned on his heel, and without saying a word, good or bad, walked off with immense strides, turned a corner, and was out of sight. The two philanthropists were left staring at one another. At last they laughed.

"That man is an original," said Dick.

"Yes, and there is another," said Buttons.

As he spoke he pointed to the flight of stone steps that goes up from the Piazza di Spagna. Dick looked up. There sat The Beggar!

ANTONIO!

Legless, hatless, but not by any means penniless, king of Roman beggars, with a European reputation, unequaled in his own profession—there sat the most scientific beggar that the world has ever seen.

He had watched the recent proceedings, and caught the glance of the young men.

As they looked up his voice came clear and sonorous through the air:

"O most generous—O most noble—O most illustrious youths—Draw near—Look in pity upon the abject—Behold legless, armless, helpless, the beggar Antonio forsaken of Heaven—For the love of the Virgin—For the sake of the saints—In the name of humanity—Date me uno mezzo baioccho—Sono pooooooooooooovero—Miseraaaaaaaaaabile—Desperrrraaaaaaaaado!"

VANITY.

THE sun comes up and the sun goes down,
And day and night are the same as one;
The year grows green and the year grows brown,
And what is it all, when all is done?
Grains of sombre or shining sand,
Sliding into and out of the hand,

And men go down in ships to the seas,
And a hundred ships are the same as one;
And backward and forward blows the breeze,
And what is it all, when all is done?
A tide with never a shore in sight
Setting steadily on to the night.

The fisher droppeth his net in the stream,
And a hundred streams are the same as one;
And the maiden dreameth her love-lit dream,
And what is it all, when all is done?
The net of the fisher the burden breaks,
And alway the dreaming the dreamer wakes.



"KEEPING HOUSE."

MY SECOND CHILDHOOD.

I AM a bachelor. I do not state the fact because I suppose it will possess any peculiar interest for my lady readers, although I know that young men, possessing the refined feelings and affectionate dispositions necessary to form good husbands, are comparatively rare—I state the fact simply to preclude the possibility of any one judging me to be the father of the lovely children about whom I shall dilate. They resemble me, it is true, but it is because they resemble my sister. She (a beautiful woman she is) is their mother. In respect to them I bear the plain designation of Uncle Ned—a title which I nevertheless consider right royal.

The "once upon a time" in which my story commences was a warm day of last summer. I reposed on the easiest of easy-chairs in the veranda of my brother-in-law's house, enjoying my post-prandial cigar. My sister does not object to my smoking good cigars on the premises, although she will not tolerate my meerschauum. A cool breeze from Long Island Sound fanned my cheek; and its blue waters, sparkling in the sunlight and dotted here and there with a white sail, lay outstretched before me. My attention, however, was exclusively attracted by the movements of my little nieces and nephews, who, some few feet from me, were engaged in one of those comic imitations of the life of their elders which children delight in. Not a little unintentional satire is to be noted in these exhibitions, and the child's

powers of observation are often strikingly portrayed. The game was that known in infantine parlance as "Keeping House." The house itself was of the most primitive and fragile architecture; and had there been an inroad of an enemy, the question of the possibility of keeping it would have been decided in a moment. No idea of warfare, however, disturbed the souls of the young tenants, who regarded keeping house in its purely civil aspect. Four high-backed chairs surmounted by an umbrella composed the domicile. Within were snugly ensconced the arch little elf, Katie, five years old, and her brother Willie, a robust, rosy-cheeked boy of seven; such were the lady and the lord of the mansion. A dismal-faced Skye terrier was well-nigh smothered in the girl's arms, and personified her eldest son. Her husband, as I gazed, was discovered sitting upon her infant, and berated in a savage manner by the anxious mother. The china head of the darling had received no injury, and it was soon again put to sleep by the careful attentions of its parent.

"Mithter and Mithith Wilknith will thoon arrive," now lisped Katie; and hardly had she spoken before Nell and Gus, arm in arm, appeared from behind the corner of the veranda.

"How do you do," soon resounded from all mouths with great *empressement*; and vigorous hand-shaking nearly overturned the house.

"You will thtop to thupper, won't you?" next queried the hostess.

"We're to go to a ball to-night; I hardly know if we can. Is that your eldest son? How he has grown!" Thus discoursed Nell, and stretched out her hands to receive the dog.

"Looks a good deal like his father," observed Gus, and slyly pulled his tail. The unfortunate animal gave a short bark and snapped the air, to the dismay of Nellie, who let him drop; when whiz! he went underneath the chair-rounds, bearing with him Katie's apron, which had been fastened to his neck. The party burst into shouts of laughter, and rushing in pursuit were soon hid from my sight by the bushes in the garden.

"Happy, happy childhood!" I mused, as the sound of their mirth still rang in my ears; and then my thoughts reverted to that dingy law-office in Pine Street, whither I was to go in the morning. "Yes, happy, happy childhood—ignorant of the crimes and miseries of life. Existence is for thee all sunshine, where no clouds lower; or, if there be, thy tempests are but April showers lasting for a moment, and then all smiles again. What knowest thou of agonized fears and hopes, of brain-searing toil, of dark despair? The fiend ambition stings not thee. Ever careless, ever joyful. Ah, would I were a boy again!"

I must have puffed my cigar furiously as I thus cogitated, for I found myself enveloped in a dense smoke, which soon shut off all view of surrounding objects. From a bluish tinge its color changed to yellow, and now a roseate radiance filled it. Amidst its depths appeared the outline of a female form, to which every moment gave substance. In perfect beauty it soon stood fully revealed. Drapery of the purest white fell from her shoulders and enshrouded her feet. A single star blazed on her forehead. Hers was the majestic port of Juno, but no pride curled her lip. Like Venus, she was faultless in feature, yet in the expression of her calm, soul-searching eyes no voluptuousness dwelt. The stern, intellectual purity of Minerva was seen in her countenance, but, unlike that goddess, she wore no martial aspect. Her look

toward me was benignant, pitying. I felt no fear.

"Mortal, dost thou know me?" she asked, in mild tones.

"Are you—?" I hesitated, wondering, but not daring to inquire if she were not the Genius of America, the only nineteenth-century deity of which I had heard much. "I—I have never before seen you," I finally declared, in the most respectful manner.

"Thou hast not. I am the Spirit of Common Sense."

"Is it possible? You do exist, then. I was told so, but had not deemed it true."

"I have heard thy prayer, and am come to grant thy request." A smile played over her face. "Thou shalt be a boy again."

"Eh? Ah! What?" I became quite nervous, and stammeringly added: "A boy in good circumstances, then, I beg. Of course I know that—"

"As thou desirest. Farewell. Yet stay. I am not all-powerful. I can not entirely deprive thee of the memory of thy past state. I am but Common Sense. A boy thou shalt be, but thou wilt retain thy recollections of manhood."

Into the mist about me she slowly faded as she had come. I trembled, for I believed in her. What lady save the embodiment of common-sense would have smiled upon me amidst tobacco-smoke? And now the clouds rolled closer to me, and pressed me in their embrace. A singular sensation pervaded my frame. I was growing smaller. At length the dense atmosphere cleared away, and I discovered myself in an apartment new to me, yet where, strangely enough, I felt myself at home. It appeared as though I had spent many years in the house of which I was a part. As I gazed abstractedly about, wondering what I should do, a noise in the street attracted me. Yes, I was in the city. I ran to the window, and tried to peer outside. I could not reach the sill. "What donkeys made this house?" I murmured. "Did they never intend people to enjoy any prospect? What sort of prison is it?" I now caught sight of a mirror at the end of the room, and approached it, desiring to gratify a harmless vanity by a view of myself. It was hung out of my reach. A chair?—what a monstrous chair! With difficulty I clambered upon it. A curly-headed little fellow was presented to my sight, attired in a Zouave jacket and breeches. Ah, I was a child! and every thing about me appeared as if made for giants. Little boys were entirely forgotten. It was too bad. Sofas, stools, lounges, were only to be mounted by me with an effort. Not an article of furniture was adapted to my needs. "I wish I were a man!" I pettishly exclaimed to myself, and then the thought flashed upon me that so I once had been. I seemed to have led a dual existence, but my past life as a child was far more vivid to me than my manhood. Gorgeously bound volumes in a book-case near now fascinated my



THE SPIRIT OF COMMON SENSE.

gaze. On an upper shelf I noted one bearing the title, "Robinson Crusoe." That famous book—I must see it. How could I reach it? Would a chair enable me to do so? No. The lower half of the secretary projected, covered by a mahogany leaf, which could be turned down, then forming a desk lined with black velvet. I soon ascertained this, and determined to place a stool upon the desk, and thus elevate myself nearer the desired object. No sooner thought than done. Hardly so; for as I was stretching out my hand for the volume the stool slipped, and I fell from my perch to the floor, bruising my forehead. I gave a frightful cry, and instantly the parlor-door was opened.



SEEKING KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

"Ah, Masther Neddie! in mischief again, are ye? Your feyther shall hear of this. Come with me!" and with these words a stout Irish maid-servant seized me rudely by the shoulder.

"Lemme 'lone," I shouted, "you ugly old thing!" and I strove to release myself from her grasp. She laughed as she marked my impotent rage; and, tucking me under her arm, bore me out of the apartment.

"Your head is cut; I must wash it. Your mother will be in soon," she said. To be thus handled by a being I despised—a creature I had heard my parents ridicule—a low, ignorant Milesian!

"I will wash myself; let me go," I shrieked, bursting with wrath. How pitiable to be a child—how helpless I was!

But worse was to come. We reached the kitchen, and there with intentional tenderness, but real roughness, my wound was mopped with a towel. I writhed beneath the infliction. Why would she not let me tend my own bruises; I had been used to tend my own bruises. Yes, when I was a man!

Freed from her clutches I bounded maddened up stairs. As I passed the parlor door opened and my little sister stood revealed. She rushed after me attired in her bonnet and cloak.



TORTURE.

"Neddie, come in! Ma's got back! Oh my, look at your head! Poor Neddie's hurt!" and with that she kissed my wound, fondling me in her pretty purring way.

"Oh never mind, Susy, that's nothing," I replied, restored to my equanimity.

"Ma's got company, and wants to see you. Come in!" she exclaimed, pulling me by the sleeve of my jacket. I followed, reluctantly, and was soon in the presence of my mother and three other ladies. Instantly arose a chorus:

"What a smart looking little fellow!"

"Your eyes, Matilda, I declare!"

"A good boy, too, I'm sure."

Two of the ladies were wrinkled and ugly, with expressions that were very disagreeable to me. The first of these cried:

"Come here"—Neddie his name is?—"Come here, Neddie! You go to school?" She laid one hand underneath my chin, and, raising my head, grinned at me with what was meant to be a winning smile. I could feel all the while she did not care for me, and I was made very awkward and uncomfortable.



AN OBJECT OF COMPASSION.

"Yes, ma'am," I answered.

"And what do you study there?"

"Rithmetic, Geography, Grammar, Writ—"

I stopped, for my interrogator was now talking vivaciously with the other old lady about the ridiculous airs a certain Miss Benson gave herself in church last Sunday. I was very much hurt. They only made fun of me. All the old people did. I was a mere thing to them—a toy. The world was made for the grown people. Children, like negroes and ill-treated wives, have no rights that any one is bound to respect. Oh, I wished I were a man, then I wouldn't be so slighted. The old hag! I would like to chuck her under the chin and ask her what she had learned at school. As I thus mused, standing sullenly beside the party, the third visitor beckoned to me with such a kind look that I advanced toward her. She was richly dressed, and had a soft brown eye; and dark curls almost concealed her plump, rosy cheeks. "There, Neddie," said she, "buy something you like with that," and she pressed one of the new five-cent nickel pieces in my hand.

"Thank you, ma'am," I returned, modestly, while my heart leaped as I beheld the coin. Feelings of humiliation had, however, by no means passed from me. "When I'm a man," I said to myself, as I stole toward the door, "I shall have plenty of money to do what I wish with." A reminiscence of my previous manhood came upon me like a dream as I walked the street toward a candy-shop, and a yellow cur snarling at my heels at the time. I kicked at it contemptuously as if I were six feet high. With a savage growl the animal sprang at me and I was tumbled in the mud. I would be killed! I would be killed! Crouched, ready for another spring two feet off, he glared horribly upon me with his great red eyes. I twisted my body round and presented my boots toward him while I grasped a cobble-stone with one hand. Quickly I flung my weapon; it struck the dog's fore-paw; he turned with his tail between his legs and limped away howling. I rose from the ground and was about brushing, as well as I could, the mud from my garments, when I found myself confronted by a ragged, dirty-faced boy, considerably bigger than myself. He wore a man's dress-coat, the tails of which dragged upon the ground and the sleeves of which were pulled half-way back to admit of the protrusion of a pair of grimy fists. A loose cap was drawn down over his ears. There was a long scar across his cheek. He squinted at me in a frightful manner as he compressed his lips and raised his right arm as if for a blow.

"Did yer know that ere dorg was mine?"

I humbly and frightenedly confessed my ignorance of the fact. A long pause, in which I stood rooted to the spot by the fascination of his cruel gaze. Finally he asked:

"Do yer b'long to ther Gulls or ther Dashers?" He alluded to two hostile sects into



"FUNNIN', ARE YER?"

which the street-boys of the neighborhood were divided.

"Neither," I tremblingly asseverated.

"Funnin' on me, are yer? Take that," and at once he commenced a ferocious onslaught upon my person, pommeling me with his fists in quick time and on all sides. Confused and breathless I warded his blows as well as I could, but was soon laid prostrate at his feet. He stood over me contemptuously for a moment, and then bestowing a hearty kick upon me strolled away whistling. I did not dare to move until I was sure he was a good way distant; but as I lay I saw a policeman on the opposite side of the street, who must, I knew, have witnessed the whole affair. "If I'd been a man," I said to myself with tears, "he'd have come to my assistance soon enough. But it was only a fight between two boys." Yes, as I looked he laughed at me; and I was bruised in every limb and covered with filth. My money—it was lost! Boys were made for naught but insults and contempt, it seemed. Slowly and sorrowfully I picked myself up, and plodded on my way back home. With my fists rubbed into my smarting eyes I blundered along, impervious to all external sights and sounds, absorbed in maddened reflections upon my calamities. Bewildered with bodily and mental anguish I turned down the wrong street, and proceeded a considerable distance before the thought struck me that I ought to be near home. As I looked up wondering why the well-known door-step had not presented itself to my gaze, I found myself enveloped in the shades of evening; a vista of gas-lights extended before me, and a man placed a ladder against a tall iron post on the corner near me and soon set in flame another jet. Rows of brilliant windows, with varieties of gay articles therein, were on each side of me. Where was I? I—I was lost! Lost! Lost in the night in that great city, which even in the day bred horrors! Oh! oh! it was terrible! Desperation lent me strength, and I eagerly ran to a passer-by.



LOST.

"Please, Sir," I began, faintly, "will you tell me—"

But the man pressed rudely on, without deigning so much as a look at me. Oh, how awful it was to be small! If I were a man, how soon he'd stop! My spirits gave way entirely. I seated myself on a curb-stone and wept bitterly. But this would not do; I must make another effort. I determined to submit to no repulse, and made after the next comer. I grasped him by the sleeve.

"Please, Sir, will—"

"Away, you little brat!" He shook me off, giving me such a scowl from his black-bearded face that I almost sank to the ground with dread.

I saw how it would be. I would wander down street after street until I was sick with exhaustion, and then I would lie in the damp and cold, and die, if some more horrid boys did not again— Oh! oh! oh! what should I do? As I reeled to and fro with perturbation there met my frenzied gaze a well-known form—my father's! He was advancing toward me. A sudden revulsion took place within my breast. I was safe! My first impulse was to rush to his protection. But I knew him to be, though a good and kind man, one very stern as well. That thought made me pause. Quoting the proverb—"Spare the rod, and spoil the child," he was often hasty in his judgments. It was against his orders that I should be out at this hour, and I was, moreover, torn and dirty. He had not seen me, I reflected; I had better keep clear of his sight, and merely follow him to the home I had left. My plan was put in execution. I again beheld the house I sought; and as my father opened the front-door with his latch-key I slipped into the area. Then, alas! he saw me, and, what was worse, Biddy saw me. Biddy had not forgotten my ill-treatment of her a few hours previous. No sooner was I in the basement hall than she laid her big red hands upon me.

"Aha! Masther Neddie; at yer thricks again,

air ye! Come to yer feyther at onst, yer bad boy!"

I was borne rapidly up stairs, and stood quivering with apprehension in the presence of my august parent, who stopped divesting himself of his light over-coat to gaze upon me.

"What is the meaning of this, Edward? How came it that I saw you sneaking into the area a moment ago?"

"I, Sir, I—I—I—" I could not find the words I wished. Then Biddy launched forth, and gave a glowing account of my adventure with the book-case. She took her own view of the affair, however; and as I listened I appeared to myself a confirmed house-breaker—a criminal of the deepest dye.

"It's no such thing!" was all I could utter.

"You've been fighting, Edward," said my father.

"N-no; ye-yes, Sir!" I stammered, and was collecting my thoughts to tell the whole story, when he reached his hand for a rattan. In an agony of fear I only screamed: "Don't! oh dont!" My mother now appeared on the scene, exclaiming: "Oh, husband, look at him! the poor boy has suffered enough." My father yielded to her pleading, and turning to Biddy, said:



"DON'T! OH DON'T!"

"Take him to the kitchen and rid him of those filthy clothes, and then put him to bed at once. No! he shall have no supper to-night!"

Biddy shed tears over me as she performed her task. Hypocritical tears I thought them. I hated her; I hated every thing. "Oh, how cruel every body is!" I moaned, as I lay alone on my couch in the dark. "And just because I am a little boy. If I were only a man!" A dim recollection of my previous state of being flashed upon me. Was I in enlightened, free America? Could such an outrageous exercise of tyrannical power be allowed? Trial by jury? Ah, I was only a little boy. I must submit to oppression. Thus groaning I fell asleep.

I was soon awake for I slept uneasily, and a scratching and clawing apparently underneath

my bed startled my fancy. What could it be? Crick, guar-r-r, tap, tap, tap—no mouse ever made a noise like that. And if it were a mouse or a rat; did not evil spirits take the forms of vermin to torment mankind? All the monsters of the legendary lore I had perused crowded upon my imagination. I raised myself from my pillow and peered about, while my heart's palpitations seemed the dull beats of a funereal drum. All was dense blackness, yet there seemed something glistening a dull white within its depths. It moved—it surely moved. That something white—it drew nearer. Bang! it had stumbled against the foot of my bed, and there, above the board, I could see its yellow, shining eyes. I swooned.

When I again opened my eyes I saw the bright vision which had greeted me previous to my entrance upon my infantile state.

"Oh, Spirit of Common Sense! How could you?" I cried, imploringly.

"Thou hadst but thy wish."

"But those horrid eyes!"

"Yes, I have just frightened a cat from the room."

"I was never more than half serious in wishing to be a child again."

"Thou wast therefore but half a child; I made the work complete. What thou didst wish is the wish of all mankind, to be other than they are."

"Please say no more," I broke in hastily. "I know all about that."

"Thou art still averse to the dictates of Common Sense. But I forgive thee. Thou hast

had thy lesson and mayest return to thy normal state."

With these words the spirit smiled pityingly upon me, though there lurked amusement too in the curve of her lip. She leaned forward and pressed her hand upon my brow.

"Be thou a man!"

Her touch was icy cold, a shiver ran through me, and I found myself seated again in that easy-chair on the veranda. That ugly Skye terrier whose disappearance I had noted was held in close proximity to my face. Could it have been his cold nose which I had felt in that icy touch? The merry-eyed Katie held him. All the children were dancing and laughing about me.

"Ha! ha! ha! how he jumped when Growler touched him," said one.

"Uncle Ned, you've been asleep, and burned a hole right through your coat with your cigar," cried another.

I surveyed them one and all with a sad smile.

"Miserable little creatures, little you know of your helpless and wretched state!" My six feet of humanity arose, and its lengthy proportions were admiringly contemplated by the owner. I thrust my hand into my pocket and drew forth my porte-monnaie. It contained eight dollars in bank-bills for four. I gave one of these bills to each of my young relatives. "Forget yourselves with that, children, if you can, and forget me too. I wish to smoke in peace."

So I had been dreaming it seemed. Well, well, when next I wish to be a boy again I shall indeed be in my Second Childhood.



"MISERABLE LITTLE CREATURES."

ESCORIAZA.

DEAR Uncle Ben is a monomaniac upon auctions; he is forever filling the house with traps of every description; to-day it is an old mirror on the verge of losing its powers of reflection; yesterday, it was a library of books in Greek and Latin, which must wait another generation in order to be translated, since to the members of this it is only so much waste paper.

"They'll turn right side up," was his plea, when reprimanded for so foolish an expenditure; but every day of my life I'm tempted to turn them into tin-pans and coffee-pots. How classic domestic life would appear if Xenophon presided at the milk-straining and Ovid settled the coffee; quite a metamorphose indeed, seasoned with Attic salt.

However, he capped the climax when one morning a truckman set down an old mahogany desk in the front entry.

"Dear me!" I cried, "what shall be done with the old thing? It must have been handsome enough in its day, but it is hardly fit for kindlings now."

"Let it lodge in the garret a while," proposed Uncle Ben; "it won't eat nor drink any thing; and seven years hence—why, you know, *everything* works up once in seven years."

He seemed to entertain the idea that *time* alone was capable of crystallizing the useless into the precious.

But I had another notion; the garret was already cumbered with fac-similes of itself, so that further additions would hinder Bridget from stretching her lines there in cold weather; therefore, as soon as Uncle Ben's back was turned, I deceitfully trundled it off to the auction-room again.

Imagine my chagrin when, a week later, it made its reappearance in company with my elated uncle.

"Am I not in luck?" said he. "Here's the mate to that piece I bought last week: sold for a song too!"

So thinking that I had been "sold," as the boys have it, I resigned myself, and looking through the compartments, before dismissing it to the upper story, these old letters fell into my hands.

They were without envelopes or address; worn and yellow, as if something had lent them an interest destined never to grow so faint as the handwriting, much of which was sadly blotted as though the words had been traced upon paper wet with falling tears; and they were tied together with a black ribbon. I hesitated to unfasten the ribbon, and found myself conjecturing what sort of person it could have been who kept and used them thus; but, as curiosity is the "open sesame" of many secrets, I was soon deep in their perusal. Here they are, faithfully transcribed:

DEAR SYLVIA,—I don't know how you will be able to forgive my long silence—hardly how

I shall forgive myself. But I have been beating about so constantly that unless I wrote as Giotto sketched his earliest fancies, on the flat surface of a rock, I must perforce omit it altogether.

But to-night there is a little pause in the music, between the parts. Some of the household are off at a county fair. Mellicent and Mr. Earlsworthy are singing in the drawing-room; they do nothing but make love under the transparent mask of vocal music. Escoriaza has gone across the river to meet a friend; and Sidney and Louise, having just had a "brush," are watching each other sidelong, no doubt, and wishing with all their silly hearts to make it up.

But I must tell you about this Escoriaza—did you ever hear such a beautiful name, with its musical *th* sound of the *z*? Isn't it just like some delicious love-song? Some tuneful fountain falling in a court of the Alhambra? Speak it, and you see two lovers meeting under the shadow of a castle-wall, in the romantic moonlight weather, *sombrero* and *mantilla*, the flash of dark, dangerous eyes, and the murmur of passionate words.

Well, if you were to see him, I wouldn't answer for you; he is more exquisite than his name a thousand-fold; such a face as you see in dreams only; such a voice as you might suppose a seraph to praise with; such a smile as perhaps the saints *don't* wear. Maybe I had better say no more about him—if I can help it.

I think it was the first morning after arriving here, when going out upon the veranda, I heard a nightingale trolling a hunting-catch, if you can imagine it, and presently the Spaniard emerged from behind a clump of rose-bushes which he had been plundering. I must have looked amazed, for I had no idea of encountering such an apparition; but he bowed, came forward, and gave me a rose.

"Sweets for the sweet," he said, with the most delightful accent; and just then the bell called us in to breakfast together.

"A bosom-friend," said Mellicent, remarking the flower which I had fastened in with my pin; and so, as she said it, I mean to keep it, and have pressed it into the "Romaunt of the Rose." The color cooled, but no rose quite loses its perfume.

When we are out upon our drives I often observe the laborers and foot-passengers turn to gaze after this Escoriaza, as he flies by like a beautiful thought, and I sometimes wonder if they take him for an Enchanted Knight hastening to his tryst before the dusk falls. Positively he is so handsome that I am almost suspicious of some lurking deformity—like the Faun's ears.

There is a step on the stair—he must have returned—and a note slipped under my door. Shall I read it to you?

"Escoriaza and the moonlight are alone on the veranda. Where is Lyra?"

Of course I sha'n't go down to him, as he

wishes; it is in Spanish, you know, and I can "make-believe" that I am not a scholar—wouldn't you? It's very charming down there with Escoriaza and the moonlight, indeed without the moonlight; one star is enough for his firmament, he often says, enough to light him to heaven—would you stay? Here, I'll toss up. No, I'll draw with closed eyes from this basket of flowers. White rose, stay; red rose, go.

It is a red rose!

How provoking! It is the red rose's fault. You can bear witness that I would have staid otherwise.

Good-night, I go to shine on other scenes.

LYRA.

I am so glad, dear, that you like to know about the people here, because I like to talk of them. I wish you could find it in your heart to drop in upon us one of these fine days.

Oh, we had such a ghostly time the other night. You must know that it had rained all day, and neither the lakes nor the woods were to be considered; so, as last refuge of weary souls, we had lights brought in early and beguiled the hours with ombre, piquet, and whist, though I, for one, could have dispensed with the trio in view of—well, no matter. I think it must have been near twelve, and the storm had tired itself out and Escoriaza had just dealt me three honors, when in rushed Mellicent in magnificent *déshabille*, her eyes half out of her head, her hair let down in a cloud about her, and a face like marble.

"Oh, girls, oh, Sidney! A ghost! a ghost! and she dropped into somebody's arms—not Escoriaza's—and set all our teeth chattering.

"Where?" cried one.

"Who?" shrieked another.

"What for?" gasped Lu.

"What did it look like?" asked Escoriaza, with analytic coolness, turning his cards face downward upon the table.

"I didn't stay to see, of course," replied Mellicent, indignantly; "but I heard it stepping, stepping over my head till my blood ran cold, and all I could do was to tear out of the room without looking behind me. I'm certain that I should meet It on the stairs if I were to go up."

"Nonsense," said Sidney, "a rat i' the arras."

"A rat! Don't you suppose that I know a rat from a ghost? I won't sleep in that horrid room again; I'll stay here on the sofa and go home to-morrow. *If you could have heard It!* Such a grave-yard tread!"

"Come," said Escoriaza, "we will investigate."

So up we went, single file, Lu armed with an umbrella, I with Escoriaza's dagger, Sidney carrying the candle, and Mellicent quaking in the rear. It was the most comical sight; we bore such a striking resemblance to the picture in our old Fairy-book of the fellow with the golden goose—all hanging upon each other's skirts;

but when we reached Mellicent's room I held my breath, what there was left of it, for sure enough the phantom footsteps were doing penance overhead in a way to make one's heart stand still.

"Murder!" cried Sidney, snuffing the candle.

"Yes," said Lu, under her breath, "Mrs. Leo says that her grandfather hung himself there."

"We will beard the lion in his den, then," said Escoriaza.

So up we went again, bruising our amiable heads, tripping on each other's heels, and marking, above all, the weary step growing nearer—feeling a cold wind from a broken skylight, guessing at a star far up in the black immensity till the garret was fairly stormed, and the ghost—mercy! Sidney had snuffed out the candle and the step was at every body's elbow!

Lu gave such a shriek that I just rushed forward and clapped my hand over her rebellious mouth.

"Mum's the word," said I; but dear me, it wasn't Lu's mouth at all—Lu hasn't a mustache, you know; and he just kissed it quick before I could snatch it away.

I can assure you that it was chilly enough up there at the top of the house, the clocks tolling twelve, while the match Escoriaza held burned blue. There were all manner of shadows agog; there was an old churn wearing an antique bonnet on its dasher as if it were going to market with fresh butter; a distaff which the spiders had to themselves; a gigantic stone ewer, with a yawning demon-face, which would seem to poison the water intended to flow between its jaws; and there was the ghost! Every one shivered, of course, for every one just escaped stepping into a pan which Mrs. Leo had placed near to catch the drops which fell from a flaw in the roof, in dismal procession, mimicking the tired tread of the poor suicide.

Thus having laid the ghost Mellicent went back to her pillow, and the rest of us to our game.

"I don't know," said Lu, while we talked it over; "I was quite certain that I heard a kiss up there. Did any one kiss me? because I should like to resent it."

"It is my lead," said Escoriaza.

"When you kissed me, kissed me, sweet,
What quick music two hearts beat.
When you missed me, missed me, love,
There was music up above;"

he sang in his own tongue, though I rhyme it for you.

"I shall have to get a pony, as the collegians call it," said Lu, "if you are going to ride your hobby, Escoriaza."

"Oh, well," said he, "I can go afoot, though I limp, since—

'I know a little hand
'Tis the sweetest in the land,
And I feel its pressure bland
While I sing.'

"Do you?" said I. "The game is ours."

"Whist with a caution," quoth Sidney, who was in a fog.

Dear Sylvia, if I tire you with my rehearsals say so; don't let me amuse myself at your expense.

LYRA.

You say that Escoriaza interests you, he assuredly does the rest of us; even Earlsworthy, the sedate, unimaginative Earlsworthy, comes home after a little absence with an anxious face, and Sidney is so afraid that Escoriaza will make love to Lu, though there isn't the smallest danger of it, that he doesn't give himself time to sleep. As for myself, whenever he requests to ride or walk with me, I feel it were wise to refuse, but consent, nevertheless.

Last week we went up the Treacherous Pass. Mrs. Leo was greatly against it, never expected to see us again, and told all manner of goblin stories about it, which might very well be true, seeing that it was a perfect labyrinth of deceit, so darkened with overhanging precipice and tangled growth, so noisy with the *capriccio* of neighboring torrents, so fragrant with the breath of trailing plants which detained one at every step that it fairly became a point of dispute whether, "I be I, as I do hope I be," or some Changeling, spirited away by gnomes of the mountain.

Just where we sat down to lunch a little thread of pure water bubbled over a rock, and tumbled headlong downward to catch up with the advance corps that danced beneath a rainbow a hundred feet below.

"White hermitage," said Escoriaza, filling his silver drinking-horn. "Who knows if it is not the fountain of youth which my revered ancestor thirsted for? Drink, Señorita," said he, offering it to me; "unless you share it perpetual youth were insupportable."

It was the strangest thing how we became separated from the rest of the party afterward. I think it must have been that, following the trail of a splendid scarlet creeper, we suddenly found ourselves alone in the wildest and most rugged solitude.

"Oh, we are lost, Mr. Escoriaza!" I cried.

"Perhaps so," said he, coolly lifting a bough for me to pass. "What then?"

"What then? Do you fancy this lonely height at midnight?"

"I fancy any spot where the Señorita is," he answered, bending low over my hand.

Well, do you know, the sun went down and left us there, and the great white stars leaned down to look into the gorge, and by-and-by the moon rose over the jagged points of rock, and touched the rills of leaping water into chains of silver, drop by drop, and made awful lights and shades at each step, and interpenetrated every seam and fissure with its frosty phantasies.

I told Lu afterward that it was worth being lost to see such an effect of moonlight.

"I am afraid it was an effect of Escoriaza," said she.

However, we returned safely at last, the clock holding up its two hands at One in a holy horror, and half the neighborhood out seeking us.

"Your time-piece is fast, is it not?" asked Escoriaza.

"Dear no," said Mrs. Leo; "it's only lovers who doubt it."

"Truly. Do I not belong to that happy company?" he whispered, unfastening the cloak he had lent me up there.

"Who should know?" I replied.

"Who should know? She whom I love. Who else?"

"I don't know her," I flung back at him, for Lu was calling.

"But you will see her before dreaming," kissing his hand after me.

Dear Sylvia, I am a trifle sleepy. Shall I dream of you to-night? Waking or dreaming I am, if no one else's, your

LYRA.

Dear Sylvia, if you had been at our *bal masque* last evening you would have met Cinderella. I looked high and low for the Prince till near midnight, when a frightful gray bat, which had been flapping about in a very distracted manner, suddenly emerged the Pink of Princes, in velvet doublet and diamonds, and had just led Cinderella to the dance when the clocks chimed twelve, and behold! there was only a little beggar girl courtesying to the stately lover. You would have heard a Troubadour touch his guitar, and would have caught a Tartar making love to Lu in the dress of the *Contadini*. To be sure there was a skeleton at the feast making merry, and Fagin "making pocket-handkerchiefs," while a ghost hovered about every where, as unavoidable as the atmosphere, importuning one to dance—who cared to skip with a ghost?—to take an ice—one was already frozen—to do any thing, in short, that was unbecoming. None of us could settle upon his identity, till, just as we scattered, I said:

"Adieu, Sir Ghost, and happy dreams!"

"Happy, if I dream of you," he returned; and I knew it could be no other than Escoriaza.

Do you know, Escoriaza has made me an Æolian harp, and fitted it into my window, and wake when I will the room is full of a low, delicious melody which lulls me off again, except when the wind is high and wild; then it seems to sing of shipwreck and sorrow, of breakers crashing upon lonesome beaches, of great waves heaped over pulseless hearts, of bones bleaching in ocean hollows, of shifting sand-bars and treacherous night-tides sapping weak sea-walls and rearing a swift destruction before house and hamlet, till the waters seem seething in at my window, and I rise in haste and fear to shut them out.

"When I am dead," Escoriaza says, "my spirit will speak to you sometimes through this harp—the music of the spheres."

"If your spirit should but touch these strings they would break," I answer, "and there would be no more music"—for me, I could have added.

How tiresome I must be to you harping always upon one string—nay, two! What questions you propose, Sylvia dear! If Escoriaza is in love with me he has not said so, and I can hardly believe it otherwise. In the mean while I am your

LYRA.

I have only a minute, dear Sylvia, in which to reply to your question—Escoriaza is waiting for me—only a minute, when I might write volumes. To be brief, he came yesterday and said,

“I am going to be married.”

Can I tell you what a pain transfixed me, turned me blind and giddy for one dreadful instant? Then I answered, coldly enough:

“Let me be the first to congratulate you;” for after all, if he were going to marry, was it not his pleasure?

“Not so fast,” he replied; “you interrupted me. I am going to be married—if *you* will marry me.”

So the programme is arranged.

Did it ever occur to you that life is like that mountain range of which Humboldt makes mention—one extremity touching the frigid zone, while the other is swathed in tropic sweetness?

The weather would do credit to the suburbs of Paradise, and we are to make the tour of the lakes, if it keeps its promise, but Mrs. Leo predicts the equinoctial directly.

Am I somewhat less *yours* since I am something more *his* LYRA?

Yesterday there were two in the world whom I loved and trusted. Escoriaza and you. But that is all past; a part of it at least. Do you know what it is you have done? You have read my heart without remorse and broken it with treachery!

If you had only spoken earlier, if you had so much as hinted that you knew and loved him; that he was yours, only separated from you by a hasty word, a mistake, a blind obstinacy, a lover's quarrel, I could, perhaps, have sent him back to you, heart free.

To-day I send him away; but too late, alas! for me.

You wished to know, maybe, how far he would wander from you, what power lay in silence, how long existence would be a boon without him. I wish you had not tried the dull experiment—the reaction is mine. I should have hated myself, had I thought this thing of you—that *you*, you whom I loved, could so use and defraud me.

Well, I have given you wounds too; shall I grieve that you return this deadly thrust? Thinking that not alone do you bereave me of a lover, but of yourself, a friend, a kinswoman, what I most relied upon!

The gods sell all things at a fair price, it is said; but surely this summer's sunshine has cost me dear.

So my letter must have crossed yours on the

road. Had you read that first, I wonder would you have written this which I found in Escoriaza's hands an hour ago? He meant to be heroic *for my sake*, but I surprised him—I would not suffer it. I saw *that* in his face which his act would deny. He loves you best, since for me he would sacrifice you and himself together. It was vain to contend with Fate.

“Your time is short,” I said, “if you linger beyond the day she has fixed to receive you. She refuses to see your face. Go quickly. You belong to her. Good-by! I have done without you for twenty years—I can hardly miss you *now*. The fancy of a summer dies easily—good-by!”

And even at this moment the ring of his horse's hoofs sounds woefully in my ears.

Can I forgive you?

My God! I forgot; the storm has swept away the bridge. Will he try the Dangerous Ford? Have I sent him to meet Death instead of you? Have *you* summoned him thus?

DEAR MISS SYLVIA,—It is a painful duty that is imposed upon me by the sudden aberration of mind of your cousin Lyra.

Señor Escoriaza left here yesterday by your commands; he intended to cross the river on horseback and take the stage beyond; but the late violent storm had carried away the bridge, and in his haste he attempted the “Dangerous Ford.” The stream was swollen, the current strong and wild, the horse unmanageable and no help near. Your unfortunate cousin saw it all—the plunge, the rear, the struggling, the fatal victory of the hungry tide, which threw him at her feet, bruised and buffeted, dead and drowned. Since which event her reason is shaken sorely, and she laughs and talks wildly, while he lies bland and beautiful before her; wonders when he will return, and hastens to meet him hourly.

I will send my brother to bring you; and I am, yours obediently, JOHN EARLSWORTHY.

Dear Sylvia, last night the wind was high—so high, it shivered my Æolian harp with a gust. I could cry, only Escoriaza will make me another when he comes across the river, and will breathe upon it the music of the spheres.

I am his Lyra.

And here the old letters ended. I bound them again with the black ribbon which so well became them, and consulted with Uncle Ben.

“Sylvia, Sylvia,” he mused, “old Miss Astor's name was Sylvia true as mine's Ben. The desk must have been hers. Who would have thought of her playing such a game though? Don't you remember there was only one mourner at the funeral—a queer little lady, her cousin and heir, the servants said, whom she had not met for forty years? She was under the care of a Doctor somebody.”

“Yes,” said I, “that must have been Lyra.

I recollect that she seemed expecting some one, and often repeated, 'Why doesn't he come?' I supposed some other relative had agreed to come, and ventured to suggest that he had lost the train and would take the next. 'Yes,' said she, 'every thing's lost; I am a lost star,' and she nodded and looked out again across the happy fields and the purple hills, into the wide, blue heavens. To think that we had a romance next door but one!"

But poor Miss Astor! Who guessed that her stubborn heart had been forty years in breaking, while Lyra's was shivered in an hour?

JANE MORRISON.

IT was summer, and sunset: a bank of orange clouds, slowly sinking, as with their own heaviness, illumined the tops of the hills that hem in the most thriving and populous of the cities that stand on the shores of the "River of Beauty."

Carts were rattling homeward, shops closing, men with plaster of lime and clay on their hands, and in their hair, and with bundles of lath and sticks of pine wood on their shoulders hurrying along, thinking, perhaps, of the smoking supper, the patient wife, and the children, glad in spite of their rags, that waited for them. At the doors of the great soap and candle factories smartish fellows, with scented hair, heavy gold fob chains, and curiously-striped trowsers, were lounging to watch and comment upon the pretty milliners and sewing-girls as they passed along with the new bonnet, or the roll of shirts in their hands, computing in their minds the week's earnings, and balancing the scanty amount against the pair of new shoes and the few yards of muslin that must be bought, with a sigh that so little was left for the gloves and the ribbons.

Along the dusty roads that wind round about and through and among the hills great teams were moving slowly, some toward, others from the city, and all loaded full to their white covers with oats, grain, and potatoes, or with farming implements, dry goods, and groceries, as they chanced to be bound.

Some of the returning wagons were laden with the stores of country merchants, bound for parts inaccessible by canal-boat or rail-car, and included every thing from a fanning-mill to a thimble, all bought at bargains, and to be sold at a great reduction. There were brooms, churns, and cheeses—scythes, milk-crocks, and cradles. Shawls so ingeniously manufactured that cotton could not be told from cashmere, nor tow from silk; linen warranted pure, that could be sold cheaper than cotton; also a great variety of silks of the newest styles and patterns, imported expressly for the country trade, and cheap as dirt. Imitation laces and embroideries that can't possibly be distinguished from real, and which all ladies actually prefer; milliners' goods, bought below cost, and to be sold at a still lower rate. And so forth.

One of these great teams, city-bound, stopped before one of the rickety old houses of the suburb, and the teamster got down from his saddle to water his horses at the trough which stood by the doorside for the accommodation of all travelers. The horses shook themselves in their harness as they rested thus, and the two leaders, wearing bells on their collars, made a merry jangle as they did so that brought to the windows above a dozen faces, among the rest the pretty but sad face of a young girl, who held her sewing in her hand as she stood at the window and looked out. Almost at the first glance the color rose to her pale cheek, and then dropping her eyes she stitched faster than ever. The teamster happened to look up just as she looked down, and his bold, brown eyes seemed to settle on her pale face like a couple of bees on a lily, and to stay there in his own despite, for by the blush in his sunburnt cheek it was evident that his look was not intentionally insolent.

When he had watered his horses—there were six of them, stout and sturdy as they could be—he patted their necks and adjusted their bearskin collars, giving to each a word of praise or a pet name.

Two were grays, two were bays, two were black, all had their manes plaited like a woman's hair, and their tails knotted and tied up to keep them out of the mud.

When every thing was adjusted the young teamster still waited, perhaps that his horses might rest, crossing his arms and leaning against the pump in an attitude by no means unbecoming, though doubtless the result of accident. His trowsers and jacket were of home-spun blue, he wore no coat, and his shirt was of bright red flannel. His straw-hat would not hold half the nut-brown curls that ornamented his head, so they tumbled out of it every way, some upon his neck, some about his forehead and eyes, a great rippling, tangled mass.

He was stout and sturdy, built for work, like his horses, but had about him withal an air of pride and independence that quite charmed the young girl, who was herself painfully timid and bashful.

If you were to speak to him he would tell you that he lives in the most productive country in the world, the best wooded, the best watered; and not only so, but the healthiest in the world. No fever and ague within fifty miles of him!—that he owns his team and a *little* farm of three hundred acres—has a snug house and barn, together with grape-vines and orchards coming on, and that he would not live in Cincinnati if you would give him the half of it! If he should grow a little confidential, as he would with half an hour's talk, he would tell you that he has every thing he wants, unless indeed it be a wife. That if he gets a good price for his oats, as he means to, he intends to buy himself a gold watch and a Sunday suit, and to carry home to his widowed mother as good a black silk dress as any body wears. He in-

tends to go down to the river and have a look at the steamboats, go to the museum, possibly to the theatre, and do some other things, maybe, for his own private pleasure. His name, as you would learn, supposing such conversation really took place, is Nathan Lambert, and I think this is all you need know of him just now.

"What are you looking at, Janey, that turns your cheeks so red?" was the question that startled the young girl at the window, and caused her cheek to turn twice as red as before. And while we wait for her answer let us take a look at the person who asked the question, and a glance, also, at things in general. The room, originally small enough, had had a considerable slice taken off one side by a board partition, so that it was left with length quite disproportioned to its width, looking, in fact, more like an entry than a room. The furnishing was scant enough; a small cast-iron stove set in a brick fire-place (all cold and inhospitable just now), two or three chairs, a table strewn with sewing-work, scissors, needle-book, press-board, and such like, a settee cushioned with faded calico, and an old mahogany bureau set upon high legs, and with one big drawer projecting out considerably beyond the others, comprised about the whole of it.

There were two windows fronting the street, and these were curtained with wall-paper, and ornamented with flowers grown in earthen pots. The work-table was placed beside one of the windows, and also a wooden rocking-chair with a low, split bottom; and it was from this chair the girl had risen when she heard the jingle of the bells, and here she was still standing when the question previously recorded diverted her attention.

"What am I looking at?" she replied, the color coming and going in her cheek, and her eyes dropping upon her work. "I was looking at some horses; let me see, there are six of them. You never saw such strong, stout-looking creatures; come and see for yourself, Will."

The young man, who was lounging on the settee with a cigar in his mouth and the evening newspaper in his hand, got up with a yawn and came lazily forward.

"Much you know about horses, to be sure!" he said, tapping her cheek with fingers a good deal fairer than hers. And then he said, with sudden energy: "That's a splendid dog, though, by Jove! I wonder if the fellow would sell him?" And he was out of the house and talking to the teamster in an instant.

The young girl addressed as Janey now noticed that a great brindle dog, as large almost as a yearling calf, was lying under the wagon, his eyes glittering like fire, and his wide mouth as black as tar.

"Take care!" says the teamster; "take care, Sir!" as the young fellow began pulling at the strap about the dog's neck.

"Take care! What shall I take care for?"

"You'll find out in a minute; let go of him;

he ain't used to be handled that way by strangers!"

The dog had by this time risen on his fore-legs, and was growling like a lion.

"Curse him!" cries the young man; and he gave the dog a kick with his rough boot.

The enraged creature leaped upon him now, and in another moment would have had him on the ground. "I told you to be careful!" says the teamster; "down, Grisly, down!" but Grisly was in earnest, and would not let go.

The sash flew up by this time, and the young girl, with her head and shoulders clear outside, entreated: "Don't let the dog bite him—oh, good Sir, don't, I pray!" Her manner—for she was wringing her hands, and her eyes were wide with terror—entreated more pathetically than her words.

"Not if he is any thing to you!" answered the teamster, glancing toward her. Then he seized the dog by the brass collar about his neck and pulled him off, but he took half the young fellow's coat-sleeve in his mouth.

"Are you hurt?" says the teamster, speaking as one speaks when sympathy does not go with the words.

"No, damn you, and your dog too!" says the young man; and then he slips a pistol from his side-pocket, and, with an oath, threatens to shoot the dog.

"You had better not!" says the teamster, flourishing his lash-whip, and coming nearer by a step.

At this the young man lifted his arm, with the tatters hanging from it, and cocked the pistol.

A scream from the window now, and then another, with twenty incoherent exclamations.

"If you are not hurt you deserve to be!" says the teamster, cracking his whip, and whistling to his dog.

By this time a crowd had gathered, made up of the motley crew that always hang about the suburbs of large cities—men, boys, girls, and women—some of the last named with babies in their arms.

"Go it, Will Morrison! go it!" cried half a dozen voices. "I'm on your side! I'll see 't you have fair play! Shoot the dog through the head, and then shoot his master! You ain't a-comin' here, you backwoods hoosier you, to set your great dog onto us to tear us to pieces, I can tell you! so look out!"

"He hain't sot his dog onto nobody—he was a-behavin' like a gentleman till Will Morrison attacked him! I can swear to that; and I'll stand up for him, too!" cried as many voices on the other side.

"Grisly" had renewed his growls; and what with the disputations of the by-standers, the crying of the frightened children, the profanity of the young man called Morrison, the whip, the pistol, and all together, the scene was becoming one of wild and painful excitement; when all at once the young girl who had been making her entreaties from the window pushed through

the crowd, and taking the young man by the hand, besought him to come peaceably into the house with her.

"Go back, you little fool!" he cried, twisting himself out of her grasp, and pushing her roughly from him.

"Don't touch that woman that way again, if you know what's good for yourself!" says the teamster, doubling the lash back against the stock of his whip, and eying the young man askance, as he leaned against the shoulder of his leader.

"What is it your business? She's nothing to you! So shut up your mouth, or I'll shut it for you in a way that you won't like, you old hoo-sier-pate!"

"She *is* something to me, Sir—she's a woman! and for that she ought to be something to every man. At any rate, I won't stand by and see you put your hand upon her as you did just now, let come what will come!"

"Bravo! bravo! hurrah for you!" shouted a dozen of the crowd, taking the stranger's part; and this so irritated the young scape-grace that he again lifted the pistol, and made as if he were about to snap it.

"Oh, for mercy's sake, go away!" cried the girl, clinging to the teamster's arm and endeavoring to keep him back; for he was striding toward the young man as fast as he could stride.

He put her softly behind him with one hand, while with the other he seized the pistol and sent it whirling over the heads of the throng, and away out of sight. Then taking off his hat, as in reverence, he said: "I will go now; but I have not been to blame in this, first or last." And placing a hand upon the shoulder of one of his leaders, he threw himself into the saddle; the bells began to tinkle, "Old Grisly," with one surly backward look, took his place beneath the wagon, and the young man called Will Morrison, pushing the girl roughly out of his way, climbed the rickety old stairs that hung like a fungus against the outside of the house, and kicking open the door, disappeared, muttering a curse between his teeth.

The girl followed him directly—her footstep slow and heavy, and her apron to her eyes.

The crowd lingered a little while to talk over the affair—to praise and to blame, to wonder and to prophesy that the last of it had not come yet, and that whoever saw the teamster stop at that trough to water his horses another time would see a fight.

The bets were made as to who would beat when the fight should come off, and the man who kept the grocery in the basement of the tumble-down house against which the fungus of a stair was hung was appointed watchman to signal the approach of the teamster; and the crowd finally separated in a state of high exhilaration—the men swearing, the women gossiping, the babies crying, and the dogs barking and snarling. So the pump was left alone but for one poor fellow who found himself unable to let go the handle.

The teamster, as he rode away, swaying from side to side of his leader, heard not the tinkling music of the bells, and thought not at all about the price his oats would fetch; he heard only the voice of the young woman entreating him, and thought chiefly of the relation in which she stood to the young man. Was she his wife?—was she his sister? In vain he tried to dismiss her from his mind. "What is she to me?" he would say; "I shall never see her again!" And then he would set straight to dreaming out the most improbable chances—how he might by some strange combination of circumstances rescue her from danger or from death—how she might come to love him, and he her, and how the end of it might be marriage! So quickly do the fancies of a young heart take the shape of hope and love, and of all things bright and beautiful—more especially if the heart be innocent as well as young.

It would be three days till his return. Would that face be at the window? No, it was not likely; and if it were, why what of that? He would not be privileged to make recognition by a smile or a glance. He thought of half a dozen pretty speeches that he might have made, now that it was too late, and took himself to task, and rated himself soundly for a simpleton, and an ignoramus, and a fool.

And while he rode away musing on this wise, and planning the plans impossible to execute—the plans he might have spared himself—Fate had already fixed his destiny, and he was moving steadily toward it all the time. The young girl was dreaming her dream too, and reproaching herself for behaving so coldly to the kind-hearted stranger who had stepped in and taken her part. His brown cheek seemed to her handsomer than any fair one she had ever seen in all her life, and his red shirt sleeves to be the very pattern of graceful elegance.

"What are you so glum for, Janey?" the young man said at last, dashing the newspaper aside (for he had been lying on the settee with his face covered with the paper); and raising himself on one elbow, he looked at her with stern reproachfulness.

"Oh, I don't know as I am glum, as you call it," the girl answered—"I was thinking, that is all." And her cheek glowed, for she felt as if her thoughts had been detected.

"You was thinking of that impudent backwoodsman—that's what you was thinking of. You needn't try to deceive me, Janey; I know your sly ways. But come, put away your old sewing-work and get me my supper—I must be off!" And he took out a gold watch, looked at it a moment, and shut it again with a snap.

"It isn't time yet: I just heard the cathedral clock," said the girl, quietly; "and, besides, I want to finish this piece of work. I have promised it this evening, and you can carry it home if you will only wait a little while." And standing up at the window to make the most of the fading light, she stitched away as if for dear life.

Then the young man swore an oath it was time he was off, that she knew very well; but small regard had she for his comfort or interest. Well, he supposed he could take a drink at the grocery below, and manage to do without supper, as she had forced him to do many a time before. And, rising, he pulled his hat over his eyes, took a handsome carriage whip from the mantle-shelf, and strode toward the door.

"Oh, Willy, don't be cross with me!" pleaded the girl. "I must finish this work to-night, indeed I must—you just make up the fire now, that's a good boy; by that time I shall have finished this seam, and I can do the rest while you are eating your supper, and then you can carry and leave the work on your way to the boat. Come now, dear Willy, you don't know how much it will oblige me. Just think of the long walk you will save me!"

"Oh, you're very good all at once; if you hadn't 'er been fooling away your time in the street—all for the sake of that confounded rascal of a teamster—your work would have been done, and my supper ready too: but little do you care; so, missy, you can get your work home without my help." Then he stopped, with his hand on the latch, and told her not to be sitting up and wasting candles on his account, for the chances were that he would not be home before daylight.

"Oh, Will! dear Will! don't go away so! there is no need for you to go yet—indeed there is not! Just wait and I'll make the fire and cook your supper all myself, and then finish my work and get it home as best I can, only don't go to the grocery and drink—for mercy's sake don't do that, Will! If you only knew how you make me suffer I am sure you would not, you could not!"

And she was holding his arm and lifting toward him her tear-wet face with such gentle, sad beseeching.

"Whew! do you think to come it over me with such acting!" And he shook her off his arm as though she had been a viper, hurried down the rickety stairs, and went as straight into the grocery store as he could go.

Janey held her breath and listened, and directly she knew by the rattling of glasses and by the roars of laughter that the accustomed drinking and coarse jesting and profanity were going forward. She put away her sewing-work now, and hastened to make a fire and prepare the supper, and when the table was spread and every thing made as attractive as it could be she went down stairs. "Come, Will, supper is in season after all," she said, coaxingly, "so come up and eat it. I have made toast for you, and such a nice cup of tea!"

But by this time he had drank so much whisky that coaxing was all in vain; he answered her with such rude and boisterous insolence as to send her back with a heart almost breaking in her bosom.

She did not eat any of the supper herself but sat down by the window, and after a burst of

bitter tears tried to divert herself with the sights and sounds of the street.

Droves of cattle and hogs, packed together in what seemed one solid mass, were being goaded forward to their doom; while carts loaded full of calves and lambs, their feet tied and heaped one over the other, rattled over the rough pavement. Dutch women, in short petticoats and wooden shoes, and with round rosy faces, were going to and fro, some with bundles of sticks on their heads, and some with baskets of smoking livers on their arms, to be converted into puddings at home. The gardeners, with their small wagons filled with vegetables for the next day's market, were chiding the drovers and pushing forward. Across the street and along the edge of the opposite hill the low dingy boats were being pulled, one after another, through the thick green waters of the canal; the whistle of the steam-engine shrieked in the distance, and the evening bells wrangle and jangle; the boys that are the scavengers of the streets jostle the unwary from the sidewalks; and smoke, smoke, smoke, blank and dismal, hangs over every thing, from the river to the slaughter-yards of Deer Creek, and from St. Peter's to the Observatory.

The young girl did not distinctly see or hear any of these things just now; she had seen and heard them so often that they produced little impression at any time, but just now she could see nothing but a weary dreary past, and a weary dreary future.

Here she had lived ever since she was born; here her father and mother, while she was yet almost a child, had sickened with the cholera and died; and after them two brothers, sturdy, sterling boys, and a meek-eyed little sister that had slept on her pillow, shared all her hardships and privations, and grown to be a part of her very heart, so that it was like dividing her life from her life when they were separated by that relentless enemy that shows no mercy and no favor. Their graves had been made in the Potter's Field, and left nameless among ten thousand others, so that for years she had not known where to find them. And those years had been dark enough. The oldest and least promising of the boys, William, had been spared by the scourge that desolated the home, and things no sooner fell into his hands than they went from bad to worse. Mr. Morrison, the father, had been none of the steadiest, and Janey's earliest memory was the picture of her mother's pale face at the window, watching, as the other workmen came home, to see if he would come with the rest. She had seen the cradle in which her little sister was rocked tumbled over, and the baby with it, time and again, in his fits of drunken anger, and the scanty delf dashed against the jamb or into the street because some dish of the breakfast or supper happened not to please him. But in the main he had provided for his family and kept them together with an outside show of decency, though without much respectability or comfort it must

be owned. The house he lived in, together with the lot of land on which it stood, were his at the time of his death, as also the tools and implements of his trade. These the son, who inherited all that was bad in his father's character and nothing that was good, lost from time to time in raffles with fellows of the neighborhood like himself; next the house was mortgaged, and the end of all was that it was sold and the heirs reduced to the necessity of renting the one small room in which they still lived. Jane, or Janey as her brother called her in his better moods, betook herself as she grew into womanhood to that miserable resource of so many miserable women—*plain sewing*. And day in and day out, and week in and week out, and month in and month out, she was to be seen at the smoke-darkened window, bending over her needle, and stitching and stitching and stitching. So her cheek grew pale as ashes, and her shoulders bent prematurely, and at last there had come to be a stitch in her side with almost every stitch in her work.

Sometimes when she sighed, dropped her work, and for a moment drew up her poor tired shoulders, the brother, with angry impatience, would drag the work out of her lap and say, "Why in the devil's name are you killing yourself over that hateful sewing? You know very well I don't want you to do it!" Or something of that sort he would say. Perhaps her sad face and drooping figure reproached him. But he never said with any real tenderness or sympathy, "I don't want you to work so hard;" nor did he ever by deeds, that speak plainer than words, say to her that he did not wish her to work so hard.

For weeks at a stretch he would lounge on the settee, reading the *Police Gazette* and the *Sunday News*, and smoking cigars between whiles, rising only to eat the bread and meat she had earned for him, and at last, when some paler look or sadder sigh than common displeased him by interfering with his own indolent happiness, breaking out with some such exclamation as has been recorded.

At first he had pretended to learn the shoemaker's trade, but after a few weeks gave it up, sitting so steadily did not agree with him; he was suffering dreadfully with a pain in his chest, and he would groan so dreadfully whenever he came into the house as to force his sister to second his wishes and entreat him to let the trade go.

Then he must have medicine and be nursed with extra care and pains for a month or more; his health had been so broken down he did not think he should ever be able to undertake another trade. At last, however, after six months' idling and "loafing" he surprised and delighted his sister one day by informing her that he had taken a notion to be a carpenter.

"Oh, Will, I am so glad!" she cried; "that will be just the thing for you, you always liked tools so much, you know!" And then she counted up the years of apprenticeship, and the probable time that would elapse afterward be-

fore he would really get into business for himself; and then she ascertained the wages which a first-rate workman might hope to obtain, and estimated how much he would have left after paying the rent; "and if you can only do that, Will, why I can do all the rest with my needle, and we shall get along so beautifully!"

"Pay the rent!" why, he could do that and a great deal besides; he could buy the fire-wood and the flour—in fact, he could do almost every thing, and Janey should just keep the house, and that would be all she need do—or nearly all—he was sure of that.

"So, Janey, let's have some oysters to-night. We can afford it, you know, in view of the great things I am going to do; and it's a pity if we can't have something nice once in a while as well as other folks."

Then Jane, taking out her faded purse, with a little silver change in one end and a dollar-bill in the other, gave him the dollar, with directions to bring it half back against paying for the half cord of wood that must be had in a few days. But Will said oysters were nothing without Worcestershire sauce, and that would take the remaining fifty cents—if he couldn't have both he didn't want either, and so he flung the note back to her and sulked, and of course the end of it was that he had both, and Janey worked till midnight to make it up.

When the day came upon which he had engaged to begin work he had no boots fit to wear, he said; and he set his foot up in the sight of Janey again and again, showing her the hole in the side and the heel askew, in a fretful, irritable sort of way, as though she were in some sort to blame.

At last she told him to have his measure taken for just such boots as he wanted, and she would sew for the shoemaker's wife to pay for them. Then he went off to order the boots in fine humor—it would be the last time Janey should ever work for him, that was certain! That day every thing went well—he split the wood and made the fires for her, and talked with gay good-humor of the thousand and one things he would do for her by-and-by. It was easy to sit up of nights and sew while Will was behaving so handsomely.

By the time the boots came home the trowsers were out at the knees, and Jane offered to put in patches of just the same color and darn them down as neat as could be. "They will be nice enough for a working-suit, you know," she said; "and perhaps nobody will ever notice the patches at all. Why, just look at the elbows of my dress!" And she showed patches of a color different from the gown. But all would not do. "A woman's dress is no rule!" said Will; "and if I can't go looking respectable I won't go at all! When I do try my best you will not help me any; it's poor encouragement, and after all I have offered to do for you, too!" Then he sulked, and threw himself on the settee, and staid there till Jane saw the tailor and arranged for the new trowsers.

Ten days after the time upon which he had agreed to go to work he actually did go one morning, all brushed and spruced up, and with a white handkerchief in his pocket (one of Janey's) and a cigar in his mouth. That day Jane watered her flowers with a light heart, and afterward, as she sewed at the window, sung little tunes to herself.

After all, Will was going to turn out a man! She was almost angry with the shoemaker's wife for intimating a doubt; and when the tailor said, with a dubious shake of the head: "We will see what we will see!" she took out her purse and paid him all she owed, though she had not money left to buy bread for supper. She would not be indebted to the like of him though she should starve for it!

For a whole week Will went regularly to work every morning, and came home regularly every night; but though, after the first day or two, he began to get sullen and surly, Jane kept up heart. It was natural enough—he was not used to hard work; but after a little he would come to like it, and be good-humored. She was sure he would; and in this hope she exerted herself to please him in every way possible. She bought cakes and pies for his supper when he came home at night, eating none of them herself—she didn't care for such things, she said. And then she would make such nice luncheons for him to carry to his work; for herself, she did not stop to eat—somehow she did not get hungry, she said. All the hardship was as nothing so long as Will kept at work, and promised so well; by-and-by, when he had got his trade, and she could give up working of nights, they were going to be so happy! Just a few years more!

One evening when she was saying this to herself as she trimmed her tallow-candle, while her work lay for a moment in her lap, an unusual stir in the street attracted her attention—a hum of strange voices mingled with groans. She opened the window, but saw only a crowd surging about the foot of the stairs. Then she heard the stairs creaking, and the groans were right at the door. Her heart was in her mouth; and well it might have been. They had brought her brother home stretched out on a board. He had fallen from a house-roof and broken one leg and dislocated a shoulder-joint.

Here was trouble to face; danger and death, perhaps; though the last was considered the happiest prospect by every one except Jane.

It was six months before he could hobble upon crutches, and there were the doctor's bills and the medicines and all the delicacies to be paid for, and only one way to do it all.

No wonder the shoulders began to bend, and the stitch to catch in the side of the poor, sad seamstress.

It was a year before Will Morrison thought of turning his hand to a stroke of work—he seemed to feel that he was set apart by Providence now to a life of easy indolence, and day in and day out he lay on the settee and smoked

and read the newspaper; and night after night, swinging the broken leg out and around as he walked, got himself down to the grocery and liquor store below stairs and drank and played at cards, and traded jack-knives and hats and coats with idle fellows about as worthless as himself.

A man who kept a livery stable in the neighborhood came to ask Jane to make him some shirts one day, and as it happened—for it was not a thing unusual—he found her in tears.

"What is the matter, my poor child?" he said, "and can I do any thing for you?"

No, nothing was the matter, Jane answered. She was foolish and unreasonably discontented with her lot—that was all; but the man, who had a kind heart, and had seen troubles of his own, knew well enough how it was, and more for pity of her than love of her brother, it is to be presumed, gave him employment—his business being to drive a coach down to the wharf on the arrival of a steamboat, secure as many passengers as he could for the city hotels, dividing the profits with his employer.

This business really suited him better than any thing he had undertaken; and with the exception of one drunken spree he had kept pretty steadily at it for a month at the time our story begins.

The new and fast-running steamer, *Belle of the West*, was expected to arrive about nine o'clock on the evening of the day upon which the teamster stopped before the grocery store to water his horses, and the quarrel about the dog, already recorded, took place.

And to drive his coach to the wharf and wait for the passengers of the *Belle of the West* was the business Will Morrison had in hand when he urged the preparation of supper, as has been seen.

He urged it in advance of any actual necessity, because of the ill-humor he was in, and, knowing this, Jane had entreated him to wait, as we have seen, but afterward relented, and did as he wished—all against her better judgment.

It has been told how she went back from her coaxing, leaving her brother drinking and swearing in the grocery store, and sat at the window with her heart fit to break; but the poor girl had not even time for tears, and by-and-by she wiped her eyes, and trimmed her candle, and began to stitch again.

It was nine o'clock before the work was completed, and she had promised to send it home that evening. The moon was shining and she was fearless, having been used to be sent late of errands from a child; she would carry it herself—she had always managed to keep her word, and she would now. So tying on her straw-bonnet, and pinning a cotton shawl about her shoulders, she set out with the parcel in her hand. It was full a mile and a half to town, for she lived in the northern suburb; but she walked with a quick step, and when she had

delivered her work and turned homeward, it lacked yet fifteen minutes to ten o'clock.

A sudden thought struck her—she was so uneasy about "Will" she would walk down toward the river and see if she would meet him. Perhaps he might not be able to sit on the box, and might fall off and be run over!

She almost flew along the street, and was soon in sight of the river. There they were, the long line of coaches, waiting. She crept cautiously along now, nearer and nearer. She knew Will's gray horses, and if she could only see them she would be satisfied. But he must not see her, not for the world! So, like a guilty thing, she peered about until she saw the horses past doubt, but still she was no better satisfied. Will was not with them; they seemed restive, and the reins were dragging loose. What should she do? Ask some one to secure them? While she hesitated in fear and doubt a step came toward her. She turned to make the request, and recognized the young teamster. Somehow—she knew not why—she could not ask him, and stole into the shadow as quickly as she might. He had seen her, however, and stood watching her with his eyes straining into the shadows; he had seen her somewhere before. When his eyes would go no farther his feet moved of themselves, or seemed to do so, for consciously he had no part in the matter, and, to his surprise, the girl stopped in front of a low drinking-house and peered cautiously in at the window. A minute in all she stood there, perhaps, and then treading on tip-toe for a little way she came out into the light and fairly ran. But by the glimpse he caught of her face he could almost have sworn it was the girl he had seen, and maybe saved from harm, that afternoon. When she was completely out of sight he approached the window and looked in just as she had done, and there, drinking and swearing, was the very man with whom he had quarreled in the afternoon. It was now settled in his mind beyond doubt this was the woman he had seen, wife or sister, whichever she might be.

Prompted, he knew not by what impulse, he lingered about, keeping one eye upon the window of the drinking-house and one on the restive horses.

He had come to the river-side to see the *Belle of the West* come in, to view the Kentucky hills, and, in fact, being a stranger, to see what he could see.

It was now near ten o'clock, and little was doing on the wharf; a few carts and drays, and the coaches waiting for the evening passengers, that was all.

The river was low, below low-water-mark, and the steamboats were packed together by dozens, waiting for a rise. Some small craft occasionally worked and wheezed and wriggled its way through sand-bars, and with much tribulation of surging and backing and shoving got itself near enough ashore to push out the plank. But the *Belle of the West* did not make her ap-

pearance, and report finally came through one of the smaller craft that she was aground some forty miles above Louisville.

No need then of further waiting for her. Omnibuses, coaches, and carts pulled up the hill and went their separate ways; but when all the rest were gone one coach remained standing, the horses growing more and more restive, and no driver in sight.

The young teamster stopped once or twice and gave these horses a mouthful of the hay that had fallen from some load as it passed, or patted their necks kindly, for he was used to take care of his own horses, and could not bear to see them suffer from neglect or ill-usage. There was another reason why he kept guard upon these horses if he had known it—destiny was holding him fast.

By-and-by eleven sounded from some distant bell-tower, and then all at once the noise in the drinking-house became a tumult—oaths were bandied, and then blows were struck, and then there were cries of "Murder!" and "Help!" and directly a couple of fellows came dragging a bleeding body out between them, and muttering curses as they came.

"Do you know where he lives?" said one.

"No, d—n me if I do," answered the other.

"S'pose we throw him in the river and have done with him, once for all!"

"He ain't worth his salt," said the first speaker, "and if he was once in I wouldn't be the feller to pull him out; but as for puttin' him in, I'm afeared I shouldn't like the feel of a rope round my neck afterward; but what shall we do with him any how?"

"Chuck him into this coach here. I don't know whether it's his'n or not; but let's chuck him in and leave the watchman to find him any how; what becomes of him ain't our lookout."

They had dragged him close to the coach by this time, and between them they managed to "chuck" him in as they had said, and having done it, closed the door upon him and ran away, their hands red with blood, and their hair flying in the wind.

The young teamster, who had been sitting astride of a post at the heads of the horses while this conversation took place, now came round, scratched a match on the sole of his boot, and by the flickering light it made eyed the bleeding man: it was just as he had suspected, the young fellow with whom he had quarreled that day.

He got inside the coach now, laid the cushions beneath him as well as he could, and then, mounting the box, turned the heads of the horses homeward, and driving carefully, drew up by the well-known water-trough, a little past midnight.

The candle was burning at the window-pane above, and with the grating of the wheels upon the sands the sash flew up, and out came the pale face.

"Willy, oh, Willy! is that you?"

"He is not in a condition to answer you; but don't be alarmed!" replied the teamster, and then jumping from the box he hastily secured the horses and went up to her, feeling his way through the dark along the fungus-like stairs. He told her as gently as he could what had happened, and assured her over and over that there was no real danger in the case, though he was by no means sure of this himself.

The grocer had to be called up, for he was gone to bed, and by the time they got the injured man up stairs poor Janey was fairly beside herself with terror. And she no sooner saw the blood than she sank to the ground, moaning, and fainted dead away.

Here was bewilderment upon bewilderment.

"What shall we do?" cries Nathan Lambert, the teamster.

"Dash some water in her face!" answers the grocer; "there's a cup on the table."

But this the young man refused to do; but dropping on one knee beside her, laid her flat along the floor and began chafing her hands and prattling to her as though she had been a baby. And his method, though so gentle, was effective; perhaps, indeed, it was the strangeness of tender tones and touches that aroused her, for she presently unclosed her eyes, and when she saw the young man's face so close to hers, shut them again with something very like a blush flushing along her cheek.

No rose of all his mother's garden had ever seemed to Nathan half so sweet, and he would have given the price of his black leaders for the privilege of kissing that bright cheek then and there.

"Oh, my brother! my poor brother!" were the first words the pale lips uttered; and the next, as she seized Nathan by the hand, "did he come to harm through you?"

When she learned that he was not seriously hurt—for the grocer had fetched the doctor almost immediately—and that he had only come to good through Nathan, she began to laugh and to cry at once, and to talk with a mingled wildness and tenderness that was not at all like her accustomed quiet self.

And as for Nathan, his own mother would not have known her child if she had seen him in that hour—so careful and thoughtful for the strange girl whom he had never seen until within a few hours.

Will Morrison in his drunken brawl had received a cut across the arm, by means of which a vein had been severed, and the profuse bleeding had induced fainting; but so soon as the blood was stanchd and the wound dressed he came to himself, and when he was gotten into bed behaved better than he had done for many a day. It was two o'clock before the house was cleared and all quiet. By this time Will was sleeping soundly, but Janey was wide awake—never so wide in all her life, perhaps, and professed it to be her intention to sit and watch all night.

"Shall I sit with you?" says the grocer's

wife, yawning and rubbing her eyes, and with a sidelong, anxious look toward the door.

"Oh, by no means!" says Janey Morrison. "I am not at all afraid. I will just trim the candle and take up my sewing, and it will be daylight directly. No, no; I will not allow you to stay—not at all!"

"And will you allow me to stay?" says the young stranger, bashfully, when they were alone; for the grocer's wife made haste to avail herself of her privilege.

"There is no need of it," answers Janey, evasively; and taking up her sewing-work she began to stitch very hard.

All at once the young man became strangely interested in flowers—what was the name of this one, and what of that one? and how very sweet they all were! His mother had a garden full of them at home, but nothing of them all so fine as these, to be sure! Might he have a slip of the plant with the blue blossom? Oh, Janey was so very good to give it! how should he ever thank her! He would not cut it now—not till he was going home; then he would stop for it, if Janey would give him leave; and it would be so much the fresher.

So, with that artfulness that in all such cases seems to be second nature, he planned a second visit before the first was well commenced.

Then he discovered a flower dissimilar to all the rest—something entirely strange and new. Would Janey just put down her sewing-work and come for a moment to look at it? Of course—she could do no less; and before it was all over, as good luck would have it, a brier got itself in her finger. Here was a rare chance! The brier must be gotten out—that was certain; and when Nathan had gotten the little hand in his he was a long time performing the simple operation. And when it was done, Janey must not sew any more that night; was not Nathan her surgeon? and he positively forbade it!

The acquaintance, begun in such circumstances, matured very fast; their hearts had got acquainted almost before they had exchanged a word. Both were young, innocent, and ignorant of all merely conventional restraints; they were alone, and what should hinder the acquaintance from maturing? Before the day-break Nathan had revealed all the history of his life, part of which the reader knows already; and in turn Janey had told him her history, but with much softening and modification. She did not tell him the hardness of her hardships; and all her brother's indolence and recklessness she passed by under the name of misfortunes. "Poor, poor Willy!" she exclaimed again and again; but what Nathan Lambert thought in his heart, for he saw pretty clearly how things were, was—"Poor, poor Janey!" And this and a great many other things he said with his eyes, and in the tender interest of his tone, and in all those nameless ways that can never be represented by mere written words. And Janey understood the mysterious language; for, as we all know, the greatest mystery of the world

makes itself the most lucid and simple of all things when falls the inevitable day and hour.

To be alone thus together, with the silence and darkness of night about them, was a pleasure inconceivable to their minds until it was interpreted in their experience; and both sighed when the gray daylight broke in and the hum and stir in the street warned them that the dear, delicious season was well-nigh over.

At last Nathan must go; and there was no other way. "What can I ever do to pay you for all your goodness to my poor dear brother?" says Janey, with drooping eyes. She was standing before him in the broad light now; and when he saw her pale, pinched cheek a happy thought struck him—why, there was one thing she could do, he said, bluntly; if she would permit him to eat breakfast with her he would be more than paid; and to say truth, he was as hungry as a bear.

Then with much pretense of starvation and ado about there not being enough in all the market to supply his need he made Janey borrow for him the biggest basket the grocer had in his shop, and with it on his arm and whistling a merry tune away he went—all for his own selfish gratification as he pretended.

The table was set as carefully as the scantiness of the house afforded, and the coals glowing bright when he returned with such a full basket as had never come into that house before. "As I told you, I am as hungry as a bear!" he exclaimed, by way of apology, as he placed the basket on the table.

They sat down together directly, and such a delicious breakfast Nathan declared he had never eaten in his life—fresh rolls, and sweet butter, and beef-steak, and berries, and coffee, and I know not what besides. Janey had never been so happy in all her life as when she sat opposite Nathan at that breakfast-table, and made his coffee for him with cream and white sugar, delicacies she had hardly even seen on a table till then—it seemed to her as though she had been transported by magic into some realm of fairy-land.

But by-and-by something of the old shadow fell upon her face again; no excuses would avail longer, and Nathan must go.

"I am to stop as I go home, you remember," he said, when he took Janey's hand at parting, "for the slip of this beautiful plant." And he glanced at the flower-pot in the window.

"Oh yes," says Janey; "and for fear you forget it I will give you a flower now to wear in your button-hole." And she broke the finest of the flowers and stuck it in the button-hole of his jacket.

"Forget it!" says Nathan; "but I thank you all the same." And with his face glowing bright as his flower he went away.

All great cities have their share of poverty and filth and wretchedness, and the Queen City of Ohio is not an exception. She has her lazy worthless tribe as well as the rest—her begrimed children, who will not wash in her beautiful river

and be clean. Her ignorant population, who will not migrate beyond her circle of hills and make themselves honest homes in the goodly country beyond, adorning their lands with wheat and orchards and grape-vines, meadows and gardens, and all things bright and beautiful that come out of the ground almost for the asking. Oh no; they prefer moist cellars, scented with rats, and garrets with scanty windows looking into blind alleys where the children paddle through pools of dish-water, and gutters that from year's end to year's end run red with the drainage from the slaughter-houses; pelting one another in their playful moods with fish-heads, rotten cabbage-stalks, and the necks and handles of broken whisky-jugs. Never knowing the wholesome delight of seeing the cows come home at set of sun, or the grateful feeling of new furrows lying under their feet—never knowing the wild exhilaration of "hide and seek," where the yellow harvest-straw is tossed from the threshing-floor, nor the glad sensation that comes of gathering aprons and hats full of fresh eggs and ripe nuts.

It was in one of the most miserable districts of the miserably poor that the tumble-down house in which Janey Morrison lived was situated, but it had never in all her life seemed to her so dismal and dreary as after the pictured glimpse of fresh fields drawn for her by the glowing tongue of Nathan Lambert. Every thing seemed to conspire to heighten the hideousness of her own surroundings, if that indeed were possible.

She was used to sit at the window that overlooked the street with her sewing-work, but now that Will must lie in bed she seated herself at the rear window in order to keep him company—two small bedrooms having been manufactured out of what was originally one room, by means of board partitions, as was before intimated.

The window by which she must now sit overlooks a yard where swine and cattle were kept previously to being slaughtered. Not a spear of grass nor a green herb was to be seen—nothing but dry, baked earth, and dry bones, and rags and fags, and refuse too vile for description. Some children were amusing themselves by throwing stones and sticks at the cattle that stood waiting their turn, with sides raked by the horns of their mad fellows with fly-bitten legs and lolling tongues.

All at once there came a wild shout up to the window where the seamstress sat—a boy with a head as big as two heads, and with one leg a good deal longer than the other, had overturned a pig-trough and found beneath it a nest full of naked red-skinned mice; he was holding one up by the tail in the sight of his play-fellows, and this was what the wild shouting was about.

"Let the baby see, darn ye! let the baby see!" cried a bare-legged, freckled-faced girl who had one shoulder higher than the other, as she pushed and elbowed her way with a

great-eared, white-headed baby in her scrawny bare arms.

Beyond this cattle-pen part of the dingy walls of a sausage-factory was to be seen, with a bit of open yard, where an old horse was treading in a mill that ground meat, and beyond this the high chimneys of a bone-boiling establishment sent up their dense columns of coal-black smoke.

She was sick at heart, poor girl, and again and again her needle fell out of her weary hand.

"What are you so glum for?" says the brother, raising himself on one elbow and eying her with a look as cross as it could be, "just because I had the misfortune to get nearly killed, trying to work and earn something for you. I wish I had been killed outright, and then maybe you would come to your feeling!"

Janey puts down her work and asks him kindly what she can do.

"Do! there are plenty of things you could do if you had a mind, but that hoosier of a teamster, plague take him, has put every thing else out of your head!" And then he says, shaking his fist, "If he comes up them stairs agin he'll go down quicker than he come up!"

The weariness of the third day of this thankless watching and working was interrupted by as glad a sound as ever came to a poor sick heart—it was the tinkle of the well-known bells.

Janey had been listening for it all the day, and all she could do for the better appearance of things and for her personal advantage she had done; smooth tresses, a clean apron, and a tidy hearth was about all; but Nathan saw nothing but her glad smile and her blushing cheek, and that she might have known.

When Will Morrison heard the cheerful voices he dragged himself out of bed—for a little weakness was all that ailed him—and suddenly opening the door, dashed a foot-stool at the head of Nathan with all his might. He evaded the blow, but poor Janey was not so fortunate—it struck her right arm, and though it did not break any bones, bruised it so dreadfully that she was forced to cry with the pain.

Seeing what he had done the wicked fellow began to mutter curses between his teeth, and presently he slunk away and crept into bed again.

"I can't go and leave you here this way, and I sha'n't!" says Nathan, taking up the bruised arm and caressing it very tenderly.

She made no reply, but hid her eyes and cried on—as much for his kindness now as for the pain; and finding that he was not reproved, Nathan lifted the hand to his lips and kissed it.

"Don't cry, Janey! don't cry!" he said. "Is the pain so very much?"

"I am not crying for that," Janey sobbed at last.

"What then? do I offend you?" and he put down the hand so softly.

Janey cried all the more bitterly now; and at last, after much coaxing, she sobbed out that she cried because there was nobody in the world who cared for her!

"Oh, Janey, that isn't true!"

But she insisted that it was true.

"Do you think I would be living here this way," she says, "if it were not true; there is not a soul in the world that loves me—not one; and I wish I was dead and where no more trouble could come to me!"

"You can be where no more trouble will come to you, if you like, without being dead," says Nathan. He spoke very, very tenderly this time, and somehow had got the hand in his again.

Then he told her, if she would consent to go home with him and live with his good mother, she would never know any more trouble as long as she lived.

Directly he told her that she must not judge of his mother by the rude fellow he was—that he was sure she would love his mother. "And she will love you, I know," he says, with boyish simplicity—"she can't help it!"

Janey blushed, and almost forgot the painful bruise.

Directly Will opened the door softly and looked out. "I'm sorry for what I have done, Janey," he says, with such penitence; and then he tells her that he wants her to do him a favor by way of showing that she forgives him—he wants his slippers from the shoemaker's—will she just run and fetch them for him? Oh, he is so sorry for what he has done!

Oh, to be sure Janey would go!—her arm was not hurt badly—she didn't mind it at all. And she glanced at Nathan with a look that was almost triumphant, and, tying on her bonnet and pinning on her shawl, she was ready in a moment.

Nathan went down the stairs with her, and away she flew, hoping to get the slippers, return, and catch one more glimpse of him before he was quite out of sight.

Seeing the well-known team standing there, quite a crowd had gathered in front of the grocery store, and some were admiring the stout horses, some the great monster of a dog, and some the wagon, big as a canal-boat almost, so that Nathan found it easy enough to allow himself to be detained. The wagon had a white canvas cover over it all, and just in the front was an easy arm-chair that the kind-hearted son was carrying home to his mother.

With many a backward glance Janey hurried along, and when she got to the shoemaker's door she said, almost out of breath, "I am come for Will's slippers that you have been mending—please give them to me quick—I am in such a hurry!"

"Will's slippers! Now you are a kitten," says the shoemaker, dropping the waxed end from his fingers, and opening his eyes wide. "I have been mending no slippers for Will—he is making a fool of you as he has done so many times before! Oh, Janey, Janey, will you never learn wisdom? Will is a great scamp, if he is your brother, and there is an end of it. I wish he had to work or starve,

and that is the worst wish I wish him. And, more than all, the greatest pity of it is that your sacrifice is just eating out your life and doing him no good, for he grows worse and worse all the time. There are folks, Janey, that must be met on their own ground, and Will Morrison is one of 'em—mind my words."

And then he said he didn't think of preaching such a sermon; but, since he had preached it, he hoped Janey would profit by it.

When Janey got back to her house it was with drooping eyes, and spirit drooping as well as her eyes. The crowd made way for her, but she neither looked up nor smiled, and with just a nod and a low-voiced good-by, passed the young teamster who stood with his hand on the shoulder of his leader ready to mount, went up the creaking old stair, and put her hand on the latch. The door was fast! She knocked and rattled at the latch, and listened and waited, and knocked and rattled again. "Oh, Will!" she cries at last, "do come and open the door—what is it bolted and barred in this way for?"

"To keep you out, you little fool! What should it be for?"

And then he said, speaking so loud that all the crowd heard him, that when he got ready he would open the door, and not till then. "Knock there all night," he says, "if you want to, and see how you will like that!"

And then he opened the window, and mocked her with laughter and rude jests. Janey staggered down the steps. "Oh, what shall I do?" she cries, falling against the baluster at the foot of them; "what shall I do? and where shall I go?"

"Go with me!" says the teamster. And before them all he took her in his arms, for she did not resist, and lifting her into the wagon, placed her in the easy-chair; and the next moment he was in the saddle, and at the crack of his whip the six horses shook their bells and were off at a trot; while the brother, frightened into his right senses at last, shouted from the window: "Come back! oh, come back, Janey!" and all the people below stood dumb with amazement.

The fourth day after this the six weary horses stood still before the gate of a pretty white cottage half hid in a clump of maple-trees on the bank of the clear-flowing Wabash.

He sprang to the ground and lifted Janey out of the wagon; and while she stood blushing and trembling a sweet-faced woman of about forty came out of the house and down the graveled walk to meet them. Her dress was of drab color, and she wore the Quaker cap tied down about her quiet, pleasant face.

"Natty, my dear boy, I am so glad to see thee home safe!" she says, taking a handful of the young man's brown curls in her hand and shaking his head instead of shaking his hand; "but who is this thee has brought with thee?" and she turned to Janey.

"Her name was Jane Morrison four days ago," says Nathan, looking straight in the eyes

of his mother, as one who was neither afraid nor ashamed; "but it's Jane Lambert now—Janey you may call her; and I only hope you will like her half as well as I do!"

"And so thee is my son's wife; how does thee do, Janey?" And with no more ado about it the sweet-faced woman took the girl by the hand and led her down the path and into the house, as though she were her child indeed.

They had married in haste; but they never repented at leisure. The blue waters of the Wabash never sung and murmured to a happier pair, first or last, that is certain.

THE GENERAL'S STORY.

OF all the occupations associated with the conduct of war there is none which calls for more address, nerve, courage, daring, and patriotism as well, as that of the "secret service." I do not now propose to discuss the moral of the question, as whether or not it is dishonorable to seek for information within an enemy's country in disguise. It is enough to know that the laws of war are universal and inexorable in the punishment of the person detected as a spy with death.

The hero of the following story was a spy in spite of himself. In relating the trying ordeal through which he was obliged to pass real names in most instances have for obvious reasons been suppressed, while the locale has been retained.

It was one night not long ago when I heard it from the lips of its hero. We sat before a pleasant fire. It was late into the night, the family had retired, but we lingered long over our pipes, rehearsing many an adventure by camp and field, discussing this and that campaign, of what would have been the result if things which happened had not happened, and things did not happen which had happened, and all that sort of thing.

It is very easy to correct mistakes in battles long after the bones of its victims are whitening upon the field, and the poorest soldier of us all, when the sword is sheathed and peace once more blesses the land, may lay out campaigns which would put Grant or Sherman to the blush. But old comrades will get together and talk over those scenes which were the grandest, supremest moments of their lives; and so the General and I lived over again many a skirmish and fight, not forgetting those whose voices are silent in death, recounting our varied experiences since we parted in Shenandoah Valley on a bright summer's day in sixty-two.

"But there is a hiatus following Antietam which you have not filled up," I said, during a lull in the conversation. "What became of you for several months? Some one was telling me that you were taken prisoner and in disguise, I think they said."

"I was captured about that time," answered my friend. "But there were circumstances about that affair which made publicity very dangerous for me so long as the war lasted. I

don't know that there is any objection to telling the story now. Yet I rarely speak of it, probably because few know of it, and ask no questions, and perhaps because of the habit of silence.

I may say here that the General is one of the most reticent of men; modest and reserved by nature, he is a gentleman of elegance and refinement and superior scientific attainments. He has a long and rather angular face with a slightly projecting chin. His forehead is high and his eyes gray in color and set wide apart. There is great determination in my friend's face, but it is determination in repose rather than in action. His manner and the history of his army life justifies the expression in his face. He has won his star by unflinching courage, by undeviating devotion to duty: the hero of many a gallant deed, he rarely speaks of himself; but I was curious to know the story of his capture and prison life. And this is what he told me:

After the second Bull Run fight you will remember that a great many new troops were pushed into the field; and when, after McClellan took command, it was ascertained that Lee had crossed the Potomac into Maryland, at once all the volunteer militia, recruits, and detachments, without regard to completeness of organization, were hurried to the field. At that time, with a captain's commission, I was raising a regiment of cavalry. One morning I received orders, with such a number of men as I had, to report myself directly to General McClellan. Which I did without delay, and by his order, on the day of the battle of Antietam, was posted on the left of the line near the river bank. From my position, where I could see much of the fight, and from the fact that during the day I had occasion to carry orders from one end to the other of the line, I was able to judge of the result of the battle. My own opinion, when that awful stillness of night shut down over the field, was, that the contest had been pretty near drawn, but that the enemy were so badly crippled that they would not dare risk another engagement with their backs to the river, and that they would attempt to withdraw across the river immediately.

So fully impressed was I with this opinion that I went to General McClellan and offered to cross the river, and gain such information as I might of the movements of the enemy. I proposed to go to the south side of the river because I could not go north without running into their battle-line, and any movement to return to Virginia would first be known in their rear.

The General consented, provided I would take with me a scout and a Methodist preacher, who, although he might have been a saint, had the audacity of the devil. He was one of the most valuable spies in the service. I was reluctant to take Parson Marshall and the scout along with me, fearing that they would be an embarrassment rather than an assistance; but I

finally yielded. As it afterward proved my intuitions were wise. Had I left them behind, weeks and months of the agony of death might have been spared me. But in this, as in other experiences of life, I found that there was a providential dispensation in it all, and that the pain had its compensating good, as you will see.

I had no definite plan of operations marked out; but several months before I had gained reliable evidence of the loyalty of a man named Jackson, a miller by trade, who lived in Shepardstown, which, you know, is on the south bank of the river, and to the rear of the rebel army. During my skirmishing on the day of the fight I had also ascertained that another miller, named Roberts, who lived in a little village on the south side of the stream from where my command was now posted, was also a Union man. My scheme was to cross the river at this point, see Roberts, induce him at once to go to Shepardstown, which was but four miles away, and, in conjunction with Jackson, obtain such information as they could of the movements of the rebels, and that Roberts should then return to me with the news.

It was past eleven o'clock when we arrived at the ferry on the bank, which at one time had been a ford, but was long out of use. The boatman was not there; and so we searched up and down the bank, among the bushes and in the inlets, to see if we could not discover some skiff or dug-out, in which we could make the passage. But all our efforts were fruitless, and the not altogether assuring suggestion was made by Jake, the scout, that the enemy had been there recently and removed the boats. There were none within our reach, that was certain; and so we sat down under the shadow of the bank discussing in low tones the best course of action to pursue.

"There does not appear to be any evidence of the presence of the rebels on the other side," I said.

"They wouldn't show their hand if they were there," replied Jake.

"I think we should have heard from them by this time if they were in the village; besides that, the absence of the ferryman shows nothing. He ought to be abed by this time," remarked Marshall.

"That is true," I said. "Let us hail him. If he comes over we can ascertain whether or not the rebels are there."

"It's a risky business. Hadn't we better go back?" muttered the scout.

"We will not return until we make some effort at least to cross the river," I replied; finally adding, "you may go back if you wish."

"I'm in for this campaign, miss or win." As Jake answered I had approached the water's edge and shouted,

"Ferry ahoy!"

There was no moon that night, and the starlight was partially obscured by a warm mist; yet it was light enough to distinguish objects mov-

ing on the other shore, while the air was so quiet that the chants of the katydid could be distinctly heard across the stream. There was no answer to my call, and no evidence of human life appeared among the houses of the lonely village which lay hid in the shadows of the wooded hills.

"Hillyo-o-o! Boat ahoy!" I cried again. A few moments elapsed, and then a dark object was seen emerging from a house near by. It approached the bank.

"Y-o-o-o!" came ringing to our ears; and shortly after the boat was stemming its way slowly up and across the stream. The moment it touched the bank I recognized its occupant as the ferryman who, during the evening, had been to our camp for some coffee. He was an honest-looking fellow, and professed to be, and I believe was, loyal.

"Ah, Captain!" he exclaimed, "is that you?"

"Yes, we wish to cross the river. Are there any Johnnies over there?"

"None that belong to the army; but it's rather risky for yer to go cross. The Confed cavalry are scouting round all the time."

"We'll take that risk. Have you heard any news from Shepardstown?"

"Nothing but stories of the fight. They say the Yanks have been licked awful."

By this time we were in the boat, and after a sharp pull of several moments, wherein all had relapsed into silence or spoke only in whispers, we were landed safely on the southern bank.

"If you should happen to be questioned, on no account say that you brought over a Union officer," I said to the boatman as I gave him a liberal fee. "We shall probably return to be taken back before morning."

Five minutes' walk brought us to the house of Roberts, which had been pointed out by the boatman. I was not surprised to find him up and seated with his wife and a young negro woman by a log fire in the large room which was his bedchamber and sitting-room at the same time. Before telling him my errand I tried to get rid of the women, but his wife refused to leave the room.

"It's no use," said the miller; "she won't go. She knows as well as you or I what's up. I s'pose yer arter news of the rebs."

"Precisely that, and we wish your assistance," I replied, making a virtue of necessity.

"Well, what is it? You know it's mighty dang'rus fur me ter be caught foolin round. They'd hang me quicker'n winkin; but I'm true blue, an'll do any thing in reason."

"What I wish to do is simple enough, and need not get you into trouble. I wish you to go to Shepardstown, see Jackson the miller. You know him?"

"I should think so."

"You and he together can find out if there are any indications of an intention of the rebels to recross the river."

"I see," said Roberts, striking one hand with

the other in a significant way. "Hit on the man; but it's dang'rus, Cap'n. Jackson's all right, I *know* that. It's a good piece ter Shepardstown. I must ride, an' I might lose my horse." And Roberts settled himself back in his chair as if he didn't intend leaving it until the war was over.

I had no time to reply to him before his wife asserted her woman prerogative and declared she "wouldn't listen to it." "It's certain death ter go thar; besides, yer've no right ter leave yer wife all alone sich troublus times as these."

Leaving the parson, who now came to my aid, to talk with the woman, I urged Roberts to undertake the journey, offering him two hundred dollars for the horse. Whether or not the sight of the money stimulated his courage and patriotism I can not tell. But he consented just as Marshall had clenched his closing argument with the wife by the promise that we would remain until her husband returned.

We calculated that it would take Roberts three hours at the outside to go to Shepardstown and return. Jake was to go with him up the road a short distance, conceal himself in the woods in sight of the road, and be ready to give the alarm should any danger threaten our scheme.

In five minutes the horse was saddled, and from the window I watched the two figures as they noiselessly disappeared in the thick darkness which had now succeeded the half light of the earlier evening. I did not for a moment leave my post, but sat and gazed out into the gloom and mist—for a drizzling rain commenced to fall—thinking and thinking until it seemed as if my brain would burst. My ear caught the slightest murmur of the leaves; the water dropping from the eaves reverberated through the chambers of my brain; the crackling of a twig seemed louder than the report of cannon. Each tree and stump took on the form of a man; the rail fence was a line of battle; the pile of logs a battery in position. Again and again did I see parties of soldiers approaching the house, to vanish into the night and take on new shape.

Within the room, which now was in deep shadow—for the fire had been left to burn low for fear of attracting the attention of some passer-by—I could dimly see the forms of the miller's wife and the preacher. Singularly enough, they were discussing some technical point of theology. In the chimney corner sat the negress. She did not appear to be listening to the talk of the others, but with her chin resting in her hands was bowed forward vacantly staring into the smouldering embers, whose light gave to her a deep rich color of bronze. It was a dramatic picture, that figure crouched there in the fire-light. During the talk with Roberts it had never occurred to me to question her presence there. The wife I doubted. With the negress her color was the pledge of her faith. She proved it afterward.

And thus I sat by the window counting each second as it passed. They were hours. I wondered what our army were doing. Most likely gathering the wounded from the battle-field. Where were the rebels? Would they retreat across the river? Should I get knowledge of their movement? What complete destruction would come upon their disordered masses should McClellan strike at them in the act of crossing! Again and again did I look at my watch. Where was Roberts? Could he meet with mishap? Would he return within the hour named? Could there be doubt of his loyalty? He might betray us. These and a thousand queries and imaginations, reasonable and foolish, crossed my mind.

One, two, three, four hours passed by. One more and daylight would be upon us. The rising sun must not find us here. Roberts's time was up. Where was he? What was the cause of his delay? I must not recross the river without seeing him.

It was just at this moment of anxiety and doubt that I was sensible of a tremulous motion which jarred the house to its foundations. It was slight at first, but increased steadily. This could be no creation of the imagination. By a singular psychological phenomenon which I can not explain, the presence of a real danger dispersed all these vague fantasies. All my faculties resumed their normal condition. Objects assumed their natural shape.

Within the room there was absolute silence. The miller's wife had fallen asleep in her chair; the parson, stretched upon the floor with his head upon his arm, was evidently in some dream of theological bliss, for he was snoring earnestly; the negress had not changed her position, except that her head was slightly turned as if listening. The sound increased. Yes, far into the darkness I could hear the click of steel against steel. I sprang to my feet. The noise aroused the sleepers.

"What's the matter, Captain?" demanded Marshall, feeling for his revolver-belt.

"Be quiet; keep still," I replied, trying to listen. "No, it is not infantry, nor artillery. Yes, it is a body of cavalry, and a large one at that, and coming this way. They must be rebels, for we have no troops this side of the Potomac."

"Oh, you will be taken, and we shall be murdered!" screamed the woman.

"Silence! not another word!" I exclaimed, seizing her by the wrist with no gentle grasp. "You will not be harmed, whatever happens to me; but you must hold your tongue."

Whether from exceeding fear, or that she was reassured—whatever the reason—the miller's wife was as silent as if born dumb.

Meanwhile the rumble had grown more distinct, and I could hear the clatter of horses' hoofs and the jingle of sabres. I went to the window again, and could see coming up the road what appeared to be an advanced-guard: a dozen or more men riding rapidly; one or

two dashing off on the side-road which led to the ferry. I was wondering what could be the meaning of this movement, when I was startled by a hand upon my arm and heard the voice of the negress:

"Massa Cap'n, you'se isn't safe dar. Come up de ladder ter my place, yer can see better dar."

"The girl's right, Captain," said Marshall. "That uniform will ruin us. I am in citizen's clothes, and if they come here can fool them easily."

The idea of hiding did not please me, but it was the best thing to do; and so, led by Sarah, I passed into the kitchen, climbed the ladder, and found myself in a small attic, which was formed by the roof of the house. There was no place in it where I could stand erect, and the two panes of glass which answered for a window were so close to the floor that I was obliged to lie down in order to see the troopers, who in solid mass, filling the road, were now passing the house.

There was no halt in the column; but steadily, and at an easy trot, they poured along the way. There was but little sound of voices in this swift procession out of the shadows and into the shadows. They might have been phantom horsemen but for that clack of hoof, that rattle of spur and sabre. Steadily they moved along, winding from out the solemn woods, in among the houses and over the hill-top into the darkness again, with coil unbroken—a monster of a dream, were it not a dread reality of sight and sound.

I had marked several squadrons, and then divisions. They numbered hundreds, thousands, these night-riders. This was no scouting party. It was something more than a reconnaissance.

"It can not be a movement of the rebel army," I said to myself, "for there would be infantry before this. What can it mean?"

Meanwhile the day was breaking. The column of cavalry had gone with the darkness; only a few stragglers remained, galloping their steeds to catch up with their comrades still advancing. And then the road was deserted as before.

But where were Roberts and Jake? The question in part was answered by Jake's voice, which I now heard in the room below. Hurrying down the ladder I asked him:

"What news?"

"Not a word of Roberts. You saw the cavalry. What an army of 'em! Didn't know the Johnnies had so many horses. Did any of them stop here?"

"Not one. They seemed bent on some important business by their haste."

"I heard them talking, but could only catch the words 'Harper's Ferry,' 'Falling Waters,' 'crossing ford,' and so on."

"I don't know where they are going; yet it is evident to me that Lee's army is on the move. But whatever it means McClellan ought

to know of it. Do not delay an instant, but get across the river and report to him all that has occurred. I will remain here until Roberts turns up, or at least until I can obtain further information. Get away now as fast as you can."

The scout at once left the room, and I saw him in a few moments threading his way among the houses in the village.

"Thank God, he is off. So much is accomplished!" I exclaimed. "If the rebels are coming we shall have rough work before night. But there is Roberts just in the nick of time."

As I spoke the miller rode slowly into the yard, dismounted without unsaddling his horse, put him in the shed, which answered to the name of stable, and then with a long look up the road by which he had come the miller entered the house.

"I'm afraid you'll get caught!" was his hurried exclamation; "I've ridden as fast as I could, but that beast is not a racer. I see there are troops in the village, and a lot of foot-soldiers are comin' down the road just behind me."

"Did you see Jackson?"

"Yes, I saw him. He went out and spied around. He came back bime-by and said that big gangs of men were at work shoveling down the banks of the canal—the water, you know, has been out for some time. Jackson thinks, and so do I, that the rebel army are moving back sure. But I tell yer, Cap'n, yer'll be caught ef yer don't start mighty quick."

"Yes, yes," I replied, impatient to get every item of intelligence. "But what did the townspeople say? Were there soldiers in the village?"

"Wounded men? yes heaps of 'em—the houses were full. They all say the Yanks have been licked."

During this talk the miller had kept his eyes on the road, and as he finished his report he ran to the door and instantly returned with his face pale with fear, crying:

"The game is up. You can't reach the river now unless you can walk over a thousand rebel bayonets."

The miller was right, for a large body of troops had poured out of the woods at a quick step. Passing the house they broke into squads, some entering the houses near the river, others marching beyond the town, while the larger body stacked their arms and appeared to be making preparations to go into camp. I saw at once that there was no chance of escape. They were picketing the roads and posting sentinels.

Until this moment I had not fully realized that I wore the uniform of the United States army. In truth I had not at all anticipated this juncture of affairs, and was hardly prepared for it. Certainly my calculations had not included the thought of capture; and now with this important knowledge in my possession the idea was doubly odious. But it was immi-

nent at that moment, for several soldiers were approaching the house.

"De lof, de lof!" muttered the negro woman, as for a second time she seized me by the arm and dragged me toward the ladder.

"Do not breathe a word of our presence here unless they have found out something, and then we will come down," I said to the miller and his wife as Marshall and I hurried up the ladder to our hiding-place. Once there I knew from the talk of the soldiers that they were not come for us. They wanted some corn ground, and Roberts started away to his mill with one of them. We were safe for the moment; but how long was this confinement to continue? And I stared out of the window to see the sun which had now risen above the hill-tops, shining down upon groups of men, standing or cooking at their camp-fires, while its bright rays glittered upon a battery of artillery which had gone into position in the field upon the rising ground just outside the forest. The caissons and horses were taken to the rear, while a party of pioneers commenced throwing up earth-works in front of the cannon, which appeared to be placed so as to cover the road crossing at the old ford.

"That looks like fighting," whispered Marshall.

"No, they are too deliberate about it. It is a precaution against any movement of ours from below—there can be no doubt about it, Lee means to retreat. If McClellan could know of all this the war might be ended within twenty-four hours. Do you think, Marshall, that you can get across the river?"

"I can try." And the preacher rose to his feet. He was a brave, true-hearted fellow.

"You had better go up stream; it is safer than to attempt the passage below. Make a big effort, for you can appreciate the importance of success as well as I."

"But what will you do?"

"The best I can. Lie quiet here until these fellows leave. They won't stay forever. Good-by, and good luck to you!"

"Good-by, Captain. I hope we shall see you in a few hours."

With what eagerness did I listen to the parson as he passed into the room where the soldiers were! A tremor of anxiety crept over me as I heard him question them as to the number of men in the command, and why they were there.

"He will excite suspicion," I thought. "Why does he ask such questions? Success in these adventures has made him fool-hardy. They will arrest him." But no, he is out of the house; and now he strides away up the road as if he belonged here. He passes through the camp. Why does he stop there to talk with the guard? The fate of the nation may hang on his words. But he moves on unmolested; and now he is lost in the thick underbrush which skirts the edge of the woods.

"Pray Heaven he may get to McClellan!"

and I looked up at the sun which was so quickly mounting to the zenith. My watch told me it was nearly twelve o'clock. After all, if Marshall escaped, it might be too late. But Jake, the scout, ought to be within the Union lines ere this.

One hour, two hours slowly moved by. There was but little change in the position of the rebel troops. They seemed to be waiting. Once or twice a mounted courier came to and went away from a large tent in the rear of the batteries. Now and then the pickets would exchange shots with my men, who were under cover on the northern bank of the stream. Far up the river I could now discern a dark object moving toward the other bank. Could this be Marshall? There were rapids at that point, and the swift current bore the object downward, and nearer to my sight and to the bullets of the rebel soldiers as well, for they saw it, and fired at it. But the boat moved steadily to the opposite shore, and there it shot in behind a rocky cliff.

"Safe, safe!" I exclaimed, as I wiped the perspiration from my brow. I could now see the figure of a man, which I was sure was Marshall, creep up the hill toward my soldiers. Quite a knot of them had gathered together to welcome the refugee. As the parson joined them I could see him gesticulating and pointing across the river.

"Why does the fool stop there to talk?" With my thought there came the loud bang of a cannon. I turned to see the wind lift the white smoke above the rebel batteries, carrying it toward the front, where it was dissipated among the leaves and branches, and then there was the ripping, tearing sound of a shell. A percussion shell is not a foot-ball to be played with; and, as this one burst within a few rods of the group, they seemed to be of the same opinion, for they immediately separated. That instant's halt, however, had fixed my business beyond a peradventure. I did not know it for several moments.

So intensely was I occupied in imagining Marshall's progress to head-quarters, and the grand possibilities which opened up for the cause, that I was not conscious of the presence of the negro woman until I heard her stifled exclamation. It had come to be the voice of a friend.

"Massa Cap'n, you'se caught fur su now. If'yar jes tuk off dem blue clos and put on dare common tings of Massa Roberts. Mighty quick. Dere's a guard a-cummin fra de camp wid Massa Roberts, an dey is arter you, su, su."

There was not an instant for reflection. My uniform meant punishment to the people of the house. Those brass buttons reflected Libby, Salisbury, imprisonment, starvation, rotting to death. In this homespun there was a chance of escape.

I did not reflect—how could I when the guard were so near the house that I could dis-

tinguish every detail of their ragged forms—that as a soldier I was entitled to the rights of a prisoner of war—protection of health and life. As an enemy in disguise, I was a *Spy*, and my claims upon humanity were embraced in a short shrift and a strong cord. If I did think of this, it was after I had exchanged my honored insignia of rank and service for the butternut clothes, and had heard Roberts's voice in the yard, exclaiming:

"The gentlemen came in late last night, and the nigger gave 'em a place ter sleep. I haven't seen 'em."

"Thank you for the cue," thought I, as rapidly descending the ladder I gained the room before they had fairly entered, and saluted the officer who headed the party with a complacent, self-assured "Good-morning, Sir."

The gentleman was a little surprised at my manner and respectable appearance; for I was in the miller's best clothes.

"I am sorry to trouble you, Sir; but my commanding officer, Colonel Heartly, requires your presence at head-quarters."

"Certainly, Captain; I will go with you at once."

As I never anticipated capture, I had not prepared any story. In that walk of five minutes between the house and the camp I had to do the work of a Collins or Dickens—to create a character, and account for his existence and presence in that locality. If any sight could have twisted my nerves, it was when I turned the corner of Colonel Heartly's tent and beheld Jake, the scout, and the ferryman who had brought us over. The guard which surrounded them with fixed bayonets told me that Jake and I stared each other in the face with an indifference which would have done credit to two Englishmen traveling in the same diligence. So far as Jake and Roberts were concerned I was safe. But the ferryman by a chance word might ruin me. It was necessary for him to recognize me in my new costume, for if I were discovered I should be hung as a spy.

I did not look at the ferryman, but at once addressed myself to the commanding officer, who stood in front of his tent:

"You sent for me, Colonel?"

"Yes; I shall be obliged to put you under arrest."

"For what cause?"

"You are here under suspicious circumstances. I learn that you crossed the river late last night with two other persons. One of these has just returned in a skiff, and has been talking with the Yankee pickets on the other side; and this man"—pointing to Jake, who was staring stupidly at the speaker—"was caught in the attempt to recross on a raft. These circumstances are all against you, Sir."

"They may be to you, Colonel, who are a soldier, and must see these things from a different point of view than I a citizen. I can explain how I came here. My name is Peters. I am a citizen of Baltimore, and before your

army came into the State was at Cumberland looking after some mining interest in that neighborhood. On my way back I found that I was likely to get into trouble with one or the other of the armies, and so came this way in the hope of avoiding both."

"I regret exceedingly," replied the Colonel, after a moment's reflection, "that I can not set you at liberty, for I have no doubt of the truth of your story; but my orders are strict in cases like yours. I must send you to General P—for examination; his decision will be final."

This was said in a polite, almost deprecating manner, yet with a firmness which admitted of no question.

"I hope," I replied, "there will be but little delay."

"We shall move to-night or to-morrow morning."

"But what er yer a-gwine ter do with me?" demanded Jake, who had been listening with clownish interest to the conversation. "Ef I can't go on ter Frederick let me git back ter Harper's Ferry with my woman an' the young uns."

I could not help looking at the scout with a feeling of admiration. He was the perfect representation of one of those miserable devils who go wandering through the Border States picking up odd jobs. A shiftless, shifting, thieving fellow he looked.

"Let the beggar go," said the Colonel to one of his officers. "He is not worth the keeping."

To which decision my heart responded "Amen!" But I betrayed no feeling whatever, and turned my back on my confederate. Meanwhile there was the ferryman and Roberts yet under arrest. I wished to get rid of them. Every instant that they remained increased my danger.

The ferryman claimed with reason that he was not responsible for those he brought across the river—that was his business. His father had been at that ferry before him. Roberts put in the same sort of a plea. His house had been a sort of stopping-place for years. "He never asked questions so long as people paid for their lodging."

The Colonel hesitated, when I remarked:

"Colonel Heartly, I am right sorry that I am the cause of getting these people into trouble; they are residents here, and are always within your reach."

"That is just, Mr. Peters; they ought not to be detained. You may go both of you."

A great weight of distrust and fear was removed from my heart when I saw the two men walking down the road together. With their absence the rope in my mind's eye had shrunk to a thread.

The following morning, as the tents were struck and I stood watching the other bank of the stream, I saw Sarah, the negress, my would-be saviour, coming toward us leading my horse. I had forgotten my purchase of the

night before, but the noble girl had forgotten nothing. As I took hold of the bridle my hand came in contact with hers; a warm pressure was the only return I could make for her devotion. She seemed to understand that we were watched, and with a whispered "God bress yer, massa!" she walked away to her home.

We came upon the rebel army at Shepards-town. In all my experience of war I never witnessed such a scene of confusion. They were in full retreat, and I should have thought it a disgraceful rout, but there were no evidences of pursuit. How eagerly did I listen for the thunder of McClellan's artillery! But to the north it was as quiet as a Sabbath morning; here every thing was in disorder—cavalry, artillery, infantry, huddled in tangled masses upon the bank. Some were rushing over the miserably improvised bridge, others attempted the ford. Wagons foundered in the stream; mules, cattle, horses, straggling, scrambling, swimming hither and thither.

What a glorious opportunity lost! Why did not McClellan strike hard and strong? Had Marshall failed to deliver the message? But what use to ask these questions? Lee had placed the Potomac between his army and destruction.

General P——, to whose command Colonel Heartly belonged, was not at Shepards-town; so dragging our way along among the straggling host as best we could we made for Martinsburg, where P—— had gone.

Probably I could not have selected, had I had the power, a more inauspicious moment in which to have made the acquaintance of that individual, before whom we at last arrived. He listened with manifest impatience to Colonel Heartly's relation of the circumstances of my arrest.

"Where are the other prisoners—the ferryman, the miller, and the man who tried to cross the river?"

"Excepting the last, I knew they were citizens of the village and released them. The other man was too much of an idiot to be harmful."

"Well, Colonel," replied his chief, "you are a good patriot and an excellent artillery officer, but I should never select you to catch spies. You have thrown away the certain key to unravel this business, the proof which would have convicted this man, whose story I don't believe one word of—not a word. Where were you, Sir, three days ago?"

This last question was addressed to me. I answered him, calmly: "I was in Hagerstown."

"Did you see any large bodies of troops there?"

I remembered hearing, on the day of Antietam, that a portion of our cavalry who had escaped from Harper's Ferry had passed through or near Hagerstown, and had captured several hundred wagons, which must have been in the rear of and belonged to the rebel army. So I thought I was safe in my answer:

"I did not."

"You saw no soldiers passing through the town?"

"There were a few who might have been in charge of wagon-trains."

"Mr. Peters—that is the name you have chosen to call yourself by?"

"That is my name."

"I have no doubt but what you are a man of education; you have the manners of one. You may be an owner of mines, and all that; but you can't make me believe that you could be in Hagerstown and not know if a division of troops had passed, or that any man in his senses would go wandering about the country while two armies were manœuvring and fighting great battles. Now, Mr. Peters, I think you are a spy. The escape of your comrades will not help you much, for I shall send you to Richmond, with a report of the whole case, which, if it does not hang you, it will be because there is no hemp in our capital."

Addressing an officer who stood near, he continued: "Captain, this man will be sent with the party of prisoners which is to start this morning. I will give General Winder a special report of his case."

I made no reply to this speech except such answer as the eye may give of contempt and scorn.

"I am really sorry for you, Sir," said the kind-hearted Colonel, as I was led from the room. "The General is in an ugly mood this morning; this infernal retreat sets one's teeth on edge. But you need not despair. Get your friends at work, and you may get by Winder's court-martial, although they do say that he is 'death's right-bower.' I know the officer who is to take this party to Richmond, and I will speak a good word for you. You shall have your horse. Good-by, Mr. Peters! Good-luck to you!" And the honest fellow grasped me warmly by the hand as he went away to attend to his duties.

In an hour from that time I was riding down the Winchester road on my way to Richmond.

We had not been on the road half an hour when I found that Captain Graham had been as good as his word. The officer in charge of the party treated me with kindness, sharing his blankets and mess with me. There were several other prisoners in the party. Two were citizens of Maryland, or pretended to be, who had been arrested under circumstances somewhat similar to my own. Others were soldiers who had been captured at the battles of South Mountain and Antietam. The faces of these I carefully examined for fear that they might have known me in the army. Fortunately they belonged to Eastern regiments, and had never served in our wing: "I am safe from that detection," I thought.

As we journeyed down the Shenandoah Valley I could see with what a hand of iron war had pressed upon this lovely region. The fields were not waving with grain as when we

saw them in sixty-one. Now the farm-houses were deserted or in ruins, every few rods the hill-sides and meadows were marked with the track of wagon-wheels, the feet of men and animals had trampled out of life every green thing—the face of the country seemed to have been turned into a vast camping-ground. It was the Garden of Eden after the Fall.

At Martinsburg I had spent the last of my small stock of change in the purchase of a pair of spurs in the hope that an opportunity would occur when I could escape from the guard; but I found that several of them were splendidly mounted, while my horse was nearly broken down after the first day's march, and neither persuasion of spur nor whip could induce him to proceed faster than a bone-breaking trot, so with a sinking heart I gave up that means of escape.

At night we camped at some of those stations where there were posted detachments of troops to guard supplies; and although I was apparently given the largest liberty, yet if I moved ever so short distance away from the quarters I found that I was watched by the guards. In fact there was less opportunity of escape than if I had been in uniform, while the consequence of failure would have been more disastrous, for it would have confirmed the suspicion that I was a spy, and my execution would have been speedy and sure.

It was late in the night when our little party arrived at the office of General Winder in the city of Richmond. We were among the first who had come direct from the seat of war, and a crowd of curious men and women, white and black, followed us to the prison door. Winder was not in the office. He had gone home for the night. How fervently did I pray that he might never return!

My case was the first of the party to be considered; and as I gave the clerk or officer who represented the rebel prison-keeper look for look as he stared at me, and then divined his thought as with a sleepy yawn his eye wandered down the line of my captive companions, and again as he ran over the package of papers which gave the history of each unfortunate, and came upon that of mine which General P—— had kindly marked, *Special Importance*, my heart beat with anxious fear.

"Whose case is this?" he said; "which is the man?"

The officer of the guard pointed to me and replied, "This is the gentleman—Mr. Peters."

"What the d—l do they continue to arrest citizens for? We shall have all the Border States down here by-and-by. Castle Thunder is full of these people now," replied the clerk as he opened the letter and glanced over the four closely-written pages; and then, without reading a word, broke out in a string of oaths which seemed to pass familiarly from his lips.

"What does General P—— suppose we have to do here?" he continued. "Here is a story as long as one of Winder's court-martials—"

that'll do to keep;" and he threw the letter into a pigeon-hole in the box over his table. As I saw it disappear among the collection of papers I felt a sense of relief.

The late hour, the weary, impatient officer at his post, the long letter with its detailed charges, which were intended to fix guilt and conviction upon me beyond escape—these were my salvation from a hangman's noose. I thanked God then. I thank God to-night.

When I entered the prison yard and the doors of Castle Thunder closed behind, I gazed up the long room which was to be my home for long months with a feeling of real gladness which I could not have believed possible a week before. This was confirmed the next morning when I could sit and watch the prisoners as they passed to and fro. Not a face did I see that I had ever met before, and with renewed confidence did I enter upon my new rôle.

Castle Thunder was one of those large tobacco warehouses which are characteristic of Richmond. The presses yet remained in the room where I was placed with two or three hundred prisoners, most of whom were either deserters from the rebel army or citizens who had been arrested because suspected of Union sentiments, or men suspected of being spies, as in my case. And when these people crowded about me hungry for some new thing with which to feed their minds starving for the rest of change, I told as little of my story as I might. My name, I said, was Peters—I was a citizen of Maryland. I had been arrested without cause. This was in the early days of my new life. As time wore on and I came to know these men, to read their faces as we read books, I learned whom to trust, and whom to shun or deceive.

There were more than twenty professional Union spies in that room. Some were Northern men, Americans who were in the army. Others were foreigners who were in the service of some General in the army. They had been captured in Virginia, or Tennessee, or in Texas. One had been engaged in running the blockade between Wilmington and Nassau. He overstaid his pass at Richmond and was arrested. He had been in prison thirteen months. Another was buying cotton in Charleston, was suspected, taken up, and for nine months had been buried here. And yet another had been a clerk in the rebel War Department, an inadvertent word of sympathy with the North had caused his arrest, and here he had been for several months. It was days, weeks, months before I came to know these men for what they were—before that confidence was given which is the result of intention rather than from any rule of action. Some of these spies did not reveal themselves until the last moment. Singular characters were they, combining a subtle cunning, a knowledge of men and things, a daring greater than that which faces the cannon's mouth. Some pursued their dangerous calling from the purest patriotism, others for its ad-

venture, and more for gain. Not to one of them did I reveal my true name; I never even hinted that I was an officer in the United States army. And yet they trusted me, and never pressed me to tell them what, by-and-by, they had the right to suspect.

I had been in Castle Thunder some two months without making an effort to be released. I did not wish to disturb that paper which I had seen thrust into a pigeon-hole in Winder's office, when one morning one of our men handed me a copy of the Richmond *Enquirer* which, by clubbing together, we were able to buy day by day. The paper had not gone its usual round; my turn to read it had not come, and the simple act of giving it to me at that early hour was enough.

"Red-Eye," as he was nicknamed, did not need to point at a paragraph which occupied a prominent place in the paper to have convinced me that I was on the very verge of being discovered. A criminal condemned to the gallows could not have suffered the torture of death with a more acute, vivid sense of its reality than did I as my eye at a single stroke took in the contents of that short fatal paragraph. It ran thus:

"WHERE IS HE?"

"We clip the following from the Philadelphia *Press*. We have looked over the list of prisoners captured within the time mentioned, but find no record of Captain P—. It would be interesting to know if he was captured, and what has become of him.

"WHERE IS CAPTAIN P—?"

"On the night of the day of the battle of Antietam Captain P— of the — Pennsylvania Cavalry, with two scouts, crossed the Potomac River at a point a few miles below Sheperdstown with a view to reconnoitre the enemy's position, and if possible to ascertain whether or not Lee was making any movement to recross the river in retreat. As we learn now from one of the scouts, who was sent back by Captain P— with the desired information, which, by-the-way, arrived too late, a detachment of the enemy during the night had taken possession of the ford, and it was only by a close squeeze that the scout was able to get past their pickets and make his escape. He left the Captain at the house of a miller, who refuses to tell what he knows, or is ignorant of the fate of Captain P—. The presumption is that he was taken prisoner."—*Philadelphia Press*, June 20.

"We repeat the question of the *Press*—what has become of him?"

For an instant I was speechless with amazement and horror, and stared at the printed characters before me as if each letter had a voice, and each voice in tones of loud reproach proclaimed, through rebel camp and capital: "SPY! SPY! SPY!"

I was recalled to my senses by the touch of Red-Eye's hand upon my arm.

"Mr. Peters," he whispered, "remember where you are, and who may be looking at you. Perhaps that paper had better be lost. This is cleaning-day, and it will not be missed much."

As soon as I could bring my mind to reflect upon the probable consequences of this new danger I perceived that detection was sure if the Richmond paper should find its way into the hands of any of the officers in the rebel army who were concerned in my arrest, or at Win-

der's office had P——'s letter been read. My situation before that cruel criminal publication was as dangerous as I cared to have it; now discovery had become almost certain.

That night I commenced laying my plans for escape.

It was the habit of the prisoners to divide into squads of three or more for convenience in messing and sleeping. I had chosen for my companion the sergeant of the floor, a Union man who had been captured in the early part of the war, and whose long imprisonment had given him this petty official position. With him were two others—Chandler, who was a spy in our service, and an East Tennessean, who had been pressed into the rebel service and deserted.

We had anticipated that a moment might come like this to me, when we had the choice of an attempt to escape, or certain death. Through a negro who used to bring vegetables and other nick-nacks into the prison we had obtained a file, and at odd moments, when the noise was loudest in the room, had made a saw from the blade of a jack-knife which I fortunately had in my possession. Our quarters—if I may give that title to the six feet square of floor space between one of the tobacco presses and the wall in the end and corner of the room farthest from the door—were more than any other happily situated for the hazardous undertaking which we at once began.

The room in which we were confined was raised from the level of the yard several feet. Our hope was to cut through the planking of the floor, drop down into a sort of sub-cellar which was underneath, and which opened into the yard. The sergeant told us there was no guard there. We hoped to pass through that inclosure, gain the street, and then trust to luck in our effort to get out from the city and to find our way, as best we might, to the Union lines.

We could not work at the hole in the floor during the night; the grating sound of the saw upon the oak plank would have reached the ears of the guard, or aroused some of our neighboring prisoners. In the daytime, even, we were obliged to keep constant watch lest the prisoners walking back and forward should hear the noise. We were able in a measure to conceal our movements by a cot bedstead which the sergeant had placed in our corner under plea of my illness. Under cover of this bed one of us worked at the hard work. With the miserable apology for a saw, and the far-removed occasions when we could work, the progress was fearfully slow.

Thus days and weeks passed by. But a new and unforeseen danger threatened me. Hearing nothing from the extract in the *Press* I had grown more confident. The "Where is he?" had passed by unnoticed by any of those who could identify me.

One day I was promenading the length of the long room, calculating the chances of our escape, when a new prisoner was brought in. It was

always my policy to see every recent arrival before they could see me, so as to avoid the risk of surprise in the event of recognition. Ordinarily I was safe from this, as the Yankee prisoners from the army were kept in Libby. Making one of the party who now crowded about the new-comer, I was able to get a good look at his face. It was not one to be forgotten when once seen. It had met my eyes before—but where? and when? As I gazed at the man I was certain that I had met him personally, and notwithstanding my inability to locate time and place, I retained enough of recollection to be certain that our previous encounter had not been a pleasant one. 'I was about to turn away when his eye—'twas an evil eye—caught mine.

"Ah!" he said, "I have seen you before!"

Looking him steadily in the eyes, I replied: "Indeed! I don't remember when I have ever met you. My name is Peters, and I live in Maryland. Where do you hail from?"

"I'm Frank Myers, from Lexington, Kentucky. But ef I didn't take you for Captain P——, of the Fed cavalry, I hope I may be d—d. You're the perfect image of that man, cuss him!"

"These resemblances are very common," I replied. "I expect to be taken for Abe Lincoln next. But what are you in here for?"

As I asked this question a cold chill ran down my back, as if I had been hauled over an iceberg, for in a flash I remembered the occasion of my first knowledge of Mr. Myers. A year before, while on duty in Kentucky, this fellow had been caught stealing in my camp, and by my orders he was driven beyond the lines with a placard on his back marked THIEF. He had good reason to remember me, but my quiet assurance completely foiled him, and he answered my question as if he were satisfied that he was in error.

"I'm here because I was brought—you may bet high on that! I won't stay long."

The work upon our plank went on slowly, but it progressed. We had but one sawing to make, which was some two feet from the end of the plank where it rested upon the cross-beam of the building. In truth, we had nearly got through. Oh, how my heart beat with anxiety, as day by day, hour by hour, we arrived nearer and nearer to the end of our task—to the moment when we should make the great attempt!

And the day came. There was but the smallest sliver to separate, and we had arranged our final plan to escape for that night. Luckily it was a day of rain and storm, and I sat upon the edge of the cot while Chandler was at work cutting at the last thread which perhaps held us in slavery. I was moving my feet about on the floor to prevent the sound of the saw reaching the ears of the prisoners walking to and fro, when one of them, a man I had never liked, came up to me and sat down upon the bed.

"You are looking better, Mr. Peters. 'Pears like as ef Castle Thunder agreed with you."

"Z-z-z-zip!—z-z-z-z-zip!" went the saw underneath us. I was frightened lest my unwelcome visitor should hear it. So I got up and stretched my limbs as I laughingly replied:

"Castle Thunder don't agree with me, nor I with the Castle, and the sooner I am out of it the better."

"Z-z-z-zip!—z-z-z-z-zip!"

I stamped my foot, partly to overcome the noise and as a warning to Chandler. But he seemed neither to hear our conversation nor my signal to stop work.

"What's the matter with yer foot?" asked my sympathizing guest.

"It's asleep," I answered, as I continued stamping on the floor.

Chandler was as deaf as a post.

"Zip—zip—zip!"

"What the deuce is that noise? It sounds like a saw," said Bones—that was his prison name—as he stared about and listened more curiously.

"It's the infernal rats," I replied, reaching over the side of the bed and gripping the leg of Chandler with a spitefulness which made it black and blue with the mark of my fingers. The noise suddenly stopped. Bones and I resumed conversation for a while, and then he left me, giving Chandler a chance to crawl out from his hole.

"It's all through," said Chandler, when I returned to him.

"I hope it is not all up with us," I grunted.

"That fellow Bones heard your saw."

"Thunder! Was that why you nearly broke my leg? We must have our eyes open."

And we did watch for any indication which would lead us to suppose the authorities had any knowledge of our attempt and intention; but the day wore off its monotonous round of nothings. Tedious, heart-breaking days are those of the prisoner; but this, of all others, dragged fearfully its slow length into the night. One by one the prisoners broke up their knots of talkers and gamblers, and crawled to their corners for sleep, if not for rest; and soon the long room, with its double line of tobacco-presses on either side, looking like niches in the vault of the catacombs which underlie the old city of Paris, was in darkness and silence, excepting the slow, regular tramp of the sentinels on the floor above and at our door. The wind blew fiercely, and we could hear the rain beating and splashing against the building. With the others we crept to our corner, and to the guard who made his nightly round of the prison we were fast asleep.

It must have been near midnight when we removed the plank for our final start. Chandler was to have the first start. He had been longest in prison, and had contributed most toward the cutting off of the plank. As we lifted the plank from its place a draught of fresh air rushed up through the aperture. Bending down, Chandler thrust his head and shoulders below the level of the floor. In an instant it

was withdrawn again, and I could trace even in the darkness every lineament of his affrighted face.

"Look there!" he whispered, pointing with his finger into the hole in the floor.

Hanging on by my hands I stretched my head into the opening, and I saw that which, simple enough in itself, but, seen then and there, chilled me to the marrow with a nameless fear. The building was erected upon stout foundations of piers; the distance between these piers was some ten feet, forming an open space underneath into which a lantern from the outside, in the yard, cast a strong light. Across this space I saw moving slowly the shadow of a man with a musket, and then another, and another. The prison was patrolled by an extra guard. Were we discovered? Have we been betrayed? In smothered whispers we asked each other these questions.

"It must be given up for to-night," said the sergeant. "That patrol is a heavy one, and has been placed there since sundown. Suspicion has been excited. We must wait."

Silently did we replace the plank, holding it in its place by two wedges introduced from the bottom, filling up the crevice made by the saw with dirt, so that to the casual eye there was no evidence that the plank had been severed.

Sleep did not visit my eyelids that night. Anxiously did we wait for the morning. It came, with an order from Winder to have all the prisoners of our room turned out into the yard. "The room was to be cleaned out," it was said.

It was a part of the duty of the sergeant to see that the room was cleaned, and the squad of prisoners who were engaged in this work were usually under his direction, but in this instance an officer of Winder's accompanied them in their rounds, carefully examining the floors and walls, as the sergeant told us afterward. When they came to our quarters I trembled lest they found our track; but the end of the plank we had cut was so near the tobacco-press that no one stood on it, nor did any one notice the cut we had made. I thought the officer in charge made a closer examination here than at the other cribs. But he didn't find any thing.

So we passed through that scrape without being caught. We didn't try it again, for the guard after that was always stationed in the yard, and we knew very well that if we failed in our effort to get away the dungeon would follow detection.

One day when Libby, surcharged with Yankee prisoners, poured some of its excess into ours, Colonel Miles, of my own State, and an intimate friend, walked into the room. Seeing him from a distance I retreated to my corner, and waited until he came that way, and we were alone, and then stared him blankly in the face. But it was no use. He recognized me at once, and exclaimed:

"My God, here is Captain P——!"

"I am not P——. My name is Peters, and I am a civilian. (Keep walking, Miles,") I continued, in a low voice, while my face was as impassible as ever; ("I will speak to you by-and-by.")

He said not another word, but resumed his promenade. Later in the evening we seized an opportunity to speak to each other.

"We all thought you were dead, P——."

"You see I am not; and I hope the gentleman of the pale horse will not ride across my track for some time."

"How came you here, and in this disguise?"

I detailed the circumstances of my arrest, and ended with an appeal to Miles that he would not mention to any one that he had seen me here; "not even to my family and friends, should you get home to the North. Let them believe me dead, any thing, rather than the exposure which would certainly take place should they make any effort to have me released. The time may come, should you never hear of me again. But no; keep the secret forever. It can do no good to tell of it, and I might be misunderstood."

The Colonel promised me all I asked. I did not see him again, for the early morning found him on his way to Salisbury Prison.

I had now been in prison over three months, and release seemed hopeless, for I did not dare avail myself of the influence of friends, and I could not claim the privileges and rights of a prisoner of war. Sometimes I despaired of release, but I was hopeful in the main, and used every effort to gain my liberty. I found a friend when I least expected it. The jailer of our prison was a relative of a banker in Washington who was well known to me. This jailer, who was in heart a Unionist, and had taken this position to avoid service in the army, became interested in my story, and after much persuasion I induced him to enlist the services of Mr. G——, of North Carolina, in my behalf. I had no money, so that my kind advocate was obliged to dispense with the ceremony of a retainer; but the jailer was the owner of a valuable silver watch. My proposition was to give him an order for \$150 in gold on friends of mine in Philadelphia in exchange for the watch in the event of my release through the intervention of Mr. G——, to whom the watch was to be given as soon as I was at liberty. Upon this basis Mr. G—— at once set at work, but on the threshold of his demand he was met by Winder, who refused to listen to the scheme.

"Better hold twenty honest men than permit one rogue to escape." He knew nothing of Mr. Peters's case; but there was no object in his release. He would not have been arrested without good reason, and so on.

So much was gained, any way. I was sure that Winder knew nothing about me. So I made another proposition: That I would go North, and any civilian held by the Federals whom they should select should return in my place. Thanks to the suggestion of a man

named Farin, who had recently been added to the number of our unfortunates, this offer of mine was taken past Winder to higher authority.

While this is pending let me describe Farin, who was the most remarkable man I ever saw; and although his story has no direct relation to mine, yet it is a link in the chain of that eventful period of my life which can not well be omitted.

Farin was a Canadian by birth and residence, and as I knew him then was a most enthusiastic supporter of the Southern cause. For four years he had made this cause his own. Hardly a battle had been fought since the first Bull Run that Farin was not present, and then in the thickest of the fight. He did not join the service because he preferred to do "general staff duty" as he termed it, so at one time or another he had accepted the hospitalities of nearly every general officer in Lee's army. But he returned these courtesies with interest. He spent money with great liberality; his supparties were the costliest, the most recherché, of any in the camp, or in the capital, for that matter, for Farin was a favorite in the fashionable circles of Richmond. He was an accomplished linguist, a fair musician, an elegant dancer, and a poet of no mean order. An elegy by him on the death of Stonewall Jackson, written in prison and published in the Richmond papers, was full of tender pathos and fine poetic feeling.

But how came he in prison? One night after a wine supper, given in honor of his proposed departure for Canada, and when his warm-hearted friends became wild with wine, Farin took home with him and put to bed in a somewhat intoxicated condition a young officer who was intimately connected with General Lee.

The next morning, accompanied by President Davis's private secretary, Farin went to Winder's office to get a pass to go through the lines. His friend went in for the pass while he remained in the office outside. Very soon his friend returned.

"Winder says he wishes to see you."

Farin entered the presence of the man who at that moment had more practical power in Richmond than did Davis himself.

"You wish to go North, Mr. Farin?"

"Yes, Sir, to my home in Montreal."

Winder gazed at him steadily in the face for a moment, and then, with a diabolical sneer, exclaimed:

"You won't go, Mr. Farin. I arrest you as a spy. Captain," he continued, to the officer of the guard, "I give this man in your charge. Permit no one to speak to him. Take him to Castle Thunder."

And here he was.

The incidents of his life and arrest I learned not only from him but from others, and knew them to be true from the fact that he was visited by crowds of young men who were high in in-

fluence in the rebel army and Government. Young Lee, Stuart, Hampden, and others, came and sympathized with this victim of Winder's caprice, cursing that individual with as much earnestness as if he were the keeper of Camp Douglas instead of Castle Thunder.

Farin's conduct in the prison was that of a calm, self-poised gentleman, but above all there was a philosophy in all he said and did which sometimes reached the point of audacity; and I who watched and studied him closely imagined I detected something of bravado in it all. In a few weeks his friends had obtained an order for his release. An examination of his trunks and papers had been made by Winder's people, but not any thing was found which would criminate him beyond a slight expression of pleasure written in his note-book upon seeing the stars and stripes raised again at Norfolk. Not another particle of evidence could Winder obtain against him. When the order of release was brought to him by a friend he refused to leave Castle Thunder. He said:

"I have been unjustly imprisoned. I refuse to be set at liberty by favor of Winder. I demand a trial."

Expostulation and entreaty had no effect with Farin. He would go out with a clean record, or not at all.

It was while his trial was pending that I received the welcome intelligence that Mr. G—— had been successful. I was to procure in exchange the release of one White, a citizen of Richmond, who had been captured on a blockade-runner. I was to be sent to City Point with the next party released for exchange, and they were to start on the following morning. I could not realize this joyful news. For the first time since my capture I was unmanned. Burying my face in my hands I hurried to my quarters and let the hot tears come.

When the morning came I stood at the door and watched the file of men who came out from Libby, and down the street, on their way to the landing—a ragged, sickly crowd of men they were, who danced with glee as they moved along. But they did not halt at our gate; they passed by; they disappeared behind the buildings in the distance. I was left behind! Was I to be cheated of my liberty after all? Had I been purposely deceived? A great despair filled my heart!

Some one touched me on the shoulder. I turned and saw Farin.

"They have left you behind."

"Heaven help me!—yes."

"Do not be discouraged; you can go with the next party."

"How do you know that?"

"From an officer who was here just now from Libby. I asked about your affair. You will be required to go up to Libby to sign some papers relative to their exchange. Let me warn you not to be recognized by any of the prisoners at Libby."

"What do you mean?"

By this time we had arrived at my old quarters, and had sat down on the edge of the tobacco-press, and out of ear-shot of others.

"I mean that I am sure your name is not Peters."

A cold sweat started from every pore of my body; my tongue rolled a ball in my mouth. I could not utter a word.

"Do not be alarmed. I do not wish to know who you are; but I have faith in you. Do not stare at me so. Remember where we are. Be perfectly calm, and listen well to what I say. I am in the service of Mr. Seward. I have frequently sent him information of priceless value. He knows that I have never been mistaken. I have never failed him. If Winder had not stopped me the other morning I should have carried him a bit of news which would have given the Government a chance to have destroyed the rebel army in forty-eight hours. I got it from young Lee that night of the party; but it is too late now. You will go to Washington?"

"Yes."

"See Mr. Seward. Tell him that I am out of money. If he wishes me to remain here I must have at least \$5000 in gold. He knows that I can do service worth a thousand times that amount. If he consents write me a letter, no matter about what, beginning your name with the last letter—s—below the line. If it is above, I shall understand Mr. Seward is unable or refuses. Will you do this?"

I was so completely astonished at this astounding revelation that I could only answer, mechanically, "I will."

"We have been too long together. I'll leave you now. If there is an opportunity I shall speak to you again. If not, good-by! We will meet each other in the North one of these days, or"—and he smiled calmly—"in heaven."

And Farin sauntered away down the long room, talking and jesting with the prisoners as if he had not confided a secret to me which, whispered in the ears of Winder, would have cost him his life. I gazed upon his retreating form with dazed bewilderment. I could not at once take into my astonished brain the fact that this man, who for three years had been the friend and confidant of rebel Generals, the companion of rebel statesmen, the pet of the Richmond salon, this accomplished scholar, this brave ideal of a gentleman, was a *spy*! For a moment I was lost in admiration of his tact, his audacity, his genius. The sublime daring of his venture overshadowed its dishonor. There was a grandeur in this playing with death not unlike that with which Milton has invested the Fallen Angel. We shrink from the deed; we admire the genius which conceives and dares to execute!

Not for an instant did I question the truth of Farin's words. The man who uttered them was not the gay, careless *flâneur* of society, who received so gracefully the courtesies of gentlemen and ladies who had visited him the day before.

It was a metamorphosis—absolute, complete. It was another creature with another tongue—it was tipped with steel; another heart—if he had any heart; another brain, and that seemed alive with fire. I could not believe it, yet I knew Farin was a spy. But who was Farin?

When the guard came for me to go to Libby I was not surprised, nor did I fail to remember the caution of Farin. While I was signing the paper, which was an oath as well, to return in one week to my prison if I did not procure the release of White, I kept my face close to the table, and afterward was seized with a violent fit of coughing, which furnished an excuse for holding a handkerchief to my face until I reached the street. I wouldn't have recognized my own father had I met him that afternoon.

During the evening I took a complete list of all the prisoners who were either in our service or were citizens. Many of them wrote short letters for their friends. These I placed in the lining of my pants behind the knee, which is safer than any other place of concealment.

At early morning I was at my post watching for the exit of the party I was told were to go to City Point that morning. I had seen nothing of Farin since the afternoon before, when I went to Libby. His trial was to come off that afternoon; but he had not returned to Castle Thunder during the night. "Shall I ever see him again?" I thought. "How long will he be able to play this double game? What are his motives? Surely not those of gain! Yet he demands money."

The gate was open, and the exchanged prisoners approached. There was quite a party of them this morning. As they came near I ran to the door and attempted to pass the guard—so certain was I of my liberty; but I found his bayonet at my breast.

"Halt; yer can't go out there."

"But I am exchanged! I am on the list to go with the party which are coming down the street. There, they are passing, and I shall be left behind."

And I pushed savagely against the sharp steel, calling loudly to the officer of the guard in charge of the squad of prisoners:

"Officer! here; I am to go with you!"

The fellow turned his head; but the party of unfortunates pushed on, as if fearing that some new delay might prolong the torture of confinement from which they had just emerged. It was a selfish impulse; but even then, with the blood rushing to my eyes and nostrils in the agony of despair, I did not blame them. With blinded vision I could hardly see them, nor did I notice two horsemen who were riding up the street, and reined in their steeds near the party; but my ear caught the sound of Farin's voice clear and sharp. It was the tone of command.

"Captain, is there not the name of Peters in your list of exchanged prisoners—a man to be taken from Castle Thunder?"

The officer whom he addressed, without speaking, stared at Farin's civilian's clothes, and then

in the face of the other horseman, who was in the uniform of a general officer, who broke out, impatiently:

"D—n it, why don't you answer?"

"I didn't know who he was, Sir."

And the man fumbled in his pocket, found the paper, and was about to open it, when Farin reached forth his hand, seized the document, and ran his eye down the list, returning it with his finger on the place where my name was written.

"That's the man, Captain. You had better go and get him."

If the Commander-in-Chief of the rebel army had uttered these words he could not have been more deliberate, more authoritative, than this spy, who a few hours before was my fellow-prisoner in Castle Thunder.

As I took my place in the file Farin nodded familiarly to me, saying to his companion, as they rode away:

"I knew that poor fellow was down for exchange, and determined he should not be cheated of his liberty."

In a few hours from that moment I once more stood under the protecting folds of our dear old flag, never so beautiful, so sacred as then. At Fortress Monroe I reported to our Commissioner of Exchange, telling him my real name and story.

"You must retain your incognito, Captain," he said, "until the exchange is entirely effected. Go at once to Washington; but keep clear from recognition by your friends. You will get from the Government all the assistance you need."

The instant I arrived in Washington the utmost power of the Government was put at my disposal, and in those days when Mr. Stanton desired to accomplish an object he did it. But the man White was not to be found. Telegrams were sent to every place where prisoners of state were confined, but the name of White was not among them. Thus three of my seven days had elapsed when it was discovered that White, a few weeks before, had been set at liberty. I at once hurried back to Fortress Monroe, resolved to deliver myself up to the rebel authorities, but our Commissioner would not listen to what he termed "a suicidal notion."

The facts of White's release were made known to Colonel Ould, another name was given, and on the day my time was up I had my papers of discharge. I was free from every obligation to my late captors. With the name of Peters I shook off that terrible nightmare of suspense. I awoke, as it were, from a horrible dream where I had been playing a part, where I had been a helpless actor to my own personality. A restful, thankful, happy consciousness was it, when I was free, when I came to know myself again.

When the General finished speaking there followed a silence of several moments wherein he seemed lost in the memory of that strange hazardous episode in his life, while I strove to disenthral myself from the singular fascina-

tion which had held me spell-bound—a fascination which grew in part out of the dramatic interest of the story. The silence of the night hour may have had something to do with it, while it was due in a measure to the earnest manner of the speaker, who at times seemed to be passing through the scenes he was narrating.

"And what became of Farin?" said I, finally breaking the silence.

"Oh yes, I carried his message to Mr. Seward, who recognized him as one of his most valuable agents; but at that moment the secret service fund of the State Department was so much depleted that the amount demanded by Farin could not be expended. The matter was deemed of so much importance, however, that it was taken to the War Office; but Halleck objected, and I was obliged to write to the spy a letter wherein I told him of my safe arrival at my home, signing the last letter of my name above the line.

"He has told me since—for he came to my camp one day near the end of the war—that Winder used every means but that of force to make him leave the Confederacy; but Farin staid in Richmond in spite of Winder, until one day he was taken by a guard and absolutely put outside the lines. What has become of this man I do not know. I do not to this day know his real name, where he came from, nor if he is alive to-day.

"I had the satisfaction, however, to obtain by exchange the freedom of nearly all the prisoners who were confined in Castle Thunder upon suspicion of their sympathy with the Union cause."

"Did you ever hear from Roberts again?"

"Oh yes; I found him after I came back. By-the-way, did you notice the negro girl who was with the children this afternoon?"

"Yes, I did; and now I think of it she addressed you as Massa Cap'n."

"That was Sarah, who tried to save me from capture. She can't call me by any other name than Massa Cap'n."

"Your capture and imprisonment had its compensation then?"

"Decidedly," replied the General. "But I was careful during the remainder of the war not again to be caught outside the Union lines in disguise."

The story of the adventure of my comrade the General is an exceptional one, even in the history of a war like that of ours, which is so full of incident and romance. Its hero is alive, and honorably and publicly known to-day.

MRS. F.'S WAITING-MAID.

WHEN General Butler was in New Orleans Colonel F. with his wife and family occupied the confiscated mansion of a Mr. Chesang—a Frenchman by birth, and a rebel by principle. There was Mrs. F. and her two children, Tom and Eva—a boy and girl of four-

teen and eleven, and Mrs. F.'s sister—a young lady of twenty. Besides these, two or three officers made it their home with them. It was a pleasant party, and Mrs. F. enjoyed it vastly, with one drawback, however. She was a New England woman, and accustomed to the domestic life of New England. Her house had always been a model of elegant nicety—her servants well trained and reliable, as a usual thing. To a person with her habits these slave-servants were almost intolerable. This, then, was the drawback—her *bête-noir* in the midst of so much that was delightful.

"The idea, Tom," she would say to her husband, "of being obliged to have six people to do what two could do at the North; and then of all the idle, careless, irresponsible creatures!"

The Colonel took it philosophically—laughed at their idleness, quoted the climate, their training, or want of training, and told Mrs. F. that in Rome she must expect to do as the Romans did. Mrs. F. knew all this, and a good deal more about it than Tom did, and she knew it was a trial.

But one day she came in to dinner radiant. I believe she thought the worst of her troubles were over.

"Tom!" she said, in an exultant undertone as she stood by the window with him waiting for Major Luce to come in—"Tom, I've discharged Rose, and engaged a perfect jewel of a waiting-maid."

"You don't say so! Let's send out at once and have a cannon fired and the bells rung."

"Now, Tom, be serious and listen. She is a creole, and belonged formerly in a French family up the river, and doesn't speak a word nor understand a word of English;" and Mrs. F. looked up in triumph as if the last item was the crowning virtue.

The Colonel laughed gayly. "That's the best of all is it, Kate?"

"It isn't the least, Colonel Tom. Do you remember how Rose used to be found at key-holes sometimes," answered Mrs. Tom, significantly.

Just here Major Luce came in, and the subject was dropped as they turned to the dinner-table; but when they rose the Colonel, who could never spare his fun, took Luce aside and said lowly, but not so lowly but that Mrs. Tom heard:

"Luce, I want you to go down to the General and communicate a bit of news to him—it's a bell-ringing, cannon-firing affair, Luce, and I've no doubt he'll give orders—"

"Now, Colonel, you're too bad;" and Mrs. Tom, interposing, told the story herself; but the Colonel had his laugh, and that was all he wanted.

Four or five days passed, and nothing more was said about the new waiting-maid until one morning the Major asked, "How does Rose's successor get on, Mrs. F.?"

"Admirably. She's a perfect treasure, Major Luce. I knew I should like her in the be-

ginning, she was so quiet and deft. Ah, Major, if you had ever had your muslins torn, and your laces lost, and your best silk dresses borrowed without your leave, you would appreciate what it is to be served by this Mathilde," concluded Mrs. F., with mock gravity.

The Major laughed.

"I dare say I should, Mrs. F.; but my muslins and laces are warranted not to tear or lose, and my best silk dresses don't fit any body but myself."

Later on that same day they were all sitting in the drawing-room—Mrs. F. and the Colonel, and Miss Vescey—Mrs. F.'s sister, and Major Luce and two other officers who had dropped in for a call. It was getting late, and a wind had sprung up. Mrs. F. shivered with a little chill.

"Kate, you are taking cold; send for that paragon to bring your shawl," suggested the Colonel, in an aside.

When the paragon came in with the shawl he was busy talking again. Major Luce, who happened to be disengaged and looking that way, was probably the only person conscious of her personality as she entered. "How well she carries herself!" he thought, vaguely. Then he glanced at her face. Below stiff folds of muslin, which concealed her hair, shone a pair of brilliant eyes, an olive cheek, and a mouth cut like Phœné's, and curving beneath, a chin so firm, it was a trifle heavy.

"She looks like a picture; and where have I seen one like it?" mused the Major. "I know. In Valsi's studio at New York there's a Roman girl carrying a palm-branch, which she regards disdainfully. I used to think that Miss Laudersmine looked like it too sometimes. Valerie Laudersmine. I wonder where she is now. She was a Louisianian—used to spend her winters at New Orleans. Handsome, haughty creature—how she would lift that Greek head of hers if she knew I put her in comparison with a slave-girl! Heigh-ho! I suppose she's a rebel now. If she had been a man a pair of epaulets would have shone on her shoulders. And how soft she could be too, sometimes! I called her Valerie once—ah me!"

And in his recollection of Valerie Laudersmine he forgot Mathilde the waiting-maid.

The waiting-maid, however, as the days went on, continued to give unbounded satisfaction to her mistress. Nobody ever dressed hair like her; nobody was ever at once so deft and tasteful. Of course the Major forgot all about her; never thought of her again until again she recalled the picture in Valsi's studio, and so—Miss Laudersmine. He was playing backgammon with Miss Vescey in Mrs. F.'s little sitting-room up stairs one morning, and glancing over the board he could see Mathilde sitting sewing in the room beyond.

"Did you ever see that Roman girl in Valsi's studio, Miss Vescey?"

"Oh yes. It's a strange picture, I think."

"Did you ever notice that your new waiting-woman looks like it!"

"No, I never thought of it; but now you mention it, seems to me I do see the resemblance. But you needn't speak so low, Major Luce; she doesn't understand a word of English."

"Oh, she doesn't!"

Presently Mrs. F. came in, and presently after coming in she wanted something which Mathilde must bring.

"Mathilde!" and Mathilde came, quiet, soundless of foot, and prompt. She stood receiving the order, while the rest talked, oblivious of her. Major Luce was listening to Miss Vescey's description of the onyx ring she wore, and listening, was holding Miss Vescey's hand to look at the ring for the moment. He glanced up from the hand suddenly, and caught a pair of eyes that were not Miss Vescey's; dark, brilliant, and piercing, they startled him with an odd sensation, like peril; but as quickly as he met them they were withdrawn. As she left the room the influence seemed to pass, and he laughed at himself for it. He hardly thought of it again until the next day, as he was running up the stairs, he came upon her carrying a basket of flowers to her mistress's room. Two or three choice roses fell out at his feet, and he stooped involuntarily to pick them up. As he tossed them back he looked at her eyes again, but the lids were down, and her "*Je vous remercie*" was spoken in a swift nasal, and her whole air the very type of the class of slaves who are educated in the houses of the French planters up the river. As she went in he met Mrs. F. coming out. He could say to Mrs. F. what he couldn't to Miss Vescey, for besides being a great friend of his she was a married friend. Mrs. F. knew a good deal about his affairs, one way and another, and what he *hadn't* told her she had guessed from what he *had* told. She knew about Valerie Laudersmine. She knew, that is, that, as the phrase goes, Miss Laudersmine and Major Luce had had a great flirtation, and that at the end of the summer, when she waited to hear of their engagement, that Luce suddenly disappeared, and only came back when Miss Laudersmine had left, and then with a gloomy face, and two or three bitter words that once or twice dropped from his lips. She had guessed the story, for she knew Valerie Laudersmine well enough to know how proud she was, and how high she looked; and Everett Luce was not high enough for that looking. This was five years ago, and she supposed by this time that he had gotten over the whole affair, and perhaps forgotten Valerie Laudersmine.

In a moment she knew that he hadn't forgotten her when he stopped her and said:

"You remember Miss Laudersmine, Mrs. F.?"

"Oh yes." And Mrs. F. looked curiously up at his face. It was cool enough.

"Have you ever thought," he went on, "that your waiting-maid resembles her in some ways?"

"There!" And Mrs. F. struck her two

hands together in the sudden shock of thought. "There! that is it! I knew there was something—some resemblance to somebody, I couldn't make out who."

They sat down together in the alcove of the bay-window in the hall, and by-and-by Luce said, with a wistful, grave simplicity that touched Mrs. F. greatly:

"I never quite got over Valerie Laudersmine, Mrs. F.?"

Mrs. F. said, in return, some kind, sympathetic, womanly things; and under her spell he told her more of the affair than she had ever known before, and she found that she had not guessed wrongly.

"It is a long while ago—five years, Mrs. F.; and I really thought the other day that I didn't care, you know, any more; but—just the turn of a girl's cheek and a pair of black eyes, and that old nerve I thought dead goes to vibrating again, and it aches confoundedly, Mrs. F., though I had the tooth drawn long ago."

He laughed, but it was a sad little laugh, sadder than any sigh to Mrs. F. And half ashamed of his confidence he resumed:

"I believe I am acting like a school-boy, or a fool, Mr. F., but I am not going to say any thing about it after this."

Mrs. F. assured him that he might say just as much as he pleased about it to her, and that he was neither a school-boy nor a fool in her estimation for what he had told her. But *she* had something to say now.

"There's one thing you haven't thought of, Major Luce—perhaps you never knew the fact. Valerie Laudersmine, when she was at Cape May that summer, had a waiting-maid who bore quite a curious resemblance to herself."

Major Luce's face was all aflame in an instant. He wheeled round.

"Who knows—"

"Exactly, Major Luce. Who knows but this girl is the quondam waiting-maid of Miss Laudersmine? Shall I ask her now?"

"Yes, if you will, now and here."

Mrs. F. opened the door of her sitting-room and called "Mathilde!" Mathilde dropped the flowers which she was arranging and obeyed the call with her usual alacrity. And as Major Luce looked again at this face which recalled another face the nerve he had fancied dead began to thrill again; and it thrilled still more as he listened to the conversation that ensued. It was in French, and the girl's voice was as he had heard it a while before—nasal and a trifle shrill, like her class, not like the dulcet tones of Valerie Laudersmine, that soft-voiced siren who had sung his heart away five years ago.

"Mathilde," asked Mrs. F., "did you once belong to Miss Laudersmine?"

Mathilde looked open-eyed surprise as she answered, briskly, "*Oui, Madame.*"

"How long since?"

"Five years," after a minute's counting on her brown fingers, and with a stronger nasal than ever upon the *cing*.

"And how came you to part from her?"

"Monsieur Laudersmine died, and Made-moiselle Valerie went to live with her uncle. It was an exchange, Madame. Madame Chesang wanted me, and offered Celie for me. Celie can not dress hair like me; but Made-moiselle Valerie is good-natured, so she took Celie for me, Madame."

"Do you mean to say, Mathilde, that Madame Chesang, who used to live in this house, was your mistress before you came to me?"

"Yes, Madame."

"And that Monsieur Chesang is uncle to Miss Laudersmine?"

"Yes, Madame."

"Did you come straight from Monsieur Chesang's here? and was Miss Laudersmine there?" broke in Luce, in a slightly nervous tone.

"Oh no, Monsieur. Mrs. Chesang died three years ago, and she gave me my freedom in her will; then I came down to the city and hired out as fine laundress. I haven't seen Made-moiselle Laudersmine since, and I couldn't tell where she is, Monsieur," with a curious, stealthy look at Luce from her piercing eyes.

There was no more to be learned from her after this, and as soon as possible Mrs. F. dismissed her back to her task. And after this Luce was no more at rest. He could never see the slim, straight figure, nor the olive curve of Mathilde's cheek, nor the flash of her dark, brilliant eyes beneath those folds of muslin, but it set his heart to beating with old memories. One night she passed him, unconscious of his presence, as he stood in that very bow-window. The poise of her head, the undulation of her movements was so like, so very, very like!

"Confound the resemblance!" he said, under his breath, and with an impatient stamp of his foot, a bitter, troubled, vexed face. And then he turned and looked after her. He saw her pass down the dim corridor. He saw her half turn the handle of a door, then pause, retrace her steps, and come swiftly, softly back. It flashed over him in an unreasoning sort of way, just then, that Mrs. F. and her sister were both away for the evening; at the same moment he shrank involuntarily within the embrasure. She came back and in that swift, soft-footed manner entered Mrs. F.'s room. And why not? He had seen her enter at that very door many and many a time. Why not now? There was no reason why not to be sure; but a curious sensation oppressed him as he watched her; a sensation that was compounded of suspicion and peril; and he remembered the same sensation once before when he had first seen her.

One, two, the seconds ticked by, in audible throbs from the great hall clock, and still he waited, watching now for her reappearance, yet half jeering at himself for the indefinable fancies that held him there.

One, two; it seemed an age. What was she about there so long? So long! Pshaw, it was but three minutes. Three minutes, in that time what might not be done?

"What a fool I am!" he muttered. "I believe I have been drinking too much Champagne; I dare say the girl is putting her mistress's finery in order."

But hark! the door opens; there she comes, the gay coral ear-rings sparkling and tinkling; a smile lurking about her lips, which parting, hum swiftly a bit of the Marseillaise. How like the maid is to her quondam mistress! The old pang strikes the watcher in his nook as he sees her; and he sees, too, one shapely hand thrust into an apron pocket, and hears the rustle of paper, and is half ashamed of himself for the suspicion that upon so slight a footing gains ground. But as she passes out of sight he says, with a certain dogged resolution:

"I'll keep an eye on her any way; if there's mischief I'll find it out—but I wish she wasn't so like, so very, very like."

And he did keep an eye on her. Twice that evening in the garden grounds he crossed her path with the careless pretext of smoking. Twice he cut off her egress from the private gateway. And at the last she turned with a gesture, and half an exclamation that was impatience and disappointment all in one—the impatience and disappointment simply of a foiled coquette.

"Possibly no deeper errand than to meet her lover;" but as he made this inward remark he sighed satisfaction as he saw her flit up the stairway before him. And by-and-by the Colonel and his wife and Miss Vescey came in. It was early yet, and a storm brooded in gusty sobs about the house; it brought damp and chill into the wide rooms, and Mrs. F., shivering under the influence, besought them to adjourn to her smaller boudoir, where Heckla should kindle a fire upon the hearth. Thither they went, and while Heckla, sable servitor, kindled a blaze which sent out aromatic odors of cypress and cedar, Miss Vescey brewed a beverage whose scents were of spices and wines. The scene so home-like and simple, dispelled all fancies and suspicions, but still there was the possibility, and the Major told his story. The Colonel, shrewd soldier, was alert at once, listening intently and gravely; but Mrs. F., nettled at any distrust of her favorite, made jest of the whole affair. It was only some little French love-mottoes Mathilde was after, probably; she herself had told Mathilde where to find them; or it might have been a recipe for a cosmetic Madame Droyer had bestowed upon her, a most wonderful recipe for the hands; and Mathilde had a passion for concocting messes; and very likely, too, it was the young creole who kept the drug-shop round the corner whom Mathilde was seeking at the gateways.

Major Luce felt excessively annoyed at Mrs. F.'s annoyance; annoyed and a trifle disturbed at this jest-making.

Miss Vescey, cognizant of all this, tried to dispel it with the breath of a little song, airily chanted over her foamy distillation. A little French song, whose English

"Heart, heart of mine,
Why dost repine?"

could scarcely give the impassioned aerial grace of the original, which he had heard before. But it was the same lovely tune; and he could imagine as he bent his head away from the singer, and dipped his mustache into the warm sparkle of the spiced wine frothing up in his glass—he could imagine Valerie Laudersmine singing to him one summer night as they rowed down the river for lilies. Five years, and the lilies were all dead long ago—and Valerie, perhaps she too had followed the lilies. A sharp pang pierced him. Dead! he had not thought of that. Dead—all that life and bloom and beauty!

He looked up suddenly; it was a whisper through the song that caught his ear—just a "My shawl, Mathilde," and there she stood, for once unconscious, for once rapt, away and apart—betraying herself. There was wistful depth in her eyes, there was melting sweetness on her lips, as if she might then be singing softly the old French song:

"Heart, heart of mine,
Why dost repine?"

A little tinkling crash, a start and exclamations, while Mrs. F. moved her violet silk from the scene of accident, and then they all fell to laughing over the Major's preoccupation.

"Or was it Julia's song?" bantered the Colonel.

"Yes, it was just that—Miss Julia's song," with a single glance at Miss Vescey, which cost Everett Luce all his self-command; for over it flashed another glance, startled, yet unafraid, as if—"I trust you: *you* will not betray."

And while they laughed and bantered he bent down from their gaze to the fragments of his glass upon the floor, unheeding the reminder of Mrs. F. that Mathilde could perform that service; and bending there, his hands touched hers, and he knew that perhaps he held her life—Valerie Laudersmine's life—in his keeping. Valerie Laudersmine! All this time it had been Valerie Laudersmine, and he had not known. At first a thrill of delight, swift and unreasoning, at her simple presence; then fear, anxiety, foreboding, and suspicion, which deepened into horror, at the fate that might be—that must be, closing around them. He drew a deep breath at the thought that he *had* betrayed her; for, knowing now that it was Valerie Laudersmine, he knew no step of hers was purposeless in that house, nor that, left alone, she did other work than her own. What thwarted purpose was that in the garden then? What noiseless errand in the room beyond? And he had betrayed her! Betrayal—what did it mean? And this betrayal was assuredly of wrong and misdoing, of treason and conspiracy! What did his loyalty command him to do but to betray all treason and conspiracy? His brain reeled with these questions, and his pulses throbbed dizzily, while still he bent there in such dangerous neighborhood, and still the laugh and

bantering jest went on, and no one but they two conscious of the tragic undertone.

"Curious creature she is!" remarked the Colonel, as, the fragments gathered up, Mathilde moved stately from the room.

"A faithful creature!" interluded Mrs. F., with a little breath of malice. "See how she mends this old lace," holding up a web of Valenciennes.

"Lace? And how about that gold-lace on my coat, Mrs. F., which this 'faithful creature' was to rejuvenate with her wonderful fingers?" asked the Colonel.

"How about it? it's like new. You could never tell the broken thread; but look and see for yourself in the wardrobe in your room."

He came back with it on his arm, and looking at it, fell into praises which satisfied even Mathilde's mistress.

"And the papers in the inner pocket I told you of you put in my cabinet, I suppose, as I suggested?"

"No, not in the cabinet; it was that day I was ill in my room, and I dropped them in my writing-desk; or Mathilde did for me."

The eyes of Major Luce threw a startled, fearful glance across the table; and there was something in the answering glance of his superior that fully met it. Just a moment of waiting, then the Colonel rose again. Mrs. F. looked up from the contemplation of her slippers on the fender.

"Wait, and I'll send Mathilde for the desk, Tom." But the Colonel had disappeared, and presently returning, bore in his hands a little escritoir of gilt and inlaying.

"The key, Kate—underneath there. Don't you remember the small secret drawer outside for it?"

It was but a second that turning of the key, that lifting of the lid; but in the brief time what length of fear and dread, what fainting horror possessed him who watched and waited from the other side of the little table, where still Miss Vescey brewed her posset and hummed her song. But the song was coming to an end, no more to be resumed that night. It broke off suddenly in the turning of a note, at a new note in her brother-in-law's gay voice.

"Kate, Kate! what have you done?" It was not only displeasure, but it was the sharp, swift tone which bursts forth at only one crisis—that of peril or its anticipation. Then in an instant dismay seized upon the group there—in an instant they all knew what had happened, that Major Luce's suspicions had come true; but still in anxious voice Mrs. F. cried, "What is it? what have I done, Tom?"

"It was that plan of Gerritt's, Major, the whole line of attack, and the present disposition of our men in complete drawing;" but the Major, before the Colonel had spoken more than the first half dozen words, had disappeared.

He would save her yet from question or trial. If he reclaimed the lost paper, what more for all loyal purpose was needed? If he reclaimed it!

Down a wide hall, as he went out of Mrs. F.'s boudoir, he caught the echo of a footstep. Following it, the flutter of a light garment led him on, and on, still on, through a maze of doorways and passages until the fever of pursuit and delay nearly maddened him. Then a voice—was it Mrs. F.'s?—far off at first, then coming nearer, called "Mathilde, Mathilde!"—then other footsteps, other voices, when suddenly a breath of the storm blew coldly in from an opening door, and following on, he found himself in the garden-grounds, out in the wild tempestuous night. A late moon was struggling up through flying clouds, and by its fitful light he discerned what he sought. There she fled down the narrow, tortuous pathway which led to the river-gate. A moment more and he held her in his grasp—a moment more and he was speaking to her vehemently, almost incoherently, calling her "Valerie;" imploring, beseeching, commanding, in a breath. At the first words she knew her danger; yet the reckless adventurous spirit which had incited her on to the part she had undertaken still had possession of her. A strange exultant look gleamed from her eyes.

"Well!" she exclaimed, in the breathless pause.

"The papers! give me the papers, Valerie! then go free, and God help you!" he cried.

She seemed to start at the solemn passion of his tone; but immediately her voice rang steadily in answer:

"At the foot of the garden, by the river-gate, under the lion's head, there is a receptacle for letters—a cleft in the granite that will admit your hand. I dropped the packet there an hour ago—an hour hence it would have been beyond your reach, if you had not prevented my egress from the grounds; and so you checkmate me again, Sir." She stepped forward, as if to go, but still his detaining hand lingered on her arm.

"Well, am I to go free, Sir?" in haughty accents.

What Fate was it that held that moment? There was no shadow of doubt of her in his mind as she spoke; he believed she spoke only simplest truth, and that in the cleft of granite he should find what he sought; but some bitter pang of parting, some anxious fear for her welfare in the wild and dreary night made him hesitate perhaps.

"But how can you go, where can you go alone, Val—Miss Laudersmine, at this hour?"

Again his tone seemed to touch her; and she lifted wistful eyes a moment and answered gentler than before:

"I have friends who wait for me."

As she spoke, the wind rising in a fresh burst, a branch of the cypress under which she stood struck suddenly against her. Unprepared for the blow, she lost poise, reeled, and would have fallen but for her companion. As he caught her something slipped from her hold and rustled to the ground. The moon came sailing up

and showed him what it was—a slender packet sealed with red wax. Good Heaven! how well he knew it! And how bitter the recognition now; yet what Providence! As he stooped to take it their eyes met.

"Yes, I deceived you," she exclaimed, bitterly, but with the bitterness of defeat solely. "I told you it was at the foot of the garden when I held it here in my hands. I meant to have gained time, as you see: an accident prevented me."

She stood as if waiting. She had deceived him. In how much more might she not even now be deceiving, misleading, and betraying? What was she to him? The woman whom he loved. But there was something else. There was his country and his honor! Suddenly his mind cleared, and a divine resolution possessed him.

"Valerie—Miss Laudersmine, you are my prisoner."

The next instant lights gleamed from the opening doors, footsteps and voices rang—a confusion of question and exclamation and wonder. It seemed an age to Major Luce that he stood there with his hand closed over Valerie Laudersmine's slight wrist, until the soldierly figure of Colonel F. stood before them. At the first glance the Colonel saw the whole—the double identity, the deep-laid thwarted purpose, and the pang of discovery. In another moment he saw, too, how much loyalty and honor meant with Everett Luce, as he noted the firm yet gentle hold of detention, and the stern sorrow of his face as he handed him the packet.

And Valerie Laudersmine was a prisoner in the house where she had fraudulently served. She uttered no complaint, she made no protest, she showed no sign of repentance, and none of anxiety through it all.

Quietly and even tenderly, for the sake of her youth and her sex, and perhaps, too, for the sake of the brave fellow who had so painfully proved his loyalty, the examination was carried on, and the final judgment awarded. It was certainly gentle judgment, that sentence of banishment up the river, upon an unwilling *parole d'honneur*. Gentle judgment for her sin; but she received it with the same cold, haughty apathy that had intrenched her from the first.

"I always thought her heartless—always," commented Mrs. F., with a pained, half-frightened face, after their last interview.

"And to think we should have been so deceived by a little disguising!" exclaimed Miss Vescey; "but there never was such an actress as Valerie Laudersmine. The first time I ever saw her she played in Mrs. Althorpe's private theatricals, and how Charlie Althorpe raved about her!"

Heartless and an actress! Perhaps they all judged her with this judgment except one, who might have been pardoned for even harsher judgment. But he, as those dark eyes lifted to his for the last time, realized what divine possibilities were lost in the warping realities

of her education and associations, and what she might have been if all her life had not been spent under an unnatural rule, where every selfish whim was fostered, and every idle wish indulged. Looking into her eyes, he said no word of reproach, but only with sad earnestness:

"Good-by, Valerie."

She dropped her hand in his; it was icy cold, and her haughty voice faltered a little in replying:

"You have done your duty, Major Luce, and I honor you for it."

In an instant, by that glance, by that faltering tone, he knew how near, yet how far apart they were; and he knew that when they parted it would be forever. But he had done his duty, and she honored him.

To Mrs. F. he said, one day:

"I suppose I shall overlive this, and perhaps at some time be a happy and contented man, with altogether another future than this that I thought possible once; for neither men nor women give up their lives at one disappointment, however great, unless they are weak or wicked."

This was good and true philosophy; but it sounded a little too matter-of-fact and cool to Mrs. F., who remembered so vividly the sad passion of love which had broken up into every word and look a little while since from this now quiet speaker. She had not fathomed Everett Luce yet.

"He isn't a fellow to make a fuss about any thing, but he is one to hold on to a feeling or a purpose a long time, Mrs. F.," commented that lady's husband.

And Mrs. F. realized how true this was as time went on, and found Major Luce untouched by all the bright eyes and winning smiles that lavished their sweetness upon him.

The war is over, and Valerie Laudersmine—now Valerie Laudersmine no longer, but the wife of one of her own race—released from that *parole d'honneur*, shows her handsome, haughty face at imperial fêtes and royal presentations. She achieved her destiny, and made a worldly, perhaps a loveless marriage; but that she was not altogether unworthy such love as Everett Luce had given her one little incident may serve to show. Meeting a fellow-countrywoman—none other than Miss Vescey—in a Paris salon one day, among other inquiries she asked, with a flushing cheek:

"And Major Luce, Miss Vescey? I hope the world goes well with him. He is a brave fellow—and a gentleman."

And this "brave fellow," this "gentleman," proves all his claims, and the world goes well with him. Men respect him, women trust him, and children welcome his approach. He has not made that other "future" for himself yet; but there is certainly nothing morbid in his mind, even though the only picture that hangs in his room is that Roman girl of Valsi's, whose aspect is that of Valerie Laudersmine.

TOM CORWIN OF OHIO.

"I AM old and infirm," said Tom Corwin of Ohio to Roscoe Conkling, a few days before his death, "and in the common way of life I must soon die. I fear, Conkling—I fear men will remember me only as a jester."

This dread in Corwin's mind was not without reason. Although he was contemporaneous with Webster, Adams, Clay, and Douglas, and won his very enviable and national reputation upon the same issues of national banks, tariff, the Compromise of 1850, and the Mexican war, he fails to take rank with them as a statesman. We even neglect to name him in the same category of great orators with Clay and Webster, though, in the strict sense of the term, he was the superior of either in elegance and refinement of style, beauty and richness of imagination, and gracefulness of delivery; but mentally incapable of grasping complicated political questions and of originating great political measures, Corwin failed to become a statesman like Clay and Webster. He had not, besides, the fierce earnestness of those absolute and more powerful, more despotic natures; he had not the firm, deep, earnest, absorbing convictions which they felt, and which were their motive powers, and which made them orators—and such orators, too, as were resistless in the advocacy of their ideas. Always more pleasing, Corwin was not always as forcible as they were; and so he takes rank—not exactly as he feared, as a jester—but as a stump orator, and his fame will be preserved by tradition rather than by history.

When one comes to examine Corwin's career it is surprising to find how little he accomplished. He did no great national work, developed no great national idea, and his finest triumph—that of 1840—was a mere partisan victory. Almost the only deeply earnest speech in advocacy of a great and grave principle which he ever made, and the only one of his efforts which powerfully impressed the American people, was that opposing the further prosecution of the Mexican war. It is a singular speech: in the first place, there is no argument in it; and it is by no means the most eloquent of his special pleadings, though it contains some fine passages—as witness the fine picture of Napoleon seeking "more room," and finding it at St. Helena. Its impressiveness on the public resulted from a certain force given to the sentiments by the strong convictions of the speaker in the truth of what he advocated. He felt as he spoke, as all now recognize, that while he was boldly and unreservedly exposing himself to the charge of unpatriotically opposing a war in which the country was involved, he was in truth simply opposing the spread of slavery. But this one statesmanlike effort did not gain him the fame as a statesman which he coveted, nor did his lighter efforts gain him a reputation as an orator. Their great ideas of statesmanship demanding utterance, made Clay and Web-

ster great orators. Corwin, on the contrary, spoke without effort, and eloquent words came from his lips without the exercise of thought—certainly without the inspiration of the great progressive ideas of reform which aroused the others. Corwin was a finished speaker, but one felt all the while he listened to him that he was being beguiled—not to say swindled—by soft words, beautiful language, perfect rhetoric, but pleasing only, not impressive. In it all the heart seemed absent. When you could steal away from the presence of the speaker, and shut out from eye and memory the fascination of his manner, his words lacked terribly in impressiveness; all their rich glow and warmth as he uttered them was gone, and they looked dull and tame in the cold leaden type. One turns away from their contemplation, and takes delight in recalling some of the commonplace but powerful phrases of Webster, which stir the blood even as one reads them. Webster's denunciation, in the Supreme Court, of the Wheeling Bridge Company, loses nothing by the absence of his manner. After stating facts and figures, and previous conclusions and decisions upon the case, which had long troubled the court and the public, Webster said, in his quiet, forcible way: "Now, your Honors, we desire this unauthorized Company to send in complete returns from the first; to present a bill of entire receipts; to render up strict and unimpeachable accounts; to settle up, pay up—in other words, DISGORGE!" As he spoke the last word he brought down his hand upon the desk with a thump of emphasis.

Though the absence of this deep earnestness of manner and profundity of thought which characterized the others prevented Corwin from becoming a great *orator*, it did not prevent him from being a singularly effective and fascinating *stump speaker*. Even in his forensic efforts he took delight in his graceful flights of fancy rather than in the employment of solid argument; and preferred the familiar and conversational to the didactic in style, and was demonstrative rather than deliberative. Profound he never was, and could not be. He was very thoroughly read—a man, however, of acquirements rather than of learning; and his extensive though rather superficial information, firmly held in his retentive memory, gave him great command of language. He had an inexhaustible supply of sharp and telling because pointed and applicable anecdotes, the wit of which was easy of comprehension; and a rare knowledge of those sentiments which please the multitude, and which, exploded in a crowd, circulate with electrical rapidity and effect.

Corwin was, I think I may safely say, the first of our public men who made a great reputation in that style peculiar to us Americans known as "stump oratory," and to succeed in which requires perhaps more varied talents than any other style of the rhetorician's art. His voice either required no training at all, or had received a great deal, and never had speaker

more complete control over his voice, or voice more power over an audience. It was soft, round, strong, and flexible. Within the scope of a few brief sentences it would often expand from the lowest conversational and confidential tone, audible only in the speaker's immediate vicinity, to a climax which would startle his thousands of admirers in the remotest galleries. "Corwin was the bane of my existence in the gallery," said an old Congressional reporter to me on my telling him that Corwin was dead. "He could be heard only about half the time. When he had any thing particularly good to say he told it in a confidential manner, inaudible in our gallery, and as if it were intended only for the special benefit of his fellow-members. The reporters could never catch the point where the jokes came in." Another facetious reporter, referring to this peculiarity of Corwin's, used to say that "when he had a good joke to tell, Corwin used to go into executive session."

Mr. Corwin's manner in telling an apt story was more effective upon a large audience, and not less agreeable to a small party, than that of Mr. Lincoln; but the two men told their stories for very different purposes. Mr. Lincoln's humor was the adjunct of his deep and earnest nature, and his stories were his peculiar and effective arguments in favor of wise and great principles. Corwin's humor was the primary, the essential part of his exuberant and jovial nature; and his witticisms served only the purposes of ridicule, pointing no moral, though in his hands his stories wonderfully adorned an address and charmed an audience. He was not at all argumentative—was rather a rhetorician than a logician; but he did not for that reason the less appreciate and perceive the salient points of an argument. But Corwin seldom or never met argument by argument; he drew in reply on his inexhaustible fund of wit and humor, and effected his purposes by the use of sarcasm and the illustrative anecdotes which were such resistless weapons in his hands. His sarcastic powers made him when in Congress the terror of all younger members. The most memorable of his sarcastic speeches, and indeed one of the most remarkable efforts in that vein in the English language, was his caricature of General Crary, a member of Congress, who had formerly been a general of Michigan militia in the old times when the militia were so supremely ridiculous. Corwin's description of Crary as a militiaman will be so enjoyable to the tried soldiers of the nation of the present day, and is so happily illustrative of Corwin's style, that I am tempted to give the extract here. General Crary had sneeringly reflected in one of his speeches on General Harrison's generalship, and had thereby aroused the ire of Corwin, who had always been Harrison's champion. I don't believe that General Crary's speech had excited any malice in Corwin's heart, and I mean nothing more by ire than a slight contempt. At any rate, sharp and crushing as was his sarcastic castigation of Cra-

ry, there does not appear in his speech any other than the greatest good-humor. Having briefly alluded to the indignity which Crary had offered to the dead hero, Corwin continued:

Now the gentleman from Michigan being a militia general, as he has told us, his brother officers, in that simple statement, has revealed the glorious history of toils, privations, sacrifices, and bloody scenes through which we know, from experience and observation, a militia officer in time of peace has to pass. We all in fancy see the gentleman from Michigan in that most dangerous and glorious event of the militia general—a parade day. We can see the troops in motion, umbrellas, hoe and axe handles, and other like deadly implements of war, overshadowing all the field, when lo! the leader of the host approaches.

"Far off his coming shines."

His plume white after the fashion of the great Bourbon, is of ample length, and reads its doleful history in the bereaved necks and bosoms of forty neighboring hen-roosts. Like the great Suwaroff, he seems somewhat careless in forms and point of dress, hence his epaulets may be on his shoulders, back, or sides, but still gleaming gloriously in the sun. Mounted he is too, let it not be forgotten. Need I describe to the Colonels and Generals of this honorable body the steed which such heroes bestride on such occasions? No. I see the memory of other days is with you. You see before you the gentleman from Michigan, mounted on his crop-eared, bushy-tailed mare, the regular obliquities of whose hinder limbs is described by that most expressive phrase "sickle hams;" her height just fourteen hands all told. Yes, Sir, there you see his steed, that laughs at the "shaking of the spear;" that is his "war horse whose neck is clothed with thunder."

We have glowing descriptions of Alexander the Great and his war horse Bucephalus at the head of the Macedonian phalanx; but, Sir, such are the improvements of modern times, that every one must see that our militia General, with his crop-eared mare with bushy tail and sickle ham would literally frighten off a battle-field a hundred Alexanders. But to the history of the parade day. The General thus mounted and equipped is in the field and ready for action. On the eve of some desperate enterprise, such as giving order to shoulder-arms, it may be, there occurs a crisis, one of the accidents of war which no sagacity could prevent. A cloud rises and passes over the sun! Here an occasion occurs for the display of that greatest of all traits in the character of a commander, that trait which enables him to seize upon and turn to good account events unlooked for as they may arise. Now for the caution with which the Roman Fabius foiled the skill and courage of Hannibal. A retreat is ordered, and troops and General, in a twinkling, are found gone, safe ensconced in a neighboring grocery. But even here the General still has room for the exhibition of heroic deeds. Hot from the field and chafed with the untoward events of the day, your General unsheathes his trenchant blade, eighteen inches in length, as you will well remember, and with an energy and remorseless fury he slices the water-melons that lie in heaps around him, and shares them with his surviving friends.

Others of the sinews of war are not wanting here. Whisky, that great traveler of modern times, is here also, and the shells of the water-melon are filled to the brim. Here, again, is shown how the extremes of barbarism and civilization meet. As the Scandinavian heroes of old, after the fatigues of war, drank wine from the skulls of their slaughtered enemies in Odin's halls, so now our militia General and his forces, from the skulls of melons thus vanquished, in copious draughts of whisky assuage the heroic fire of their souls, after the bloody scenes of a parade day. But, alas! for this short-lived race of ours, all things will have an end, and so even is it with the glorious achievements of our General. Time is on the wing, and will not stay its flight; the sun, as if frightened at the mighty events of the day, rides down the sky, and at the close of day, when the "hamlet is still," the curtain of night drops upon the scene,

"And glory, like the phoenix in its fires,
Exhales its odors, blazes, and expires."

The unfortunate militia gentleman from Michigan was not less confounded and dumfounded by this reply; and when John Quincy Adams, in the course of a debate on the follow-

ing day, casually alluded, in his quiet way, to "the late lamented Mr. Crary," the whole House, including the victim, was convulsed with irresistible merriment.

Few persons now living will be able to remember Corwin during the memorable campaign of 1840, when he gained for himself the sobriquet of the "Wagon Boy," and his great popularity as the most fascinating stump speaker in the country. The Whig victory of that year was a double triumph for Corwin; for he was at once the candidate for Governor of the party, and its great Western champion in the effort to elect Harrison to the Presidency. Although he knew he was personally popular, Corwin did not attempt to make the race for Governor on his own merits, but ran on those of Harrison. In fact, no important principle was involved in his race—indeed, none in that of Harrison—the wonderful uprising of the people was but a partisan revival—a political revolution incited by the financial policy of President Jackson, and strengthened by the financial panic and distress of 1837–38. The political excitement was very great; no canvass for the Presidency has ever been accompanied by such peculiar demonstrations. They were resorted to as necessary to excite interest in a contest involving only partisan issues, and were chiefly "sound and fury, signifying nothing." Harrison ran on the prestige gained at Tippecanoe, and the party war-cry was "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." Harrison's greatest recommendation for a place in the White House was that he had been born, reared, and had lived all his life in a "log-cabin," and he became better known as the "Log-cabin Candidate" than as the "Conqueror of Tecumseh." Miniature log-cabins were carried in the political processions through the streets of the great cities, and political "log-cabin raisings" were of daily occurrence during the canvass in the rural districts all over the country. A huge log-cabin, mounted on a wagon, was carried through Ohio with Tom Corwin, and appeared as his platform wherever he spoke. The people in those days came to hear him in vast crowds—perfect caravansaries—and he often spoke to audiences which covered, with their wagons, tents, and the inevitable log-cabins, several hundred square acres. The farmers in the idle summer season followed him from county to county, holding their peculiar Western barbecues at each point at which he spoke, and living, in the mean time, in their tents and log-cabins. The State, and indeed all the Northwest, was carried in a perfect blaze of excitement for Harrison; and the "Wagon Boy" was elected Governor of Ohio.

Corwin's opponent in this race was the then incumbent, Governor Wilson Shannon. During one of his trips from one appointment to another Corwin and the wife of Shannon were fellow-passengers in a public stage-coach. They had never met, and were unknown to each other. Mrs. Shannon had no escort, but carried only her infant boy in her arms. The remainder of

the passengers consisted of Corwin's friends, who made the round of the State with him, and who were likewise ignorant of the presence of the rival candidate's "better half." They were not long left in this blissful ignorance; for the lady, aroused by their free use of "hard cider" sentiments, soon gave them to understand in very plain English that she was "a good Locofoco," and, moreover, "the wife of Governor Shannon to boot." This announcement was rather startling to the gentlemen. Corwin was the first to recover his composure and take advantage of the situation. Expressing himself delighted at having met her, he placed himself beside Mrs. Shannon, and at once became very attentive to her. He told her of his acquaintance with her husband, spoke in highly complimentary terms of his character and public career, and expressed his unbounded admiration of the man. The lady was charmed, and begged several times to know the name of her new friend. Corwin found means to avoid answering that question. The lady overlooked this evasion, and told Corwin in confidence (loud enough, of course, to be heard by the hard-cider men) that her husband was certain of a re-election—that he was not to be beaten by "that fellow Tom Corwin, who was nothing, after all," she added, "but a wagon boy when young."

"And who now goes about the country," suggested Corwin, "making himself ridiculous by driving a six-horse team, with a log-cabin mounted on a country wagon."

"And who, they say, is black as the ace of spades," chimed in the lady.

"Black, Madam!" exclaimed Corwin. "Black? Yes, black as the—I beg your pardon—as I am."

Continuing the deception in a manner which kept his friends convulsed with smothered laughter, Corwin took the lady's baby in his arms, fondled and dandled it, calling it the "Young Governor," and carrying the heart of the mother by storm. At length the lady reached her destination, and informed Corwin so with a sigh of regret. The gallant but unknown candidate assisted the Governor's lady to alight, took the child in his arms, and carried it into the house. He saw the lady in her parlor, and laid the infant flat on its back in her lap. Holding it there for a moment, he said:

"My dear Mrs. Shannon, I have laid the 'Young Governor' flat on his back, and I'm going to serve the 'Old Governor' in the same way at the coming election. Good-by. I ought to have told you before that my name is—Tom Corwin, who was nothing but a wagon boy, and who is pretty black, I admit. Good-by!" and before Mrs. Shannon could recover from her astonishment he was gone. He did lay the "Old Governor" "flat on his back," but the latter returned the compliment two years later.

There are quite a number of stories told about Corwin's dark complexion. The best of them, perhaps, is to the effect that one of the

English capitalists, who visited this country with Sir Morton Peto in 1865, on being introduced to Corwin, asked him if "his tribe was at peace with the whites." Corwin must have enjoyed this as much as he did Marshall's mistake in recollecting him as one of his uncle's family colored servants. Singularly enough Corwin was rather proud of his dark complexion, and frequently alluded to it. Several years before his death, while traveling with some friends from Washington to New York, conversation fell upon the subject of American orators, and Corwin indulged, in his peculiar vein, in a long critique, interspersed with reminiscences and anecdotes, of Clay, Calhoun, John Quincy Adams, and the public speakers and men who made the last generation memorable. A companion, who had heard nearly all of them, disagreed with Corwin in some of his opinions, and particularly his estimate, or failure to estimate himself; and said:

"You must allow me to say, Mr. Corwin, that for elegance, refinement, and that beautiful imagery of the Orient, in which so many indulge and so few know how to sustain, there is no one of our public speakers who pleases me so much as Tom Corwin of Ohio."

Mr. Corwin bowed in acknowledgment of the compliment, and remarked that he thought he might honestly accept it as such, as he claimed that it was a natural gift, descended to him from his ancient ancestors.

"You will have noticed," he said, "my very dark complexion?"

The other could not but admit with a smile that he had noticed that.

"Well, I came by that complexion and my imagination in the same way, naturally and from the same source—my ancestry. You may remember that away back in 1458 there figured among the Hungarian rulers a great champion of that country, one Mathias Corvinus, or Corvin, who, as history has it, made his country formidable to her neighbors. Well, I am descended from that Magyar family of Corvinus. My father was named Mathias Corwin, and from that family I derive my complexion and imagination."

Corwin was a great advocate rather than a great lawyer—in spite of what Lord Chancellor Erskine may say of the impossibility of such a thing. Every body will remember the story, how two Americans having differed in opinion concerning Erskine's incompetence—the one of them maintaining and the other denying that the greater number of his decrees had been reversed—the dispute gave rise to a bet of three dozen of port. With comical bad taste one of the parties to the bet—the one who believed that the Chancellor's judgments had been thus frequently upset—wrote to Erskine for information on the point. Instead of giving the answer which his correspondent desired, Erskine informed him that he had lost his wine, and added:

"To save you from spending your money on

bets which you are sure to lose, remember that no man can be a great advocate who is no lawyer. The thing is impossible."

Corwin was a positive refutation of this theory. His reputation at the bar was chiefly due to his powers as an advocate and special pleader, and his ability in that branch of the profession made his fortune several times over; for he spent three handsome fortunes in paying security debts. He was not a great lawyer—hardly a good practical lawyer to intrust with small cases of little interest, and yet he was a great advocate, often wringing verdicts from cold-blooded jurymen in spite of law, and fact, and justice. It used to be a common remark among lawyers that to give Corwin the closing speech in defense of the vilest criminal was to give him the case, as his appeals to a jury were equivalent to an acquittal. His reputation as a criminal lawyer was known all over the country, and caused him to be retained for the defense of some of the most desperate villains. Such trials were exactly in his vein, and yet he was not a "tragic" lawyer. His humor would "crop out" on the most serious occasions, and often produced, in spite of the orator, an anticlimax which would injure his case. An instance of such a result to one of his grand pathetic appeals occurred in a Western court. It will be remembered that Corwin, in the Senate in 1847, arguing seriously against the morality of the projected war against Mexico, permitted his appreciation of broad humor to lead him into the extravagant expression, "If I were a Mexican I would tell you, 'Have you not room in your own country to bury your dead men? If you come into mine, we will greet you with bloody hands and welcome you to hospitable graves.'" A few years after, when this expression, somewhat abbreviated and effectively changed, had been quoted by the newspapers until it had become as familiar as "household words," Mr. Corwin was retained as counsel for a man charged with murder, and who he claimed had acted in self-defense. Corwin had the closing speech, and the verdict was confidently expected to be with him. In his final appeal to the jury he pictured the condition of his client as endeavoring to avoid the difficulty, portrayed the murdered man as forcing it upon him, dogging his steps, denouncing him as a coward, and at last threatening to strike him. "What!" he exclaimed, "would you have done in such an emergency? What, Sir," turning to the prosecuting attorney, "what would you have done?"

"Done," replied the attorney, eagerly clutching his opportunity and springing to his feet—"done, Sir?—I would have welcomed him with bloody hands to a hospitable grave."

The jury was convulsed with laughter, and Corwin lost that case.

Corwin's peculiarities of oratory may almost be said to have left him "without a parallel." The use of this extravagant and frequent quotation has made me reflect that I never heard

of his being mentioned except in contrast to the various speakers of his time. I have heard and read of him quoted as in contrast to Douglas, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, and even Bob Toombs. After his return to Congress in 1858-60 great eagerness was manifested to hear him, and his great effort on January 24, 1860, urging conciliation, but never mentioning compromise, was listened to with the profoundest attention by the leading men and extremists of both parties (never mind the synonymous terms; every body don't admit that leading men in politics are of necessity extremists). Senators deserted their wing of the Capitol and swelled the multitude that clustered about him. He soon revealed the fact that he had lost none of the charms of old. He had not spoken ten minutes before the members from all sides had literally surrounded him, and revealed in bursts of rapturous applause that they had caught his spirit and felt the fire which burned within the speaker's heart. The scene in the House on this occasion was one of the most interesting that has ever been witnessed in the splendid new Hall of Representatives.

Any reader can imagine from what I have said before that Mr. Corwin was a delightful companion sociably. His magnetic influence was

not less strongly and strangely felt at the fire-side and social board than on the rostrum—in fact, the conversational was his most effective style on the stump, in the forum, or Halls of Congress. He was equally attractive to old and young, and equally amusing and instructive in his conversation. It will be remembered that it was while surrounded by his friends, and engaged in recalling recollections of his inglorious and laughable Mexican career, that he was stricken down with paralysis. An old friend whom he had parted with in Mexico had come among many others to see him; and naturally conversation turned in the Mexican channel. After a time it lagged somewhat, and having nothing better to say, Corwin remarked to his friend that he was looking more bald than when they had parted.

"Oh yes," his friend said, and added, laughingly, that old apology of baldpated men—"But then, you know, Cæsar was bald."

"Yes," returned Corwin, "and for that matter it is also said that 'Cæsar had fits.'"

These were about the last intelligent words he uttered. Hardly had he spoken them than he fell down in a fit of paralysis, and was taken to his bed, from which he never rose again.

DAY DREAMS.

GREAT colors burned upon the lake,
Richer than faded in the west,
Like gorgeous flush of bough and brake
Half bathed, half drowned in its dark breast.
Great colors burned there and were lost,
Deepening and smouldering softly out;
And up the slope and all about
Bloomed globes of scent the light wind tossed.

While like an alchemist the day
Wrought clouds to gold and madly died,
The exultation of his ray
Still slanted up the broad earth's side.
And all the willows, where they wet
The white feet of each dipping branch,
Seemed but the lake's dark blood to stanch,
Half down the twilight, when we met.

Against a twisted stem she leaned;
The breeze blew out her shining curls;
A thrush hung over her and threned
With all his song's melodious whirls.
Till stars were large upon the east
Through the sweet dusk the bird sung still
Voluptuous cadences at will;
And in a sudden swell he ceased.

A blossom on the floor of night
Through odorous dark the young moon lay,
And thronging stars with yellow light
Marked out the footsteps of the day.
Full house-lights streamed down elm and lawn,
Crowned statue-heads with steady rays,
Lit leaping fountains into blaze,
And died in gloom as longer drawn.

Then slowly shot one last red gleam
Over large urns hung down with flowers,
O'er ripples shouldering in the stream,
O'er lush growth soaked in fragrant showers.
Some sudden laugh rung through the place,
And startling all, her deep dream broke;
Still I no pleading word had spoke,
Nor seen one blush fleet o'er her face.

She might have passed me undescried
In all the shadow as she fled;
I stepped, and trembling by her side,
"My love! my love!" I only said.
Above, with brows implacable,
Three marble fates towered sad and wise;
I laughed to scorn their vacant eyes,
And kissed the lips of Rosabel!

The electric touch of passion stings
My soul to cast the unreal by,
Escape its overshadowing wings,
And know my dream alone is nigh—
A gleaming castle in the air,
That lightens, breaks, and fades away,
And leaves me floating on the bay
This summer noon with my despair.

The very water lapping now
Across my slow keel's languid drifting
Has bubbled round her lip and brow,
Perchance, perchance, with weary shifting!
Yon very sea-weed's streaming wreath,
Knotted through lashings long and fell,
Perchance from anchored beds of shell
Arose upon her parting breath.

For somewhere in the middle sea—
I can not ever know the place—
The only world of joy to me
Sleeps quietly with heaven-turned face.
Perhaps the shadow of some leaf,
Borne from the north far out to sea,
On her still dream may picture me—
Calm with despair, but mad with grief.

I dare not think of that wild hour
Before she found the quiet rest,
Clinging to life that threw her off
As each crest struck her struggling breast.
With sunbeams flecked, through doming waves,
I only see her lying there,
Free currents drawing down her hair,
With closed eyes heedless whoso raves!

THE VIRGINIANS IN TEXAS.

CHAPTER XX.

TWO YEARS AFTER.

A LEAP, and a long one. "Only two years since that night the prairie was on fire—two years this morning! Hah! perhaps so. Well, yes; but it seems to me more like ten."

It is Uncle Frank who says it. His beard is more luxuriant, his eye is brighter, his face, if possible, more browned by the sun and the never-ending winds; certainly a stouter, comelier Texan than we left him in our last chapter. He is engaged, for probably the ten thousandth time in his life, in cleaning out his favorite rifle at a stump, the broad top of which has been neatly leveled off to make a table, in his brother's front yard. Upon the stump lie his revolvers, with which he has just got through. No children in the neatest household in Christendom are more regularly and thoroughly washed than they. You can see at a glance that his bowie-knife, which he has stuck into a tree beside him out of Bessie's ever-curious reach, has a new edge from whetstone and strap. He is refreshed, as he works, by having, every ten minutes or so, his rosy-cheeked and very plump baby brought to him to be kissed by his pretty wife, who generally seizes the same opportunity of kissing both of them herself, in view of the event for which all the preparation is on foot.

Near by sits Venable at work, cross-legged, upon the straps and buckles of his uncle's Mexican saddle. Will is manufacturing a leather satchel. Mr. Morton McRoberts is in the house writing vigorously at his desk. The ladies and servants are grinding coffee and baking bushels of biscuits and hard cakes, as if for an army about to march. Bessie is eagerly supplying all her friends with water for the washing, thread and wax for the sewing, chips for the baking, and innumerable questions for the answering. But it is very evident that all the unusual activity of the hour revolves about and upon Uncle Frank.

"Two years!" And the Texan pushed back the brim of his great wool hat from his brow with the left hand, holding his rifle, end down for the water to run out, with his right.

"We lived so quietly, uncle, up here all among ourselves—so happily, too, that we hardly knew or cared what was going on in the world. Why," continued Venable, looking up from his saddle, "my father always taught me the Union was patterned after the Solar System, each separate star having its own independent axis and orbit, yet each and all revolving about a great centre. I no more ever dreamed of the Union being broken up than I did of all the planets tumbling apart. It looks to me like trying to upset nature itself. We've been too busy up here to study such matters as

closely as we might; but for my part I can't believe it—I *won't* believe it—at least not yet."

"I never believed they even meant to *try* such a foolish thing till that day I went down to Austin," replied the uncle. "There was a fellow in the Convention with their Ordinance of Secession spread out on his desk just below where I sat in the gallery. Leaning a little over the railing I could have spit right in the centre of it, and it was all I could do not to do it. I told you about the young lady sitting next to me. 'Just do it,' she whispered to me—she must have seen it all in my face—'do it, do it! I'll say it was *me*! If I could only get my hands on it I would tear it up. I ain't afraid,' she said. But they all passed it, and signed it, and put it in a long tin case, and labeled it, and put it on a shelf behind the glass doors of the book-case in the State Department there in the Capitol. I've seen it often since."

"And that day they summoned Sam Houston to the bar to take their new oath," continued the Texan. "Yes, I was there that day. I never will forget that fellow Clarke stepping up to the desk, so spry and piert, to take it instead, when no Sam Houston answered. Despising them, growling at them, striking at them right and left with his paws when they pressed on him too near, like a big bear retreating slowly before a pack of curs, giving way, but his eyes and teeth toward them all the time! I do wonder," added the speaker, pausing with his oiled rag over the lock of his rifle as he spoke—"I do wonder what would have been the upshot of the business if old Sam *had* listened to some of us! There were enough of us to do it. He had only to say the word, and we would have sent that straw Convention whirling soon enough! 'No, no, gentlemen,' he said, in that slow way of his—I can see him now sitting in his large chair, whittling crosses and hearts and such like out of white pine while he talked—'No, no, my friends; those fools up stairs'—we were talking to him in his room in the basement of the Capitol—'are going headforemost to ruin; but no, I can not imbrue my hands in the blood of my fellow-citizens. Won't you take some of these trifles to remember me by?' he said, as we were leaving, holding out an old cigar-box on the table by him, brimful of his tobacco-stoppers, crosses, and things. Not a man of us took one! He was a wise man, a great man, a good man—that is, of late years; he had his good wife to thank for that. But he was old, that was the trouble—too old. There he lives this moment at his place on the bay, making a hard living, his hands boating wood to Galveston for sale, growling at the madmen who have *got* us, prophesying, as he always did, only ruin, ruin as the end of it all. What I say—"

"Better take the sober, sensible view of matters which I do, Frank," interrupted his brother

er, who had come out from his writing during the last few moments, and was tossing Bessie in the air by way of exercise. "We are Union men. Yes; but why? Because our father was so before us. No one more devoted to the Union than our mother, too, for that matter. Then, all our nearest associates in Virginia held the same opinions. I am sure we never permitted a newspaper to come into the house that did not teach the same. So, ever since we were born. I believe we have been right in our opinions; but no merit in you and I for that—we couldn't *help* thinking and feeling as we do—it's part of our very nature. And isn't it exactly so with the other side? In almost every case their parents, associates, reading, have been exactly the opposite from ours, and they are, in consequence, just what they are to-day. Mind," added he, with a species of calm warmth, "not that I do not hate their crime as much as any man can—not that I do not pray it may be an utter failure—not that I would not fight against it, however sorrowfully, if I could—yet all my feeling for the men themselves is chiefly pity—pity—not hatred!"

"Oh, these ladies, these ladies!" groaned the younger brother, as he proceeded to put his rifle lock on again, dipping each screw in the saucer of oil before him as he placed it in its hole.

"You never were more mistaken, Frank," replied his brother, coloring a little. "My wife naturally feels for her native State—is indignant at the outrages committed by the Federals! I have explained all the principles involved to her often. The feelings of the other sex are stronger and deeper than ours."

"And those Yankees up North talking about giving the women the right of voting; as if they didn't rule the land already, at the South, at least. I don't know how about it at the North," said Uncle Frank, mournfully. "Not but what I respect and esteem and love them as much as any man doing his level best can," he added, earnestly; "only I do wish with all my soul they would only, here in the South—"

But what he desired of the sex was lost upon the ears of all by the sudden ringing of the dinner-bell, accompanied by the joyful cries of Bessie, whose feelings, being of that gender, were excitable, even in reference to dinner, especially when, as in the case to-day, there was to be a pudding.

At dinner there were a hundred things to be said, for there was no telling how long it might be before they would see Uncle Frank again. For so many weeks now they have had his trip in contemplation as to wear off a good deal of the eager interest in it they might otherwise have had. Near a dozen times before has he been all ready to start for Mexico—provisions all packed, horse saddled at the gate—when something would arise to make it barely possible for him to stay a little longer.

"You see, this is the way I put it up," he had announced to all under that roof long be-

fore, and very often indeed. "There's some things I can do; some things I can't do. I *can* make a break for Mexico; but I can not go into the Confederate ranks—can not! For two reasons. First, I would be mighty apt to shoot, in the first battle, my own officers, who dragged me into the fight by the ears like a dog, against my conscience. Second, in any battle I might accidentally kill some Federal or other—and that, with my views, would be worse murder still. Moreover, suppose I did pester, and beg, and beseech until I got a detail to do something so as to stay at home, wouldn't I have to take that oath, eh? I'd die first!—at any rate, what is about as bad, leave wife and baby here. Yes," the Texan continued, doggedly, "I'll go to Mexico first!"

"This time you shall go, Frank, if I have to put you on your horse with my own hands, and give him a good cut with a girth to start him!" exclaimed the elder Mrs. McRobert, in a laughing tone, but with tears in her eyes; while her sister said nothing, only looked upon him with anxiety and speechless affection.

"You know how it was with Mr. Maginnis, uncle," said Venable, grown now nearly as large as uncle or father. "That Tuesday I was there, while we were spinning that *cabris*—there it hangs—together, he said to me, 'Well, Venable, they've been here again.' 'The same men after the horses?' I asked. 'No, another set—three men. They said they had orders to seize my horses for use in the army. I only told them the first man who lariatied a horse of mine I would shoot on the spot. With that off they went, saying they would see about it. I'm not afraid of them,' he went on to say; 'it is months ago they told me I must take the oath. I told them I wouldn't. You must, they said; I won't, I replied. Why they'll kill you if you don't, they told me. I can *be* killed then, I said.' The reason is, he was Scotch-Irish—obstinate as he could be," continued Venable.

"And I told him, when he rode home with you that night, how wicked it was to expose his life for the sake of a few horses," said Venable's father. "I reasoned with him for hours about it, you remember. He told me that he was the first man in his county to pay his Confederate taxes; that he always gave every Confederate soldier that came along board and bed; that while he couldn't and wouldn't voluntarily give any money to help the war, he gave as much as any man to the poor, the widows, and orphans. He made me a solemn promise that he would yield every thing rather than resist and be killed—all except taking the oath."

"That was Wednesday," said Venable. "Thursday morning sixteen men rode up to the door of his ranch and demanded his horses. He told them there they were, pointing over the prairies where hundreds of them were grazing. 'And I will drive them up, and let you take your pick,' he said. No, they wanted what he had up already. They went there only to kill him! He had only one horse up, his favor-

ite horse, the only thing then in the corral to herd up the rest on the range. They said they'd take that horse! Then he got excited, he had been trampled upon so long! You remember he led the horse out of the stable by the halter wrapped around his arm. The Captain of the men ordered them to seize the animal. Mr. Maginnis—"oh!" continued Venable, with enthusiasm, "was not he a true gentleman? gentle as a woman, kind, even refined, when you once knew the man, under his rough clothes and great beard and plain ways, living out from society among his horses so long: a Christian gentleman, if there ever was one—Mr. Maginnis drew his revolver, shot his horse through the head rather than they should have him. The next instant the Captain gave the word to his men, and there he lay, in his own stable-yard, sixteen bullets through his body!"

"Yes, Venable," said Will, eagerly, "and you remember, while he was lying in his jacal gasping in death, the men who killed him were sauntering over the place, laughing and talking. One of them lounged into the room where he lay, and when Mr. Maginnis said, 'There's one of my murderers,' the man replied, 'Yes, you old scoundrel, and I'll just put another bullet through you if you say a word!' I only wish," continued the excited boy, "I could—"

"Silence!" interrupted his mother. "They were wicked men; God will surely punish them. Yet the Federals too have done a thousand things as bad, even worse, in Virginia. There are abandoned men every where."

Yes, it *was* a terrible trial to the women in the South, even those who had been trained from childhood to love the Union; who had brothers, fathers, husbands, devoted Union men; who as fully understood all the principles involved in the war as any body. Hearing and reading daily, for years after the war began, of Federal raids; of the desperate valor of the Confederate troops; of heavy losses among relatives at the South, if not from their own negro quarters and smoke-houses; of deaths in camp and battle from among relatives and from their own hearth: then all the ingrained, life-long prejudices of section.

No one is denying the existence of the beautiful and eternal stars, ever moving in their serene orbits above us all; but oh! let us make all gentle, ay, just allowance for those between whom and these gathered dense clouds, hanging low and long and heavy with tears! Even while His awful hand accomplishes all His will on earth, the Heavenly Father bends pityingly over those on both sides bleeding thereby, far more pityingly than we whom little merit of our own has cast on the right and victorious side—He, as much greater than we in love as in justice and might!

But the family have dispersed from the table. A hundred things have to be done in case Uncle Frank really *does* have to be off to-night for Mexico. Duke and Snap, evidently wide awake to something unusual going on, and frequently

conferring together as to what it is, have to be securely chained up, lest they should follow the one departing. Bullets have to be moulded; clothes repaired and packed into the smallest space; the horse shod; nothing forgotten of sugar, salt, pepper, a little medicine, and a vast deal of coffee, from the haversack. Oh! a thousand things to do, and every soul as busy as possible, in order to avoid thinking of the actual leaving of Uncle Frank, whose broad, free, wholesome, hearty nature makes perpetual summer on the San Hieronymo. A sort of Texas himself, with all its prairie and genial clime, in boots and broad-brimmed hat, is Uncle Frank, worth precisely seventeen million nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand Broadway and Chestnut Street dandies! One pair of wistful eyes following him in his every motion this afternoon would have thrown in the population of London, Paris, Pekin, and Jeddo—yes, even Charlie, the baby, thrown in too—and not find his side of the scale even quiver thereupon. Only, in such times as these, you see, we all get used to such things. If the keen edge remained all the years through it would cut the heart to pieces.

And so, before we know it, we have the yard filled with rough men, all garbed, like Uncle Frank, for travel. They came in, somehow, one by one—very quietly, too. Although they have stationed pickets all about the place to guard against surprise, every Union man of the twenty-eight there met by appointment is very silent. Their horses all ready for the long ride—some of them, it is greatly to be feared, abstracted from Confederate *Caballados* on account of points of wind, bone, build, bottom, too tempting to be resisted; the men eat supper on them as they sit, for they must make forced march to-night. And the amount of hot coffee they consume! The quantity of bread and meat handed to them by every member of the family, duly prepared for it and now hard at work, is wonderful; but the number of tin cups of strong black coffee these drink, seated in the saddle, is something absolutely astonishing. Each man, with the two hundred and fifty miles' rapid run to Mexico before him, seems to have all the stomachs—seven, are there not?—of a camel to store for the trip.

The motive with each is the one motive with all alike. As long as possible they have "held on" to home, hoping in some way to escape going into the Confederate service. But Provost Marshal and Conscripting Officer are after them just now to that degree that they can hesitate no longer. And these officials will be "after them" on fleet horses and in good earnest by to-morrow night, when it is known that they have "broken for Mexico." Not a moment for any thing now but a few pints more of coffee!

The family can hardly realize it. An instant more, and the place is empty of them all; Uncle Frank gone with them, too, from out of a whirlwind of kissing, in which baby takes an active part, and hand-shaking, none more de-

monstrative than Hark, Rohamma, Scip; Duke and Snap tugging at their chains, and protesting vehemently!

Gone to Mexico! But for every touch of his horse's hoofs upon the prairie bearing him away there is a heart-throb on the San Hieronymo bearing ever steadily upward in fervent prayer the one best loved, because most in danger. And at the same moment there are many hundreds of like kinds of men—not the least valuable to Texas either—riding in the same direction from the same cause. And for a long time it seemed the oddest thing in the world to people in Texas slow to realize things, the idea of running away for life and freedom from the United States to—Mexico! *Mexico!*

CHAPTER XXI.

THE END AT LAST.

It is a beautiful evening many, many long months after this eventful night. Both households have been long living together in the now thoroughly comfortable house on the Hieronymo, bound a hundredfold more closely together by the terrible times which have howled and foamed and broken about them like the waves about an island. Supper has been ready and waiting an hour now, cooling, in fact, in the kitchen, while Rohamma has grown warmer in the expression, to Hark and Scip, of her sentiments in reference to Mass Venable, who is keeping them waiting. Not that she does not love Venable dearly; only it is a trial to her feelings to see so nice a supper "act'ly spilin' here, an he knows it, an he a sittin' on a log dar at de possoffis listin' to de fool talk of dem poor 'stracted white folks. May de Yankees make dem scatter!"

"You better hold your tongue, woman," says her husband, fitting a new helve to his axe amidst a pile of litter at the cabin door. "Fur what we know Mass Venable been hangin' two hours by de neck to a live-oak. Nothin' more common dese last four years to people of *our* sort, an you know it!"

Which effectually silences his wife.

It is getting darker every moment, and the family in the house have become thoroughly uneasy about the absent one. Long ago Mr. McRobert has walked to the bluff which commands a view of the road, Bessie beside him. The ladies, standing with Will on the front porch, can see Bessie and her father shading their eyes with their hands, and looking down the road into the deepening twilight.

"We have been so wonderfully preserved, and for so long, may God forbid any thing should have happened at last!" says the elder of the ladies.

"I have no fear at all," replies the other. "Frank has been so amazingly protected through all the peril *he* has passed, that I have almost lost all apprehension, and you know how fool-

ish Charlie and I once were. Were we not, Charlie?" And she kisses the curly-headed little boy, who is altogether too old and too fat and too restless to be in her arms as he is, only she has to lavish upon him not only all the affection due him, but his absent and imperiled father also. "He has come and gone so often between home and Mexico unhurt that I never have hardly any fear at all now. And Venable, too, to say nothing of brother Morton. You know how impossible it seemed for him to escape having to take the oath when he was conscripted, how we had all ready for him to leave by himself for Mexico, and how they actually forgot to make him swear. And when he got his detail to collect saltpetre in the caves, we all said, Surely they will not forget *this* time—and how they forgot it again! Yes, I'm a firm believer in Providence; both of us are, ain't we, Charlie?"

"Yes, but Providence very often permits—Bless me, Venable must be crazy!" remarks the other. Not so incoherently as you might imagine either. For in the moment it is said they can see that the young gentleman so apostrophized has galloped up to his father, jumped off his foaming mustang almost before it has been reined in; has given his father a good hug; has seized his father's hat, and waved it and his own over his head with a shout; has caught up Bessie, thrown her, a heavy weight, higher by a yard in the air than he ever dared do before. Placing her on the ground any way, he has started on a run for the house; has seized Will, hastening to meet him, by the shoulders, and, placing one leg behind his brother for the purpose, has laid him flat upon his back on the ground.

"Oh, mother!" he shouts, "oh, aunt, at last! at last! Great news! Glorious news! Best news!" And he makes a clutch at Charlie, evidently for the purpose of waving him over his head like a flag, his hat being dropped far behind. Prevented from this by the mother's redoubled embrace of the child, laughing and kicking to get to him, he hugs first his own mother and then his aunt in his arms, his brown and handsome face all sparkling with excitement.

"Why, Venable, I never knew you to do so," exclaims his astonished parent; and with real alarm, she adds, "Is it possible—?" You have been drinking, she would have added, only it is too absurdly impossible a thing to say.

"Oh, news, mother—news, aunty—the best news in the world!" exclaims the excited youth. Hark, Rohamma, and Scip having joined the party on the porch, increased now by the coming up of Mr. McRobert, Bessie, and Will, all eager to know what has crazed Venable, ordinarily sedate, and specially sobered by the severe experiences of the last few years—experiences which have whitened prematurely many a head and broken many a heart even among those far from actual fields of battle.

"But what is the news?" asks his father,

and the eager eyes of all there crowded about him to know.

"Mr. Lincoln has been killed—assassinated—the news is certainly true!"

A sudden sharp cry, as of intense anguish, from the negroes! Even in the shock of their own surprise the white family observe and are struck by it. During all the war it was very singular, in all families, Union or Secession, the whites imparted no information in reference to the progress of the war to the blacks. Stranger still, these never asked any questions in reference to it of the whites; they seemed, so far as any manifestation in the presence of master, mistress, or the white children could evidence it, utterly unconcerned, uninterested. Among themselves, however, hoeing together in the field apart from white ears, around their cabin fires at night, the case was very different.

"And do you call *that* glorious news?" exclaimed Mr. McRobert, sternly, while all the rest stood silent and stunned as under a calamity affecting the very earth and heavens.

"Oh no, Sir! no, no!" Venable hastened to explain. "Only the news has all come at once. You know not a soul of us has been off the place for a week. Oh, father, Richmond has fallen! General Lee's army has been captured! the Confederacy is gone! the war is over!"

"Thank God!" Mr. McRobert said it from the depth of his soul, giving expression to the feeling of every heart there.

"And yet I can not say that I do not also have a sense of humiliation, a vague regret at it too," said his wife, as they sat at the supper-table. "I do hope, Venable, you were prudent enough not to show any feeling at the post-office when you heard the news," she added, with sudden anxiety.

"As mum as a mouse, mother," said her son. "By this time I have had experience enough in all that. Don't you remember how it was when I was down at the Port last Christmas? That Monday news came there that Hood had captured Nashville, and that Sherman had been cut to pieces west of Savannah. Every body believed it, and oh how terribly blue I was! You know I told you how, at the first dépôt, as I was sitting there so blue, so very blue, waiting for the cars to start again, a Confederate officer came in and sank upon the seat near me, his face a picture of distress, exclaiming, 'It is terrible!—terrible!' and told me of the telegram, just arrived at the dépôt, of Hood's defeat and Sherman's safe arrival at the sea. My face was like wood, but my heart began beating Thank God! thank God! thank God! like the ticking of a watch. While the cars were filled with people discussing the news, scoffing at it, General Hébert among them exclaiming, with dignity, 'Evidently false, gentlemen—unworthy your least attention! As a military man I *know* it to be impossible and untrue!' All the time—yes, and for hours after—I kept saying to myself, Oh, thank God!

thank God! thank God! My face was cold and hard as a mask, but a regular jubilee going on inside. Never fear me; even Will here, and Bessie, Charlie too, we've all learned to be prudent. We've been four years at school, ready to graduate in Prudence now."

"It all seems to me like a long, feverish dream," said Venable's mother an hour later, after the news had been thoroughly read and discussed, with the aid of the map, worn to tatters by perpetual use for now so long a time.

"All your and aunt's puzzling how to make new shoes for the children and yourselves out of old soles; how to get substitutes for coffee, and tea, and saleratus, and blueing, and soap, and all that; how to twist and pinch your bonnets so as to last a little longer, and what a trouble we had having the spinning-wheel and loom made—such a spinning and weaving!" says Venable, joyously.

"And moulding of candles, and making starch out of potatoes and wheat bran!" added Will. "What a time we had!"

"And spoilin' my aprons an' things tryin' to dye them with pecan-tree bark! And—oh yes!—and the saddles an' bridles, Venable, you an' Will were always tryin' to make, so ugly, an' always comin' to pieces again as soon as you tried them," said Bessie.

"Oh, what a sto-ry! They didn't!" replied Will.

"Yes they did, Will," persisted Bessie. "So did the shoes you an' Venable made, the ugly hats an' caps! How we all laughed at Hark that day he wore first the clothes ma made him out of our parlor carpet! An' my funny little bonnet ma made out of my doll's cloak! An', aunty, how we had to cut up the counterpane into frocks for Charlie, until Uncle Frank brought us those nice things from Mexico. An' oh, what times, aunty, we had twisting an' hammerin' at our old hoops—ma an' me an' you!"

"And we all remember—hush, Bessie!—the sleepless nights we had lest Venable should be forced into the ranks," said Mr. McRobert.

"I remember very well your not allowing me to go outside the house during the day for weeks and weeks, for fear some one passing by should see me. And how glad we were, as if we had inherited a fortune, that day I got my contract to furnish so much saltpetre a month, so as to keep out of the army," added Venable.

"You must not forget the newspapers, printed on brown paper and wall-paper and the backs of court-house blanks, which we used—it seems already as if it all were ages ago—to get," continued Mrs. Frank McRobert, "so full of great news, glorious news; and how miserable you used to look, brother Morton, over them; how you couldn't eat any dinner, nor play with the children; and how I could hear you from my room turning and groaning in your bed, or walking all night up and down, up and down!"

"Don't you remember, aunty, how very blue father was that night after Grant had besieged Vicksburg so long, and the paper proved that it was provisioned for two years longer, and could never be taken—never, never!" contributed Will.

"And—oh yes!—how pa said in prayers that night so often, Thy will be done! as if he was sick an' dyin'; yes, I remember it," added Bessie.

"Yes, and that very night, sitting right there at supper-table, you remember what *you* said, mother!" exclaimed Venable. "You said: 'I've always thought they could never conquer the South, Morton. I've listened, my dear husband, faithfully to all,' mimicking his mother's tones as nearly as he dared, 'you can tell me of the wrong of secession. You may be right in the abstract'—I remember as if it was last night, mother—'you *may* be right, Morton, but, for one, I can not help wanting old Virginia to conquer the Federals. They are all of them Abolitionists, Morton, *Ab-o-lition-ists*!'"

"Oh yes," chorused Will and Bessie in a breath, "that was the very night Uncle Frank—"

"Came home from Mexico, crept into the window of my room so quietly after you were all asleep," said their aunt promptly, and with a blush.

"But oh, aunty, what a fib you told!" exclaimed plain-spoken Bessie. "You told ma nothing was the matter with Charlie when she heard him cry, and went to your door to ask."

"Nothing was the matter, only a little frightened at his pa with his long beard. You know I wouldn't let him disturb you all sleeping so. And how we astonished you with Uncle Frank next morning! And," continued Charlie's mother, "how Frank laughed at you, Morton, for being so blue, and told you how the victory at Gettysburg was just the other way from what our news had made it, and all about the surrender of Vicksburg the very next day."

"And oh, the beautiful things he brought us all from Mexico!" said Bessie, clapping her hands at the memory. "That was why I wasn't a bit sorry when he ran away again to Mexico, because I knew what beautiful, beautiful combs and shoes and things he would bring when he came back again."

"I wonder who it was kept Frank in the house, as if he had the measles, all the time he was here? And who—?" began Mr. McRobert, wonderfully brightened up.

"Of course I did," said the young wife, stoutly, "after his guiding that Union party to Mexico. And to think of his having come and gone between us and Mexico six times safely. And that he can actually come home *now*, come in broad day, come to stay, to live all the rest of his dear life with Charlie and me." And the joyful wife can say no more, but hides her face on Charlie's fat shoulders and weeps silently, only she can not realize that the war is indeed over; it is too good to be true; none of them can.

"But I wonder," says Venable, at last, to relieve the almost painful happiness of the moment, "if we ever will enjoy any thing again as we did the newspapers and picture *Harper's* from the North Uncle Frank used to send or bring us. I do believe we got to know each of them by heart. And don't you remember, father," he continued, in the restless joy of the occasion, shifting yet again the kaleidoscope of the wondrous period just expiring, "how often we expected the Federals to arrive, no doubt on earth about it *this* time—dozens of times."

"And that afternoon," broke in Will, "I came tearing in nearly crazy, and told you I knew they were coming this time, for I had heard their cannon down south, and how I hurried out my flag from where I had hidden it under the floor—"

"Only thunder at last!" interrupted his brother. "Yes, and how you had barely time to hurry your flag under the floor again as Mr. Barker came in to tell us of the Federal repulse at the Sabine."

"The only people in this world," said Mr. McRobert, after a long silence among the excited group, "who thoroughly understand and appreciate our national deliverance, who come nearest thanking God for it as He ought to be thanked, are the Union people at the South. And their feeling is—unutterable," he added, with quivering lip and fast-filling eyes.

"And to think that we will see the old, old flag again after so many years! I feel as if I could hug and kiss it over and over again a thousand times!" exclaims Mrs. Frank McRobert.

"Why I thought it was Frank you loved most," began her brother.

"No, we love pa; but we love pa's flag a hundred times most; don't we, Charlie!" she replied, Charlie yielding only a sleepy assent thereto.

"And now," remarks the other Mrs. McRobert, as, at a late hour, they reluctantly separate for the night, "for one, I am glad the war is over, yet I *can not* say I'm glad Virginia is subdued! I never want to see it again. Never mind. We won't speak about it. Now the war is over, there is this, at least—Venable can go on with his studies."

"And I can get some new books—bran-new picture-books—I feel as if I hadn't seen one for a hundred years!" said Will.

"And I can get a new doll an' some real rock-candy! Oh yes, an' some new dresses an' hoops an' round combs to break just as many as I please!" cries Bessie, "now the bad, bad war is over!"

"An' we's free!" says Hark, in his cabin, at the same moment, but only to his wife, and in strictest confidence.

But, except Charlie and Bessie, no one could be truthfully said to have slept under that roof that night. No, nor under hundreds of thousands of other roofs that same evening either.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN WHICH OUR STORY COMES TO AN END.

"YES, home at last, home, home! For the next year or so I don't expect to be outside my fence; for all the rest of my life I intend to whistle only one tune, except 'Hail Columbia,' 'Star-Spangled Banner,' and 'Yankee Doodle'—it's about the only one I know—and that is 'Home, Sweet Home!'"

You have guessed aright: it is Uncle Frank back again. He arrived last night—just three months and a half, to a day, since the events recorded in the last chapter. In magnificent health is the returned Texan. "If all the world over there is a nobler specimen of a man," his wife says to herself, as she sits there looking at his open, generous, though bronzed and bearded, face, herself blushing at one moment, and pale the next with excessive joy—"all the wide world over a husband to be prouder of, or a happier wife, why, then—yes, Charlie, you are right—get as close as you can—hold on with both hands!"

Which advice is not needed by Charlie, who has coiled himself in a fat circle about his father's neck, and has hold upon his father's luxuriant beard with both of his chubby hands, evidently intending never again to let go as long as he lives. But he is not a bit worse than his mother, who has tight hold upon her husband's hand, kissing, when she deceives herself into believing nobody sees her, such parts of the beaming face as Charlie for the moment leaves open to approach.

"And you have improved, Frank!" she says for the hundredth time. "Hasn't he, Morton?"

"Amazingly! And this is the reason," says the one appealed to, who dearly loves to trace all events to their causes, "Frank has been exposed to incessant dangers for years now, day and night, and nothing quickens a man more. Then, he has traveled all over the Union, seen all its cities, associated with all its leading men, made thrilling appeals to vast audiences every where—you see, Frank, we have been reading about you in the papers. Most of all, you have gone heart, soul, and body into the grandest cause the world ever knew. Of course he is improved! No merit in him for it, I'm sure. Only I am afraid, afraid—" adds didactic Mr. Morton McRobert.

"He won't be contented to settle down to our quiet life at the ranch," adds the other, with a flash of anxiety on her eager face.

"Yes, I've thought of that. But do as you please, dear, you may do as you *please*; only if you will keep Charlie and I with you, in a whirlwind if you wish, we will hold to you only the closer; won't we, Charlie?"

"And after I have just said I would never leave home again!" exclaims the aggrieved Texan. "Plenty to do on the ranch. Besides, look at the looking-up and branding stock—so many years arrears to be done; a little hunting

between times—game has had its own way all these years; we will have to fight it a little to keep it out of doors. Then there is Venable's silver mine up north. As soon as we can get a chance we will look into that in good earnest. Most of all, after a while, not now, not for years, perhaps, but some day, certain, I intend to go on the stump!"

"On the stump!" ejaculate all present. Uncle Frank is seated in the midst of a good deal of confusion, himself the radiant centre. He has known very well during all his absence of the privations of the family, in reference even to the most necessary articles of clothing. And during all that absence it has been a chief pleasure with him to buy continually, while in the cities, such things as he supposed were needed. Six of the largest trunks are standing open all around him—Venable, Will, Bessie, Rohamma, and Mrs. Morton McRobert at work an hour now unpacking them. As to Mrs. Frank, all she cares for is her husband; she hardly looks at any thing else. And a noisy time it is, as one after another of the exceedingly miscellaneous assortment is brought to light. Bessie has already come upon three dolls, beautiful beyond her wildest dreams, and, fortified from interruption behind a bulwark of dresses and shoes, rock candy, hoops, and flaming picture-books, is in unsatiated search for more, with incessant screams of delight; Will, not much more silent than his sister, as he, too, comes upon articles evidently purchased for Venable and himself. Every now and then Mrs. Morton McRobert finds and unrolls some shawl or dress altogether too costly for country life, or of a wrong shade or fabric.

"Bless my soul, Frank, what *did* you buy—?" she begins. But Frank's wife shakes her head at her with laughing but earnest rebuke; if he had brought in the trunks a small crocodile, or a diamond crown, or a complete bridal outfit, it would have been exactly right in her eyes.

"Well, you know," Uncle Frank has replied to any special remonstrance of the kind, with a rueful glance at the article in question, "you ladies understand shopping; I don't. I saw that roll of lace, for instance, in the window of a milliner, or something of the kind, on Broadway. I went in, and told the lady behind the counter—she had the freshest complexion I ever knew—it was one of the prettiest things I ever saw, and asked her if it wasn't the kind of thing ladies sewed around the edges of their bonnets, or frocks, or sleeves—somewhere or other. She said yes, it was exactly that. I remember I paid a tremendous price for it. She was so kind as to show me those other things there. Yes, I bought them all. When I paid her bill she said I was a gentleman of excellent taste in such things, hoped I would call again. You see I always had one trunk on hand at my hotel. It was so convenient to buy things as I came on them along the streets, to pack them in when I came home at night; it made me feel so pleasant, doing something for you all far away."

And so good Mrs. McRobert could only groan as she brought up article after article, holding it up in mute appeal for her sister to see, who would only assent to her dismay with a merry nod, but not for an instant permit her husband to be called in question therefor.

"The stump! Why, uncle, unless there was a Federal force right there they would shoot or hang you!" says Venable.

"They would *now*, of course," Uncle Frank cheerfully acquiesces. "I think I ought to know that. But not after a while. I can wait. The day will come when I can, yes, and will, take the stump in any part of Texas, and tell them, kindly, you see, but plainly, all the facts of our case, no Federals in five hundred miles either. Two parties in this land are grinding away upon each other, in opposite directions, like mill-stones, turning tremendously—"

"Why, uncle, in a mill it's only *one* stone that turns, the upper one; the lower stone never stirs a hair—" begins Will.

"Never mind," says the Texan, with a smile. "What I mean is, the whole question before this nation is being steadily, if slowly, ground out. We'll get the fine flour at last! As if the sublimest revolution in all history could be completed in a year or two! No, Sir. There are very few men understand how vast are the results we are arriving at. Arriving at, not for this great republic only and all our generations after us, but for all other nations in the world besides! I tell you—"

"Law, Mass Frank," breaks in Rohamma, a gorgeous package in hand, which her mistress had just thrust therein in mute despair, "dis here dress for *me*! It's mighty splendid; but it's stuff for parlor windows like we used to have in ole Virgin—"

"Hush!" says Mrs. Frank, with warning hand; and Rohamma pours the rest of her remark into the sympathizing ear of Mrs. McRobert, kneeling beside her among the open trunks.

"Never mind. Wait till you hear me on the stump. Wait; that's all; wait a while. If I don't know the people of Texas," continues the Texan, almost pathetically, "I would like to know who does; and I tell you"—and here he rises in his enthusiasm from his seat and stands erect, Charlie cleaving with both arms, like a crab, about his neck—"the Texans are the noblest people on this earth. Intelligent, energetic, truthful, ardent, wholesome, healthy, whole-souled! I tell you," continued the speaker, himself a fit specimen thereof, "Texas is in the ore yet, but it's the richest ore the sun ever shone on. Wait; that's what I say; wait. As to the New Englanders, no one can admire them more than I do for all their wonderful traits of character. Like the rest of us they have defects, of course. I have been up among them, off and on, for years now. They are bright, keen, cold, sharp—too sharp, *overwhet* by eternal sharpening. More breadth, depth, warmth about us of the South and the West. It is like an axe. The Yankees are the edge—

steel, blue, and razorish; we are the rest of the axe, thicker, stronger, more lasting. The edge must go first, but the rest of the axe follows. Just wait," he adds, wincing a little at Charlie's clutch upon his beard, and laying his hand upon the head of his wife, seated beside him; "Texas is at school just now; the lesson is awfully hard to learn, but the discipline is tremendous, and the scholars are smart. It'll be with us like that poor Pete Hoogenboom I saw yesterday—"

"Pete Hoogenboom!" exclaimed Will and Venable in a breath.

"Yes, I know all about his conscription," says Uncle Frank, "and desertion. You thought here he had been hung, or had escaped to Mexico. Not a bit of it. He has been lying in the brake afraid to come in till he is a perfect savage. He came upon me as I was riding home yesterday. I've learned a way of looking around as I go very sharp for game, especially sharp for bushwhackers these last few years. As I was riding I saw just about one eye of the man peeping at me from an old, dead cedar-top pile fifty yards off the road to the right. Somehow I felt it was Pete. I halted, called out to him who I was, ordered him in a sharp way to come to me. It was a long time before he would. In fact I went up to him. He was almost stark naked. What with hair and beard and finger-nails uncut; starvation, sleeping on the earth, and miserable watching for his life, he had become a wild animal. He sat there on the ground, crouched together like a dying brute. 'Colonel, what is the news?' he said at last, glancing up at me like a wild thing fastened in a trap—sharp, but shaking all over. 'Why, don't you know, Pete? Where have you been all this time not to have heard?' I said. 'In the brake up here, Colonel. I haven't seen a soul to speak to for months—been so hunted, you know. Colonel, what is the news?' he said, like a wounded man begging for water. I told him. Told him the Confederacy was gone to final smash—told him the old flag was over us again—told him *all*!" The Texan added, with kindling eye and cheek: "He was, yes, drawn together like a dying panther at my feet, looking up with glittering eyes, though, as I talked. As soon as I told him the war was over he gave a sort of bound. I tell you he left the earth a brute, on his back at that; he landed on his feet a man; yes, lighted on his feet erect as an arrow, strong as an oak, a man again! And so Texas will land on its feet again, the grandest State in all the Union. Just wait."

"This wretched abolition of slavery has to be settled first. Just to think, Frank," exclaims Mrs. Morton McRobert, turning in the energy of her vexation from the open trunks to say it, "Hark and Rohamma here, born in the family, raised with us from children, indulged, and even petted all their lives! As soon as General Granger landed at Galveston he issued a proclamation freeing all the negroes. There

wasn't a family in Texas but called all their people in the house the day they got the proclamation, and read it to them, just as we did!"

"And how did Hark and Rohamma take it?" inquired her brother, with interest, and resuming his seat by his wife.

"Well, for a long time they seemed bewildered, couldn't work, would neither stand nor sit nor lie down, in a kind of joyful maze, perfectly crazy I called it. Then they, and all the negroes in the country, took a sudden notion to leave—couldn't realize they were free except by going off the place and living to themselves. Going to housekeeping! That was the cry among them all. Morton fixed up a cabin for Hark and his family on the south field; we gave them every thing we could possibly spare—all owners did—toward their housekeeping, as they called it, poor things! You ought to have seen how solemn and important they seemed! But they soon got tired of it, and begged to come back. We had missed them, of course, and they are back again on wages. And now I do hope, you foolish creature, you"—this to Rohamma, folding and unfolding the very miscellaneous goods, with a demure face, beside her former mistress—"you will have sense to *stay* where you are!"

"You see, I'm teaching Scip to read and write and cipher, uncle, and you have no idea how fast he is learning!" Will, ceasing from pulling on a pair of new boots just drawn from a trunk, eagerly remarks; "and oh! I want so much to tell you about the break-up of the Confederate army at Austin; it was so funny the way they seized all the Government stores they could lay their hands on, every man riding off with a sack of coffee, or a dozen boots, or ever so many bottles of quinine! Venable and I were down there and saw it all."

"But it was not so funny to see the Powder-house thrown open to every body," added Venable, "men and children, wading in among the powder, inches deep on the floor, helping themselves, carrying it off in hats and wash-basins. No wonder there were so many boys burned or blown up after, experimenting with their powder."

"And, oh yes, uncle," breaks Will in again, "Venable and I saw General Shelby ride through Austin, at the head of his men, on their way to Mexico—more than three hundred of them, almost all of them officers—such noble-looking men! Every body said they were going to sack the towns as they passed through, but they didn't. Kept the best discipline in the world until they got beyond San Antonio, at least."

"And a nice time they will have in Mexico!" added Uncle Frank. "Rickety old concern it is, tumbling about the ears of all who go near it! One thing I do most earnestly hope—most *earnestly* hope," he continues, with all possible emphasis, "and that is, that our own Government will have the sense to keep out of Mexico—to keep away from it in every shape, fashion,

and form! I know Mexico well; have been over it fifty times, in every direction, buying stock before the war, and traveling there during the war. All our business is to leave the Mexicans to themselves, keep away from them, let them alone! In five years or so Mexico will be in the Union; but it must drop into it of itself, after having utterly used itself up. With its mines and its rich lands and its delightful climate it *is* worth having, but not till the people who are such a curse to it have mutually pronunciamentoed themselves from the face of the earth! Providence? Any man is stone-blind, a born fool into the bargain"—and the Texan is compelled to rise again to his feet suitably to express himself—"who can not see what a glorious republic God intends ours to be. Look at our Texas boys! Did ever men fight so, endure so, if it *was* under the wrong flag? And Texas never was whipped yet. Half a dozen times the Federals tried it, but we know how they succeeded! Texas was the only State in the Confederacy that wasn't whipped—yielded only because the others were. Get these same men under the old and the true flag and see! Just wait, that's all—wait! Those little bits of half-acres they call States in New England *have* been ahead of us all along in some things—settled first, you know—but their work is about done; ours is coming on! Only you wait until Texas comes fairly on the stage, all its obsolete follies sloughed off, its rich lands under cultivation, stock grazing by billions on its prairies, its quarries and mines worked; railroads, manufactories, churches, public-schools all over it; law supreme over every league and *labor* of land; absolute and equal justice and freedom as universal over it as its glorious climate! Then our time will have come! It will be like Franklin's little old printing-press as compared with one of Hoe's tremendous cylinder machines. We'll put New England on a shelf, with a glass-case over it, for the sake of all it has been; but we—we are the People of the Future!—ain't we, Will? ain't we, Venable? ain't we, Charlie? Things move fast these days: God knows there's too much bitterness yet; many of our best people shut their eyes tight, and *won't* see the certain future! Only wait. Ten years from this time—no, say five years from to-day, we will all have agreed to forget the bloody past; will be a peaceful and united people. God Almighty wills it, and, in His own way, He is powerful enough to bring it about—yes, and wise enough and loving enough! See if I'm not a true prophet!"

INDOLENCE.

IT is pleasant sometimes to speak without superlatives. It is pleasant to advocate a cause when one seeks to mitigate a too harsh sentence and not to ward off a just verdict. It is pleasant to defend what all men attack, especially when such championship is safe; and

all these things make it pleasant for me to speak of Indolence.

Purpose, Energy, Industry, have made their own apotheosis. With every rising sun the world sacrifices at their shrine. The busy hum of toil is an endless song of praise to them. The surface of the globe has been carved by the labor of countless generations into a mighty bas-relief, which, like Achilles's shield, tells the story of their deeds.

And yet men pronounce *their* petty eulogiums, build *their* little monuments in honor of these principles in themselves all honored, and cast the leavings of their prose and verse, their holy horror, and trenchant wit, and crushing irony at poor peaceful Indolence, whose very nature makes her an unresisting foe.

Is it wrong to seek the bright spots on a tarnished escutcheon, to parry a few blows where so many fall, to think that "Satan finds *some* mischief" for other hands than idle ones, and that inertia is not the most destructive of forces?

Sloth has certainly been a very great impediment in the path of material prosperity. From her realm progress is banished. Her subjects live an endless dream. Each generation slides into the cast-off garments of its predecessor, too indolent even to change their pattern. Their history is an unvaried record of idle peace and lazy war, and they make it as coral insects do their islands, only by their death.

But while Indolence has thus checked the advance of those nations in which her rule has been paramount, her influence on the race has not been all for evil. It is, perhaps, providential that the basest national characters are most slothful—a connection not generally that of effect and cause, except that men of high and lofty aims are less often subdued by Indolence.

Thus those races, which have retarded and might have crushed growing civilization, have been overcome by its more energetic champions. Had imperial Rome possessed the energy of the barbarians who crushed her decaying power, Europe might yet wallow in the foul vices of the Cæsars. Had the Oriental hordes who bore westward the banner of the Prophet displayed the determination of the Europeans who fought for the Cross, the Koran might be the Bible of the world to-day. Had the aborigines of America shown the energy of their conquerors, the civilization of the continent might to-day be enshrined in the savage medicine-lodge and the Aztec Tescalli. Did heathendom possess the pluck and purpose of civilization the progress of religion might be stopped. God advances right as much by weakening its assailants as by strengthening its adherents. The sword of Gideon must be drawn; but sleep and confusion and terror overcome the foe.

Energy works evil as well as good. To-day it covers a land with happy homes, adorns it with the glories of art, binds it together with railroad and telegraph, lights it up with church and school-house. To-morrow it will go forth with torch and sword, and leave behind a des-

olate waste. The harm that Indolence does is at least negative. It retards the machinery of progress, but never reverses it. If it knows not sound of loom and anvil, it is also ignorant of the dissonant clash of arms.

But even if we admit that slothfulness is hurtful to temporal prosperity, it is not therefore regarded as a foe to æsthetic development. In the mist before the drowsy eye of Indolence there may flit the phantoms of superstition, but there float also some of the loveliest shapes in all the realms of fancy. The efforts that exorcise the dark spirits banish the bright ones also. From the idle brains of artists and poets have sprung creations of beauty which all our toiling world can never equal. Poetry is rarely the product of a laboring brain, often the outgrowth of a quiet heart.

But if all will still vilify the ease for which most battle all their lives, if these thoughts can not save the reputation of Indolence, we must remember that if an enchantress she is the fairest of them all. Avarice, Anger, Ambition, Intemperance, cast their victims into an earthly hell. The pleasures they present are only pains disguised. Memory and Imagination cease to be the fountains of joy, and become the poisoned sources of agony. Remorse perpetually plies the scourge and rack. Indolence leads her slaves by golden chains through scenes lovelier than the fabled isle of Circe—a land

"In which it seemeth always afternoon;
A pleasing land of drowsied it is,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass
Forever flushing round a summer sky."

The votary is deaf to the call of Passion and Ambition. He endures no defeat, for he struggles for no victory. He has no suffering, for he lives beyond the reach of present trouble in the bright hereafter. The future to him is not a contingency to be fought for, but a certainty to be enjoyed. The airy palaces his imagination rears defy all assault. He is not helping humanity on to the Millennium, but he dwells in a golden era of perpetual calm.

"There doth the soul its features recognize,
And read its destiny;
The dark enigmas which perplexed the sense
Fade in the wisdom born of Indolence."

THE MARSHES.

AT about the middle of the night the sea began to roar.

I thrust together the logs upon the hearth, for it was cool though the midsummer, and sent a sparkle of red flinders up the chimney to roar back in unison.

It was in these lonely times, out there on that tongue of marsh-grass, when a wind was rising, that I liked the cheerful companionship of a snapping fire; but to-night the hearth seemed to share the vague gloom that oppressed myself, and the white-ashed smoulder of its brands was broken only by an occasional flicker.

I was not quite willing to admit that my dejection arose from the fatigue of a long tramp, but fancied rather that I owed it to the falling weather and the fitful sigh of a melancholy wind which, baffling here and there, breathed strange suggestions of the tragedy, abroad in the world, that had scarcely been encountered by my own experience.

I had been gunning on the meadows, my float just at hand, hardly aware how time slipped by with its purling in the sedge till I found the river had left me, and I must wait for the next tide. Thus reaching home late, by the hour my bright little housekeeper had broiled a brace of birds the proper crisis of sleepiness had passed away, and I sat up answering the letters that Jack had brought from town in my absence. The roll of the sea outside emphasized the perfect stillness of the house, and through a half-open door I could hear the regular breathing of the child come soft and full and low. Now and again, too, there stole on my ear a step or the faint brushing of a garment, by which I judged his mother, my little housekeeper, still stirred about her room. Then the waves plunged afresh and drowned all murmurs in their muffled thunder.

I was laying down my pen at last, when a singular sound startled me, not so much in itself as in its repetition. It was some one essaying to open the heavy wooden shutter across the window from without. I usually considered myself safe from intrusion at this hour, for the place was a point of long, low meadow running out into the river mouth, unapproachable at high tide except in boats, and only to be reached by land at other times after deep wading through black bog; while between me and the few small farmers of the upland stretched some two miles of dangerous water which none of us were in the habit of crossing for the purpose of paying midnight visits. Here I had erected a gunning-box of comfortable dimensions, for my own resort in the season, kept in order now the year round by my man Jack and his happy little wife Willy, the mother of the sleeping child.

But listening to the endeavor just outside, I threw open the sash and assisted it.

"For God's sake, Guinness, let me in!" said a voice I knew. "This way! this way!" and, catching my hand as I half turned for the door, a man scrambled into the room, closed the shutter, and dropped the sash with a clang.

At this proceeding I, for the moment, stood so much surprised as to neglect the rites of hospitality. "Well, well," I stammered at last, "quite as welcome, Laurence, by the window as the door! But just tell me," I asked, "how is this you come like a thief in the night? Why, man, you look as if you had been hunting the hare with a vengeance!" And I trolled the old catch, as I shoved its load of port-folios and pamphlets from a camp-chair, in glee over a companion.

"Hunted like a hare! Hunted like a hare!" he exclaimed. "Or fancying I was. But safe

here—just for one long breath. And, Guinness—I am innocent—you believe that first?"

"Innocent!"

"Great Heavens! was it possible that you, you too, could believe it?"

"Believe what? How— Is there any trouble? Are you out of your head, Laurence?"

"I wish I were! O God! I wish I were!" he cried, in such a tone as I had never heard before.

I stepped to the hearth and expended some energy there. "Come, come," I said then, laying my hand on his shoulder, for he had fallen into the seat—"you are cold. A bottle of wine, a bite and sup, a blaze and a bed, and we shall have you all right to-morrow."

He looked up and shook my hand off him as he rose. He was nearly himself again. "All good things in their way, and acceptable," he said. "But hardly, Guinness, hardly—" His voice quivered and he paused. And with his big brown hand upon the table I saw the pile of papers there rustle all their corners and shake too.

It was a new phase of the man who, in a certain fierceness of temperament belonging to him, had won many a savage sobriquet; for almost never, in the long course of my somewhat heroic attachment to him, had I met—however much of it he might have felt—with any tender manifestation of emotion on his part; not even toward a woman. And to-night his words, his looks, seemed to speak as if he had a heart, and as if that heart were broken.

"Something is the matter," said I. "Laurence, that is plain. But I shall not hear a word of it till you break your fast on a plover, and wash down such a stream of sherry as shall put a little spirit in you."

"You are master here," said he, following me into the next room. And though I had other things in mind, I could not but admire as ever the lofty towering of his shoulders as he strode like a son of Anak, with his head bent to escape the doorway. But he did not raise the head again: it staid bent, and hung upon his breast.

"Good wine, well spared," said I, lighting my candle. "What shall it be? Sour or sweet? There's a new broach of Californian venture, portable gold—"

"No lady's wine for me. A swallow of brandy like a streak of fire!"

He ate as a famished man does, with no epicurean lingering, with neither relish nor gusto, ate on till the plate was bare; and he drank his brandy neat.

"This infinitesimal glass of yours cheats a man," he said, emptying it once more. "There—I can look you in the face, Guinness, at last."

Just then the door opened, and Willy glanced in, flushed with an impatient smile that faded and left her cheeks white, while she partly drew back at sight of Laurence and his bold eye, remembering it of old.

"Oh, Sir, is it you?" she said, in her breath-

less manner. "And Mr. Laurence too. I hope you're well, Mr. Laurence, Sir. And my dear mistress also."

"Thank you, Willy," he said, hoarsely, as if the three words hurt him.

The color fluttered up her cheeks again while he gazed at her, and she stood a moment, twisting over her fingers a fallen lock of her bright hair, a pretty piece of pink and white in her confusion and irresolution, half liking to be admired, half angry with herself for liking it, and then tears spreading and shining over her eyes. Laurence turned away, jerking a word between his teeth.

"I beg pardon," said Willy then, stepping back, "but I didn't hear any one come in the door, and there were voices, and I thought it might be Jack."

"Jack! Where is he?" I asked.

"Oh, Sir, he's not home yet!" she answered, letting out a tone of sharp foreboding.

"Not!"

"No, Mr. Guinness. And I can't sleep. I heard the sea come in and I was half wild. He's after rock-cod. And here's the fog rolled up so thick you could cut it with a knife. And if his boat can live in such a sea as there is outside, he'll be lost up this snare of creeks—he'll lose his way and perish."

"Oh, go to bed, Willy. Jack'll turn up all right. He has put in somewhere. We've been out together on worse nights than this."

"I don't know, Sir. The air seems all heavy with misfortune."

"More of it, more!" muttered Laurence.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, gentlemen!" she cried, clasping her hands till she wrung them, having wrought herself into a nervous spasm with her fears. "But I'm in such trouble. I can't sleep. And there's Jack—and he was all alone. Just hear the sea, just hear the sea!" and she ran from the room and threw open the outer door.

"Who is Jack?" asked Laurence.

"Her husband."

"And she makes such ado for him?"

I did not comprehend the bitter sneer. I put my hand round the candles to keep them from flaring out on the gust that stretched their long flames.

"Why, you remember when she married him, Laurence?"

"Yes, good God, yes!" he exclaimed, and with such intensity that I thought to summon up the scene to discover, if I might, the cause of it.

It needed no effort of memory to recall it, for this was but the third summer from that—that summer shining like a pharos over the gray waste of other days, illumined as it is by the perpetual light of one face flashing and flushing through it all—one splendid face, with its flawless features, with the pallor of its brow, the color burning on its cheek like a bright leaf in the sun, with the sweetness of its smile, to see which seemed like remembering some delight,

with the winy lustre of its shadowy eyes, with the darkness of the dropping tresses round it. Ah, perfect mould of woman, wealthy and warm! There was something intoxicating in her glance; her hair seemed alive and tingling; with her radiance, her rich, deep tints, looking at her was like a draught of sweet and fiery spirit.

It was in the time when, this box being newly finished, my friends gave it housewarming—a choice group, full of life, providently matronized, and with the world before them. The housewarming lasted from week to week—the freedom and the solitude of the spot were too delicious to abandon. Through all the blaze of the ardent August noons, and till September filled the air with monitions of her sumptuous decay, we lingered. A happy summer, brilliant as some bubble soaring in the light. The region, too, was new to most of us, threaded by slow and narrow streams all confluent together upon this place of marshes—half estuary, half river—on one side protected from open ocean by the bulwark of an island, a nine-mile-long reach of sand-hills with their drifted piles and turrets sparsely wreathed with ivy and wild smilax, and in the distance so fantastically like dwellings that it seemed as if they must be peopled by some race of beings between the denizens of the land and of the deep, and all night long resounding from their outer edge and from the bluff below the plunging of the sea; on the other side, dipping abruptly to the water, and curved and embayed in many a wide lagoon and half-hidden hollow, lay the long hills of the Hundreds, with their rounded backs like huge ruminant beasts. These low hills, always brown, and the white ramparts of the coast-line opposite, chained together further down in a silver network by the broad breakers of the bar, afforded but a quiet setting to all the costly color that glowed and gloomed between. For where the hills retreated in wide amphitheatre, and the river, not yet swollen by its tiny tributaries, came winding down in great silver loops, marsh after marsh reposed in vivid green, and bayou after bayou flashed behind, till melting far away in gleaming gauzes of faint haze the whole wilderness of creeks and meadows, skies and seas, became one maze of beauty. But when the tide came in and sucked over all the reedy beds and acres of salt grass, brimmed from bank to bank there lay a sheet of soft splendor, broken only by a dark dazzle where the tips of the tall thatch sparkled like spears, or by the frothing of the current on the golden lip of some protruding sand-bar, while full of shoals and shallows every where near at hand transparent and berylline scales wasted themselves away into fields of gray and azure.

Over all this stretched an enormous sky, full of light.

The evening reflected its double here, and below in the breadth and depth an under-sunset burst and scattered its crimson flakes; while by night a planet struck a lane of light down

the dusky floor; and standing on the low point of land, one could see the Milky Way spanning from horizon to horizon the highway of heaven itself. Seldom did any thing, save the wail of the plover or the echo of the row-locks, disturb the great silence that reposed above the ever-sounding sub-base of the sea. The restless tides crept in and out; the last drop no sooner emptied from its lees than the bows of the boat began to swing up-stream again—types of eternal change, yet full of peace.

No wonder that here then we had watched the pageant of the summer to its end—for ourselves, the gun, the oar, the net; for the ladies, whatever they liked best. We of the coarser clay left the roof to them after curfew, and camped in tents outside. Brief nights, happy days! the house itself, a speck on the expanse, with its single sumach and its two haycocks that served to tumble in all summer, lying so level with the high tides that it seemed a mere nest upon the water; perhaps it was for this reason that Miss Saulsbury called them halcyon days. With Miss Saulsbury came her little maid Willy, and no sooner had my man Jack laid eyes on Willy than he knew his fate.

But before I had done more than recall the gay stage of our little drama, now so muffled in mist and midnight, Laurence laid down the pipe he had filled, having smoked but a single whiff.

"Let me get it over," said he. "Are you listening, Guinness, or wool-gathering?"

"Listening, Laurence."

"Well, I shall not smooth matters: my speculations have been unfortunate. So that there is nothing to meet the deficiency. And I am a defaulter for sixty thousand dollars."

"You!"

"Yes, I! You heard what I said. Is there any thing strange about that?"

"Any thing strange! any thing strange! It is impossible to believe it!"

He reached over the table, and grasped my hand till it ached. "Thank you, Guinness," said he.

"I don't understand you, Laurence. You mean—"

"Just what I say. I am a defaulter for sixty thousand dollars. The officers are after me; but off the trail. The scent does not lie in water, you know; and I reached here with little less than swimming. But for the life of me, Guinness, I could not get rid of the idea that men and dogs pursued me in the marsh out there. I was crazed by it, like a fool." He glanced down at his heavy boots, still clogged with mire; at his stained and bespattered garments. Half his depression was gone, as he spoke, remembering the difficulties he had overcome, and fighting them again.

"Tell me your story!" I exclaimed impatiently.

"Do I look like a thief?" said he, rising and glowering before me in the dim candle-light.

"Yet to-day it is bruited far and wide that I

have made off with my plunder. To the law I shall say nothing; it may think of me what it will, do with me what it can."

"But, Laurence—"

"To you, Guinness, only this. I have never begged a favor of you. I beg you now to believe me."

"With all my heart, Laurence!"

"Not with all your heart. With your brain, if you can." He paused; then began, abruptly: "You used once to jest on my haste to be rich. Perhaps you were right; but I would have enjoyed wealth while enjoyment was possible—while youth and relish lasted. Lately another person reproached me that I forsook home, happiness, all better ambitions, in an inordinate lust for money. It was warm—the evening before last—unlike to-night when your teeth chatter with the damned chill. I had left a crowd, and had opened my wallet to see if its contents were safe. The bonds lay there; and I held them in my hands a moment, examining them absently. There had been words, I tell you—high words. Then high-handedness. The bonds were caught from me, flitted across the gas-jet beside the mirror, flung blazing out of the open window. I was palsied, Guinness. I stood and watched the burning morsels flutter upward over the roofs and fall in dying sparks scattered to the four winds. I was ruined. And I did nothing."

"There was nothing for you to do. But all this is simple enough. It seems to me that you have your remedy before you."

"Not even if I could use it! What judge or jury would believe that story? And no judge or jury shall ever hear it! I needs must tell it to you, Guinness. There must be one man in the world assured of my integrity."

"Thoroughly assured of it, Laurence."

"As for the rest, if I were guilty the justice of the thing would make it sufferable; but being innocent I can not endure a felon's cell!" And he walked the narrow room from end to end.

"This is out of the question, Laurence. What Quixotism has gotten hold of you? You must listen to reason—come! for if you do not make a statement of the truth I shall!"

He gave a short laugh. "I should have sworn you first," said he. "But if honor does not bind you, oaths will not. It would be idle, Guinness—for I should deny it all. No; in spite of my panic just now I see that I shall never be sought after here; you must take me down to the bar daily; I shall hail the first outward-bound craft and follow her fortunes, whether it is a fishing-smack from the Port above, or a schooner cleared for the Mediterranean and coming down the Ips. I shall get aboard and vanish out of this side of the globe. And if they want to ship no hands you must pay my passage; for I left all. I have not so much as a dollar in the world."

"And your wife, Laurence?"

"She is away from home."

"But how is she to reach you?"

"She has left home, I say!" he answered, bringing his hand down on the table till the glasses rung.

Then I understood it all.

I recalled, for a heart-beat, the last time that I had seen her. There was a change. Scarcely did she seem content. Married, loving or not, a woman's happiness depends on one alone; and if he, immersed in his pursuits, should have outraged her with apparent apathy—apparent or real, how was she to know? In what way it all happened who was there that could say?

I went out to the door and called Willy in. She had been trying to build a bonfire for beacon on the point, but the dampness would not allow it to kindle. She obeyed me, coming back wet and cold, her hair hanging limply round her face with the heavy vapors and dews.

"Patience, Willy, patience," said I. "You must not be surprised to hear Jack's whistle out of the fog at any moment now."

"Oh, I know, Sir! I'm sure you'll laugh at me—I wasn't born to be a fisherman's wife. It's always just so with me. Oh, I know if I'm not patient I don't deserve him! But it's hard—it's hard!—I'll go in and see to baby," said Willy, with sudden resolution, and in she went. But as I still stood outside her figure was flitting up and down the room, and every other minute she came and pressed her little face against the pane and searched the night for Jack.

I was thinking of Laurence. It was always useless to combat him. There appeared to be nothing to do except to help him on his way—the sooner the better. In some foreign country perhaps he would put his matters right once more. I came round to the door where I could look into the little lighted dining-room and see him. His arms were stretched out upon the table, and his head had fallen between them, his whole attitude being the complete abandonment of despair. How different a creature he seemed now from the Laurence of that summer day when he, lounging in his open tent, pipe in mouth, I on the grass, and the rest of the household asleep, Miss Saulsbury sat on the veranda, her face turned away from us, and looking out on the tranquil tide of the swelling river! It was the high silence of noon; now and then the melancholy whistle of the plover fell, heard clearer as the distance grew; now and then the report of some rifle rolled and repeated away among the low hills with a music of airiest echoes till it died in a puff of sweet sound; now and then the blue wing of a teal showed itself among the sedges; now and then a wild goose dived; all else was perfect quiet. Suddenly two gray gulls, their under-wings flashing like snow in the sun, went swooping and fanning up the river and uttering the sharp, griding see-saw of their cry.

"Mackerel! mackerel!" cried Laurence, springing to his feet. "The mackerel have

come!" And his eyes on fire, his face sparkling, his whole bearing bristled with energy and action, he flew for the tackle and the boats and was off with Jack, hauling up, hand over hand, wild with the spirit of fishing till starlight.

Yet the insane delight and vigor of that hour was only the lighted side of this great shadow in which I saw him now.

There had constantly been this intensity of animal life about Laurence. It seemed as if vitality, like a flame, reveled more freely in his massive proportions than in a cramped space. He enjoyed his senses thoroughly. The very abundance and acuteness of sensation which constituted so powerful a creational nature was perhaps the attraction that my feeble being found in him. It drew like a lode-stone. It mastered women too in some unaccountable way, for one would have expected, instead of a sympathetic, a repulsive force from any thing so fierce and strong toward the delicate and subtle feminine fibres; and under the lowering black brows, out of the cool depths of eyes almost like emeralds, there sometimes shot a look to make one shudder. But I attributed this strange power to his being thorough-bred; his elements had been assimilated countless generations since, and had remained undisturbed; all his characteristics were in their perfection; he was the genuine Laurence, and his stock was pure now as at the root. There was little intellectuality in this composition—a horse valued above a boat, a gun more than either; there was much pride in it, but scarcely any tenderness, I should have said; he was merciless, and would have walked to his purpose over the spiring heart of his best friend. With all that I loved the man.

Perhaps I should never have known half this but for that summer: in such a place, with a whole horizon around you, there was small room for concealment.

As for Miss Saulsbury—she was not a woman of ideas—she may not have had much strength of character—I can not judge her—she was too beautiful! Whether I remember her one morning, a breaker scattering all its diamond drops about her head, while she laughed upon us and slipped back into the sea; or standing in the evening gloom far out on the low point while the fishing-boats came in, and waving a torch above her till in the falling patches of light she seemed looking from a star. She was full of odd and trifling contradictions; she could open the lobster-net from which the others fled, shrieking as it came up, and, taking them behind the claws, could coolly lift the angry desperadoes out, struggling lengths of live heliotrope-stone, that might have wrenched an unskillful finger from its socket. Just now I stumbled over the snapping-turtle, an immense and ugly subject, that could hold a branch between his jaws and defy you to remove it, and on whose shell she had cut the date three years ago, while Laurence detained him for her; but when she had drawn the tiniest shiner in she

could never take it from the hook, but always held it up for help, in a little appealing way, half coquetry, half qualm—while at any time a harmless green snake, three fingers long, thrilled her with shudders. I could recall, at the moment, the look of abject horror with which she met Laurence one day when his white hound, a snarling beauty, snapped at her fingers and tore them; and she, in a quick transport to be as quickly repented, dashed away the smelling-salts he proffered and set her little heel on the shattering vial—whereat Lawrence, in an instant, seizing the dog by the collar, had dragged him down to the brink and held him, with all his struggles, under the tide till he could float to shore like dead drift-wood; then coming up, dark and fierce, she met him with that smothered cry, the half-raised hands, and a face full of white, shivering fear. It was days before she raised her eyes to his again. “You think I am a vampire?” said he, boldly to her at last. “No, no,” said she, “I am afraid lest you hold me under water some day till I drown.” And the look came again that made her countenance vacant of every thing save terror. “Then I shall drown with you,” he replied. “Suppose now we enter bonds to keep the peace. I will promise not to hurt you provided you do me no harm!” And he snatched her hand and would have kissed it had she not exclaimed that he hurt her already, and freed her fingers to shift the rings upon them. Finely attuned in some sides of her nature as she was, there was nevertheless a drop of hot blood in the veins, never absorbed nor eliminated, but always showing itself in unexpected heats and passions: she was not like that Damascus blade that bends and bends without breaking, and, when it cuts, cleaves through and through; but bending to-day like a willow wand, to-morrow she scattered in fiery sparks and splinters. Trivial things did not disturb her till, heaped one upon another, they toppled over in a crash; with her you seldom knew though what was trivial and what was great; for though the whole day she would endure the vexatious caprices of a child, yet at the word of an equal she might flash into a fever-fit of anger that appalled you. Perhaps the most remarkable contradiction of all about her was that, in spite of such characteristics, she charmed and won all hearts; she ruled you with her haughty tempers and her sunny sweetness alternately, there was nothing monotonous in her—you ruled her through her countless superstitions; for, nowise religious, she paid deference to a host of them; trembled at spilled salt—if not at spilled smelling-salts—dreaded Fridays, and starved sooner than sat down thirteen at table. But what mattered all this? Breathing and being were enough for her to do. She would have been majestic had she not been so lovely; with her stately motion and her idle air she seemed always like some queen who had lost her kingdom. So I said one day to Laurence. “Let her divide my throne,” said he.

I felt that instant as if the earth shook a little under my feet. Then I knew that it had been a long purpose of his, and knew, too, that I was but stubble in the flame of his breath as he went forward to his desire. But I hardly believed that he loved her—I hardly believed him capable of any deep devotion of the heart—his pride alone required such magnificence in a wife, his will was resolved on triumph. Still I had fancied her kind to me; and if she were, why, strong as he was, I could even then have fought it out with Laurence.

He took her off alone with him that day, the day he said that thing in his float, fringed out with wisps of hay to deceive the wary game up among the labyrinths of creeks that pierced the marshes to the base of the sand-hills, he after yellow-legs or peeps or whatever happened across the bead of his rifle, she to bring back wild woodbines and plant them at the door—the wet drips from leaf and tendril as I stand under them that night. The afternoon passed slowly enough with those two away—to me at least it did—the sunset faded and still they did not come; other voices floated in over the smooth river, there came the dip of other oars, then the stars stole out, and by-and-by through the clear, cool air we heard the far-away bells ringing nine. We had not feared till then, for Laurence was equal to any emergency; but after that the little maid Willy put every one to their panics, and we began to picture all contingencies of evil as we stood looking up-stream, when, just before midnight, gliding along like a spirit, a sail came slowly in from the opposite direction; and Laurence lifted Miss Saulsbury out, carried her over the weed-strewn cobblestones that were scraped in long phosphorescent lines of pale fire under his heel, and set her down among us—her beautiful face shining whitely out of the depths of his shaggy pea-jacket that had been wrapped about her.

“A pretty fright you have given us!” we cried, the ladies gathering round her, for Willy was in a state too near hysterics to be of service. But Laurence vouchsafed no answer; only strode back to pay his skipper; for though they had gone in the float they had come back in the Bluff boat.

“Good people,” said he then, returning, “fewer questions and more deeds. Get something hot, Miss Marian, if you please. Jack, build a fire—you expected us with a vengeance! Willy, come out of that, and make your mistress comfortable! If you’re going down cellar, Guinness, I’ll go with you, so far as some soda-water and brandy with a dash of ginger in it.” And having scattered the crew, while one flew for lunch, and another for hot foot-baths, and a third for every thing that was not needed, he waited upon Miss Saulsbury to the house with a peculiar protection of manner, a lordly but gracious taking-possession, that, smiling up at him, she accepted, certainly, that night, as if it had been rest.

“We were lost,” said he to me after a while,

as he gulped his soda-water, having toasted his feet at the fender. "Out of one creek into another. I thought I knew them all; but the tide was going down; it was getting dark, and following what seemed the channel, I perpetually found my boat's head in the grass, with nothing but grass before it—the tide, falling from one creek, making eddy into the next below, so that you went up the second thinking you were going down the first. Then the little poison fog—I had rather see ghosts—came creeping up like rarefied ice; it was colder than the grave, the float as ticklish as a tight-rope, neither of us able to stir. I thought she would perish, though she said nothing. She was frightened; she has that same horror of death that I have. I found I should never make my way out; so I turned about, ran the float as far up the marshes as it would go, took her in my arms, and waded through to the sand; then I set her down, and, holding her hand, made her run with me till she was warm. So we went down the island to the Bluff, Sir—a long pull, I can tell you, and thence took a boat up the open river for home. And here we are, and there you have it, and so good-night."

There was a broad sparkle in his eye, and only a half-hidden exultation in his tone. He hugged himself a moment, looking into the fire; then laughed, and went out to his tent.

Laurence started for town the next morning: he went always once or twice a week; for he would not neglect his business, much as we gibe. Usually I took him up that one of all the little rivers for which the wind lay fairest, and in the village at the head he caught a train and left us, appointing tryst with some one for the last train that night, or the first one next day to take him back; or else relying on the luck that so seldom forsook him as to make him almost fear it. In one way or another it so happened that Miss Saulsbury was always with us on these journeys; thus, then, she returned alone with me. But on this day Laurence wheeled about as he left the boat—the last night seemed to have given him prescriptive right and title—he flung a long wreath of crimsoned bramble-berry leaves, just snatched from the bank, round her neck like a fetter—"I trust her in your hands," said he, as if he committed a charge.

Had I refused it then there might have been hope for me; but he was off—and once accepted, what to do but to fulfill it?

We had had the most quiet of all quiet sails, simmering up Rowley River under a fervid sun, carried along by a nearly imperceptible breath, so lightly that the bittern on the border never stirred as we slipped by, and the little swallows perched upon the sprit and floated on with us, up between the lovely meadows of the stack-yard gate, retreating into ancient wood, till we reached pasture-land and orchard and the station on the hill. Miss Saulsbury, languid with yesterday's fatigue, breathed the very spirit of the sail, lay back, and seldom spoke. Lau-

rence made calculations in his note-book. I whistled for the wind.

"Does it come for that?" asked Laurence, putting up his pencil. "You don't know the art. Now, if Miss Saulsbury accompanies me, I will fill your sail in time for the train. Otherwise I shall have to row you back."

She took up her little mandolin, which almost always went where she did, and the arpeggios came bounding out from her fingers' ends, while Laurence opened a hurly of whistling such as no bird on the bough might ever dream of rivaling—a perfect burst of swift, melodious gladness, mellow and clear, soaring and sinking, full of giddy trills, and lingering in long, sweet notes and answering echoes. Into it he wove the plaint of the plover, and such cries and calls that a flock of wings came whirring over the mast, high in the air above us. No voiceful warbling of passionate strains ever made more delicious music than these strong flute-notes falling over the undertone of the strings, dropping at last into melancholy tunes, so sweet they made you smile, and so sad they made you sigh. And, as if not to be outdone, a little breeze came and curled the clear green behind us into a snowy ripple, and filled the sail, and blew us on a while, so that motion was a dreamy bliss. Miss Saulsbury laid down the mandolin, and, leaning over the boatside, dabbled her hand in the tide. On that hand, as it flashed white in the sunshine while she played, I had noticed her ring flash too, burning like a coal of fire. It was a heart-shaped carbuncle, set in a mere twisted thread of gold so invisibly fine that the carbuncle often seemed to lie on her finger like a drop of red heart's-blood. Just now she lifted the hand, and it was bare. "Oh, I have lost my heart!" she exclaimed.

Laurence laughed.

"My ring," she said, leaning over again, and searching the clear stream. "The water washed it off. I must have it!"

It was just where a withered tree was set to mark the entrance of the river, over a patch of pebbly bottom on one side; but we could none of us see the ring, though we went round and round the spot; and while we looked the last time a fresh waft of wind floated us on and left the place behind.

"Why does it vex you so?" asked Laurence, as she still bent over, and her glance grew dizzy among the white clam-shells and green pebbles.

"Oh, it terrifies me!" she replied, looking up with troubled eyes. "It is like an omen."

"An omen?"

"Yes. I have had it so long. I always kept it as a symbol—you shouldn't laugh!—where that goes I must follow!"

"And is that so dreadful?"

She shivered in all the heat. "Absolute terror," she said.

"There we differ," he replied. "Much as I avoid my fate, fear the inevitable, and dread death, as we said yesterday—"

"But only," I interrupted, "with such an-

tipathy as the high meridian of organized life must feel to dissolution and decay."

"Yet, after all," he continued, "I could think of no pleasanter end than gently drawing down these sun-warmed waters into the unbroken rest."

"Rest!" she said. "Tossed on every wave, lashed about by sea-weed, fattening the fish. Oh, it is horrible! such coldness, such darkness—roaring in your ears, bitter in your mouth, sliding its slippery tons upon you—the heavy blackness of annihilation! O God! deliver me from dying in the sea!"

"And yet we live upon the water here."

She smiled at her fervor. "Mr. Guinness is so careful that I am never afraid with him," she replied.

"Thank you," said Laurence. "As for me, I shall drown you the next chance I have."

"I am sure you will unless I get my ring first," she responded, lightly. "Ah, what might that man not deserve of me!" But here the whistle of the train came round the wood; we got out the oars to help the sail along, and touched the little landing just in season for Laurence to dash up the hill and leap on the platform of the last car as it slid by. Something detached itself from his sleeve, where it had caught, and fell into his hand; it was the long, red spray of bramble-berry leaves with which he had fettered Miss Saulsbury a moment since. Whether a smile lit up his tawny face, or a cloud darkened it, one could not see, as he wound the wreath about his wrist and waved us a farewell with it.

Jack was at the landing, in a boat laden with commissions—chiefly Miss Saulsbury's—concerning Willy's outfit.

Willy's mistress was not a wealthy person, but an unfailing annuity placed her at perfect ease, and, now that her little handmaid chose to leave her, enabled her to give gear and goods without stint. All this ado had risen since the day when Jack made such a haul of mackerel with Laurence; then, wind and tide being fair, he had set his companion ashore, and had taken the boat's load up to the Port above, coming back next tide with a fifty-dollar bill of his own in pocket. On the whole Jack never lost by it in the seasons when I had my friends about me. Perhaps it was seeing this, and knowing that clams and cunners and cod lay at the front door, lobsters round the corner, and almost every thing else in the garden-patch, made Jack think his berth was wide enough for two. He said as much to Willy.

Willy was a busy little body, blithe and brisk. Her chief beauty was a skin like cream; but a happy face, with great gray eyes and rippling auburn hair, the tint that few but poets love, made her a pleasant sight in every one's opinion but her own. She had looked at Jack in admiring awe, very much afraid of him at first, then warming into familiarity, and finally nestling under his wing without knowing that she did so.

"Me?" said Willy, when he told her his intentions. "What—me, with my red poll?" And she hid it in his elbow.

"Yes, you, my darling, with your little sun-beam of a face to warm my winters here," answered Jack. And thereon it was settled.

Every body in the house had bestirred themselves when Willy blushed and confessed to Laurence—who questioned pitilessly, smiling down with an amused face from his altitudes—what Jack had already told him. These parcels in Jack's boat now were the last of all. Few brides of her rank had ever come to their own so well provided. The novel proprietary sense gave the little minx a certain subdued importance which was not the least pleasant thing about her. A room had been set apart for Willy's own, furnished with a rosy chintz of wandering wild-convolvulus pattern; a little noiseless clock on the mantle told the days of the week and the time of the moon; and pretty prints were hung about the wall; for, having always served with somewhat well-bred people, Willy was in a way well-bred herself, and would miss certain small refinements of surrounding. The carpenters, too, had been there putting up a shed; and last of all, in the neap-tides, when the water was so low and the land so dry as to make it easy, Mr. Laurence made his appearance in seven-league boots, amidst much uproar and confusion, driving a cow and her calf before him from the main land, which property he bestowed upon Willy in due ceremony, making her half crazy with delight. It brought back the time when the child had a home of her own far up in the country, as she put her arms over the cow, which turned great gentle eyes upon her and ate the grass out of her hand. Shy as a bird, always ready to take flight, Willy wore in those days a little hectic of expectation, pleasure, and alarm, that it needed only a word to spread into burning blushes. Laurence never spared the word. In our necessarily democratic manner of life there the demarcations between superior and servant were in a measure lost sight of, and Laurence had, by means of this, many a chance for his jest. As for Jack, when surprised in Willy's company, he grinned and touched his hat till he wore a place in the brim; but he never let go the little hand in his for all our looks and laughs.

So to-day we raced our craft down, he and I, Jack coming in an oar's length ahead, in spite of Miss Saulsbury's wild attempts at trimming the boat, which after all, perhaps, were the retarding causes, since I was wont to boast as stout a stroke as Jack's, though not, as he was, to the manner born. To-morrow was Jack's wedding-day, and the following noon we were all to leave this watery Eden to its Adam and Eve.

Miss Saulsbury was learning how to do without a maid next morning, and trying to pack her trunks herself, though Willy's tearful objections could well be heard without. Marian and Maud were cutting wedding-cake and mak-

ing a fearful mess of it. My mother sat placid and smiling, her gray hair shining softly in the light, as she set some last stitch for the little maid—I think all the ladies felt about Willy as they used to do when they dressed their dolls—the rest were off on their pleasure; so that I went up to the station for Laurence alone.

He was there waiting for me, sitting astride a fence, into which he had been cutting caricatures of all our profiles. He clasped his knife and ran gayly down, and we pushed off again, he talking rapidly, full of some new speculation which was running like wild-fire through the city. There was a head-wind, so we rowed; but the tide ran down with us. We were nearly off the place where the withered tree was set to mark the entrance of the river, when he drew in his oar.

"Anchor here, Guinness," said he.

"Here? What for?"

"I am going to have her heart," he said, standing up and casting off his clothes.

I rested on my oar with a blessing for tardy wits. Nothing stirred in all the wide and lovely loneliness while he stood there stripping in the sun. Directly afterward he had dived. He came up as quickly, snorting and spouting like a sea-monster, and climbing into the boat examined what fardel he had found; it was only a double handful of shells and a bit of coral from tropical seas, washed up here and in over the marshes by the last southerly storm perhaps.

"I shall be gone longer this time," said he, as he went down again.

He remained under water nearly a minute. I could see him below, the ripples settling round him, and the refracting sunbeams playing all manner of fantastic pranks with his outline, so that a dozen mermen seemed to be following their slippery sport about him. At length he rose and caught at the side of the boat.

"Steady, Guinness! Make a lee-board there with your oar. All right! Laurence luck, you know."

He shook the drops off him like a water-dog, and held his open hand to me; the wet ring was blazing like a little bale-fire on his palm.

"Treasure-trove," said he then, working into his garments once more. "Now blow, wind, a prospering gale! Confound these oars! We sha'n't get down till dark."

However, we were there before the noon, and Laurence had enough to do the rest of the day in gathering his own traps and scattering those of every one else with the effort; in jesting Willy whenever he came across her—and that, in our informal customs, as I have said, was often enough; and in making his peace with my mother therefor, sitting with sunny humility at the dear old lady's feet, and knotting inextricable snarls in her yarn—a universal nuisance that afternoon whom none of us could have done without.

It was early dusk in those September days—twilight that constantly misled us into thinking it later than it was—so that we were waiting in

the parlor two hours before the clergyman arrived. Brocklebank was to bring him down the Ips, and the wind having died away he would be obliged to row, and that made him later still, so that, Jack and Willy not having come in, and mirth lagging with every one loth to part on the morrow, they fell to playing games of forfeits—cards being deemed profane on the occasion, and as bringing odium on the company, besides, in the approaching eyes of his reverence. Laurence sat talking between Maud and Marian; among the others, with Maud's sharp satire and Marian's droll wit, he seldom said much to Miss Saulsbury. To-night he had not even looked at her. She was by herself, in a great arm-chair, sitting with folded hands and downcast eyes. As for me, I was unquiet that evening, and staid nowhere long.

It grew so tedious at last that I ordered coffee.

I had just carried Miss Saulsbury a cup. Laurence rose and went to cross the room for another.

"A forfeit! a forfeit!" cried pretty Mrs. Byrd. "The first to cross the thread, Mr. Laurence!"

"I see no thread."

"That makes no odds. Some threads are none the less potent for being invisible."

"True. What shall it be?"

"A song!" she answered, clapping her white hands, as people of white hands are apt to do. "A song!" the others echoed, delighted with the impossibility; for all our mock operas had fallen through for want of the heavy bass which Laurence should have sung, and which he had vowed he could not, unless they wanted a chorus from Aristophanes.

He stood now, leaning one knee on the seat of a chair, his arms folded across the high back, while they all enjoyed his expected confusion. His glance went slowly round the room; it rested on Miss Saulsbury. Then he sang—that song that crusts itself with sweetness as the centuries fleet by it—

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup
I would not change for thine.

"I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee!"

So deep, so passionate, so powerful, the voice lifted her eyes whether she would or no, and constrained the shivering gaze, for the very music made one throb in answer. She was committed, so to say, in listening to such a song. It was a pronunciamiento, a public avowal that she could not discredit, a solemn act of seizin.

He moved away presently to get his coffee. She rose, then, in the course of a few moments, and slipped from the room.

I saw her shortly after out on the grass, with a lamp in her hand, searching for something in the dark, warm, windless night. Jack and Willy were with her. Presently Laurence joined them.

"You have lost something?" he said.

She did not reply.

"The ring," answered Jack.

"Ah! how was that?"

"We came down here to see if Brocklebank was handy, Sir; and I took it out to show Willy."

"Hadh't Willy seen it?"

"What if I had, Sir?" said Willy, smartly.

"And so you lost it? Never mind, Jack; any other will do as well."

"Not if we can find this, Sir."

"It is such an ill token," murmured Miss Saulsbury, forgetting herself a second, and still passing her lamp over the dewless grass. Laurence stooped with them. He rose, though, in a moment, and let them search on.

"What will you give me for it, Willy?" said he then, opening his hand. "Laurence luck," to Miss Saulsbury. And to Willy: "Let me see you try it on."

But Willy put both her hands behind her. "You will see it tried on at the fit time, Sir," answered she.

"Dear me!" said Laurence. "There, take it. Trudge!"

The two retreated. Miss Saulsbury was following with her lamp, when Laurence detained her. "Rings being the subject," said he, "I have a word to say." He disengaged something from his watch-guard. "There are laws respecting salvage," he went on. "Perhaps I could claim this little red heart under them. But if I ask for bread, will you give me a stone?"

She moved with a trifle of impetuous surprise.

"You value it, then?"

"I have told you," she answered, half melting from displeasure. "It is a superstition I have. I feel as though my fate depended on it."

"Mine too," murmured Laurence.

She held her hand for it. But he kept it back yet.

"That was a wedding-ring I held just now," he said. "But where the doges threw their wedding-rings this shall return, unless— You desire it still so much? Heart for heart! On one condition, then: that I place it on your finger for myself." There was meaning not to be mistaken in his eye.

She gazed on his face a minute, and the lamp trembled in her hand. He took it from her. She turned, then, searching about her, half, I fancied, as if she looked for help. None came. If she cared for him how could I say? It was hers to act. Yet no one could refuse to feel his power.

He stood there waiting. Her hand lifted slowly, and hesitated. He caught it as it fell, and thrust the ring upon the finger, bending over it in a sudden way—a swift and almost savage gesture. Then— But what more he said or did or looked I do not know; for the lamp was out, and they two stood there alone together, in the windless, dewless dark.

I did not go down to the marshes and the river-mouth next year.

I had seen Mrs. Laurence but once since then. She was going out to dinner, and she swept by me, as I waited in the hall of her husband's house, pausing only for brief recognition, stately and splendid, but no longer sweet. I said to myself, let the sacrifice be what it will, there is no woman but resents delay. Yet I was glad to have met her. I went in to Laurence then with a lighter heart.

This year I was thirsty for my rivers and seas, and here I was among them.

I came just at twilight; the wild rose blew out its first soft gales to meet me; and, going noiselessly from the shore, I looked through the window that was open on the river. Willy sat there, holding something tenderly in her arms, and gazing back at Jack with an assured smile that seemed to have welled up from her heart and settled over all her face. Then Jack knelt, and with one arm upon the chair, laid his rough face beside the little head on Willy's breast; and in a rush of happy tears, Willy bent her own bright head and made them three.

I tip-toed back to the boat—that was not the place for me—threw out my anchor with a splash, knocked my oars about, and halloed for Jack. And when he came, Willy and her bundle came behind, and gave me such a welcome as one gets nowhere but at home.

I could hear her singing now as I leaned against the doorway and remembered all these things—tired out with watching for Jack, and comforting herself as she rocked the child; and though it was not the sweet "Balow, my babe," of Bothwell's Bride, there was something pleasant to me about the little voice crooning as a wind does in the vines.

"Sleep on thy cheek hath laid
His dewy blush;
Then falling leaf be stayed,
Dear flower, forget to fade,
Hush, baby, hush!"

"And be thy slumbers sweet
As they are deep:
Let none but heavenly feet
About thy cradle meet;
Sleep, baby, sleep!"

All at once Laurence laid his hand on my shoulder, though I had not heard his step. "Stop that song!" said he, hoarsely. "She used to sing it here."

But Willy stopped it for herself, hearing his movement, and hearkening beyond it. That she might not hearken for nothing the clock struck the quarter to one.

"You must go to bed and to sleep, Laurence," said I.

"Sleep!" said he. "Raked up in red-hot coals!"

There was a singular expectancy about him, an alert, listening air, as he stood with his head thrown back, his eyes fixed, and nostrils expanded. He seemed to be awaiting something, I remember thinking at the time.

Willy looked out from her door. "Is there any thing the matter, Sir?" she asked.

"Nothing at all, Willy."

"You're not sitting up for Jack, Mr. Guinness," sincerely hoping that I was. "I suppose, Sir, he'll come just as soon without." She faltered a moment, seeming to feel that some one else there was in trouble too. "Mr. Laurence, Sir," she said then, as if she would do the best that in her lay, "you haven't seen my baby yet."

He went in mechanically as she opened the door to him. The baby lay flushed and rosy in the wicker cradle, with his little fists upon the pillow, and the rings of his shining hair all wet with his warm sleep—a chubby cherub enough, smiling in pretty dreams. Willy lifted one of the tiny curls away from his temple; and then, clasping her hands as if to keep from touching him, gazed smilingly down at her perfect work. Laurence stood opposite, gazing down as well. One could hardly say what bitter thought so heaved his breast. But suddenly, with a quick, angry word, he turned on his heel and came out again to the door.

So we lingered a last moment there, and absently watched the moonlight breaking down through the great bank of white fog that once in a while a casual puff of wind parted and rolled raggedly away. Not surprisingly or startlingly then, but as if we had looked for it rather, a sound, a dull, distant thud, fell upon the silence. For a moment it affected us no more than if we had not heard it; then it was repeated, but this time breaking and echoing every where about us, as if conducted from particle to particle of all the midnight fog.

"A ship in distress!" I said. "Aground on the bar, probably, in coming down the Ips. They all carry a swivel."

But Laurence sprung forward, flinging me back, leaning out into the night and listening. "There it is!" he cried. "I have been waiting for it. Come, Guinness, come!"

"To bed?" I said, with a yawn. "Willingly. The drowsy god—"

"To the boat!" he answered. "To the boat! To the bar! To that vessel there!"

"Nonsense, Laurence, nonsense! Willy has just aired your sheets."

"Sheets? If I sleep at all to-night it will be in wet ones. Make haste, I say, make haste!"

"Make haste on such a hazardous expedition?"

"Do as you like. For my part I am too restless to-night for any thing but danger," he

said, striding off for his hat and returning with it in a breath.

"What earthly good can you do down there?" I asked, beginning to comprehend his urgency.

"Unearthly, then. I must go. If you will not join me, then alone. Let her get off the bar and away," he said, sullenly, "I shall be away with her."

"How do you know that she is outward-bound?" I persisted. "It may be a broken old sand-drogher."

"I know nothing at all about her," he replied, with a vehement and impatient motion. "Only there is the place for me! It is what I came for. That gun calls me! For Heaven's love, Guinness—"

"But we can not find a rod of the way."

"A lantern and a compass! I know every ripple between us. So do you. Good God! I can see her now on the sand-bar, bowsprit in air, and the long black masts raking this moonlighted fog."

"Oh, Sir," said Willy, joining us, "are you going after him?" full of her insane idea that every thing pertained to Jack. "It is very kind of you, but I don't know—"

"You're not afraid to be left alone, Willy?"

"Oh no, indeed, Sir. Jack's been away many a night when I hadn't even baby."

"Then, Laurence, if you're determined—"

"I've no choice, Guinness."

"God bless you, Mr. Laurence!" cried Willy to him then, dry-eyed and eager. "And do as much for you some day if you bring him home to me!"

He turned and looked at her, as if her words had just penetrated across the thickness of a dream. "As much for me, as much for me!" he murmured, relishing it like a ghastly joke. He waved his arm toward her, with his old gallant way, ever ready for maid as for mistress, and hurried forward to the boat almost lightly.

"Oh me, me!" I heard Willy sighing, "I always knew something, something would come of it ever since the night we lost our wedding-ring! I suppose you won't be long away, Sir?" she asked me, as I passed her with my hands full.

"We shall all meet when the day breaks, Willy," he answered, looking back at her an instant where, dimly seen, she held a candle on the threshold, and guarded its flame, that was already hazy through the mist, behind her reddening fingers. Then we were off. "As much for me," Laurence again repeated to himself. "Life is not long enough for all our wishes—there are prayers that can be answered only beyond the grave. Beyond the grave," he said; "for though lost, lost, lost here, she can not evade me there!"

Then he took the oars, while I steered as best I could—cut adrift, it seemed, from the whole round world, and afloat in the wild white fog. It was deathly cold, and a wind that now and then streamed through the vapor pierced

us to the marrow; we could see nothing but the billows of cloud about us, now turning up a furrow of gold to some probing moon-beam, now wallowing in turbid masses thick and impenetrable. Still he rowed steadily on, only pausing to surmise our whereabouts; judging that we had passed Swallowbanks, hearing the roller grate on the pebbles at the foot of the Hundreds, listening for the long swell of the surf upon Bar Island. The wind had grown stronger by that, and, peeling off the mist, opened many a lane where one could see the clear green water tossing under us, and the moonlight glancing in the drip of the oars. With the tide making out against the wind there was a heavy chop here at the mouth; not seldom the oars leaped from the tholes, and we shipped a cross-sea that drenched us to the skin. When for a moment the fog dissipated and the cold light fell clearly through there were stretches of rough water far and wide, wild waves answering the breeze and springing into spray, the sandy Bluff was lifting behind us, and far ahead lights dipped and rose, and sounds of calling and confusion reached us brokenly upon the wind. Then the mist gathered once more, the fearful fog-bank floated in, the lights grew large and dim, and were drowned in the dense reek between; and making in their direction Laurence bent over his oars till they smoked themselves, and we danced across the water, from crest to crest, like a foam-bell. There was no sound but the dash and tumult—such music at other times; and we neither of us spoke. Somehow all this whiteness and dimness and chill through which we plowed filled me with a sense of supernatural things; as the gelid dampness puffed freshly in my face it seemed like a breath from the tomb, and dismayed me with foreboding—a vague and awful intimation; my teeth chattered in spite of me, and my hands were numb upon the tiller. Then the roar of the breakers and the boom of the surf were close upon us; we could hear the shelves of sand tear off and slide from the shore; through the parting fog a broad revolving ray of the Ips Light showed us sheets of rock and foam under the bow, the waves pitched us up and down like a part of their yeast and spume; a chance one came rising and rushing over, seized us in its teeth like a straw, and, shaking us in the air an instant, swept on across a low ledge and left us, with a shock and shiver, in still water. Behind us rose a great shadow magnified in mist, lines of tracery and cordage sketched themselves with spectral indecision overhead; the dim lamps rocked slightly up and down beside us, the voices and the calls resounded all about us, and we were floating over the same sand-bar that had wrecked the schooner.

She lay some rods from the main land, at the opening of a little cove, and on the sheer edge of the channel, water all about her—one end lifted high on the shoal, but wedged and imbedded in sand, her stern settling lower and lower down in the deep stream, already covered above

the hatches; as the tide left her, her masts making less and less angle with the horizon, she must heel and capsize. Those two red eyes of the dim lamps seemed shining out of the unguessed face of some spectral monster waiting on her ruin.

I knew her at a glance, even though the thick air in which she loomed majestically—a veteran of these waters, a fruiter between the Ips and Sicily—the *Belladonna*, that had battled many a stout sea-fight with whistling storms, was rearing her old figure-head for the last time, and preparing to lay her bones along the shore of that quiet cove. If any one—I thought just then—if any one had wished to leave this hemisphere, and, sure of some unfailing stipend, wear away the balance of remaining days in foreign parts, this would have been a chance to take—but baffled as fate loves to baffle us.

"Well, Laurence," I said, "here we are! Now to work!"

"Take the oars, Guinness," he answered me, approaching to put himself in my place, "and keep her off while I see what there is before me."

There was deep, deep water before him.

As he swung the lantern slowly round I detected fragments floating about us—hardly such ballast as might have been thrown out to lighten the schooner off; one oar that floated by—a large white oar, with its zinc-bound blade—struck me familiarly. If the *Belladonna* had first crashed into Jack's whale-boat in the fog—

"Jack!" I called.

"Ay, ay, Sir!" came back to me out of the dimness, ringing startlingly, as if one had invoked a phantom and it had appeared.

"Where are you?" I called again.

"In the yawl, Sir! Been run down, and picked up. Don't get foul of the hawse, Sir! They're taking off the passengers!" His voice sounded from somewhere leagues away, though there was but half a cable's-length of the fog between us.

The captain of the *Belladonna*, having fired his guns and hung out his lamps when he found himself aground, imagining then that the returning tide would ease him off, had in nowise dreamed of such a mishap as he at last found befalling him. When the danger broke upon him he had made all haste to dispatch those on board into safety. With the current constantly drawing the boats down and away, a cable had been tackled, passing over to a second boat that was anchored firmly further on; and warned by the swiftly falling tide, those more timorous ones who had waited for others to try the way, or those who had magnanimously stood aside, now clambered on the great rope across some half dozen yards or less of dark water, till they could drop into the boat that lay beneath and ready to receive them, for the wreck, acting like a breakwater, made every thing still in its shadow. Though I by no means regretted coming, for every such scene is good experience, I did not see that we could be of use. There was scarcely any danger in the brief pas-

sage from the vessel, and even that might have been obviated had not a tardy comprehension of the situation rendered safer methods too slow to try.

"Back water, Guinness!" said Laurence, standing in the stern. I obeyed him with a couple of strokes that sent us where we could discern the dark line of the cable shaking immediately before us, and hear the wind whistling in the rigging a shrill Æolian note.

Some one had just passed over the rope and been caught by the arms of the sailors stationed in the receiving-boat.

The cable dipped again and trembled, and another figure came toiling hand over hand, dropping along its little length till the place of rescue should be reached.

Laurence lifted the lantern and held it over his head. It must have made him a giant in the enringing mist. Its light fell upon his face, I fancy, before it struck outward in a broad flash. For, suddenly, the hand that had been creeping along the rope paused—paused with a white clutch, while the lantern's ray paused too, and, building its long beam upon the fog, threw first a fiery arrow that made something flame redly on the hand and sparkle like a little bale-fire there. I saw the face then, full in the flash, gazing wildly out of the blackness of the ship—saw the splendid face with its flawless features, with the winy lustre of its shadowy eyes, with the darkness of the dropping tresses round it, dropping and blowing back on the wet wind. But the color had burned out upon the cheek and left only its gray ashes there, while for the ancient sweetness of the smile a blank, cold horror froze the lips to stone. It was but a glance I had, a glance that sears and scars the brain. Then, whether the sight of inevitable destiny and doom were branding her, as she hung there in that swift instant, or whether the awful unknown of death were better than meeting the wrath of the man whom she had wronged, or whether in a sudden terror strength and volition alike were paralyzed and failed, still gazing at him with the fixed amazement of those frightened eyes, then the fingers silently opened, the rope shivered and thrilled with the rebound, the dark, deep waters parted under her and closed above her.

A cry rent the air, and followed her. "Stand off, Guinness, stand off! She is mine!" He called her by her name. "Come back," he cried. "You shall not escape me! For I love you—"

With the words he had plunged, and was pursuing her down the rushing depth. The moonlight sifted through again for a single moment; the light of all the lamps, flung toward the spot, went searching after them. I saw him rising in the watery gleam. I thought he held her in his arms. Then I saw him no more.

It was a mad hour we spent there as the tide went out. One mad hour and another. Nothing answered to our calls, nothing to our quest. Perhaps, passing under the wreck, he

had struck the keel and sunk; perhaps the strong current had swept him down with all its tumbling silt to the stormy bar; but Laurence, and the burden in his arms, substance or shadow, never rose to light.

With the change of the tide the wind changed too—a soft, warm south wind blew and stripped the vapor from the sea and from the sky, piling it in pearly battlements along the east as morning broke. How soft, how silently the dawn came up, with only the washing of the ground-swell on the coast! the crystal star dissolved like dew above, a rosy glow sheathed the pale moon, and melted in the dazzle of the blue—with all so still in heaven. When the day breaks, he said. Alas! only when it breaks on the everlasting shores, only with the dawn of the eternal day, should we all meet again!

Jack rowed me up the river at last. Wet with the night the green meadows sparkled under the sun, the creeks wound up their way in silver, the fishermen were out, the unseen gunners made their rifles ring among the hills, the river-mouth was fresh and bright once more, and as we went the old sweet loveliness crept over all things like a charm.

Some dream I seemed to have dreamed—the fog, the wreck, that wild, fair face, its phantasmagoria clung to me. The night was a black gap—the years of a generation might have passed with those four hours. I could not think that Laurence had left my life; I could not image to myself his handsome, haughty face in its last passion of death; that his proud strength, his gallant ways had ceased was less easy to believe than that the sun was quenched. It was impossible that I should see his smile, should grasp his hand, should hear his firm foot, his fearless voice, never again. What business had the careless day to shine? We were together a little while ago. I sat there still; but where was he—his life, his spirit, his power? What had become of his mere presence then? I could not consent to that dark certainty of seeing Laurence no more.

We passed the Knobs at length, pushing their reedy heads through the rapid tide. A seal sunned himself among them. We made the shore, and went up to the house.

Willy had the coffee smoking in our cups. She had seen us far off through the glass; at first, perhaps, with a pang at making out but two; then her heart in her mouth at sight of Jack's old hat.

She was standing with Jack when I went in, her arms lifted and clasped round his neck, her face hidden inside his vest; a little glad sob, half stifled with it there, for he had told her nothing except that he was safe. A sunbeam entered through the open window, and traversing the room, fell over the basket on which the baby lay; he had tossed his coverlets aside, and, kicking and crowing with desire, was reaching his little hands now after the broad ray swimming full of glittering motes above him. Willy ran to take him, and held him up to Jack,

with the light nestling in every golden curl till it made a glory round his head. But, cowering and capering still, the child reached again for the sunbeam. I remembered who had stood looking at him last, and had turned away that night in passionate despair. I gazed from him then out on the shining scene of my watery world beyond, at the sky filled every where with light. Such abundance, yet such want! The idle scope of earthly aims smote me with its hollowness. Grasping at the impossible forever here; those only who lie in silence and darkness, I said, can know the depth of peace. Perhaps he has his sunbeam there. Ah, happy they that rest!

Rest! is there none but that of the forgetful grave? I glanced again into the room, at Willy laughing up so gladly with the child in her arms, at the smile stealing over Jack's still face as he looked into her happy eyes; and sweeter far than any oblivious sleep seemed to me the calm confidence of that clear gaze—the rest of love that, tried and trusting, outlasts the dross of earth, and the sunbeams of the sky itself. Ah, happy they that rest!

A MAIDEN LADY'S HEART ROMANCE.

“HE was a nice man,” said Aunt Clara; “a *proper*, nice man.”

“And is it only because he was a nice man,” said I—“a *proper*, nice man, that you have saved his miniature so carefully for ever so many years? And, I declare!—here's a lock of his dark hair on the back, braided in with a strand of somebody's white! Whose was it, Aunt Clara?”

It was a shame in us to tease her. There was a shake in her voice as she spoke and a suspicion of tears in her eyes, and her dear old face was white with suppressed feeling. Aunt Clara had a custom, common to every person whose life is in the past, and who lives in the present only in memory; she would steal away from us all, and spend hours over her souvenirs—yellow letters, well-worn rings, old-fashioned brooches, and the like. We had come upon our dear old aunty unawares this afternoon. Jerusha said, “Let us slip in upon her ‘unbeknownst,’” and so we did. Ordinarily, when we went to her room we were in time only to hear the click of the lock of her bureau-drawer, and to see her pretending to smooth her hair. But this day she had the miniature in her hand. The picture of a child was upon the bureau, with rings, pins, bracelets, and the dear knows what! We had crept up the stairs like “a couple of mischievous kittens,” as Aunt Clara called us, and caught the old lady in the midst of her treasures.

I got possession of the miniature. Over the rest of her valuables aunty hovered like a hen over her brood. I drew away, and, sitting on a low stool, studied the picture, while Jerusha dropped down on her knees and looked over

my shoulder. Aunt Clara eyed us as uneasily as a mother-bird robbed of her young. The miniature was not very wonderful, as a work of art, certainly. The artist was, in the true sense of the term, “a pre-Raphaelite,” without knowing it. Every fold in the shirt-bosom was marked as sharply as the lines on third-quality commercial note-paper. The coat-collar, six inches deep and pushing the head well up, was perfectly defined. You could see the button-hole stitches. The black neck-stock was so high as to force a dimple in the chin. Each particular hair of the head and whiskers was so painfully elaborated as almost to suggest a suspicion of the River Niger or the Gold Coast. Nevertheless it was a genuine painting on actual ivory; no photograph, fifteen for a dollar. And you could see, by the light of the eyes, that the artist, poor though he might have been, had some idea of soul and expression.

“He *was* a proper, nice man,” Aunt Clara resumed, reaching out her hand for the picture. “And this was the only likeness of him that ever was painted. His mother wanted it dreadfully.”

“And why didn't you let her have it, aunty?”

“Oh I did. And when she died it came back to me again, with a lock of her hair. I had some of his already, and got them braided together. It was a dreadful scare-crow of a thing that I made her give me before I would give up my picture. And I had to make-believe that it was so pretty, and so like him!”

“Why, what was it that she had?”

“She ran of a notion she could cut profiles. So she made a great thing, more than two feet square, which she said was his likeness. It was cut out of black cloth, and pinned up on the wall of her settin'-room. So I told her she might have this as long as she lived, if she'd only give me *that*; and I flattered her up, and pretended the black thing was his very image.”

“I'd like to see it.”

“Mortal eyes will never see that again,” said Aunt Clara. “I burned it on the same night she died; and would have burned it before, only I was afraid she would up and cut out another by guess. It was dreadful, girls. You haven't an *i-de-a*!”

That was Aunt Clara's climax—idea in three distinct syllables, with the *a* as in *pay*. And when she said that word, our imagination exalted what she described to the highest, or depressed it to the lowest, as the case might be.

“Profiles,” Aunt Clara half soliloquized—“*profeels*—there was a Frenchman along taking them. And he called them *profeels*. He used to have a machine, and a wire went along over your nose and your chin, and the other end traced an outline of your face on a paper. But the domestic ones used to be traced by the shadow of your face on the wall. It was real fun to do it; but awful things some of them were, and *his* was one of the worst; for he had a master large nose.”

"Tell us all about him, aunty. He looks well enough in the miniature."

"Yes, indeed. And that was the beauty of pictures. They could give you a body's best looks, and kind of shade the plain features out. But those profeels and these photographs! Dear me! The profeels were as like the real thing as a crow's skin stretched on a barn is like a crow; and as to these photographs, look in a polished door-knob, and you see what some of them are! They are *like*, certainly, but there's no flattery in them. Why, your hand is always as big as all outdoors."

Aunt Clara has a real pretty hand of her own; and I minded that she had slipped on to-day one of the rings out of her treasures. She does that on high days, after dinner.

"When did he die?" asked Sister Jerusha.

"Years ago—ever so many years ago—before you were born."

"And you never thought of marrying afterward?"

"Never; and I'd given it up before. That was his daughter, that child you saw on the bureau. I tell you, girls, I was very much taken with that young man."

"Why didn't you marry him?"

"I did—"

We both jumped to our feet.

"*By proxy!*"

"By proxy!" screamed Jerusha. "I thought only kings did that, and they only in the old times." (Jerusha has been reading history lately. I saw Aunt Clara peeping into her book this morning.)

"A cat may look upon a king, and an American sovereign of the female gender—"

"Feminine," interrupted Jerusha.

"Well, if a feminine is not female, I'd like to know why."

"But a table is feminine," said Jerusha.

"Is it?"

"Yes, in the Latin."

"Oh!" said Aunt Clara. She had been peeping in Jerusha's grammar, too, and winked at me as she spoke. Jerusha detected her, and said,

"You're only making fun of me with your proxies and your genders."

She had stolen a march on both of us. Under cover of this historical and grammatical skirmish she had withdrawn all her relics, and click went the key in the bureau drawer.

"Come, children, your mother wants you," said Aunt Clara, after this masterly retirement of her stores. And she settled herself in her easy-chair with as much of the "do-go-away" expression as her face would convey.

"No, aunty, we're not going till you tell us how you married by proxy."

"Dear, how you children catch up a body's words! One can't speak before you." Here she dropped a stitch in her knitting, and after a suitable time spent in getting a fair start again, she continued, "They say marriages are made in heaven. And I shall find my husband there if I get there myself, I hope. I lent him to a

mutual friend, and she had the use of him in this world as long as she lived. That picture was his portrait. He was pledged to me, and I to him. I need not tell you all the circumstances of the courtship—"

"Oh yes, aunty, do!"

"No, they have always come to the same thing, from the beginning of time, and you will find them out soon enough. Well—He—"

"Who?"

"*He*," said Aunt Clara, "and that's as near as you'll ever come to *his* name. Well, He offended me very much once—that is, I let on to be offended, and was sharp with him—too sharp—"

"So you lost him?"

"No, I married him by proxy. Just then She came to live in the neighborhood—"

"Who?"

"Why *She*," said Aunt Clara. "He and She will do just as well to talk about, as M. and N. in the Marriage Service; and are better understood. He is of the male, and She of the female gender."

Jerusha's lips parted. But she saw the twinkle in Aunt Clara's eyes, and spared us the lecture on grammar.

"They were to be married in about a week. There came a knock at our door one evening, and who should it be but He! And He had the assurance to walk into the parlor and ask for me! Your father was dreadful angry, and offered to go in and send him away. I said I could manage my own matters. In I went, and He said a great many things, like a great baby who did not know his own mind. I had him then, and I was really ashamed of human nature in the male gender. No woman could ever be half as foolish as the men are. I might have made him liable to a breach-of-promise suit. But I wouldn't, and I didn't. I had been town-talk once and lived through it, and was afraid to try it again; and wouldn't if I hadn't been afraid. So they were married. I never knew what relation She was to me till I looked in your history. She was my proxy. He married her, but he loved me. If there was any satisfaction in that it was mine. He wouldn't take back that picture. So I kept it, and it has been quite harmless, which is more than all husbands turn out to be. He failed in business. 'Well,' says I, 'my husband, how do you like that?'"

"Did you ask *him*?" said Jerusha.

"Lawful sakes, child, but you are matter-of-fact! 'Well,' says I, my proxy, how does it please *you*?' I don't think I was *quite* glad of it; but it certainly did not pinch me near so hard by proxy as it would have done if I had been ashamed to wear my five-hundred-dollar furs and furbelows to meeting as She was. But there; men are like cats, and He was on his feet directly. I was not quite sorry; and, on the whole, I concluded that these experiences were just as well gone through with at second-hand.

"Pretty soon there came to me other He's; offering their hearts and their hands. But I had about concluded that men's hearts are nowhere, and their hands are amazing slippery. 'No, thank you,' I thought; 'a burnt child dreads the fire, and I see how things are working by proxy.' So you know now, girls, how you came to have a maiden aunt. I kind of felt as though it would have been bigamy in me to marry while I had another husband, though he was lent out.

"By-and-by, my child was born by proxy—that is the child that would have been my own-downy, only for the accident of a sharp word or so. I felt a wonderful deal of interest in that baby. I liked to look at her dearly; and I may honestly say I loved her, though I never touched her nor spoke a word to her in my life. Distance lends enchantment to the view, especially when it is babies that you are looking at. I had all the comfort and none of the trouble.

"They had many ups and downs, He and She, and all the usual family dispensations: measles, scarlet-fever, chicken-pox, scarlatina, vaccination, teething, and Godfrey's Cordial. I had only to look at them at a distance, and to say to myself, 'Well, Miss, aren't you glad that you are Miss still, and were never misled into Mrs.?' It is wonderful how easy a body can take things that happen to other people."

"I should have been so *mad*," said Jerusha, "that I never would have looked at nor spoken to them."

"How do you know that I did speak to them?" asked Aunt Clara. "And as to not looking, who would be such a fool as to quarrel with her own eyesight? It all *was to be*, or it wouldn't have been. I wasn't going to make myself ridiculous by taking on.

"After a while I *died*—I mean She died in earnest, and I by proxy. It was startling, I tell you. I thought to myself, where would you be now, Miss Clara, if He had kept his word? It brought death to me in a realizing sense, girls. I knew I was alive, and yet it seemed to me as if I was going to my own funeral—"

"I wouldn't have stirred a step, nor teched to go!" exclaimed my sister, in fierce indignation.

"Softly, child," said Aunt Clara. "You must look over your grammar. Seems to me your orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody are all amiss in that speech, and your temper besides. Every body goes to funerals in the country now, and more than every body used to go then; for somehow we don't mind now how death puts every person on a level, and that all anger and malice and evil thoughts are to be buried in the grave. Well, it did seem strange to me to be going to my own funeral, and stranger still, to be looking at my motherless child and widowed husband. I felt as if I were a spirit, a kind of a guardian angel; and as such shadowy friends can not speak

to those they hover over, neither could I. By-and-by the child died."

"You *didn't* go to her funeral?" exclaimed I.

"Not to my own child's funeral? Indeed I did. And Parson Oliver improved the death wonderfully. He made a powerful appeal, and he *was* gifted in prayer when he was younger. I suppose he is now, too, but then we have got kind of used to him."

What a strange life-dream was here unfolded to us! We always looked upon aunt as one who could say something if she would; but we never had fancied such a remarkable subject for her thoughts when she "communed with her own heart in her chamber, and was still." We had both, from that hour, an increased respect and admiration for one who had lived a whole romance in her quiet life, and wandered silently through life in the wide world of her own thoughts. After a brief silence she resumed:

"I saw pretty soon which way the wind blew, and where He was drifting. He had no occasion to speak to me. I read him just as well as if He had spoken—better perhaps, for men's words are not always to be depended on. I don't know, girls, any thing about the wonders people pretend to see and to know as *mediums*. But He was dead to me, and I was dead and buried by proxy, and yet I knew every thought of that man's heart.

"So I wasn't the least bit surprised when a letter came for me one morning. For I knew it must come. But as soon as I set eyes on that handwriting I declare I thought I should have fainted. I got up stairs somehow, and turned the key in the door. I didn't want any human counsel, and I was determined that no human should share my perplexity. I just laid the letter down at a safe distance; for it did seem to me I was a kind of afraid of it. I asked myself, Shall I read it? And caution answered, No! Then I felt as if it was all settled, and I started up, and put the room to rights, and washed the red and the tears off of my face, and unlocked the door. Down I goes to dinner as chipper and pert as if nothing had happened; but first I locked the letter in that drawer.

"I knew that mother and brother mistrusted something; and mother in particular looked kind of worried. She was the more worried that I seemed so bright—more bright than was natural; and I suppose she was afraid of something I might be going to do. As soon as the dinner things were cleared away I was back to my room. There was a kind of a charm, a drawing to that old bureau, and I *had* to open the drawer. There lay the letter, and I jumped back as if I was afraid it would up and kiss me, or something as awful; or would speak, at any rate. It did as good as speak, 'Come read me!' 'No, I won't,' says I; and I wrapped it up in one paper, and then in another. I tied the packet with tape, and sealed it, and marked it 'Private: burn without opening.' For I didn't know but I might die, you know."

"I would have sent it straight back to him," said Jerusha.

"Yes, and had him come himself and plead harder than forty letters. That is the way most girls would have done, I know. And if I had, there would have been one old maid less in the world, I suppose. That's mostly the way such things go. I wouldn't even read it. I daresn't.

"After a while mother came up. 'Clara,' says she, 'you got a letter to-day. What was in it?' 'Don't know,' says I, 'I haven't read it, and don't expect to at present.' 'But,' says she, 'he will look for an answer.' I had written one, and a great deal better than I should if I had read his meanderings and palaverings. I *knew* what they were just as well as if I had read them, and spelled out every word, and got Jerusha here to parse them. I showed mother my letter. It was respectful, kind, clear, and to the point; not spiteful a bit, but positive as nay, nay. I never heard from *him* again."

"And did you *never* read his letter?" I asked.

"Yes, after He was dead and buried and was nobody's husband in this world, and nobody's widower either. I read it again and again, for it seemed like a spiritual communication, and a deal more sensible than ever was spelled out by table-rappers. I read it till I had the words by heart and the paper was worn to rags. And then I burned it; and when the ashes flickered and danced and flew up the chimney I felt as if I had sent his letter back to him again. And that's the whole story. And now, girls, I hope you are satisfied."

"There's a great many more trinkets in that drawer," said Jerusha.

"And there's *this*," said I, taking her left hand and holding it up with the ring upon it.

"Dear me!" said Aunt Clara, "was there ever such a couple of plagues! The picture tells the whole story of my life. As to this ring—why, to-day is my birthday; and it was the day we laid out to be married on before She came. And I am a great sight better off than if I had married. For the matter of that I should not be here at all. For She died. And that was the way it *was to be* with his wife. And I am in the same case with Jo Jones, who hired a substitute to go to the wars. The sub was killed and Jo is living yet. But my sub pushed herself in when the principal never asked and never wanted her."

The afternoon was far spent. Jerusha and I rose to go down stairs, not knowing exactly what Aunt Clara would expect us to say to the tale which she had recounted with a kind of sad drollery. She took a hand of each of us; and the next thing we all knew our three heads were together, and we were sobbing in concert.

"Girls!" said Aunt Clara, "never do you mention these things to me again. Never do you think hard of Aunt Clara if she is kind of moping sometimes. I've been a mother to you both when your own mother was clean done and tuckered out. Never do you twit and

fling at old maids. Their hearts know their own bitterness. But the world could not get on without them. They do their own good, and have their own place and use."

So they *do*, and so they *have*; God bless them every one!

ART AND AUCTIONS.

UNDER the firm name of Stipples and Smith, myself and partner, Stipples, some years ago started an auction and commission business, principally in paintings and works of art. We had drifted together in a village in Ohio, where Stipples was engaged in selling pianos, and where I was the owner of a photographic and daguerreotype establishment on wheels, of whose history I hope to write one day. My partner possessed all the requirements for selling pictures or pianos at private sale. He was good-looking, of good address and gentle manners, with great flow of language and impudence unbounded. Long practice in urging rural populations to walk in and be "taken," and some previous experience enabled me to assume the auctioneer's baton.

Our first operation was on our own account. We collected, from various sources, a lot of very poor paintings, and exhibited them in a third-floor rear room on Broadway. It was surprising to see the number of people who would climb to see them, admittance free. We tried a twenty-five-cent fee, but it extinguished the crowd. I have often seen Stipples escorting a deputation from a boarding-school around the room free of charge, and exerting himself to please even the duenna who came with it. This was before our gallery was open, and I had to sell from the wall instead of the block. Though we had enough to do to live for a year or two, and had to encounter the opposition of native artists and others in our line of business, we managed to hold our own and, sometimes, a little more.

The opening of our gallery gave me an opportunity to test my skill as an auctioneer. I was very successful, having crammed for art-talk from a manual on the subject. Stipples declared that I had a better "gag" than himself; but that was mere flattery on his part. He has sold too many cast-iron paintings to be easily excelled in his way. His practice upon some of the worst paintings ever seen had made him an expert. I have even known him to sell a "Portrait of a Gentleman." What object the buyer had in getting it I could never imagine. Stipples also one day disposed of two portraits, very old subjects; lady and gentleman of Charles II.'s time. A Western gentleman desirous of entering society purchased them. They are doing duty as ancestors in a three-story modern house up town. But this was an exceptional case. As a rule we avoided portraits.

It was curious to remark the regular intervals at which certain paintings appeared on and disap-

peared from our walls. Like comets they were off into space for a time and then returned. Others were fixed stars, and we could never sell them except in a bogus way to bogus purchasers, of whom we always had a number present. There was one painting, the property of a cultivated sexton. The public did not value it at more than ten dollars. The owner would not take less than fifty. I never considered it worth more than five. Five dollars is a good deal to give for a picture eight inches by twelve, representing in a feeble way a table, loaf of bread, plate, knife and fork, and mug of beer. It became known among the habitués of our rooms as the "stale loaf," and whenever I offered it for sale I received grins at it instead of bids for it.

Recalling the number of these still-life pictures which I have sold at prices ranging from two to twenty dollars, I often wonder who can spare time to paint them, and whether they fancy that representations of a few familiar housekeeping articles are really what pictures should be.

The weary hours that I have passed trying to dispose of fruits and flowers, grapes and wine, bridges and work-baskets, bottles and glasses, and the rest. I have performed prodigies in the way of talking up these subjects. Even Stipples has been annoyed to hear the choice Art slang which I would pour forth over some villainously drawn and colored peaches. Some of the most unsalable of these pictures would go into Stipples's care.

He would ticket them "gems," and hang them in his private apartments, and then, aided by good wine, would often earn quite a fair commission. But even this process failed upon the sexton's picture. One of these still-life pictures, however, and one only, came up to my ideas partly as to what a painting really should be. Pictures should say something; and this, in a dumb way, did so. It represented a large window with a cradle before it empty; and out of the window a church-yard full. While it could not be denied that many of these pictures were well drawn, it was evident that those who drew them would never be painters in the true sense of the term.

Next to them in point of popularity came sea-pieces, rocks, light-houses, boats, and pier-heads. I could always get a better price for a wrecked boat than for a broken table. People from the rural districts stopping in town for a day or two would wander into our gallery free, and come in the evening sometimes to purchase. Sea views always suited them very well. Sometimes Mr. Stipples would make a sale of the water-pieces. He reports that the criticisms were usually quite harmless. Now and then a desire was expressed for some varnish that the painter could afford for the money, or for frames to match the new pier-glass which was being purchased down the street. A lady from Cattaraugus once took the liberty of saying that a certain rock was like a haystack. Which

was a fair criticism. A gentleman from Warren County, Pennsylvania, criticised one of our wreck pieces severely. He said that all such an old tub was fit for was to go ashore.

The critic by occupation would often fall foul of these ships and water-pictures. What they "wanted, Sir, was moisture, transparency, billowness, and foam." It seemed an awful fall, after listening to elaborate talk over a poor little water-piece, to have to sell it at the block for two dollars and fifty cents.

It was not quite so hard to auction off the water-pieces, yet it was no joke to stand and try to gloss over bad work and to sell it for cash, ten per cent. deposit before leaving the room. I dare say that those who read these remarks will not give me much credit for strict regard to truth while selling pictures. They are quite right in that. Let any one among them try to get twenty dollars for indigo rocks and yellow sea, and then say if it's easy. Of course this does not excuse my assuring buyers that under certain circumstances artists can paint almost any thing, or declare that the picture is a genuine Haha, yet I am merely trying to help the artist and make my commission; and if the picture pleases, well and good, and—but we may as well turn to the next lot.

The worst paintings have cost some one time and trouble. A sentimental auctioneer is so absurd a thing to imagine that I hardly dare say many things which have crossed my mind when offering some very poor pictures for sale. Many of them carry the hopes and fears of those who have mistaken a strong liking for art for the genius to become painters.

Artists are as sensitive as gun-cotton, and they must mentally explode at certain criticisms. I remember one poor fellow who had painted no less a water-piece than "The Deluge." While on exhibition at our place two persons from Louisiana paused before it. They were evidently rather rough people, and free in their remarks. "What do you call this?" said one. "Durned ef I know," responded the other. In the fore-ground on a rock was a man; in the distance the ark. Pointing to the man, the first speaker said, with an air of satisfaction, "I see, I see. It's a big rise in the Mississippi, and," pointing to the ark, "there's a flat-boat comin' to take off the critter on the hovel." The artist was near at hand when these words were spoken. He did not come back again for a week.

After sea and rocks come what may be called the upholstered pictures. Some of them are large and very elaborate. Gilding, mirrors, curtains, painted ceilings, and tapestried walls, and ornamental fire-places, form the matter in them. They are as cold as the show-room of a furniture-maker, and as works of art can not compare with even the poorest of poor sea views. A scene painter who paints a bridge and a torrent and an old castle is a prince in art compared to the makers of these cold interiors, correct and well painted as they may be.

They are salable enough. There are many people who live only in furniture and decorations, and these pictures suit them famously.

Hut interiors are more easily sold, however. The fault with painters of these is, that they seldom let the old man who sits by the fire enjoy his pipe as he ought. While the son is reading, the mother dozing, and the kitten gamboling, let the man by the fire blow a cloud. Not some miserable thin spirals of smoke, but a regular cloud. The picture would sell for fifty per cent. more. But as we come to home pictures we enter the domain of the painter. It is the picture that tells a story that I like most, and can sell best. I can grow warm over an old pot hanging from the crane in the fire-place, and take kindly to those who are waiting for it to boil. We could sell ten of this sort of pictures for one of the still-life. The reason why we don't have them is because there are so few able to paint them. When there is a slight dash of upholstery in the interior they sell very well, particularly when a fine lady, rocking a fine child in a fine cradle, is the matter in hand. Young ladies are fond of this last kind of picture, but are usually critical as to the getting up of the lady's hair. Good cradle pictures are usually salable at from forty to sixty dollars at auction. At private sale Stipples could frequently get more. Since the strike of the framemakers the above prices are hardly high enough.

Cattle and sheep have often given me a great deal of trouble. Pigs are generally more in demand. One cow looking over another cow's back is very well liked. It is a mistake to paint much of a landscape in cattle-pieces; the cattle always seem to be the owners of the whole domain. Horses' heads are heavy to handle. Dogs are more liked. A horse's head should never be shown as long as his foreleg; the public is sure to discover it, and chaff the auctioneer. A terrier looking out of a hole is good for a certain sum. The skill of the still-lifers should be quite equal to it, as it is not more elaborate than a daisy or a tiger lily. In the hope that they may turn to dogs, I state that the prices are always fifty per cent. higher for them than for pitchers or flower-pots.

Hens and chickens and birds are also very well liked. Hens and chickens require a background of hut and barn, or some picturesque thing. It is unfortunate that so few artists fully understand the meaning of picturesque. Those who can paint barn-yard scenes seem to comprehend it better.

The Old Master branch of the business was taken care of by Stipples. Some of these Old Masters would disgrace the easel of any painter, ancient or modern. We had a "Sibyl's Head" which was an absurdity, yet it was called a genuine Tintomurillo. It has been in the hands of generations. Handing down a botch like this head to posterity is simply to tempt posterity to kick a hole in it. Stipples exhausts himself on the painting, and has almost persuaded a gentleman of the Stock Exchange that

it is genuine. He is quite right; it *is* genuine—trash. We found the head in a cellar in East Broadway. It cost six dollars and fifty cents. Stipples asks three thousand for it, and some day will get what he asks. I am frequently tempted to destroy the thing, it is so miserable; worse than the worst of the still-life; but regard to profit compels me to see it day by day, and to take care that it hangs in a good place. It has been under the hammer often, but the public is not the fool it seems to be sometimes, and don't bid for it. We have a landscape by an Old Master which is not so very bad owing to the thick varnish which tones it down, but no man in his senses would give four thousand dollars for it. It is not owned by us, but has been left for sale by a gentleman who has gone to Europe. I doubt very much whether the proceeds of the picture will ever defray any part of his traveling expenses.

But it must not be supposed that we have no good pictures in our gallery. Very frequently the work of real artists finds its way to us, and whether in landscape, a sea view or interior, in groups of men or in dwelling-places, exhibit the result of high and true art. They tell you a story, or suggest a romance, or speak to you as nature does. Some of them will make one say a prayer; others will fill one's heart with pure and holy sentiments; and in many you can forget that paint, oil, and canvas are before you, and can see the soul of a man in their place. And they are not all imported from Europe, but many of them are painted in studios not far from our rooms. Of course it is not for me to direct the public taste, so that any criticisms upon pictures herein occurring are merely offered as individual opinion. I have been snubbed too often by those who are supposed to know all about art, to presume to offer opinions to guide people in selecting good pictures when they are prepared to purchase. But this preference of mine for certain styles of painting has the disadvantage of neutralizing my auctioneering ability to a great extent, when selling a picture for which I have a positive dislike. A "Landing of the Pilgrims" was once in our hands for sale. Though the theme was fit for a painter, the person who had attempted to make the picture had failed. It was the worst picture that I ever saw in our auction-rooms, and utterly worthless.

When its turn came to be sold I felt that my usual talk would be too weak to sell it, and therefore had Stipples to do the "gag" part, while I did the knocking-down.

We had a full room that evening, and when the "Pilgrims" was put up Stipples, attired in a way to gratify the eye, and in his best style, made a few remarks previous to my part of the business. It was quite an intellectual treat to listen to him. Standing by the side of the miserable daub, and looking as impressive as a priest at the altar, my admirable partner began: "Ladies and gentlemen—It is not more than once in a century that such a painting as this

is exhibited. The owner, a gentleman of enormous wealth [Sensation and awe in the audience!], would have taken it with him to Europe, where he resides ten months in the year, had he not hesitated to deprive the country of so valuable a work of art. I hope that his patriotic motives will be appreciated by you. [Applause.] The subject, as you see, is one of the noblest in the world, and the treatment is—but it would be presumption in me to praise the work of the man who painted it. When I mention the name of Squilgee you will understand my diffidence. I may point out to you, however, one or two points in the picture in which the artist has excelled himself. That blasted tree in the fore-ground is an exquisite bit of painting. The short herbage beneath it is crisp and juicy. Observe the tall Indian behind the large tree on the left, and the Puritan about to shoot him; and remark the historical accuracy of the painter. You will also observe the prismatic effect of the light on the background. In the tone of that savage to the left we have one of Squilgee's peculiar effects. But I need not direct your attention to what must be so obvious to the crowd of art-judges before me. An opportunity is now offered for some one here to become the owner of one of the greatest paintings of modern times." Stipples bows and is applauded, and the sale begins. In spite of my partner's efforts there was no such thing as rousing the enthusiasm of the people present. The picture was too infernally bad for any body. It was knocked down to a bogus buyer at four hundred dollars. The owner thought fifteen hundred too low for it.

It is, however, a pleasure to sell a really good painting. I have had some Dutch paintings, and occasionally American ones, which were very easily sold. They were mostly interiors and domestic scenes. The pains taken by the artist to spoil a good painting always astonishes me. I recollect one very fine picture, of a balcony in the fore-ground, with vines overhead, valley in the distance, and snow-capped hills beyond. A girl leans over the balcony, with her head resting on one of the snow-capped peaks, ten miles distant.

During the war there was a succession of faulty paintings of war scenes. We had an invoice of Dutch pictures, among which was one of the "Returned Volunteer." It was very well painted, but the artist, working from Teutonic models, had given the whole thing a Teutonic look. The American girl, standing by her wounded Dutch lover, was a Dutch peasant girl, and the interior of the Returned Volunteer's home was as unlike a real one as could be.

There was a painting called the "Ice-Grip," which displayed some originality. The scene was a field with fences, and a forest in the background. In the field, strewn with broken war material, was a pool of water. A soldier lies, head toward the spectator, his arm extended as he fell, and his hand has fallen into the pool, which, a sheet of ice, encircles the wrist. The

dead, pale hand is seen through the transparent ice. It was by an American, and sold for two hundred dollars. A German picture of the same style would have brought four times the money. But this will not be so long, I trust. Courtship and Matrimony sells very fairly. A Yankee courtship should bring fifty dollars. Stipples can always dispose of them to the best advantage. Upholstered marriages are not so much liked.

I suppose that the reason why so large a number of pictures are sold at auction is, that there are so few men in the country who care to hold them permanently. It is said that the average holding of a Fifth Avenue mansion is three years or so. It may be the same with paintings. This is not objected to by our firm, as it leads to business; yet it seems a pity that the best works of our best painters should be constantly knocking about auction rooms in company with the worst, and that no National Gallery exists where they would be the property of the people, and where those who wished to paint might have good models to paint from.

A PHILOSOPHER'S HISTORY OF THE REBELLION.*

"THERE never was a war," writes Dr. Draper, speaking of the late rebellion, "in the course of which publicity was so freely permitted and the interior causes of movements so completely understood." Histories of it have been written in every interest, for every character of reader, and by every manner of author. There have been innumerable histories by retired politicians with false political theories and necessarily distorted facts and false deductions; histories by editors, made up from the "earliest telegrams" rather than the "latest details," and histories by Generals who believe in the infallibility of official reports, and the natural resemblance of modern operations to ancient campaigns, and modern Generals to dead Alexanders and Napoleons; and who are continually forcing on the reader parallels which have nothing to do with the story. At last we have a *Philosopher's History of the Rebellion*.

The author of "*Thoughts on the Civil Policy of America*," and the "*History of the Intellectual Development of Europe*," could not but write of the late war like a Philosopher. He has not been blind to the great opportunities afforded to the Historian, and has presented a remarkably clear and vigorous narrative of what, in his preface, he describes as "enthusiastic exertion and defeat on one side, of invincible perseverance and victory on the other." He says:

I shall have to describe military operations eclipsing in magnitude and splendor those of the French

* *History of the American Civil War*. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York; Author of "*A Treatise on Human Physiology*," "*A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe*," etc., etc. Published by Harper and Brothers.

empire; a revolution in the art of war through the introduction of the steam-engine, the locomotive, the electric telegraph, rifled ordnance, iron-clad ships, and other inventions of this scientific age, sustained by the development and use of financial resources on a scale that has no parallel in the history of the world. I shall have to relate how from the midst of a free people armies emerged, which, in spite of appalling disasters and losses, were maintained for years at a million of men; how sanitary commissions and private benevolence supported and, indeed, excelled the providence of the Government, depriving the battlefield and hospital of half their terrors. Inadequately as I may relate the story, no imperfection of mine can ever conceal the great result, recognized with transport by true men all over the world, that a republic, resting on free institutions and universal education, can maintain itself undismayed in the shock of war, and calm in the hour of triumph. Not without the conscious pride of patriotism I shall have to tell, that the conquering soldiers of Gettysburg and Richmond, recalling the example of their ancestors the conquerors of Yorktown, went back, when their work was done, to the farm, the work-shop, or to trade; that an assaulted but victorious Government disdained the cruel retributions of the scaffold, and acted with security on the principle that the causes of political crimes must be remedied, but the crimes themselves not avenged. The narrative of this great civil war abounds in lessons that will be of use to the descendants of those who participated in its sufferings and glory.

Dr. Draper answers very briefly the too common and erroneous assertion that contemporaneous history is generally unreliable. He says, "Perhaps it may be thought that the time has not yet come to deal with these events impartially—that we are too near their occurrence. In this respect the truth of history depends on two conditions, fullness of information as to the facts, and freedom from bias as to persons. But there never was a war in the course of which publicity was so freely permitted, and the interior causes of movements so completely understood. As to bias, it is a mistake to suppose that time is any remedy for it. The life of Cæsar might have been written in the reign of Augustus not less impartially than nineteen centuries subsequently."

But very naturally Dr. Draper writes less as an Historian than as a Philosopher, and delights less in telling us how than in explaining why the events he records occurred. His purpose in treating of the late civil war, as he has himself declared it, has been "to seek out the causes that occasioned it, and consider in what manner they acted; to show how division and antagonism have arisen among a people once thought to be homogeneous." He has written in no partisan strain, but has undertaken to relate—

How, after many sacrifices, victory was vouchsafed to the free and loyal North, and how, after a struggle of transcendent energy, the South had to accept a lost cause. I shall constantly endeavor to turn my readers' thoughts to the influence exerted by Nature on the constitution and actions of man. In a general manner that influence had long been recognized, but I am persuaded that it plays a far more important part than is commonly supposed. Estimating rightly these things, we are led to entertain more philosophical, more enlarged, more enlightened, and, in truth, more benevolent views of each other's proceedings. Estrangements subside when men mutually be-

gin to inquire into the philosophical causes of each other's obliquities: when they comprehend that there overrides so many of their apparently voluntary actions, a necessary, an unavoidable constraint. The springs of history are not, as was for a long time imagined, the machinations of statesmen or the ambition of kings. They are to be found in the silent influences of Nature. The philosopher will often detect the true causes of great political and social convulsions, of sectional hatreds and national attachments, in the shining of the sun and in the falling of rains.

The plan of the work includes the discussion of the following topics:

I. Physical characteristics of North America; the topography and meteorology of the republic.

II. The character of the colonial and subsequent population.

III. The tendency to antagonism impressed upon that population by climate and other causes.

IV. The gradual development of two geographical parties, the North and the South.

V. Their struggles for supremacy in the Union.

VI. The rupture between them.

The purpose of this article is not to review Professor Draper's work, but rather to make a few extracts from it, showing the original manner in which he has treated the weighty subject before him.

THE NEGRO IN AFRICA.

On the west coast of Africa, the true negro-land, the thermometer not unfrequently stands at 120° in the shade. For months together it remains, night and day, above 80°. The year is divided into the dry and the rainy season; the latter, setting in with an incessant drizzle, continues until May. It culminates in the most awful thunder-storms and overwhelming rains. This is particularly the case in the mountains. When the dry season has fairly begun, a pestiferous miasm is engendered from the vast quantities of vegetable matter brought down into the low lands by torrents. From the fevers thus arising the negroes themselves suffer severely.

Moisture and heat, thus so fatal in their consequences to man, give to that country its amazing vegetable luxuriance. For hundreds of square miles there is an impenetrable jungle, infested with intolerable swarms of mosquitoes. The interior is magnificently wooded. The mangrove thickets that line the river banks upon the coast are here replaced by a dark evergreen verdure, interspersed with palms and aloes. A rank herbage obstructs the course of the streams. The crocodile, hippopotamus, pelican, find here a suitable abode. Monkeys swarm in the woods; in the more gloomy recesses live the chimpanzee, gorilla, and other anthropoid apes, approaching man most closely in stature and habits of life. In the open land—the prairies of equatorial Africa—game is infrequent; there are a few antelopes and horned cattle, but no horses. Man—or perhaps more truly woman—is the only beast of burden.

Plantains, sweet-potatoes, cassava, pumpkins, ground-nuts, Indian corn, the flesh of the deer, antelope, boar, snake, furnish to the negro his food. He lives in a hut constructed of bamboo or flakes of bark, thatched with matting or palm-leaves. His villages are often pallisadoed. Too lazy, except when severely pressed, to attend to the labors of the field, he compels his wives to plant the roots or seeds, and gather the scanty harvest. In hunting and in war, his main occupations, he relies upon cunning, and will follow his prey with surprising agility, crawling like a snake prone on the ground. He has little or no idea of property in land; slaves are his currency; he makes his purchases and pays his debts with them. "A slave is a note of hand that may be discounted or pawned. He is a bill of exchange that carries himself to his destination, and pays a debt bodily. He is a tax that walks corporeally into the chieftain's treasury." Fe-

rocious in his amours, the African negro has no sentiment of love. The more wives he possesses the richer he is. If he inclines to traffic, each additional father-in-law is an additional trading connection; if devoted to war, an ally. His animal passions too often disdain all such mercenary suggestions: he brings home new wives for the sake of new gratifications. Fond of ornaments, his prosperity is displayed in thick bracelets and anklets of iron or brass. An old European hat, or a tattered dress-coat, without any other article of clothing, is a sufficient badge of kingship. He inclines to nocturnal habits. He will spend all the night lolling with his companions on the ground at a blazing fire, though the thermometer may be at more than 80°, occupying himself in smoking native tobacco, drinking palm wine, and telling stories about witches and spirits. He is an inveterate gambler, a jester, and a buffoon. He knows nothing of hero worship; his religion is a worship of fetiches. They are such objects as the fingers and tails of monkeys, human hair, skin, teeth, bones, old nails, copper chains, claws and skulls of birds, seeds of plants. He believes that evil spirits walk at the sunset hour by the edge of forests; he adores the devil, who is thought to haunt burial-grounds, and, in mortal terror of his enmity, leaves food for him in the woods. He welcomes the new moon by dancing in her shine. Whatever misfortune or sickness befalls him he imputes to sorcery, and punishes the detected wizard or witch with death. He determines guilt by the ordeal of fire: the accused who can seize a red-hot copper ring without being burned is innocent. His medicine-man—a wind-raiser and rain-maker—pursues his main business of exorcism in a head-dress of black feathers, with a string of spirit-charms round his neck, and a basket of snake-bone incantations. The more advanced tribes have already risen to idol worship: they adore grotesque figures of the human form, and, following the course through which intelligence in other races has passed, they have wooden gods who can speak, and nod, and wink.

In this deplorable, this benighted condition, the negro nevertheless shows tokens of a capacity for better things. He is an eager trader, and knows the value of his ebony, bar-wood, beeswax, palm-oil, ivory. He has learned how to cheat; nay, more, not unfrequently can outcheat the white man. He can adulterate the caoutchouc and other products he brings down to the coast, and pass them off as pure. His color secures him from the detection of a blush when he lies. Though utterly ignorant of any conception of art, he is not unskillful in the manufacture of cooking-pots and tobacco-pipes of clay; he has a bellows-forge of his own invention; he can reduce iron from its ores and manufacture it. He makes shields of elephants' hide, cross-bows, and other weapons of war. But in the construction of musical instruments his skill is chiefly displayed. From drums of goat-skin, from harps and resonant gourds, he extracts their melancholy sounds, and disturbs the nocturnal African forests with his plaintive melodies.

It has been affirmed by those who have known them well, that the equatorial negro tribes do not increase, but tend to die out spontaneously. This is attributed to infanticide, and to the ravages of miasmatic fever, which in its most malignant form will often destroy its victim in a single day. Even though quinine be taken as a prophylactic, no white man can enter their country with impunity. The night-dews are absolutely mortal.

THE NEGRO IN AMERICA.

Whoever compares the character of the negro in Africa with the character of the negro in America will come to the conclusion that not only is this race capable of a certain grade of civilization, but that it has made considerable advances in that career. The American negro has universally abandoned the abject paganism of his forefathers, and has become not merely nominally, but in spirit, a devout Christian. It can not be said of him that he is incapable of the sentiment of love. Too often has he worn himself out in redeeming from slavery the wife of his choice.

Under circumstances the most unfavorable he has attained correct ideas of conjugal and paternal relations. Essentially religious, his trust in the justice of God has never wavered. In his darkest days and sorest trials he has firmly expected in patience the coming of the inevitable hour that would proclaim him free. At the end of a civil war in which the passions of men have been unbound, and violence of all kinds has been licensed, he stands unaccused of crime. He has approved himself a brave soldier, true to the supreme authority of the country in which Providence has cast his lot.

The American negro is not civilizing merely upon the surface, but interiorly. Leaving the stage of imitation, and passing to that of comprehension, he is beginning to have ideas like ours. It will, however, be long before he can combine and generalize. At the best he will never be more than an overgrown child. Communities formed of such a social element would be wafted like clouds in the air, impelled by extraneous influences; for a long time simple dogmas and ceremonies must be their guide. The social machine in which they are concerned must be able to work of itself; they would hardly be able to guide it. They must learn to decline ease, and be discontented with poverty, which is the great source of crime, the barrier to knowledge, the chief cause of human woe. In laboring to procure an individual competence they must discern that they are becoming more happy, more virtuous, more powerful. Not without reason do communities of European descent devote themselves to the pursuit of gain; for, though "eloquence, talent, rank, attract admiration, it is wealth alone that gives power."

In intellectual development the American negro has made progress; under a legal prohibition of formal education he has stealthily advanced. Without difficulty he acquires the humbler rudiments of knowledge; he learns to read and to cast up a simple account. In congregations of the Methodist and Baptist churches, to which Christian denominations he usually gives his preference, he prays with earnestness, and preaches with an eloquence often very touching from its quaint simplicity. The comic and plaintive songs which he is said to sing in his hours of relaxation have been listened to with admiration in all the gay capitals of Europe.

The motive for his production and protection as a source of wealth in connection with the internal slave-trade having ended, the census in future years will show a continuous decrease of his numbers in the Border States, and a relative increase in those of the Gulf. This will inevitably ensue if he be left to himself, with freedom of movement, and no legal repression or restraint. His instinct will lead him to do what is done by quadrupeds, by birds, and by fishes—to migrate to those regions where Nature is in unison with his constitution. He will not linger in a country of frosts if he be permitted to have access to one of warmth; and hence it is not likely that the future history of America will present the spectacle of his physiological modification: it will be the narrative of his geographical redistribution.

MECHANICAL INVENTIONS AND SLAVERY.

Whatever might have been the general expectation respecting the impending extinction of slavery, it was evident that at the commencement of this century the conditions had altogether changed. A powerful interest had come into unforeseen existence both in Europe and America which depended on perpetuating that mode of labor. Moreover, before long it was apparent that, partly because of the adaptation of their climate to the growth of the cotton plant, partly because of the excellence of the product, and partly owing to the increasing facilities for interior transportation, the cotton-growing States of America would have a monopoly in the supply of this staple.

MECHANICAL INVENTIONS AND THE UNION.

But, though mechanical invention had reinvigorated the slave power by bestowing on it the cotton-gin, it

had likewise strengthened Unionism by another inestimable gift—the steamboat. At the very time that the African slave-trade was prohibited Fulton was making his successful experiment of the navigation of the Hudson River by steam. This improvement in inland navigation rendered available, in a manner never before contemplated, the river and lake system of the continent; it gave an instantaneous value to the policy of Jefferson by bringing into effectual use the Mississippi and its tributaries; it crowded with population the shores of the lakes; it threw the whole continent open to commerce; it strengthened the central power at Washington by diminishing space; and while it extended geographically the domain of the Republic it condensed it politically. It bound all parts of the Union more firmly together.

The locomotion of the Indians, the former occupants of the continent, may be said to have been altogether pedestrian. The canoe could only be taken advantage of by riparian tribes. It was imperfect locomotion which made the American nations so inferior in their civilization to the Asiatic, and eventually led to their destruction. Already we have remarked that, had but one of the numerous varieties of horse or camel that once abounded in the country escaped extinction, America would have had a very different history. It is not improbable that she would have preceded Europe in civilization.

The colonists who settled on the Atlantic border brought with them the horse. Through its aid distances were shortened, and transporting power greatly increased. But had no better means of locomotion been introduced, the Republic would with difficulty have extended beyond the Alleghanies; its feeble States would hardly have had cohesion enough to cling to their centre of attraction at Washington.

At a most opportune moment, therefore, came the invention of the steamboat. Its political effect was the strengthening of Unionism in an unexpected and unparalleled manner. Pedestrian locomotion could accomplish at the best not more than four miles an hour; the horse hardly doubled that speed; but the steamboat fully quadrupled it, and likewise indefinitely increased the facility of transport of freight. But in thirty years more the next generation saw yet another wonderful advance—the railroad doubled the average speed again. It had now attained to thirty miles an hour; if needful, sixty could be reached. A fatiguing day's journey had diminished into an insignificant trip of a few minutes. The consequence of all this was, that political power was rapidly concentrating at Washington.

The military roads of Rome lay at the basis of her imperial power: a remote, outlying force was in swift communication with the capital, and accordingly the first thing the legions did in a conquered country was to build substantial bridges and roads. With sedulous activity they kept them in thorough repair. But the railway, as a military appliance, far exceeds in value the ordinary road. On subsequent pages, in the relation of army movements, its important advantages will be seen.

The locomotive engine aids in neutralizing climate influences by promoting travel, of which it so conspicuously increases the speed and lessens the expense. It improves the health of towns by carrying urban populations into the country; it diminishes the death-rate by permitting families of children to be brought up in a fresh, uncontaminated atmosphere; it equalizes the business seasons of trade, being independent of the heat of summer and the ice of winter; it lessens our ideas of distance, and increases our estimates of the value of time.

In the concentration of political power the electric telegraph likewise signally assists. Along its suspended iron wires thought noiselessly passes at the rate of 18,000 miles in a second—noiselessly, for the moaning sound emitted when a gentle wind is blowing does not belong to the telegraph, but corresponds to the notes of the *Æolian* harp. Ideas that have come under the ocean, or across the continent, or from innumerable points of the country, are flitting about from station to station. There is no danger that the

extremities of the Republic will ever be out of reach of the controlling power at its centre while the Government at Washington can transmit orders to its officers at San Francisco, at New Orleans, or at the Lakes, in the course of a few moments.

The foot-passenger, the canoe, the sail, the horse, the canal, the steamboat, the locomotive, the telegraph, mark out the degrees of human motion. They also mark out the concentration of civilized power.

SOUTHERN POLITICS AND MACHINERY.

In the Constitution it had been agreed that three-fifths of the slaves should be accounted as federal numbers in the apportionment of federal representation. A political advantage was thus given to slave labor. This closed the eyes of the South to all other means of solving its industrial difficulties. Accordingly, it never looked for relief except in the increase of its slave force.

In this it forgot the incidents that had brought it into its extraordinary position. It forgot the mechanical causes that lay at the bottom of the great industrial revolution in England—spinning machinery, the power-loom, the steam-engine. It also forgot what had been the influence of one single mechanical invention—Whitney's gin—on its own fortunes.

To the cotton-planter two courses were open. He might increase his manual force, or he might resort to machinery. Nothing was impossible to the latter had inventive talent been stimulated and rewarded. Mechanical agriculture doubtless has its difficulties; but they are not insurmountable. The existing slave force of the South might have had its economical value inconceivably increased by resorting to proper machinery.

In this the South followed the example of antiquity, for all the great empires of old preferred slave labor, and never attempted to improve machinery. Agricultural implements remained untouched for thousands of years. In Europe the rural population was impenetrable to knowledge, and hated improvement; it would tolerate no change in that venerable implement, the wooden plow. There was the same want of enterprise as respects mechanical machinery. The saw-mill was not introduced until a little time previously to Henry VII.: that event was actually an epoch in civilized life. It is affirmed that by it lumber was cheapened to one-twentieth of its previous cost. The immediate consequence was the improvement of dwellings. Wooden floors ministered to human cleanliness, diminished disease and human affliction, and lengthened human life. The glazing of windows had a similar effect.

In a servile community mechanical invention will always be held in low esteem. In his forced daily toil, what does it signify to the slave whether the implement in his hand be an improved one or not? The thing that concerns him is the passing away of the weary hours; he has no interest in the fruit of his labor. And as to the master, it required no deep political penetration for him to perceive that the introduction of machinery must in the end result in the emancipation of the slave. Machinery and slavery are incompatible—the slave is displaced by the machine.

In the Southern States political reasons thus discouraged the introduction of machinery. Under the Constitution an increased negro force had a political value, machinery had none. The cotton interest was therefore persuaded by those who were in a position to guide its movements that its prosperity could be secured only through increased manual labor; and though with so many wonderful examples before it of the successful application of machinery in the most unpromising cases, it persisted in affirming that in this instance it was chimerical, and not worthy of attention.

But those who are familiar with what machinery is capable of accomplishing, who have witnessed the surprising results that have been attained by the ingenuity of man, look forward without any misgivings to the time when not alone the cultivation of cotton, but agricultural operations of all kinds, will be conducted by its use. It is surely as likely that engines may

plow and sow, hoe and gather, even on the site of a last year's forest, as that they should compute mathematical tables for the use of astronomers more correctly than the most expert calculators can do. Yet that they have accomplished.

When the Liverpool and Manchester railway was built a prize of \$2500 occasioned the invention of Stevenson's locomotive. The by-standers could hardly believe their eyes when they saw it running at the rate of thirty miles an hour. A reward of \$100,000, offered by the English Parliament for finding the longitude at sea, led to the invention and perfection of Harrison's chronometer, and the desired object was accomplished.

But in the Free States, notwithstanding an influx of immigrants, there was a continual demand for labor. It was manifested by the high rate of wages. Ingenuity was, however, here stimulated, and inventive talent gathered an abundant reward. In a manner unparalleled in the history of any other people attention was given to the construction of labor-saving machinery. It was the machinery of the North that told with such fearful effect upon her antagonist in the civil war, and strangled the slave power by maintaining a blockade along three thousand miles of coast.

THE DRAMA OF AMERICAN NATIONAL LIFE.

There are three acts in the drama of American national life.

1st. The development of a sentiment of Unionism, which in time gathered strength sufficient to convert a train of feeble colonies scattered along the Atlantic coast into a great and powerful nation.

2d. The separation or differentiation of that nation, chiefly through the agency of climate, into two sections, conveniently known as the North and the South, or the free and the slave powers.

3d. The conflict of those powers for supremacy.

The outline of these acts is as follows:

I.—From a nearly homogeneous English stock, the Atlantic coast of North America received two immigrations. That which settled in the South was of persons devoted to material objects, and appreciating ease and pleasure. That which found a home in the North was more austere: its moving influence was moral and religious ideas.

In one sense these two colonial bodies were not dissimilar, since they had come from a common ancestral home. In another they showed diversity, for they were of different social grades that had been sorted and parted from each other by antecedent English civil wars.

These immigrating bodies were affected by the climate to which they had come. It happened—or perhaps it was the result of prior and purposed selection—that there was a congeniality in each case between the temperament of the colonist and the place of his abode. The man of enjoyment found an acceptable home in the winterless fertile South; the man of reflection amidst the austerities of the North.

Climate thus augmented and perpetuated the initial differences of character. It converted what had been merely different classes in England into distinct national types in America.

For a long time the colonists experienced similar exterior pressures. At first they had to maintain themselves against the Indians; then they had a common enemy in the French; still later, both felt the tyranny of the mother country. A sentiment that it would be well for such feeble communities as they were to unite for mutual protection gradually gained strength. It appeared first more than two hundred years ago (1643), among the New England colonies.

The establishment of THE UNION was the final embodiment of that sentiment.

Unionism implied a single NATION.

Though there was thus an initial race-difference between the North and the South, since they were respectively offshoots from different grades of English society, we must not give too much importance to that difference. In the scientific treatment of American history it can not be overlooked, but the antagonism

arising from it was very feeble; so feeble, indeed, as scarcely to retard the progress of Unionism.

II.—The differentiation or separation of the American people, though it had its beginning in English life and in pre-colonial times, may, without much error, be considered as having been substantially produced by the climate of this continent. The Teutonic characteristics of the Northern people were rendered more intense; the Southern people assumed those qualities which pertain to the nations of the southern border of the Mediterranean Sea.

A self-conscious democracy, animated by ideas of individualism, was the climate issue in the North: an aristocracy, produced by sentiments of personal independence and based upon human slavery, was the climate issue in the South—an aristocracy sub-tropical in its attributes, the counterpart to that which is found in the latitudes extending from the Pillars of Hercules to the banks of the Indus, imperious to its friends, ferocious to its enemies, and rapidly losing the capacity of vividly comprehending European political ideas.

Let us now observe each of these components of the Union as a power.

In a hot climate men work no more than necessity compels; they instinctively look with favor on slave labor. There had always been that disposition in the Southern States. Accidental circumstances gave it strength.

At the time of the Declaration of Independence, Virginia was the most powerful of the colonies; she occupied a central position, and had in Norfolk one of the best harbors on the Atlantic. She had a vast western territory, an imposing commerce, and in the production and export of tobacco not only a source of wealth, but, from the mercantile connections it gave her in Europe, a means of refinement. It was through this circumstance that so many of her young men were educated abroad. When the epoch of separation from the mother country had come, and the question of confederation arose, she might have asserted her colonial supremacy; she might have been the central power. Many of her ablest men subsequently thought that, in her voluntary equalization with the feeblest colonies, the spontaneous surrender of her vast domain, the self-abnegation with which she laid all her privileges on the altar of the Union, she had made a fatal mistake. In her action there was something very noble.

Tobacco, which was the source of the wealth of Virginia, was altogether produced by slaves.

The progress of the physical sciences in Europe, and many admirable inventions of industrial art, created in the course of time a demand for another product, cotton, which experience proved could be more advantageously produced in the Southern States than anywhere else, but produced in them only by slaves.

Hence, very soon, the whole economy of the South centred on slavery. That system gave to the master wealth, and, what was of equal importance, it gave to him personal leisure. His thoughts naturally reverted to the management of public affairs; his material prosperity and ease of circumstances led him to the pursuit of political power. In a few years the South had possession of all the departments of the Union Government. It dominated in the nation.

In maintaining this supremacy, doubtless the intrinsic political power of Virginia, and the moral force arising from the acknowledged sacrifices she had made, contributed in no small degree. The first President of the United States was a Virginian, and he was re-elected. The second was from the North, perhaps a fraternal concession due to revolutionary recollections; but he was not re-elected. The third President was a Virginian, and he was re-elected. The fourth was a Virginian, and he was re-elected. The fifth was a Virginian, and he was re-elected. No small proportion of the profits of place and power poured into the South. Was there ever to be an end of this?

From the first attempt at confederation, the smaller States were in mortal terror of being overwhelmed by the greater. Maryland, Rhode Island, Delaware were full of apprehension as to what Virginia might do. Their protection consisted in asserting and upholding their rights as original and equal elements in the asso-

ciation—sovereigns, as they designated themselves. It was plain from the beginning that this doctrine of State-rights would always be upheld by the smaller States against the greater, by the weaker against the stronger, by the stationary against the progressive, and therefore, eventually, by the South against the North.

Now from the South let us turn to the North, and observe what was transpiring there.

In a cold climate man maintains an individual combat with nature and with competing men; he is every moment forced to make good his own ground. Hence he becomes self-reliant, and is perpetually occupied in carrying out his own intentions. With his own hand he makes his own fortune. The self-working North feels itself in irrevocable antagonism with vicarious labor; it detests negro slavery.

The idealistic North—the materialistic South—there they stand in presence of one another. The former asks herself what is it that has given her companion paramount control in their common association—their Union. She sees that it is the very institution of which her conscience disapproves.

III.—I shall relate how, during the administration of Mr. Monroe, the North, then become rich, prosperous, intelligent, and determined to end this unfair exclusion, struck a blow at the vital part—the labor system of the South: it was the Missouri struggle. I shall relate how that was in due time retaliated by a counter-blow, nullification, struck by the South at the industry of the North.

Meantime climate kept up its dissevering influence. Alienation was passing into antagonism. It became evident that there would be a struggle for the mastery.

I shall relate the stages of that struggle, and the various fortunes it exhibited. A history of the civil war has all the grand features of an epic poem. It is the story of contending powers for empire—the free and the slave; it is a record of the victory of an idea.

There is a political force in ideas which silently renders protestations, promises, and guarantees, no matter in what good faith they may have been given, of no avail, and which makes constitutions obsolete. Against the uncontrollable growth of the anti-slavery idea the South was forced to contend.

VIEWS OF JEFFERSON DAVIS AT THE OPENING OF THE WAR.

Mr. Davis's views at this time are to be found in speeches he made in his triumphant journey to Montgomery, and in his inaugural address. In one of the former he says: "The Border States will gladly come into the Southern Confederacy within sixty days, as we shall be their only friends. England will recognize us, and a glorious future is before us. The grass will grow in the Northern cities, where the pavements have been worn off by the tread of commerce." Fore-shadowing the manner in which he intended to act, he said, "We will carry the war where it is easy to advance—where food for the sword and torch await our armies in the densely-populated cities. The enemy may come and spoil our crops, but we can raise them as before; they can not rear again the cities which took years of industry and millions of money to build." "We are now determined," he said, "to maintain our position, and make all who oppose us smell Southern powder and feel Southern steel." He had no idea of the length and severity of the struggle; he thought it would be over in a few weeks, as may be seen from his conversations subsequently in prison with the Surgeon Craven.

Inducements and threats were applied to draw Virginia and the other Border States into the Confederacy. In the provisional Constitution the first article of the seventh section reads,

"The importation of African negroes from any foreign country other than the slaveholding States of the United States is hereby forbidden, and Congress is required to pass such laws as shall effectually prevent the same."

But, with an ominous monition, the second article reads,

"Congress shall also have power to prohibit the introduction of slaves from any State not a member of this Confederacy."

At this time Virginia was receiving an annual income of twelve millions of dollars from the sale of slaves. In 1860 twelve thousand slaves were sent over her railroads to the South and Southwest. One thousand dollars for each was considered a low estimate.

In his inaugural address Mr. Davis makes no allusion to slavery, nor to those great questions that were the mainspring of the movement which he was henceforth to represent. His speech was, in truth, not addressed to the cotton-planters of the Gulf States, in whose presence he was standing, but to the commercial interest in England. It was a bid to free trade in apprehension of the coming blockade.

But, though the Confederate President was so unwilling to allude to the dread power that animated secession, it obtruded itself upon him throughout all his subsequent career, and was the cause of his ruin at last. In this it was like that lemur-phantom of gigantic stature and dusky complexion who, as is related by Plutarch, came into the tent of Brutus in the night before the disastrous battle of Philippi, and, with a countenance of horrible intelligence, whispered to him, "I am thy Evil Genius."

AMERICAN WOMEN AND FRENCH FASHIONS.

THERE is something quite ludicrous in the precipitation with which American women follow out all fashions emanating from Paris. Blind obedience to the chief magnate, *La Mode*, seems universal—it suffices that each new decree be issued from the French capital to insure immediate and unquestioning compliance on the part of our women-folk. The wealthy are, of course, the first to appear in the new styles; but they do not long remain alone in their glory. Through some inexplicable means the fashion is soon adopted by all alike. The wonder of it is, how the women of all grades, of all known and unknown resources, can so speedily conform to the fashion. One meets with no dowdily-dressed women on Broadway, or in our village streets. All are richly dressed in the silks, satins, or velvets of the latest style, and the marvel is how they, one and all, so speedily become so royally arrayed.

The ludicrous side of this frenzied obedience to Fashion is to be found in the fact that, be the new styles appropriate or not, they are adopted here without question, and without no apparent thought as to their being becoming or otherwise. The nonsense of this will be evident to all, when we reflect upon the manner in which new fashions arise in Paris.

Among the prominent leaders of female fashion in Paris there are several who, deprived by nature of personal beauty, can vie with their more favored rivals in no way save in splendor or eccentricity of toilet. The Princess Metternich is the foremost of the plain fashionables—she calls herself *Le Singe à la mode*—"the Fashionable Monkey"—and attracts attention by her wit and her wonderful style of dressing. It is eccentric to the last degree, often unbecoming, always startling, and extremely expensive; yet other women in Paris follow the fashions set by

the Princess, because they imagine that, borrowing the rays of Fashion's sun, they may in a lesser degree shine themselves. These imitators of Madame de Metternich are generally, however, ladies who, like herself, have not the advantage of good looks, and who wear *des toilettes risqués* as a means whereby to attract attention. Young and handsome Parisiennes never adopt the Metternich fashions. They are too well aware that they are unbecoming. Here there would be no questioning the matter, and we have often noticed the outré coats, the saucy looking bonnets, or hats, first worn by the Princess in Paris, sported by meek-looking young girls, or by fat dowagers, who were apparently unconscious of the fact that to wear the styles in question, the *aplomb*—the dash—of such as the Princess was needed.

The Empress Eugénie is, of course, the Ruler of the realm of Fashion, and it is but natural that the ladies of Paris should follow her whims in dress. But why American women should do so needs explanation. The Empress adopts styles of dress, of coiffures, of bonnets, having in view their adaptation, first to her increasing need of disguising the marks of time, and then to the place and manner in which these styles are to be displayed. Thus Her Majesty has her morning dresses, her dresses for driving out, for receptions, for opera and theatres, for balls, and so on. Of course the ladies of Paris, when they imitate these fashions, do so appropriately in manner and place. Here, however, the most ridiculous misapplication of the new styles is made by the majority of the ladies who adopt them. Dresses worn in Paris on state ceremonies, or when out driving in grand style—in short, *toilets de visite* or *de voiture* are trailed here up and down the streets with that recklessness of cost and that misuse of rich material which so often cause the wonder and astonishment of reflective foreigners.

A recent example of this erroneous adoption of a French fashion must have attracted general notice. The Parisian ladies wear, in their drawing-rooms, or in their carriages while taking the daily drive to the Bois de Boulogne, dresses with long skirts or trains. Here many ladies wear such dresses in the street. In Paris such a misapplication of the fashion is made by none, save the *lorettes*, the women of the *demi-monde*, who must make a display in the street, as they have no other place wherein to attract attention. But surely it is a very great pity that our ladies should imitate the example set by such questionable characters as those who in Paris astonish the public by their recklessly adopting for the streets the expensive indoor fashions of the more respectable classes. Why should American women so strenuously endeavor to follow out the Paris fashions, which are invented by capricious women of rank and wealth, or by the dress-makers, who, with the intention of inciting their customers to inordinate expenditure, rack their imaginations for the purpose of producing "something new?" It is not necessary

that the novelty be always becoming, as there are among the leaders of fashion in Paris a number of ladies, the reverse of handsome, who would rather put in vogue an unbecoming fashion, as thereby their beautiful rivals and not themselves would be the sufferers.

But all these changes severely tax the princely revenues of the Parisian élite, and the middling classes never think of so insane an effort as attempted rivalry in dress, where there is so much disparity of means. With a singular disregard of this latter most important distinction, American women at all hazards adopt the styles and fashions of the Paris *monde*; and how they manage it must remain a matter of astonishment to those who take into consideration the limited number of large revenues among us.

That women of no very strong principles should be led astray through a determination to dress in the latest fashions, is a matter of course, and that those who abstain from indiscretion or guilt should commit actions little short of mean, in their mania for following the fashions, is a natural consequence.

In Paris, where the votaries of fashion have assured revenues to found their extravagant display upon, even the largest fortunes are often dissipated by the reckless expenditure of those women, who are determined to outshine their *société*. The dress-makers render it a very easy matter for their lady customers to spend any amount of money. They invent the most extravagant, the most expensive toilets, consisting of laces, jewels, and, according to the season, furs of the most costly description. Not unfrequently a lady appears wearing quite a fortune upon herself in this way, and as these fashions are varied with the utmost rapidity, the expense at the end of the season becomes too great even for the wealthiest. The women who commit these follies, however, are those of rank and fortune, who have no other employment save pleasure-seeking, and who, becoming tired of the routine of their daily existence, find excitement in these ruinous displays of dress.

American women have no such reason—or rather no such want of reason—for indulging in extravagant display. There is no court here, there are no stately ceremonials to attend, and there need be no such absurd toilets worn in the streets, where the utmost simplicity of apparel would be so much the more attractive. At watering-places American women, both old and young, dress overmuch, and especially betray bad taste in the profuse display of jewelry. They wear at these places, which should be of retreat, of rest from the fatigues of the season, the style of dress inaugurated in Paris at court or ministerial fêtes. In short they adopt, without thought or care as to their appropriate uses, the styles and fashions of Paris simply because they are such, and because the leaders of feminine society here imitate the example of their class abroad.

The extravagant dressing of American women is undoubtedly exerting a baneful influence

upon society. It is now a generally conceded fact that the cost of a lady's wardrobe is so enormously great that limited incomes will not suffice for it. Thus young men having responsible situations and receiving liberal salaries dare not venture upon matrimony. They wait until they shall have become partners, shall have amassed a considerable sum to defray the large preliminary expenses, before they get married. The young ladies whose society they court dress expensively, wear silks and satins, laces and jewels of great cost; and young men do not like the idea of taking the girls they love from a sphere of luxury into a merely comfortable existence. Getting married on expectations, as was formerly the case, when these expectations were founded upon industry and economy and a future partnership through careful attention to business, is a course not to be attempted nowadays, when *all* the young ladies

must attend theatres, operas, or balls in such expensive toilets—in fact, when their walking-suits now cost more than entire outfits did formerly.

All the world over a woman, when conscious of dress, wishes to be seen; so that our ladies, when arrayed in the glories of the latest Paris styles, can but promenade the streets to make a proper display. This leads to consequences which need not be dwelt upon here—it unfits women for a home life, renders domesticity distasteful, encourages that which no word so aptly describes as “flirtation.” While the husbands are attending throughout the entire day to business the wives are making in the streets their accustomed display of French fashions; and surely this seems scarcely an equal division of labor. Can this last forever? Is it too much to hope that there is some man now living who will see American women freed from their slavery to French Fashions?

THE GATHERING ON THE PLAINS.*

FROM the far-off Rocky Mountains, where they meet the eastern hills,
From the cradles where great rivers are but puny infant rills,
From the hunting-grounds and war-paths of the red men unsubdued,
Comes a savage yell of vengeance, comes a cry of blood for blood.

The Fort Phil Kearney garrison recked not that they were few;
Trained soldiers of the Union, they were veteran “boys in blue.”
They'd all the white man's pride and trust in white men's blood and brains;
They despised the mountain Indians and the Indians of the plains.

The braves of mountain, plain, and hill were many, and they knew,
As well as General Grant himself, what “men enough” can do.
They trapped the fourscore “boys in blue” within a pathless glen;
With thousands they surrounded them, and fourscore scalps were ta'en.

No longer from the East alone doth emigration pour,
A tide is flowing mountainward from the Pacific's shore.
New York and San Francisco meet beneath Montana's pines,
And work together in the depths of Colorado's mines.

Like shipwrecked sailors cast upon a sea-surrounded shoal,
O'er which the waves remorselessly at high-tide time will roll;
The Indians see a swelling flood of white men brave and keen,
Advancing from the east and west, and hemming them between.

Already has this swelling flood surged ominously near
The pastures of the buffalo, the coverts of the deer;
The prairie dog, the foot-hill wolf, the savage grizzly bear,
Have scented the advancing tide that taints their native air.

The red man sees the changes vast a few short years have wrought,
And wonder, fear, and hate unite to cloud his troubled thought.
He sees the white man desecrate the graves of chief and sage,
And lo! it o'er *his* hunting-grounds, *his* children's heritage.

* “The news of the massacre of the United States troops at Fort Phil Kearney is confirmed. The number killed—the whole detachment, officers and men—is eighty. Most of the Indians are reported to be well armed with rifles, revolvers, carbines, etc., and it is feared that most of the tribes of the mountains, foot-hills, and plains, will unite in a general Indian war on the forts and settlements in the spring. Lieutenant-General Sherman has issued an order prohibiting the further sale of arms or ammunition to the Indians.”—*Washington Telegram*.

He sees him every where intrude, and from where'er his feet
Leave footprints on the plain or hill, the red man must retreat.
He sees the cabin's smoke arise above the whispering pines,
He sees the tents, like sentinels, stand guard around the mines.

And where the squatter's hut is raised, by lake, or stream, or wood,
The red man's rights are but as sand before Missouri's flood.
And where the miner's tent is pitched, and white men work for hire,
The red man's wigwam is but grass before the prairie fire.

The white man's iron pathways strange, the trails and war-paths break,
His iron horse's shrieking neigh the foot-hill echoes wake.
From east to west, from west to east, his guarded wagon trains
Are toiling through the passes steep and stretching o'er the plains.

He's building bridges o'er the streams, and mills by all the falls,
His wondrous endless whispering wire the Indian brave appalls.
E'en nature's boldest barriers he conqueringly assails,
He is cutting down the mountains, he is filling up the vales.

On every side the potent signs of domination stand;
The red man's future is ignored, his name's writ in the sand.
Where shall he turn? where rear his lodge? where hunt, when far and near
The game is disappearing? Must the red man disappear?

No! no! from plain and mountain-side, from valley, hill, and glen,
Ascends the war-whoop's challenge fierce from thirty thousand men.
Tribes heretofore belligerent now own fraternal ties,
No longer are they enemies, but brothers and allies.

And e'en as trusting brothers band, when strangers dare intrude
To plunder their inheritance and ostracize their blood—
As soldiers rally 'neath their flag that ne'er hath known a stain—
So band and rally all the braves of mountain, hill, and plain.

From the Gila's sunny valleys, where the ice-breath of the north
Never ventures to blow rudely, comes the fierce Apache forth.
He is armed with Colt's revolvers (Indian traders trade so free!),
And he's mounted as a horse-thief from Durango ought to be.

From the plains of Western Texas, where the buffalo still feed,
Comes the warrior Comanche on his Coahuila steed.
But yesterday he dared the fight with quiver, lance, and bow;—
With rifle and revolver he now rides to meet the foe.

The Poncas, Moquis, Mandans, Sioux, Cheyennes, Arapahoes;
The Pawnees and the Pah-Utahs, the Blackfeet and the Crows,
And many other warlike tribes are mustering in their might,
To hold their ancient hunting-grounds and guard the red man's right.

The western breeze comes shuddering, and whispers from the lakes,
That when the snow has left the plains, and when the grass awakes,
The savage war-whoop will be heard, vengeance will seek her food,
And forts and frontier settlements will all be scenes of blood.

Editor's Easy Chair.

PERHAPS as Louis Napoleon grows older he sometimes asks himself whether it would not have been wiser to be content with the issue of Strasburg and Boulogne. To put on a crown is to put on so much trouble. To break an oath, as Emile de Girardin says Louis Napoleon did, in order to destroy a Government, and then at the end of fifteen years to be doubtful whether you have established another in its place; to see your glory evidently waning and affairs around you going as you do not wish them to go; to be conscious that you are no longer the chief man in Europe although a French emperor of an historic name, but that a German Minister is suspected to be cleverer than you and to have outwitted you; to make a fine flourish with rhetoric and an army upon a distant continent, and then to be obliged to forget the phrases and withdraw the soldiers; finally, to propose to appear to the world as the good genius of peace and industry by inviting all nations to exhibit their inventions in your capital (at their own expense), and to appoint the rising of the curtain on a certain day; to see that day arrive and the curtain rise and nothing visible but a chaos of boxes and yourself in evening costume and carrying a cane; and to remember that the day was April-fool day—these are things which show to us poor commoners how uneasy is the head that wears a crown, and which must sometimes make even the seclusion and tranquillity of Ham seem grateful by contrast to the weary brain.

Indeed, Louis Napoleon's imperial career appears often like that of a theatrical manager who must forever tease his brain to invent fresh novelties for the entertainment of his audience. It is even like a restless succession of spectacles to drown the remembrance of a terrible tragedy. First the *coup d'état*, and the street slaughter, the exile of hundreds, and the tortures and deaths of Cayenne. Then the "saving of society," the elections, the annexation of Savoy, the British alliance, the Crimean war, the Italian marriage, the Italian war, the renovation of Paris, the Mexican expedition, the speech at Auxerre and its supposed meaning, the arming of France, and the World's Fair, one absorbing excitement following another, the poor manager at his wit's end with anxiety and labor, conscious that the interest of the audience begins to flag, and that there is even danger that they may begin to hiss. In vain he declares that the public benefit is his only aim, that nothing of an immoral tendency shall be permitted upon his boards, and that he humbly hopes his honored patrons will not be dissatisfied with their entertainment. He has no chance against a rival manager with fresher fascinations, because he has no hold upon the real confidence and respect of his audience. They believe the morality to be a mask. They are sure that his real object is his own advantage, and, unless he can coax his learned elephant to stand upon the tip of his tail as well as upon one foot, his customers will transfer their patronage to the tent over the way.

The present fortune of Louis Napoleon may be seen in the fact that an ocean telegram was manufactured, and actually believed by many

persons, stating that Count Bismarck had demanded certain explanations under pain of his displeasure. The reason it was believed was the general conviction that Bismarck is really a more sagacious man than Louis Napoleon, and that the military power of Prussia need not fear a comparison with that of France. It would be very grievous that the question of superiority should be put to the proof; but it is grievous to Louis Napoleon's prestige that there should be any question upon the subject. Meanwhile he prosecutes his *rôle* as the Genius of Peace; and as he has preluded all his wars with the resonant phrase that the empire is peace, a comprehensive exhibition of the achievements of the arts of industry should naturally arouse the most lively apprehensions. Unluckily the Emperor had said the Exhibition should be opened upon a certain day without inquiring whether it could be ready upon that day. Long before it came it was very clear that nothing could be ready; and a letter-writer says that His Majesty smashed his cane with vexation when he learned the truth. The day, however, came, and with it the Emperor, in plain evening costume, looking very pale and careworn, and accompanied by the Empress.

He came by the principal gate; but the grounds outside were in hopeless disorder. Hundreds of workmen could not help it. They had dug and leveled and wheeled and piled and propped; but there was nothing but dismal incompleteness when the imperial party arrived. Upon the heights opposite, about half a mile away, an immense throng was gathered. It is estimated that a hundred thousand persons saw the chief manager arrive; but he was not cheered even by those who stood nearest. There was only the ordinary murmur of a great crowd. The silence could not have been very inspiring. When upon a festive occasion an emperor is received by his subjects without a cheer an emperor must feel very uncomfortably. The reporter says that within the building there were dirt and disorder upon every side. No whole department was ready except the Russian. The machinery of the English and the fancy goods of the French were also in order. The American department, all the reporters agree, was the most backward of all. The accounts evidently tend to charge Mr. Commissioner Beckwith with the blame. But we hope nobody will forget how unlikely it is, under the circumstances, that any individual should be wholly responsible, and how delightful it always is to have a chief commissioner as a scape-goat. The letters from Paris declare that the Commissioners who went out from this country had held an indignation meeting, and seriously debated whether to resign; but they concluded to decline all responsibility where they had no power, and to leave Mr. Beckwith to receive alone all the vituperation and complaint of disappointment.

The star of blunder seems to be in the ascendant in the Napoleonic sky. A truly imposing and splendid opening of the great fair would have been of signal service to the prestige of Louis Napoleon just at this time, when the withdrawal from Mexico and the towering figure of Bismarck

have so seriously touched the imperial reputation. Nothing, therefore, could be a graver mistake than to insist upon the formal opening of the Exhibition while it was still in the chaos of preparation. It was as stupid as to insist upon consecrating a cathedral while it is yet full of scaffolding. The peculiar advantage of the occasion is utterly lost. Had the Emperor waited until the 1st of June, when all things will be in order—when the Egyptian temple, and the Mexican temple, and the Japanese house, and the summer palace of the Bey of Tunis, and the Turkish lodging-house, and the French Emperor's pavilion, and the iron light-house, and the Gothic church, and the tower of chimes, and the old ruined castle, and the winter garden, and the international theatre, and the Prussian hospital tent, and the Swiss railroad, and the beautiful outer garden will be fully ready, and when Paris will be overflowing with strangers, and the procession of inauguration might have included all kinds of foreign potentates and dignitaries, with the young Prince Mimboutayou, brother of the Tycoon of Japan, among them—then, indeed, ah! then, we should have had no stories of chips, and dirt, and old packing-boxes, and desolate spaces, and culpable commissioners, and universal chill and confusion and disappointment, but from the beginning the "Exposition" would have been most brilliant and successful.

It will be so, doubtless, before it ends. We see and hear the worst of it now at the beginning.

If this or any Magazine goes wrong in any direction it is not for want of critics of every kind. Here, for instance, is a note which the Easy Chair finds in the waste-basket of the Editor. "What a way," says this terrible correspondent, who signs himself, with great moral vigor, *Reform*—"what a way the Magazines have of beginning a story, as in — and — in your issue for —. It is in the 'wishy-washy' style. Is it possible that there are intelligent readers for such a style of writing? Why (for people are not confined in their choice to the style just mentioned) don't the writers begin by saying, first, 'This is a true story;' or, 'This story is a lie?' No, they won't say the last, for no one would read it then; and yet it is lie, or three-fourths of it is lie around one-fourth truth. I say, why don't they, like honest writers, say, 'This story is a lie;' or, 'The truth' (whichever the case may be)? Then folks would have some pleasure in reading—the truth, not a lie. They would then know what they were reading about.

"Of course I am not obliged to buy the Harpers' Magazine; but it is provoking to see that editors have no moral mission in publishing their periodicals."

When the Easy Chair had read so far, it thought it perceived why the note had been dropped in the waste-basket. But it became very sure as it proceeded:

"It pays well? Well, it will pay (if editors won't hoe potatoes for a living); but when these editors are dead and gone it will pay but little, and they [you] will have the—any thing, I should think, but soothing—reflection that you have done your part in life in circulating falsehood, in pandering to vicious tastes, etc. As though life was not short enough to read the solid reading there is in the world, and let the other go.

Would that we had some first-rate magazines, like a *Fraser's* or other of the English magazines, which have got some hard bottom to them!"

Father Prout and Morgan O'Doherty would have died of envy had "*Reform*" only written for a *Fraser's*.

"But who," continues our reproving friend, "who shall turn the color of the leopard, or—turn black white?"

True; but why not "gild refined gold," or "paint the lily?"

"Wallow"—resumes *Reform*—"wallow, ye editors, in your mire, and come out where best ye can! It takes all sorts of people to make a world; and if it had not an editor in it—and, to be fair, I will add a critic like myself—it would be imperfectly made!"

This is a graceful concession, and here the Easy Chair supposed the letter ended. But upon turning the page it encountered "P.S.," like *de capo*.

"P.S. : ——— is another story in the — Number of *Harper*. 'Now *there's* something that sounds like fact,' said I, as I dipped into the article. But the very next article—well, I have learned to misgive every thing so that I see in the magazines that I don't know whether it is truth or not. So much for the lying propensities of literary writers, backed up by editors! But I shall read it for a fact, and God save my soul, for I may swallow a lie! I say let our literature be reformed so far as that it shall be made plain in an article whether it is a lie or the truth, and that to the commonest understanding.

"P.S. *second*: I have read it, and I believe it to be a d—d lie, as I remember seeing nothing of it in the papers of the day.

"Yours truly, REFORM."

The Easy Chair moves that this note be respectfully referred to the State Department, as there has been nothing epistolary so good since the letter of Mr Cracken.

And we hope that all authors and editors will henceforward govern themselves according to the admonitions of "*Reform*." As for the wights who have meanly stolen a march upon him, by being born two or three or four centuries ago, writing their deceptive works and escaping out of the world before "*Reform*" had a chance of exposing their vile tricks upon mankind, let them be re-edited at once, and their enormities laid bare. The list of sinners in this category is indeed frightful. There are men in all times and countries who have gone on and on, telling the most extraordinary stories, maliciously persuading the world to read them, and to make themselves, the authors, actually famous; and those sly knaves, glorying in their iniquity, and—in the pleasant phrase of "*Reform*"—"wallowing in the mire" of their deceit, have never so much as popped out their heads to say "Boo! this is a lie!" There, for instance, is that scurvy Frenchman, Le Sage. He put on a grave face, and deliberately offered the world a so-called autobiography of a so-called Gil Blas. The world read with delight, and believes in the personality of Gil Blas much more than in that of Aristotle or Quintilian; and yet this Le Sage was so lost to shame that he nowhere tells us whether his story is the truth or a vile lie, and in that pestilent moral miasma of uncertainty the world is actually breathing to-day. We cry aloud, with "*Re-*

form," let this Frenchman's story be edited (and not—we beg our friend the editor of *Harper* to remark—not in the style of a certain Magazine the reader of which, God save his soul! may swallow a lie when he thinks he is consuming a truth). Let us have it edited, so that we may know whether this Gil Blas were a contemptible man of straw, and this Le Sage another illustration of the "lying propensities of literary writers!"

Once more, if there be any actual personage in history whatever—and we have grave doubts since "Reform" has revealed to us the propensities aforesaid—we take it to be Don Quixote. Nothing can be more precise than the details of fact recorded in the life of that high-stepping Spanish gentleman. And although the very village of La Mancha in which he was born is not mentioned, yet we have no doubt that the P. P. of that parish has left on record the verification of every point; and we seriously recommend "Reform" to consult the annals, and to favor the world with the result of his researches in the pages of a *Fraser's*. The hero's whole career is traced with scrupulous care, and even the naps which he and his faithful attendant took are not forgotten by the conscientious and painstaking historian. Yet we have heard it whispered (was "Reform" ever at our ear?) that the historian Cervantes may not be always accurate, and it is unquestionably true that he insinuates in his preface something about a satire upon tales of chivalry. But how do "Reform" and the Easy Chair know that this is not another of those deceitful devices which authors do not hesitate to use? What conceivable security has the unsuspecting student that the preface is not "lie" and the history "truth?" We demand some satisfactory editing. We call for foot notes. When the terrible wings of the mill raise the bold knight into mid-air we insist that there shall be a reference in the text by an asterisk, or a number, or by some intelligible and honest sign directly to a note, wherein, without any circumlocution whatsoever, it shall be distinctly stated that this is the truth, or the whole truth, or nothing but the truth; or else with similar precision that it is "lie," or "a d—d lie," as the case may require; for we really believe if the more forcible term is required at all in such editing it will be in frequent demand.

But the whole matter becomes very difficult as we proceed. Who shall edit the editors? Nature must count for something; and suppose the Reverend Charles Honeyman, undertaking to edit Joseph Andrews—for if archbishops may properly edit Greek plays, why not rectors English novels?—should plainly tell us in a foot note that Parson Adams was a — lie, in what profound perplexity should we not be plunged, for it is very clear that Parson Adams is much more of an actual human being than the Reverend Charles himself. Indeed we can at this moment recall but one authority who has insisted upon preventing the public from suffering the consequences of his horrible deceit. The conscientious Bottom could not connive at any lies. He was stringent in making the demand which "Reform" echoes, and he made it even before his ears were fully developed. "I say"—we are now quoting "Reform" not Bottom—"I say, let our literature be reformed so far that it shall be

made plain in an article whether it is a lie or the truth, and that to the commonest understanding." "Nay"—we are now quoting Bottom not "Reform"—"nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck, and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect: 'Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or I would entreat you not to fear, not to tremble; my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life. No; I am no such thing. I am a man as other men are'—and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner."

If it was not perfectly plain to "the commonest understanding" that the lion was not a lion it was certainly not the fault of Bottom. If we could only have writing and editing upon the same principle! The artless reader, for instance, opens the May Number of this Magazine. He finds a little story called "Josephine." He begins to read that little story. Alas! in the very opening sentence author and editor are "wallowing in the mire" of deceit. The insidious narrative opens in these words: "Years ago there stood near St. John's Park a tall brick house, with a high stoop, a great brass door-plate, and a heavy knocker." Now what is to become of the morality of literature? Here are various positive assertions. They descend to the minutest particulars. There is not only a door-plate, for example, but a brass door-plate; and not only a brass door-plate, but a great brass door-plate. In like manner there is not only a knocker, but a heavy knocker; not only a stoop, but a high stoop; and these direct statements continue as the story proceeds. Will the forbearing reader imagine some candid soul like "Reform" exclaiming: "Well, there's something that sounds like fact!" and quietly pushing on to the unqualified declaration—"When Malibran was in this country—when she was Garcia—she and Miss Haydon were intimate." Now will it be believed that up to this passage, and indeed throughout the entire story, Snug never once puts his face out! There is not a solitary foot note to inform us whether this is lie or truth! A man is in danger of going down to his grave without knowing whether Madame Malibran, when she was in this country, and when she was Garcia, was or was not intimate with Miss Haydon! Thus literature becomes a mockery! Thus reckless editors, playing on the perilous edge of perdition, pander to the "lying propensities of literary writers," and, forgetful of Bottom and "Reform," expose their readers to swallowing a lie!

This is truly a hard case. What a time "Reform" must have with Shakespeare! That reckless and immoral writer not only calls certain productions of his deceitful pen histories, but he actually introduces famous personages who have taken part in human affairs. When, we demand in the name of "Reform" and outraged truth and the bewildered mind, when were those memorable words uttered: "Hail John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster?" Show us the evidence. Are the annals of the race to be thus at the mercy of any feather-brain? Shall Henry the Eighth and Queen Katharine and Cardinal Wolsey be made to say what they never did say, and a thoughtless world submit? Is there no slumbering indignation with literary forgery

which can be aroused by such enormities as these? We beg, or entreat, or invite, or implore the writers who submit their works to the editor of this Magazine to remember the great cause of truth and morality; and when they mean Chicago to say Chicago and not C—, above all not X—; and when they mean John, not to write James; and when they tell a love-story, to give us names and dates, and not leave us to waver in doubt and confusion. For instance, if during the summer vacation of this year, which we fondly hope he or she may fully enjoy, the writer—whom we will with the permission of "Reform" designate by the personal pronoun he, although we assure him not with any intention of feloniously misleading him or a too confiding public—if, then, he being at Newport or Saratoga should chance to hear upon some moonlighted piazza, or as he strolls upon the cliff or along the beach, young John Jones whispering to Jane Jenkins that he is fondly her own, let him, in throwing his experience into the form of a sketch, take care not to throw the truth into obscurity. Let him, as he reveres Bottom and sympathizes with the wisdom of "Reform," give us place, dates, and names, in order that we may save our souls.

IF men could only die at the right moment how many fames would be saved! Twenty years ago no name was more familiar to Europe and America than that of Lamartine. A curious chance had placed him at the head of a great revolution. A sentimentalist and a Frenchman, he made Paris his pedestal, and stood posturing and declaiming before the world. He was not a sincere republican, but he loudly praised the Republic, as if it had descended ripe from heaven. He was not a man of any executive power, but he stood where Napoleon Bonaparte had stood half a century before, and with a task not inferior. His very reputation as that of a rhetorician and visionary was undoubtedly of great service to the cause of good order, for it was impossible that a civil commotion was either serious or menacing which had thrown such a man into the conduct of affairs.

Yet we must be just. For a time, as often before, the mob of Paris was the virtual King of France, and Lamartine, with the magnetism of an orator, controlled the mob. When it proposed to unfurl the flag of the old revolution, steeped in blood and terror, Lamartine insisted that the tricolor was the flag of France, and that France should know no other. He stood erect at the Hôtel de Ville while the angry, excitable crowd surged and roared below him, and by a few fiery words he won them to the side of moderation and tranquillity. He used his ascendancy over the Parisians nobly. It would have been perfectly easy to lead them the other way, but he led them right. Let that never be forgotten. He did not understand many things. He had very few of the qualities which such a position demanded. But for a moment France was in his hands, and he did not betray her; civil order was at his mercy, and he saved it.

The revolution of 1848 was so sudden that it was not fairly comprehended. The spectacle of a republic glittering upon the ruins of the monarchy was shining before men's eyes while they were merely looking for a new monarch. End-

less processions instantly poured into the city to salute the government of equality and fraternity, as if the news had reached to the uttermost parts of the earth, and the throngs of all nations pressing forward had been long encamped beneath the walls of Paris, waiting to hear Lamartine's voice. It was a melodrama upon the most prodigious scale, and Lamartine was the star performer.

The play was soon over, however, and the work began. Lamartine gave way to Cavaignac, a simple, sturdy, patriotic soldier. But the orator retained his place in the Chamber of Deputies, and was still cheered at the opera and theatre, whither he came to snuff the incense of adulation. When the proposition was made in the Assembly that Louis Napoleon should be suffered to return to France Lamartine strenuously opposed it. The debate was long and bitter. Lamartine denounced the proposal as a suggestion to throw a fire-brand into a magazine. He knew, as every Frenchman knew, the feeling for the Bonapartes, which was not extinct but suppressed. It was a tradition in the army. Among the youth it was the worship of an ideal glory, which was the more impassioned as the shop-keeping monarchy of Louis Philippe became more and more timid and corrupt. It was one of the most powerful levers by which France could be upheaved, and Lamartine knew it. The very fact that Louis Napoleon himself was so taciturn, that he had ludicrously failed at Strasburg and Boulogne, that he seemed so insignificant, made him the more alarming, because it showed that he was merely a figure-head, and the urgency for his return betrayed an intention already ripe. Paris was curiously excited. Lamartine declaimed magnificently; but the popular imagination had been touched by the idea of a returning Bonaparte. A nation which had already shuffled off the shop-keeping king, which had been educated upon the songs of Beranger, to which the names of Marengo and Austerlitz were romantic traditions, could not repel a Bonaparte, and especially in the triumphant hour of the utmost confidence in its own power. Lamartine declaimed in vain; Louis Napoleon returned; and Lamartine disappeared from political life forever.

From that time to this he has been the world's "pauvre bedesman." He has not been ashamed to ask charity in every country. So total a want of self-respect in such a man and under such circumstances is, we believe, unprecedented. He has made himself the hack beggar of the time. But, that nothing should be wanting to the humiliation of his career, he has now asked a pension of the Louis Napoleon whose return to France he so urgently resisted, and the Emperor has allowed him a sum of four hundred thousand francs.

There was another author who wrote as severely against the uncle as ever Lamartine spoke against the nephew. It was an author who had been for a generation, as Lamartine was for a few weeks, the pride of his countrymen. He too had debts and difficulties, and his "estates" were as unmanageable as Lamartine's. But without a word he devoted himself to the task of clearing the difficulties, and paying the debts, and releasing the estates. The struggle was overwhelming. Time, health, life itself he gave

uncomplainingly. He died in the honorable, vain endeavor; but the world felt that it had lost a true benefactor when it heard that Walter Scott was gone.

If a famous man can not live nobly, and die beloved and tenderly regretted, as Scott did, what a pity that he could not die in the hour of his highest renown, as Lamartine might have died a score of years ago!

LORD ERSKINE said that a British gentleman was "the best thing that any man could be." But why British gentleman? Why not simply gentleman? Whether French, Russian, Hindoo, or Chinese, we suppose a gentleman is always the same. Yet to an Englishman the word "British" is the most satisfactory of adjectives. It stands for soundness and heartiness and thoroughness. Whatever is British is, in the Englishman's imagination, the most genuine of its kind.

The word gentleman is constantly used, but it is very seldom exactly defined. There have been various pleasant essays written upon the topic, and Mr. Calvert has written a book. Tennyson sings also in familiar lines of "the grand old name of gentleman." There are plenty of anecdotes, often reproduced, which show the whimsical view of the question. There is Dr. Franklin's colored servant, who found the hog to be the only gentleman in England. "Every ting, massa, work in dis country: water work, wind work, fire work, smoke work, dog work, man work, bullock work, horse work, ass work—every ting work here but de hog; he eat, he drink, he sleep, he do noting all day: he walk about like a genelman!" Cutlibert Bede adds to this Dean Ramsay's story of the boatman who exclaimed with admiration, "Sir Robert's a perfect gentleman; he does naething—naething!" We cap it with the bright boy's answer to the question, "Well, Harry, what are you going to do when you grow up?" "Oh! I am going to do nothing, like a common gentleman!"

It is easy to see the origin of this theory of the gentleman. The man of rank did not work with his hands, and all his laboring retainers made manual idleness the sign of a lord. It was exactly the same view as this of the hind which made Brummel say that a young man might dress upon eight hundred pounds a year if he exercised strict economy; and which inspired Wellesley Pole's remark, both of which are quoted by Bede, that no one could live like a gentleman on less than forty thousand pounds a year. Among the English, with whom the feeling of caste is stronger than in any nation except the Hindoos, it is not, however, the titled man who is necessarily held to be the superior gentleman. There

are men in England who proudly trace their line back to some Norman pirate of the thirteenth century, and esteem it a finer gentility than that of mere title. It is a Castilian proverb that the king can not make a gentleman. Selden says, speaking of the gentleman, "In Westminster Hall he is one that is reputed one." The standard differs with the place. The gentleman of the Pewter Mug, in New York, or the man who is called so, differs essentially from the gentleman of Columbia College.

Can a bad man be a gentleman? Lovelace, for instance, or Captain Macheath? They may be handsome, graceful, courtly, fascinating, witty, accomplished. Are they gentlemen? There was Wainwright, the Janus Weathercock of the *London Magazine*, whom Charles Lamb admired—was he a gentleman? He was brilliant, polished, perfectly *comme il faut*; but he poisoned a young woman to get her life-insurance—was he a gentleman?

Then it is not manner nor accomplishment which makes the gentleman.

Is it birth? George IV. was born a Prince. Read any memoir of his life and answer if he were a gentleman?

Is it character? But do we know no good people who are not gentlemen? The old English dramatist Dekker calls Christ "the first true gentleman that ever breathed." But is it enough to be what is called "a Christian" to be also a gentleman? To be a Christian—yes, but who is? If to be gentlemen we must be what Christ was, which of us can claim the name? Is every body who is by common consent a gentleman—for there are such—really like Christ? If not, a man may be a gentleman who merely wishes and aims to be Christlike.

The truth is, that we can not define it by any single term. It is not manners only, it is not character alone, it is not the Christian endeavor—it is a certain combination of all which makes the gentleman. There can be no rule given. It can not be more exactly defined than beauty. We may approach it by negatives. We may say that a gentleman would not do this or that, as we may say that a blotched face can not be beautiful. But the charm eludes description. Must a gentleman be graceful? Yet the very awkwardness of a gentleman is often more pleasing than the grace of another. Must he dress in the mode? Yet the quaint protest of his costume is sometimes delightful. Must he be greatly accomplished? Yet how many a gentleman is not! But no gentleman is harsh or unfeeling or rude; no gentleman makes himself or others ridiculous. Still he is not the ideal Christian hero. Was Sir Philip Sidney any less a gentleman than Ignatius Loyola or George Herbert?

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 1st of May. The principal topics of domestic interest are: the condition of the South; the acquisition of the Russian Possessions in America; and the hostilities with the Indians in the Northwest. In Southern America: the probable overthrow of the Imperial Government in Mexico, and the Revolution in Hayti. In Europe: rumors of war, arising immediately from an altogether new cause.

CONGRESS.

Congress adjourned on the 31st of March, to meet on the first Wednesday in July, provided a quorum shall then be assembled, otherwise at its regular time in December. The Senate, however, was at once convened by the President in executive session, for the purpose of acting upon nominations for office. A very large number of nominations made by the President were rejected. The most notable instance is that of the Ministry to Austria, which had been resigned by Mr. Motley. The President successively nominated ex-Senator Cowan of Pennsylvania, General Frank Blair, and Senator Nesmith of Oregon: these were all rejected by the Senate. Mr. Henry J. Raymond of New York was then nominated; this was laid over to be acted upon at the meeting in December. The resignation of Mr. Motley not having been accepted, he in the mean time remains as Minister. This executive session came to a close on the 29th of April.

PURCHASE OF RUSSIAN AMERICA.

On the 29th of March a treaty was concluded by which Russia sells to the United States all of her possessions in America for seven millions of dollars. By the treaty all the rights of Russia are absolutely made over to the United States, it being stipulated, however, that the churches which have been built by the Russian Government are to "remain the property of such members of the Greek Oriental Church as may choose to worship therein." The civilized inhabitants are to have three years in which to make their choice to remain or to return to Russia. If they remain they are to have all the rights of citizens of the United States; the uncivilized tribes are to be subject to such laws and regulations as the United States may from time to time adopt in regard to the aboriginal inhabitants of the country. The treaty was ratified in the Senate on the 9th of April by a vote of 31 yeas to 2 nays. The new territory thus acquired commences in latitude 54° 40', and runs along the coast up to 60° with a breadth of only 30 miles to the mountain ridge whereof Mount St. Elias, the highest summit in North America, is the culmination. This ridge is the boundary line of British America, the line then runs northward to the Arctic Ocean, leaving on the west a large tract of territory, terminating westward in the Peninsula of Alaska, which extends into Behring Strait. There are numerous islands along the coast. The whole area is something like 550,000 square miles, about three times that of our entire Eastern and Middle States. The climate is much warmer than

that of our Atlantic Coast in the same high latitudes, and would not itself form a barrier to a large population in a considerable portion of the country; but lying so far north, the sunlight is so small that few grains or vegetables flourish. The main value of the territory is to be found in its fisheries; although it is probable that there is much mineral wealth; coal especially is said to exist in considerable quantities. The population is estimated at about 60,000, mostly Esquimaux, with a few Russians and half-breeds. The fur trade is also of some value.

CONDITION OF THE SOUTH.

The General and Special Orders issued by the various Military Commanders in the different Districts and Sub-districts of the South clearly indicate the principles upon which it is proposed to carry on the present administration in that region. These are, that the military power is supreme; all existing local authorities merely provisional; in so far as these execute substantial justice to all classes of citizens they will be upheld, when they fail to do this they will be superseded; and so far as possible the military authorities will act in harmony with the existing local authorities. But, as expressed in General Pope's Order, "The civil officers retained in office shall confine themselves strictly to the performance of their official duties, and while holding their offices they shall not use any influence whatever to deter or dissuade the people from taking an active part in reconstructing their State Government under the Act of Congress to provide for the more efficient government of the rebel States, and the Act supplementary thereto." The subsequent course of Governor Jenkins of Georgia, who recommended the people of that State to take no part in the election of delegates to the Constitutional Convention, caused General Pope to issue an order confirmatory and explanatory, in which he said that the words "shall not use any influence whatever" are to be construed in their widest sense, and held to include advice, verbal or written, given to individuals, committees, or the public, and declaring that any officer, State or municipal, who should violate this order would be deposed, and held otherwise accountable, as the nature of the case should demand. Thus far concord of action has been to a great extent maintained; and the exceptions, where the military authority has been called upon to interfere, are of no general importance.

Every thing now indicates that the great body of the people of the South qualified so to do, whether white or colored, will take part in the elections prescribed by the Act. They are advised so to do by their prominent men, with few exceptions. Meantime strenuous exertions are being made by both parties to secure the new element of the freedmen's vote. Public meetings have been held at many places, composed of people of both colors. The former masters urge upon the freedmen to vote for those whom they have known, and who have always been their friends. Several leading Republicans—prominent among whom is Senator Wilson of Massachusetts—have been traversing the South, urging

the freedmen to cast their votes in favor of Republican candidates. Thus far it is conceded on all hands that the freedmen have borne themselves with most unexpected discretion.

The States of Georgia and Mississippi have presented petitions to the Supreme Court of the United States, the purport of which are that the Court is desired to issue an injunction prohibiting the President, Secretary of War, the Commander of the Army, and each District Commander from taking any measures to carry out the provisions of the "Military Government Bill." The Georgia petition, presented by Mr. Black, formerly Attorney-General of the United States under Mr. Buchanan, is the most elaborately drawn. We give, greatly abridged, the principal points:

The State of Georgia, having become free and independent, with other States formed a Government which has continued till this day; in 1861 Georgia and other States attempted to withdraw from the Union formed by these States; the Government of the United States denied the right of these "Seceding States" to withdraw, and thereupon ensued a civil war; in 1865 these Seceding States laid down their arms and submitted to the authority of the Government of the United States; Congress then appointed a Provisional Governor for the State of Georgia, under whose authority a Convention was held and a new Constitution framed, and under this Constitution a Governor and other magistrates were elected, and entered upon the exercise of the functions of their offices, and Georgia has since in many ways been recognized by the Government of the United States as a State in the Union—is really so, and entitled to all the rights of a State. But the two acts of Congress "for the more efficient government of the rebel States" contravene the laws of the State of Georgia, especially by excluding from the right of suffrage many white people, who by the laws of the State are entitled to it, and bestowing it upon "many thousands of black men of African descent," who by these laws are excluded from it. The effect of the execution of these Acts would be to destroy the corporate existence of the State of Georgia; and the President of the United States, notwithstanding he believes the Act to be unconstitutional, intends to carry it into execution, through the Secretary of War, the General commanding the armies, and the several District Commanders. And therefore the Supreme Court is asked to issue an order by which all of these persons shall be "enjoined and restrained from doing or permitting any act or thing whatever within or concerning the State of Georgia which is or may be directed or in terms or effect required by" these acts of Congress.

The action of the Court in this matter, thus far, has been merely formal. It amounts to this: The petitioners are allowed to file their petition, which will come up for consideration by the Court at its term in December.

THE INDIAN WAR.

For more than a year past significant evidences have been observed of a purpose on the part of the Indians in Dakota and Colorado to engage in a war on the settlers in those Territories, and lately many serious depredations have been committed by the Sioux and Cheyennes. On December 21, 1866, a large force of them ambushed, near Fort Philip Kearney, Dakota, a small body of men belonging to the Eighteenth United States Infantry and Second United States Cavalry, and the whole force was slaughtered. This massacre aroused the Government to more vigorous action than it had previously displayed; and a large force was ordered to invade the country of the savages, subdue them, and secure the safety of the routes across the plains to California. Lieutenant-General Sherman at once organized his force into two col-

umns, and intrusted them to Generals Hancock and Sully. The movement West was begun about April 1, Sully pursuing the "Central Railroad route," along the Nebraska River, and Hancock that known as the "Smoky Hill route," along the Arkansas River. General Sully held a council with a large body of Sioux at "California Crossing" of Nebraska River, and succeeded in dissuading over seven hundred warriors from joining the war party. General Hancock moved with six thousand men. On April 13 he held a council with the Cheyennes at their village near Fort Larned. They expressed a great desire for peace, but two days after the council they deserted their village and fled westward, destroying in their flight Lookout Station and murdering three men employed there. General Custer, in command of the cavalry, was sent in pursuit, but at our latest dates had not overtaken the savages. A union for warlike purposes has been formed by the Sioux, Arapahoes, and Cheyennes, and eleven thousand of their warriors were assembled on the plains between the Nebraska and Arkansas rivers, and immediately east of the Rocky Mountains. Here they evidently propose to await the approach of the commands of Hancock and Sully; and meantime employ themselves in raids upon small stations and in attacking the Government trains passing across the plains.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

Our last record of the war in Mexico closed with the evacuation of the City of Mexico by the French on March 6. Marshal Bazaine reached Vera Cruz by the 10th, and the last of the French troops had embarked on April 12. Instead of leaving with them, as was expected, Maximilian remained in the capital, and placed himself at the head of the army raised by Generals Mejia, Miramon, and Marquez. Marquez was left to hold the capital, and Maximilian in person joined Miramon and Mejia, who had previously advanced to Queretaro, 110 miles northwest from the capital, to meet the forces of Juarez advancing from the north to occupy the places evacuated by the French. After some skirmishing, but no serious fighting, the Imperialists were driven into the town, and the Liberals began the siege in earnest on March 4. Up to our latest dates from that quarter (April 6) the siege was maintained with great vigor and success on the part of the Liberals; the Imperialists were forced to contract their lines within the town, and gradually became surrounded. Maximilian made two desperate efforts to force his way through the Liberal lines, but failed in both. In one of these, made on March 22, by a force of 4000 men, he was driven back with very considerable loss, and Miramon was dangerously wounded. Maximilian sent three commissioners to Juarez, offering to surrender on condition that the lives and property of the prominent chieftains were spared; but the terms were declined. Last accounts represent the condition of the besieged troops to be very deplorable, and the speedy capture of the city and army was anticipated. So critical was the condition of Maximilian on April 5 that the Austrian Minister at Washington asked the good offices of the United States Government in securing his safety in the event of his capture; and Secretary Seward dispatched a messenger to

Juarez making the desired request for leniency. Meanwhile the Imperialists met with disaster in all directions. Puebla was carried by Porfirio Diaz on April 2, and 63 of the surrendered Imperialists were put to death. Marquez, who had marched out from Mexico city with 4000 troops to the relief of the garrison of Puebla, was met by Diaz north of that city and badly defeated, losing all his artillery and ammunition trains. A force of Liberals, 4000 strong, began the siege of Vera Cruz immediately on the departure of the French; solid shot and shell were thrown into the city daily, and great distress prevailed on account of the scarcity of provisions. A flag of truce announced the fall of Puebla, and intimated that if Vera Cruz was not surrendered by April 15 the safety of the troops when captured would not be guaranteed. — A later telegraphic dispatch, dated at New Orleans May 1, announces that, in consequence of the defeat of Marquez by Diaz, Maximilian had given up the contest, that his army had disbanded, and that Queretaro had fallen into the hands of the Liberals. Upon their entering the town Maximilian was nowhere to be found. Miramon had died of the wounds received by him in the recent battle. The date of the capture of Queretaro is not given.

The month of February witnessed a revolution in Hayti, resulting in the abdication and exile of President Geffrard, and the succession of his old enemy, General Salnave, to the Presidency. An insurrectionary attempt was made at Port au Prince, on February 1, but it resulted unsuccessfully, and the ringleaders were shot. On the night of February 22, however, a more successful effort was made; Geffrard was driven to seek safety in flight, and, abdicating the Presidency, went into exile in Jamaica. A Provisional Government was appointed and an election ordered; this resulted in the selection of General Salnave, who, it will be remembered, headed the revolution of 1866, and who was then defeated only through the assistance tendered Geffrard by the English gun-boat *Bull Dog*.

EUROPE.

The past month has been prolific of rumors of war. But the old questions of jealousy between the great powers have momentarily dropped out of sight in view of the sudden aggrandizement of Prussia, which kingdom it is feared has gained a preponderancy menacing all other nations, and especially France. These two great powers, mutually jealous, have been strengthening their military forces, and it needed only an occasion to precipitate them into hostilities. An occasion arose which threatened for some weeks to bring on a war. Among the minor German States was the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, having a population of about 200,000. This was in the partition of 1815 given to the King of Holland, although it is wholly isolated from that kingdom, Belgium lying between. It lies just in a corner where Prussia and France touch. As Grand Duke of Luxemburg the King of Holland was a member of the old German Confederacy;

but when this was broken up last year he desired to rid himself of the perilous possession of Luxemburg, and entered into negotiations with the Emperor of France for its sale. Now the capital of the Duchy is, after Gibraltar, the strongest fortress in the world; by the treaty it was garrisoned by 6000 Prussian troops, nominally, however, the forces of the Confederation. Prussia would not consent that this strong fortress on her borders should pass into the hands of France; France was equally resolved that it should not be in the hands of Prussia. Upon this point it seemed that the powers were about to plunge into war. Troops were directed from both sides to the frontier, and threatening diplomatic messages interchanged. At last, as our latest dispatches indicate, which bear the date of May 1, the great powers of Europe agreed to hold a Conference in London to settle this matter—the preliminary conditions being: (1.) That France shall not extend her present boundaries—that is, shall not acquire Luxemburg. (2.) That the fortifications of Luxemburg shall be dismantled and evacuated; that is, the place shall not be of military advantage to Prussia. (3.) The Conference shall settle the future political status of the Duchy. (4.) All the Governments concerned shall guarantee the execution of the decision of the Conference. Thus it now appears that this threatening war-cloud has passed over. —The Conference of the Powers is to meet at London on the 12th of May, and will be presided over by Lord Stanley, the British Foreign Secretary.

The Reform Bill in the British Parliament makes no apparent progress. On the 12th of April Mr. Gladstone offered an amendment fixing the voting rate at £5; this was defeated by a majority of 21, whereupon Mr. Gladstone resigned the leadership of the Opposition party, and the place falls to Mr. Bright.

The Paris Exhibition was formally opened on the 1st of April. The inauguration was far from successful, the structure being incomplete and few of the departments arranged. The general impression is that the Exhibition will not prove a success.

All reports indicate that the emigration from Europe to America will be very great during the present season. The severe military laws in Germany, it is presumed, will drive away great numbers; the Irish emigration is only limited by the capacity of the vessels to convey the emigrants. Even prior to the Fenian risings 1500 emigrants a week sailed from the port of Queenstown. The returns of the Register-General of Ireland show that for the three months ending the 31st of December 12,894 emigrants left Ireland; this was during the winter months, and with the spring the number was vastly increased. Between the 15th and 18th of April seven steamers left Queenstown for New York, carrying more than 2000 passengers, and there were then at that place 700 persons waiting for embarkation. The emigration from Germany is also very large, and consists mainly of persons of the most desirable class, possessed of considerable means.

Editor's Drawer.

THE neat, crisp witticisms of the late John Van Buren are proverbial. The writer can attest the truth of the following on the best authority. It has not before been in print:

Mr. Van Buren had been defending some one in one of our city courts, and, feeling a personal interest in the result, had exerted himself in behalf of his client. He was not a little stimulated to this from the fact that the opposing counsel—a person of “small calibre, but immense bore”—indulged in unnecessary personalities, and finally lost his case. This so chagrined him that he went up to his courtly opponent, and, in tones excited and angry, said: “Mr. Van Buren, I should really like to know if there is any case so paltry, or any criminal so despicable that you would not undertake to defend him?”

“Well, I don’t know,” replied Mr. Van Buren, in his peculiarly quiet, suave manner—“*what have YOU been doing?*”

SHORTLY after General Cameron’s appointment as Minister to Russia, old Mr. Ramsbottom called at our house. The Doctor, wishing to give him the latest news, said: “Do you know that President Lincoln has appointed Cameron Minister to Russia?”

“Do you mean General Cameron?”

“Yes.”

“Why,” said Mr. R., “I didn’t know that the General had *got to preaching!*”

[We were not aware of that fact either; though we violate no confidence in stating that a few weeks ago, in Harrisburg, during the session of the Legislature, the General expressed an unfaltering belief in the doctrine of *election.*]

AN undoubted Hicksite, from the neighboring town of Philadelphia, has felt moved to make the following little statement in writing:

Our Irish servant, a good-humored girl, feeling somewhat dispirited at the loss of her mother, remarked that she intended to have several masses said for the repose of her soul.

“How much does a mass cost?”

“One dollar,” was the reply.

“Why,” said the mistress, “I thought the charge was only fifty cents.”

“Oh!” said Biddy, “masses have *riz*, like every thing else, *since the war!*”

To think of that, written out by a “Friend!”—almost as extraordinary as the spectacle of a Quaker baby, of the which Sydney Smith verily hath said: “There *never was* such a thing as a Quaker baby; that is to say, one born with a *broad brim*, and in *full quake!*”

MANY years ago, when most of the North River sloops came in at Coenties Slip, the *Levant*, a packet from Fishkill, anchored off the Battery, to wait for change of tide. A passenger, who for the first time had been on a sailing-vessel, and who during the trip down had been anxious to steer the craft, not noticing the vessel was at anchor, was told he might take the helm. Greenhorn obeyed, the captain cautioning him, as he was going below, to keep clear of other vessels. The tide went rushing by, causing the

“helmsman” to believe that the boat was making prodigious headway. After a while the captain thrust his head out of the cabin-door and inquired how he was getting on? “First-rate by water,” was the reply; “but *very slow by the land!*”

THANKS to Boston for this neat juvenile:

A little three-year-old Canuck happened to sit up once, contrary to his usual custom, till after dark. As a favor he was allowed to take a peep at the stars of the clear, cold, Canadian sky. “Oh! oh!” says he, “*le bon Dieu a allumé tout son gaz!*”

Another, on being told by her nurse that smart people die young, replied: “*Tu vas veiller donc!*”

A SAINT LOUIS correspondent incloses the following telegram, sent from New York a few days since to the Western press:

“Dr. Cheever has been sold to Tiffany & Co., who will erect stores thereon.”

The kind of building to be erected *on* the Doctor is not stated; but we may doubtless expect something in one of the two prevailing styles of American architecture, denominated respectively by an aesthetic friend as the “*pointed Ironie*” and the “*open Cathartic!*”

THE same correspondent, during the war, while all was “quiet on the Potomac,” copied the following gory inscription from a grave-stone near Appomattox Court House, Virginia:

“Robert C. Wright Was Born June 26th 1772 Died July 2th 1815 by the bloodthrusty hand of John Sweeney Sr Who Was massacre With the Nife, then a Loudon Gun, discharge a ball penetrate the Heart that Give the immortal Wound.”

WHEN General Bragg entered Kentucky at the head of what he had reason to believe a victorious host, he said to a brother officer: “*Veni, vidi, vici.*” When he came out, it was *Vice vers*—(ah!)

A DUTCHMAN from the profane city of Rotterdam, but at present residing in Hoboken, recently took occasion, “as it were,” to kill his dog—the dog having killed one of his sheep. After shooting him until he was extremely defunct, our Teuton took a club and commenced beating the brute’s brains out. Neighbor Smith came along, and asked:

“What are you pounding the dog for?—don’t you see he’s dead?”

“Yes,” answered Hootzensweitzer, “*but I means to lets him know that there’s a hereafter!*”

THE foregoing remindeth of a dog named “Moreover.”

“Why call him ‘Moreover?’”

“Because it’s a good Scripture name.”

“Don’t understand it?”

“Then look at Luke, xxi. 21, and read: ‘*Moreover*, the dog came and licked his sores.’”

Rather curious, that.

AN officer in the Quarter-Master’s Depart-

ment, whose qualifications for his position have been greatly developed by assiduous reading of the pages of this Magazine, sends the following:

S——, one of our clerks, got off a good thing in telegraphy the other day—at least he thought so, judging by the anxiety he evinced to have every one in the office know it. Our cashier, availing himself of a lull in business (produced by want of cash) to visit his home in a neighboring city, it was arranged that, in case funds were received, we were to telegraph and he would return at once. Not many days elapsed before Treasurer Spinner's draft came to hand, whereupon S—— telegraphed: "*Cash here [Cashier], come!*" And the cashier came.

Our opening article on meanness has developed the fact that there is a sufficient surplus of that article extant in the loyal States to warrant large exports. The last small invoice, warranted genuine, comes from Havana, Ohio:

We had assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to a worthy man who had not, while alive, come up to the popular notion of being the head of the family. Sympathizing lady friends were assisting the "afflicted relict" to put on her mourning habiliments, one of whom produced a nicely-starched, splendidly-trimmed, cotton-lace cap. The bereaved one spied it instantly. "Not that cap! not *that* one!" she authoritatively exclaimed. "I s'pose I'll have to cry some, and make a fuss at the funeral, and *I might muss it. Give us an old one!*"

MANY years since, in California, old Judge C—— kept a *little dead fall*, as they call a rum-mill out there, a few miles above Marysville, and made frequent trips to San Francisco, to deposit his "hard-earned" savings and lay in a fresh stock. One night he sat up late, imbibed much, and assisted at a "little game of draw." An hour after going to bed he awoke, and, to his horror, saw a robber staring at him through the window near the foot of his berth. Judge dodged back; robber dodged back. Judge peeped; robber peeped. Judge put hand under pillow, drew out "navy," and fired—*through a looking-glass!* the trade price of which was an even \$25. The robber did *not* again appear; the Judge did treat.

EMBARRASSING things will happen to very good people sometimes, even in "meetin'." The congregation had assembled in church at B——, Massachusetts, and waited patiently for the minister, who had, unaccountably, failed to appear. To pass away time the choir tipped them a stave, and repeated. Every body looked at every body. They did it again. At length a solemn brother ascended the pulpit, glanced around and said: "No minister; no deacon; *no nothin'; no preparation for nothin'.* Let us pray!"

THE horse-stealing trial reported in a recent Number of the Drawer has a parallel in an Arkansas case, where a disreputable citizen was on trial for murder. The evidence was circumstantial, and insufficient to convict; but the jury, believing that the culprit was a vagrom man and ought to be convicted of something, brought him in guilty of *nigger-stealing*. The judge enlightened them a little on the nigger question, and again sent them out. They came in with a ver-

dict of guilty of *horse-stealing*. The judge lectured them soundly, and believing that they were now sufficiently enlightened to act understandingly, sent them out once more. The next verdict was perfectly satisfactory—at least to themselves: "Guilty of manslaughter in the first degree, *but we don't think he is the man!*"

How true it is that vital piety takes small account of filthy lucre when celestial results are in view! For example: In the little village of Pembroke, during the progress of a protracted meeting, one hopeful and exceedingly liberal convert prayed in behalf of the many who had ranged themselves on the "anxious seat," that the Lord would "*convert them at once.*" "Come down now, Lord, right off, right down through the roof—I'll pay for the shingles!"

A YOUNG telegraphist at Jefferson City, Missouri, takes off his hat to the readers of the Drawer and makes his *début* in words to this effect:

During the reign of terror in our county caused by Price's raid the dépôt in this city caught fire and was burned, consequently we were obliged to find other rooms for the telegraph-office, and, for want of better, located temporarily in Dad Chevron's carpenter-shop. One day, during the absence of the operator, all the instruments commenced, and for fifteen minutes kept up, a terrible ticking, which frightened the old man, who had *not* made the science of electricity the great study of his life. He thought it must be a call for this office, and probably conveyed news of Price and his forces. Making a dive for one of the instruments, he caught the "ground wire" firmly between his teeth and shrieked out: "*Operator's gone to dinner; be back in half an hour!*" and at the same instant received a shock from the wire coming in contact with his moist tongue that he will remember to his dying day.

At the time Sir Morton Peto gave the magnificent banquet got up for him by the gustatory skill of Mr. Charles Delmonico, at which the men of mark of New York came out with great force and brilliancy, a young gentleman, curious to know something of Sir Morton, asked: "Is Sir Peto's an old baronetcy or a new creation?"

"A new one."

"And what procured him the honor?"

"This: when the British army went to the Crimea Mr. Peto also went to construct a railway from the base of supplies—an indispensable auxiliary to the commissariat. This he put down as fast as the army marched. Of course he was obliged to take out several thousand laborers—'navvies'—and thousands of shovels and wheel-barrow. He did the work well, and was made a Baronet."

"Oh! of course—a *wheel-Baro-net!*"

It is seldom that we have the felicity of presenting to the medical readers of the Drawer so fine a series of new formula as are comprehended in the following, prescribed by an eminent Wisconsin practitioner, and sent to us by one of the principal druggers of La Crosse. If Dr. Carnochan could so far overcome his absurd prejudices as to make experiment of these prescriptions in the State Hospital at Ward's Isl-

and, or if Dr. John Crane or Professor Flint could for once yield a little of their obstinate adherence to old fogysim, and go in for progress, as La Crosse does, we might hope for returning health to the general public, and have less need for the official reports of Dr. Dalton. Have the kindness to note the delicate drops of science that trickle through the subjoined:

for Krup medisen
1 dramm ov annt ti moonneymetic
ate drops tingtur eppakak
a litle peece of lickerrish
Pownd ital toogetther and put init hav of a pint of
surrop take a sponful evry fifteen minnits and it wil
make the child pewke.

for sik hoss
take 5 sents wuth ruberb
2 sents wuth calomey
4 sents wuth sulfur
give the hoss oncet a day when the hoss gets fissick-
ed hold up on the medason.

for pane in the jints
take oil of angelwurms and
oil of organ, 2 ownses
sperrits of turbentine ditto
tinctur of red peppers ditto
aquamony 1 ownses
put into a bottil with a pint of alkehawl aply twicet a
day for rumites and panes any wher.

for colery.
take lodlum
pepmint essents
tinkter Kyan peper
Kamfire
rubarb surrup ecual parts
dos a spaneful oncet an our til the panes ar gon and
the diaree is stopt.

Ordinarily we are sensitive as well as strenuous as to copyright of all important contributions appearing in the pages of this Magazine; but as the cause of medical science seems to demand a little something at our hands we cheerfully consent to the reproduction of the above by our contemporaries of *Braithwaite's Retrospect* and *The Scalpel*.

IN 1862 Senator Jim Lane, of Kansas, received authority to raise two regiments of infantry. In Kansas it was easy to enlist men for cavalry, for Kansans were great on the ride. The prospect of the grim chieftain's success for infantry was consequently problematical. His friends offered to bet against it. Appointments were made to address the people in different parts of the State; first at Paola, on the border, where the opposition to walking regiments was strongest. The turn-out to hear him was large. On taking the stand the General commenced: "Fellow-citizens,—the great and good President of this nation sent for me a few days since and asked if Kansas, that heroic little State, which had already furnished ten regiments and two battalions to the army, could add two more regiments of infantry. [Cries of 'No Dough-Boys!'] I told Mr. Lincoln: 'Yes; whatever you ask of Kansas, if it is the last plow-boy from the field, to support the Government and crush the rebellion, you shall have.' [Cries of 'Give us cavalry and all right—no Dough-Boys!'] Now, fellow-citizens, allow me to explain the difference between cavalry and infantry, and I have no doubt but that Paola will furnish a liberal quota of those two regiments. [Cries of 'Nary infantry!'] Fellow-citizens,—it is well known that cavalry, when recruited and organized, are mounted

on horses, and march on horseback. It is as well understood that when infantry are organized they are not mounted, but march on foot. Now, fellow-citizens, we are on the borders of Meesoori, the enemy's country, and overrun by traitors, rebels, and Kansas haters. Supposing there is stationed here in Paola two regiments—one of infantry, one of cavalry. An order comes for them to proceed into the enemy's country and make war. They go. The cavalry are mounted on government horses, and when they return, if they do so *leading a horse* taken from the enemy, who shall blame them if they appropriate to their own use that which has more than likely been stolen from Kansas by border ruffians? [Cries of 'Certainly, Jim; that's the talk!'] Now, fellow-citizens, as the infantry are *not mounted* when they march into Meesoori they go on foot; but, fellow-citizens, if that regiment which went into Meesoori on foot returns here, each soldier *mounted on one horse and leading another*, which class of troops have the advantage, cavalry or infantry—the one that returns leading but *one* horse, or the one that returns *mounted on one and leading another*? [Loud cries of 'Bully for the infantry!'] And now, fellow-citizens, in conclusion I will state that I have selected one of your favorite citizens of Paola for a field position in one of these regiments, and expect Paola to respond to the call of Uncle Abraham."

The regiments were speedily organized, and the science of horse-appropriation put in prompt and successful practice.

WE thank the prominent government functionary who sends us the two bits of Bunsby following:

The Judiciary Committee of the Ohio Legislature is not unfrequently brought up standing at the sage suggestions of one of its members, Mr. P——. On one occasion the committee had under consideration a bill which by some members was regarded unnecessary, as the Common Law afforded ample relief in the premises; whereupon Mr. P—— arose, and with great dignity remarked, that in his opinion it would be proper for the Legislature to re-enact the Common Law as a part of our statutes, for the reason that he had heard much about it, but had *never been able to procure the book that had it in!*

On another occasion the committee had under consideration a bill providing, in case of the death of a party, for the abatement of suits for "criminal conversation;" whereupon the honorable member arose and denounced the bill as unjust in the last degree, *especially in cases where the criminal conversation was a gross libel or slander!*

THE cabalistic letters, "C. O. D.," in use by express companies, are frequently a source of mystery to the uninitiated. In a village in Herkimer County, New York, resides an influential person, better known for his staid deportment and ingenuous character than for knowledge of the world. Once on a time he ordered from a distant fish-mart a quantity of fish, which in due course came by express, marked "C. O. D." On being taken to the individual he indignantly refused to receive them, exclaiming, "I didn't

order COD; don't want 'em, and won't take 'em." So that was settled.

A CITY correspondent, who appears to have "views" as to the accuracy of accounts, says:

One of our men, having failed to receive his wages on the regular pay-day, handed in the following financial statement, which seems very clearly to set forth the extent to which he demanded monetary relief:

NEW YORK, Dec 18, 1866.

Mr. S— Dr. to Edward Finnegan to working on the road 7 days at 2 dollars and 75 cents comes to 19 dollars and 25 cents cash or an order on bubble & Co 6 dollars and Paid on the first work $\frac{1}{4}$ of A day over time Which makes 6 dollars and 50 cents received in or on this Bill and date and 2 Dollars from Jacob leave due me 10 Dollars and 25 cents.

That's precisely what we make it!

MANY good stories have been told of the late Judge Cooper, of Cooperstown, father of the novelist, but the following has never made its way to the public: Judge Cooper was one of the first, if not the very first, to break the wilderness in that region; and was possessed of large tracts of land in and about Cooperstown, which he sold out, sometimes on very liberal terms, to actual settlers.

One day a man came to him, wishing to purchase some wild land in a remote portion of the township. This tract of land lay upon the banks of the river, from which an abundance of fish was taken for the supply of the villagers; and the farmer asked if Judge Cooper would not be willing to take his pay in fish?—an arrangement to which the Judge consented. "But," said the farmer, "you know, Judge, that there's all kinds of fish in the river—pike and trout, and large and small. You'll be willing to take them as they run, won't you, Judge?"

"Oh yes," said the Judge, good-naturedly; "only bring your fish along. I'll take them as they run."

And so the papers were made out and the farmer departed. But the summer drew on, and waxed and waned, and yet none of the fish upon which the Judge had expected to regale himself made its appearance at his door. After many months had passed the Judge, growing impatient about the promised payment for his land, mounted his horse and rode out into the region where it lay. As he expected, he found the settler at work upon his place. The Judge rode up to him, and asked him a little sharply about the fish he had promised to bring him.

"Fish! Judge," said the man, rising slowly from the ox-yoke he was mending, and looking with an amazed squint upon Judge Cooper. "Did I promise to bring you any fish?"

"To be sure you did!" said the Judge, roundly; wasn't that the agreement? You promised to pay for your land in fish. And where's the fish?"

"But, Judge," said the man, "didn't you promise to take the fish as they run?"

"To be sure," said the Judge, "but I have had no opportunity to take them as they run, or in any other way, for not a basketful have you brought me."

"But, Judge," said the man, "there's the river; there they run; you can take as many as you like!"

The Judge wheeled his horse hastily and rode homeward, and the man got his farm by his wits, for Judge Cooper never appealed to him again for his fish—as they run, or in any other way. But he was accustomed to tell the story with great glee.

Mr. S—, President of a Gas Company in a town not a thousand miles away, was always ready with a quick retort. In the same town lived a man by the name of Cole, who had long borne off the palm for ugliness in all the country round. He was long, loose-jointed, and lantern-jawed, and his hair, which was of a shady red, formed an index toward all points in heaven and earth at once. He was fond of good company, and often made his way among the gossips who were accustomed to collect in the office of S—. One day S— was sitting in his own office, in front of a mirror, with a party about him, all engaged in the laudable occupation of making up faces. Perhaps they were working on a wa-ger; but, at all events, I believe it was conceded that S— was getting up the most horrible contortions of the human features of any one present. At this juncture Cole came in, and seeing what was going, he walked up behind S—, and, laying his hands on the back of his chair and looking forward into the mirror in front, began making up faces, with his head just over that of S—. "There!" said he; "I can beat you ten to one!" "Humph!" said S—, "*you have more capital to begin on!*" The roar that followed undoubtedly brought to Cole a realizing sense of the kind of face that *nature* had made up for him.

HERE are two that are at least jests from the Capitol, if they are not capital jests. They are submitted to the Judiciary Committee, of which J. E. D. is a member:

During the last winter a couple of gentlemen, who had never visited the State Capitol during a session of the Legislature, found themselves in Albany, and having a desire to look upon the deliberations of that dignified body, walked into the Assembly Chamber. They advanced toward the railing which divides the honorable members from the outside world, and stood for a moment looking about them. The members were sitting in their free-and-easy manner, many of them with their feet high in the air above their desks, and their heads, in some cases, lying low upon the desks of their neighbors.

"Ah! I see," said one of the gentlemen, after a few moments' survey of the scene, "this body is very much like a body of water."

"How so?" said his friend.

"Why, the weighty things sink, don't you see, and the light ones come to the surface. These heads whose weighty power controls the State are swallowed up—like the man who tried to walk on the water with cork boots!"

A FEW years since the State Geologist had been engaged in a research among a certain class of fossils in the State. When his investigation was complete his report was presented to the Legislature, and acted upon by that honorable body. After this was done a member rose gravely in his seat and moved that, if this matter were finished, the bills should be paid, and Professor

— should next be set to work upon the Board of Regents! He knew no fitter subject of Paleontological research, and thought the cause of science would be much advanced by a report upon the exact nature of the fossils embedded in this formation!

I believe the motion was not seconded; at least we have heard no report, thus far, from this class of rocks.

DURING the last winter's snow-storms the road from Syracuse to Oswego was perhaps more heavily obstructed than almost any other. A train which was blocked up on the road had to offer its passengers the usual amount of starvation and impatience in the place of progress. Among the passengers was a lady with a little boy, for whom she had paid half-fare. The conductor, on his ninety-ninth round—taken, probably, for the purpose of passing away the time—stopped in front of this lady, and looked at the tickets and looked at the boy. "This boy is too large to travel for half-fare," said he. "*He wasn't when he started!*" retorted the mother.

THE District Attorney of El Paso County, Texas, instances the following convenient and practical way of looking at things customary with the subordinate ministers of justice in that region:

During the recent term of our County Court the Grand Jury presented an indictment against Juan Garcia, a prominent citizen of El Paso. A *capias* was issued for his arrest, and placed in the hands of George Kohlhaus. He was told to arrest the defendant, put him in jail, and keep him there unless he could give bonds for a certain amount. George promptly executed the mandate. Soon afterward an indictment was found and presented against Miguel Garcia, brother of the aforementioned, and George ordered to serve him in the same manner as the brother had been served. He took the order, looked at it a moment, scratched his head, and assuming a very sage countenance, remarked: "Judge, don't you think I had better put the whole family in jail?—then you can have 'em as you want 'em!"

The Judge, thinking such action might possibly be "sasherrarrerred," relucted at acting upon the suggestion.

At last Baltimore shakes off her lethargy, and becomes jocose to this extent:

On a saddlery-hardware store in Baltimore Street is painted, in large letters, the following sign:

FELLOES, HUBS, AND SPOKES.

A young lady from the country, whose "intentions honorable—whose purpose marriage," walked in, and mentioned to the gentlemanly clerk that she would like to see some of the "fellows," and, if any suited, would take a "hub." The gentlemanly clerk replied that they were all be—"spoke" outside!

ONE of those unhappy creatures who get it into their heads that it's a good and great thing to go to the Legislature was fortunate enough to secure an election, and at the proper time packed up his other shirt and started for Harrisburg. After strolling leisurely through the capital he found himself in the Senate Chamber, and quietly took a seat near the President's Chair. A Sen-

ator having ascertained who the party was, blandly informed him that he was "the right man in the wrong place," and that he should go to the other House. The Member elevated his eyebrows and replied: "Oh! I've been in there, *but I thought it was a grocery!*"

Soon afterward he was seen in company with George Lauman and Deacon Salade, talking over some matter connected with a surface railroad.

A LITTLE out of the ordinary routine, and therefore the more enjoyable, was the reply of the late Lord Chief-Justice Erle to a member of the bar who apologized for a sally of wit which set the court laughing:

"The Court is very much obliged to any learned gentleman who beguiles the tedium of a legal argument with a little honest hilarity!"

Chancellor Robertson couldn't have put it neater.

QUITE welcome is the "hand of write" of an old-time lady correspondent, who discourses pleasantly of droll incidents occurring in a distant quarter of the globe:

Every one who has visited South America can testify to the devotion shown by the lower classes of its inhabitants to their Church—its saints, martyrs, and holy men. Every person has a patron-saint, whose name they generally bear, and who is appealed to upon all occasions, and who is bound to look after the spiritual and temporal welfare of the devotee, in return for a certain number of candles burned and other testimonials given of their reliance upon his saintship. In many of the poorest houses—or, as they should be called, huts—one side of the only room is given up to an altar, rude in construction, and decorated with cheap pictures of the patron-saints of the different members of the family, and surrounded by the commonest and gaudiest artificial flowers. Much of the scanty earnings of the women of the household is spent in adorning this altar—each trying to bestow upon her favorite something better than is possessed by those of her companions.

Sometimes one meets with very amusing incidents illustrative of this characteristic of the people. The following I beg to present to the Drawer, as a reminder that its former "Indiana correspondent" has not forgotten it; and when, thousands of miles away, a *Harper* would be received, she always turned first to that inexhaustible store of good things, and never failed in feeling cheered by its genial words:

Through the courtesy of a friend, Captain M——, of H. B. Majesty's steam-sloop the *A——t*, we were invited to take a cruise with him to the far-famed island of Juan Fernandez, the scene of Robinson Crusoe's adventures. Who could resist an invitation of that kind? We did not even dream of mortifying the flesh by a refusal; and at noon, on the 2d of December, 1864, we left the port of Valparaiso. After two days of alternate steaming and sailing we found ourselves safely at anchor in Cumberland Bay. I can not, in this place, give even the faintest idea of the exquisite beauty of the island, with its lofty peaks and lovely valleys, but will only say that it is a fit belonging to the beautiful Republic of Chili.

We had anchored about a mile from shore,

but a few minutes' rowing brought us to the beach, where we were met by an aged *Chileno*, honored for many years by the sailors visiting the island with the title of *Governor*. He is the patriarch of the little settlement, consisting of eleven persons—men, women, and children.

With the air of a grandee he welcomed us, and begged us to believe that the island and all in it were *a su disposicion* (at our disposal). He at once escorted us to his house, only a few yards distant, which, I am sorry to say, was in rather a dilapidated condition, the material—mud and straw—not being quite as durable as granite. Upon entering the door the first object that attracted my attention was an altar, decorated with the usual pictures of saints, artificial flowers, and ornamented candles. The centre portrait was larger than the others, and had four candles burning directly in front of it, while before the others were only small tapers, and they not lighted. The picture had a strangely familiar look to me. I thought the lights must have dazzled my eyes; I rubbed them—took another look—and then, turning to my venerable host, inquired whose picture it was. "Ah! *Señora*," was the reply, "that is the holy *padre* San Francisco, my blessed patron. Eleven months ago I was fortunate enough to procure it from the captain of an American whaler; and from that hour to this these lights have never been suffered to die out, and I have had many favors bestowed upon me by my holy and blessed patron in return for this act of devotion." Imagine my amusement when I tell you that in my poor friend's patron-saint I had at once recognized the features of my old friend and fellow-Indianian *General Don Carlos Buell*—than whom not a nobler gentleman or braver soldier can be found, but I presume this was the first time he had ever played the character of saint. Some rascally whaler had cut the General's portrait from an illustrated newspaper, and had passed it off on the *Governor* for the holy Saint Francis, in return for numerous goats, vegetables, and fruits. I, of course, left the old man in happy ignorance of the deception; and to this day lights are burning before General Buell's picture in that far-off land of Juan Fernandez. Has any other hero of our war received such homage?

AMONG the few bad traits of character found among the lowest class of Chileans—the peons—that of petty thieving is, I may say, universal. When detected they exhibit not the slightest shame, but invariably have an excuse ready. I one day discovered my boy *José* in my pantry, very industriously engaged in stuffing his mouth and pockets with loaf-sugar—a great luxury to a peon; and as I came upon him suddenly, while he was filling his hands from the barrel, there was no possible escape for him. As he gradually elevated himself from his stooping posture, and became aware of my presence, I put on a look of sorrowful surprise blended with a small dash of indignation (a look I rather pride myself on when I am scolding—I beg pardon! ladies never scold, they only reprimand—my servants), and commenced a lecture, in such Spanish as I could at that time muster, upon the "exceeding sinfulness of sin," and of the sin of stealing in particular. I at length wound up (in the mean time he had quietly put the two last handfuls of

sugar in his jacket-pocket) by asking him, in solemn tones, if "he did not know it was wrong, wicked to take things belonging to other people? that not only had I caught him stealing sugar, but my American cook, Henry, had complained to me that only the day before he had walked off with nearly a whole leg of mutton. What," continued I, "will become of you when you die? You won't be allowed to stay in purgatory; you will probably go further, and, without doubt, fare worse." I here paused for want of Spanish, not breath; and, taking advantage of it, the scamp looked up in my face, with a mischievous twinkle in his black eyes, and said: "Well, *Señora*, the truth is, it is wrong to steal clothes or money; but who ever heard of its being a sin to take what you can *put into your stomach*? Didn't the Saviour eat corn that didn't belong to him? But, *Señora*," went on the modest youth, "you are a heretic—that is the reason you talk so!" I gave up the reformation of that young gentleman.

ONE day, while visiting the port of Talcahuano, a celebrated resort in the South Pacific for our American whaling vessels, I met old Captain B——, who had been in that service before I was born. I desired to make myself agreeable to my old countryman, and commenced talking "whale" at once. After a few preliminary remarks, I very graciously inquired into the Captain's luck during his last cruise. "Well, Mis' N——," was the reply, "I have had the *worst* luck I ever did have in all my life. In the first place, I never caught sight o' but one whale, and that was a sick one, lean as Job's turkey; and, in the next place, my old Betsey she had to go and die." Here the poor man's heart fairly broke down, and he stopped, for "my old Betsey" was the faithful wife who had sailed with him for thirty years; but the instinct of the old whaler broke out in placing the want of whales first in his list of calamities.

SOON after Mr. Oakey-Hall, the able and witty District Attorney of New York, had graduated at the Cambridge Law School he went to New Orleans, and for a year or two was a student in the offices of Slidell and Benjamin, where, as he has often said, he learned the law of cession (a civil law phrase), but not that of secession, which after-events showed that his preceptors knew so well. He was listening to a suit brought to enforce a claim against Jacob Barker, who was defending in *propria persona*. The old banker-lawyer made a characteristically egotistic speech, and, among other things, said: "Let me tell this court that I have been a creditor of the Government in a time of great emergency; the sails of my ships have whitened every sea; my bills of exchange have gone to every part of the world, and my name has been honorably bandied on the Royal Exchange of London, in the Great Exchange of St. Petersburg, and in the Babel of Calcutta. I have been politician and millionaire, a martyr and a pauper. I have waded through adversity, and weathered financial gales, but never despaired. I left New York owing hundreds of thousands, and coming here, have paid off every cent. Does the court think I, its servant, am a dog to do such a thing as stand here disputing a just debt?"

"With all respect to my senior," whispered

Hall, on hearing these dogmatisms, "he makes me remember that a dog who is so good a barker is nearly always a bad biter."

IN a suit of *Challeau v. Malard*, opposing the famous lawyer John R. Grymes (who seldom had forbearance toward an adversary, old or young), Mr. Hall asked him his ideas of the pending proposition.

"Oh, the young man is swimming beyond my depth."

"That is because your logic, for this time only, is in 'Challeau' water."

IN the celebrated trial of Mrs. Cunningham for the murder of Dr. Burdell (1857) it was proven for defense, to show her innocent frame of mind, that on the morning succeeding the murder (Sunday) Mrs. Cunningham and her daughters were singing hymns, and one was quoted by her counsel. "Mayhap," said the latter, "there is in the collection some hymn more suitable to our case, but I have been unable to find it."

Alluding to which, in his summing up, District Attorney Hall said he had found an appropriate one for the other side and their witnesses:

"Hark from the 'Tombs' a doleful sound!
Mine ears attend the cry;
Ye living men come view the ground
Where ye must shortly lie."

IN the case of Lewis Baker, charged with the homicide of William Poole, the pugilist, it appeared that George Law had lent a vessel to go after the craft in which Baker had escaped. He was captured just off the Canary Isles.

"An outrageous kidnapping," said Horace F. Clark, Esq., one of Baker's counsel, "and against all law."

"Not so, Brother Clark," retorted the District Attorney, "for the capture was made according to George Law."

LATER in the same case it was said for the prisoner that he was, when captured, within the jurisdiction of the Canaries.

"And we propose a kindred jurisdiction," said the prosecutor—"that of Sing-Sing."

DURING the trial of Dr. Graham for the homicide, at the St. Nicholas Hotel, of a Colonel Loring, Judge Robert H. Morris died. The court took a recess, during which eulogistic speeches were made in memory of the deceased officer of the court. An ex-district attorney, who was remarkable for mixing up his illustrations, closed a feeling speech with this accidental transposition: "He has gone where the weary cease from troubling and the wicked are at rest."

"Don't blame Brother S——," said District Attorney Hall, afterward; "he has so often suffered weariness from others' wickedness that he has insensibly converted the very term wicked."

ASHTABULA, Ohio, is not to be put down in its effort to contribute its mite to the pages of the *Drawer*. Not long since a middle-aged gentleman and a young lady happened to be the only passengers starting that morning in the stage for J——. They were strangers to each other. The lady was carrying a large white rabbit—a pet. Just before the stage stopped at a toll-gate the lady asked the gentleman to hold the rabbit a

moment while she arranged some of her packages. He took it, covered it in his shawl, and snugged it up in a manner quite fatherly. The gate-keeper noticing it, asked if it was their child, and unwell. The gentleman replied: "Yes, our first-born, the poor thing!" After the vehicle had resumed its journey the gentleman handed back the pet, saying, "What beautiful eyes!—just like its mother's!" "Yes," responded the damsel, "and ears just like its father's!"

THE Christian Commission did a great and good work during the war, and once in a while was the innocent cause of a little mirth. In Company F, Fifth United States Cavalry, was a bugler named Bill Brown, who one day skedaddled, leaving his bugle behind him. In the same tent was a young man named Melvil, a good fellow, but given to drawing the long bow. The sights he had seen, and the sights he had never seen, and the battles he had fought, single-handed, were well known to his companions. Finding that Bill had left, he seized upon the bugle, and, to the horror of his tent-mates, declared his intention of learning to play upon that formidable instrument: and every moment, when not on duty, his braying on the cracked bugle might be heard throughout camp. In vain his comrades swore and pleaded and threatened. He persisted in having his little blow. At last Will Gordon stole the mouth-piece, and Jack went about mourning its loss. Next Sunday morning the Christian Commission man came to camp to preach to the boys. Mounting a dilapidated cracker-box, just outside the tent in which Melvil happened at the moment to be snoozing, he spoke out in stentorian tones: "We will commence these exercises by singing the 43d hymn;" and raising his voice, read the first line: "Blow, ye trumpets, blow!" The astonishment of the listeners may be imagined as they heard Melvil bawl out from within the tent: "Look here, mister, there's to be no blowing horns round here till I get that mouth-piece some cussed varmint has stolen from my bugle!" The preacher, seeing a cachinnatory spirit dominating, as it were, the features of the audience, deemed further hortatory effort superfluous; so, dismounting from the cracker-box, and distributing a few tracts, he quietly walked himself away. Jack never found the mouth-piece, and there was silence in the camp.

As a synonym for great rapidity of execution the American citizen ordinarily contents himself with simply mentioning the name of the late Mr. Samuel Hill, whose reputation has extended as far as Marathon, Cortland County, New York—*videlicet*:

When Frankie was a little four-year-old she came running into our house one day, out of breath, saying: "Come down to our house right away; ma's dying like *Sam Hill*!"

At a social party given the other evening in Philadelphia (they have those things in Philadelphia), the conversation turned upon St. Patrick's Day, when a Miss H—— observed that she was born on the 17th of March. A friend smilingly asked if it was "St. Patrick's Day in the morning?" With charming *naïveté* she replied: "I don't know whether it was in the morning or afternoon!"

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A STAGE RIDE TO COLORADO.



DEPARTURE FROM ATCHISON.

THERE are three routes or wagon roads across the plains to Colorado—the Platte, or as it is usually designated, the “Northern Route;” the Arkansas or “Southern Route;” and the Smoky Hill or “Middle Route.”

Of these routes the Smoky Hill is by far the most interesting, though not usually considered the safest, its course being directly through the favorite hunting-ground of several of the most warlike tribes of Indians on the plains. Disturb the game and you make the Indian “heap big mad,” in which state he is not to be held accountable for any little indiscretion in which he may indulge. The Platte route has been established for a number of years. The traveler has many advantages by it not afforded over a newer route. It is longer, however, than the “Smoky,” which is the most direct road to Denver yet laid out across the plains. A majority of the early pilgrims to Pike’s Peak made use of this trail.

In 1865 a company was organized under the title of “The Butterfield Overland Dispatch,” which at once undertook the establishment of an express and passenger line from Atchison, Kansas, to the city of Denver, a picturesque town near the base of the Rocky Mountains.

The Concord coach used for the conveyance of passengers on the overland route is so arranged that nine persons may be crowded into it and seated. When so packed, and a journey of more than six hundred miles is to be undertaken, the passengers are said to be “accommodated.” They certainly are “to circumstances.” This packing may be avoided by securing a special coach, which can be done at a reasonable rate.

A party of four persons entirely innocent of any knowledge of the plains, or the inhabitants thereof, left Atchison at sunrise on the 17th of November, 1865. Their “outfit” (in the language of the plains this word signifies the conveyance, its contents, and the team) consisted of a Concord coach painted to a degree of redness that could not fail to attract the attentive consideration of the un-read men of the country

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into which four spanking steeds, driven by a Jehu who had never "upshot an outfit," were rapidly rattling us.

The "boot" and "shoe" of the coach contained a moderate quantity of necessary baggage and a comfortable supply of rations. Each of the party had provided himself with a Ballard rifle and a pair of navy revolvers, a pair of blankets, tobacco, a brier-wood pipe, and a stout sheath-knife such as is used by our men-of-wars-men.

One of the party had an assortment of beads, small mirrors, and a few books filled with brightly-colored pictures. These he fondly hoped to exchange with Indians for many bows and arrows, a few tomahawks, and a scalping-knife. Another was prepared to pre-empt large tracts of land when he should discover a location entirely satisfactory to him. "A coal mine would be rather good," he remarked; "sell it to the Pacific Railroad people when they get their road out there." The price of hay, condition of stock (mules and horses, not Erie), and the progress made in the construction of stations, was the subject under consideration in the mind of the third, he being the Vice-President of the company over whose route we were traveling. The remaining member of the party—the writer hereof—was located on top of the coach in quest of such information as the Jehu might be willing to impart with reference to Indians, buffalo, antelope, and coyote.

Jehu divulged freely, the brass cap of a field-glass being mistaken by him for the top of an affair used to contain a something by means of which it is easy to see double—a whisky flask. "How far do you drive?" we inquired; to which he responded, "The drives is forty mile from home-station to home-station. Thar we changes drivers. Stock-stations be some twelve mile, and some fifteen. We'll get a hoss team next; then mules, till you get near Denver. Much good lickin in the States?" eyes on the top of the glass. "Nips this morning? Like one myself!"

His effort at a joke was communicated to our friends inside the coach, and met with a prompt response in the form of a flask of goodly proportions. The production of this was imprudent; for the fact of its possession was communicated from driver to driver until the most energetic squeezing could not discover a wee drop more.

Smacking his lips and his whip at the same moment—tokens of his appreciation of the situation—our driver became once more communicative. "Deers you're like to see this afternoon; buffalo to-morrow; an' Injuns! you bet you get enough of in two days from now if what the fellers say what's just come in is patters, an' they knows!"

Cheerful stories of the habits of the "gentle savage," and his method of showing contempt for his white brother, now followed. The contemplation of our chances for similar treatment did not present any very flattering prospect to our westward gaze.

We had by this time arrived at the first station out, a comfortable frame house of one story. At a little distance from it was a good stable, near which were great stacks of prairie hay. Evidences of thrift, too apparent to escape observation, pervaded the place. It was the Kansas home of a New England man. The land about it was a rolling prairie. The soil as rich as a garden.

"Yip! yip!" from the driver announced his readiness to proceed, fresh stock having replaced the team with which we left Atchison. We were now fairly started on our journey. Long trains of "prairie schooners"—a name by which the plainsman designates the huge canvas-covered wagons used for the transportation of freight across this ocean of land—were passed so frequently as to become too familiar to occasion remark. The trains give a picturesqueness to the plains that greatly enhances the journey across.

The wagons are generally doubled up—that is, the tongue of one wagon is passed beneath the body of the wagon next preceding it, and then securely lashed. Eight or ten yoke of oxen, under the lash of a "Bullwhacker," is the motive power furnished each double. This arrangement enables the wagon-master to handle his train with a smaller number of men than would be possible if each wagon had its separate team. By the side of each wagon hangs a musket or rifle, ready at hand in case of need, either for Indians or buffalo. Over the tops of the wagons are thrown the red blankets used by the teamsters for cover at night.

Beside the first yoke of oxen trudges the character of the plains—a Bullwhacker. Usually he is a well-built man, bronzed by constant exposure to the weather; his hirsute and unclean appearance indicating a cat-like aversion to water. He is more profane than the mate of a Mississippi River packet, and, we have his word for it, "ken drink more whisky." Accompanying this assertion were seven of the most astounding oaths that ever fell on an ear used to the strong language with which the army teamster encourages his mules. The Bullwhacker's oaths and his whip are both the largest known. The handle of the ordinary whip is not more than three feet in length; the lash, of braided rawhide, is seldom less than twenty feet long. From the staff the lash swells gradually for five or six feet, when it reaches a size of at least ten inches in circumference; from this point ("belly" is the term used here) it tapers to within a foot of the end, which is formed of a ribbon-shaped thong. With this persuader the cattle travel eighteen or twenty miles a day. A lazy ox occasionally receives a reminder, in the shape of a whack in the flank, that causes him to double up as if seared with a red-hot iron. The blow is invariably accompanied by a volley of oaths that seems to startle the whole team into a more rapid pace.

General Sherman tells a story in defense of the extremely profane mule-drivers who kept

his trains so well closed up during the long marches of the army under his command. It is to this effect: One of the members of a freighting firm in St. Louis desired to discourage the continual blasphemy of the Bullwhackers in their employ. Orders were accordingly issued to their train-masters to discharge any man that should curse the cattle. The wagon-masters were selected more for their piety than for any extensive knowledge of their duties in the handling of trains. The outfit had not proceeded more than a hundred and fifty miles before it was stuck fast. A messenger was dispatched to the firm with the information that the cattle would not pull a pound unless they were cursed as usual. Permission to do this was requested and granted, after which the train proceeded to Salt Lake, to which place good time was made.

The accuracy with which the Bullwhacker throws his lash is astonishing. A favorite pastime among them is the cutting of coin from the top of a stake thrust loosely into the earth. If the coin is knocked off without disturbing the stake it is forfeit; if the stake is disturbed the thrower of the lash loses the value of the coin. A Bullwhacker, noted for the accuracy with which he threw his lash, bet a comrade a pint of whisky that he could cut the seat of his pantaloons without touching the skin beneath. The bet was accepted. The blow delivered at the stooping form of the acceptor of the wager, who is said to have executed the tallest jump on record, at the sight of which the thrower of the lash remarked, "Thunder! I've lost the whisky!" The other party was minus a strip of skin as well as a large fragment of breeches.

The depredations committed on the stores with which the wagons are loaded are often very heavy, especially when wines or liquors form a portion of the freight. It is difficult to imagine a more perfect pandemonium than a corraled train presents at such a time. The value of the articles thus disposed of is deducted



A BULLWHACKER.

from the wages of the wagon-masters as well as the Bullwhackers.

Just at nightfall we arrived at the St. Mary's Mission—the Pottawatomie Reservation. Supper was provided for us in a room, the walls of which were hung with white-washed canvas. Although we did not leave the settlements until the following evening the supper at St. Mary's was the last meal that we could regard as civilized.

The first night in a stage-coach is undoubtedly the most uncomfortable. As soon as night falls passengers evince a desire to make a noise. Conversation quickly gives place to song. This night our songs were of home, and our wandering thoughts annihilated the long miles between our rumbling coach and the bright firesides on the Atlantic coast. The drowsy god soon spread his wings among us, knocking the pollen of the poppy into our eyes to an extent that caused a general remark of bedtime. What a misnomer under the circumstances!

Sleeping in a stage-coach is not the most desirable method of passing the night, although it is far preferable to the deep mud of the battle-

ground in which we have slept soundly more than one night. Campaign life certainly educates a person in the art of sleeping, and assists a quick selection of the best location for blankets. The "shoe" of the coach was not available owing to the quantity of baggage stowed therein. The top presented a prospect for longitudinality if an arrangement could be projected to prevent being rolled off. That such a desirable fact was established may be known by the statement that the present writer slept on the top of the coach during the rest of the trip while traveling at night. The rest of the party disposed themselves as best they could inside, and complained of cramps.

The second day was almost without incident. We were traveling through a rolling country entirely destitute of wood. The grass, though snow had fallen and disappeared, was still high, and in some places almost green. Drove of black-tail deer were seen occasionally; but none near enough for a shot until late in the afternoon, when one of the party succeeded in bringing down a fine buck, whose saddle was quickly pitched into the shoe with the remark that we should have venison for supper.

At evening we passed Fort Ellsworth. By sunrise we were in the Buffalo Country. The grass was no longer high, but short and thick as closely-shaven sod. tracks of innumerable herds were visible every where. A net-work of trails and paths seemed to cover the plain as far as the eye could reach. "Buffalo chips" were scattered in all directions. What better sign could we have of the presence of game? Who was to kill the first buffalo was now the

topic. Each was certain of the first if he could only get a shot.

The "Yip! yip!" of the driver sounded wilder as we came to the next station. We were in the Indian country, and half fancied that a yell of such unearthliness could only have been learned from a native whose best garments consisted of the brightest paint. The station was yet to be built. At present a cave dug in the side of a hill, near the sink-hole from which water is obtained for stock, served for the two stock-herders who were content to abide therein for twelve dollars per month. The mules that were to be our next steeds grazed unpicketed at a short distance from the station.

While the stock was being driven up we set to work to prepare breakfast. One of us went to request a little wood from the stock-herder. The demand was met by a prolonged W-h-a-t! that conveyed extreme surprise. "Want to make a fire, eh? Get chips, then."

"Where are they?"

"Why, stranger, don't you see 'em all over the country?"

A glance at the fire smouldering near solved the mystery. Buffalo "chips" were the substitute for wood. So, comprehending the situation, our chip-gatherer, bag in hand, departed to secure the necessary material with which to build our fire.

I am not Professor Blot; but yet consider myself a cook of no mean order. There is not a section of the country in which I have not hunted or fished, making use of the best means at hand to cook the game thus secured. This experience entitles me to consideration when I



GATHERING CHIPS.



BUFFALO-HUNTING.

affirm that there is no better broiling fuel than a perfectly dry "buffalo chip."

That a doubt arose, as the smoke curled up from the newly-lighted pile, as to the judiciousness of depositing a juicy venison steak on those coals, it is useless to deny. The appearance of a bright red coal with an ash of almost snowy whiteness soon became apparent. The steak was quickly deposited on the fire, notwithstanding the expostulations of the chip-gatherer, who would have found a gridiron if such an article had formed a portion of the culinary furniture of the stock-herder's cave.

The air of the plains is a wonderful appetizer. A cup of good coffee, steaming hot, is a good foundation. Venison steak, baked potatoes, and a hot corn-dodger composed the bill of fare. This disposed of, the pre-emptor of wild land proceeded to remove the dishes, the Vice-President to arrange the blankets and other contents within the coach, and thus our experience in the buffalo country was commenced.

The generally-accepted idea is that the plains, like the prairies, are perfectly flat, unbroken stretches of land. This is not the fact. They are rolling, and broken by innumerable gullies or cañons, through which the flood poured by the great rain-storms escapes to the creeks or, as they are dignified, rivers. Traversing ground of this character it is frequently possible to approach game that would have taken fright some time before you were sufficiently near for a shot had the ground been as level as the prairie.

Thus it was with the buffalo. We had seen them in the distance for some hours, but always too far away for our purpose, as we could not leave the coach to make any very considerable detour. Suddenly we came within sight of a considerable herd but a short distance from the road in advance of us. The coach was stopped at once, and by careful approach through cañons, the party reached a point within easy rifle-range. A fusillade was opened on the nearest of the herd, a huge bull, who, as the bullets hit him, expressed his contempt by a twist of the tail or shrug of the back. The number of lead-

en pills was too considerable for his thick hide and robust constitution. Down he came with a vigorous bellow as his death-song. The tongue, tenderloin, and a portion of the hump was quickly cut out, and the rest of the carcass left for the consideration of the coyotes that follow each herd of buffalo. Experience is, in buffalo-hunting as in many other things, the best teacher. We soon learned that a buffalo may be shot down by driving a bullet through the flank just under the back-bone; once down he is easy game.

During the first day in the Indian country we saw thousands of buffalo, and for days they were continually in sight. To estimate their number would be impossible. It is said that they are rapidly decreasing in number, but that would seem impossible. The herds move in regular order, the cows and calves occupying the centre, and the bulls ranging themselves on the outside. In this way the wolves are kept off. But the coyote is patient; he lives in hope, if he has an empty stomach. He watches continually near the herd, keeping a respectful distance from it, however. A sick or wounded buffalo leaves the herd, or is left behind in its movement. The coyotes are about him in a moment, all prepared to do full justice to his juicy meat. But the gray wolf does not permit this; he is the largest, and insists on the first seat. His appetite satisfied he retires, and permits the coyotes to pick the bones. By this time a number are collected to join the feast; ravens are hovering over the spot, swooping occasionally to seize some fragment. Like an Irish wake, this feast invariably ends in a fight, in which the coyotes alone participate. The size of the gray wolf seems to protect him as he sits admiringly gazing at the row.

As soon as a bull becomes old he is driven out by the younger males, and not again permitted to join it. These old fellows may be seen wandering over the plains singly, though occasionally four or five will herd together, seemingly to protect themselves from the coyotes, that are now become persistent and familiar in their attentions. They are evidently in haste to attend a feast that will be certain to occur at the funeral of the aged bull.

The plains are dotted with circular cavities of ten or twelve feet in diameter, known as



FORT FLETCHER.

"wallows." To these the buffalo resorts to roll, covering himself with a coat of moist earth, that he seems perfectly aware will discommode the lively inhabitants of his shaggy coat.

During the afternoon we reached Fort Fletcher, a newly-established government post, garrisoned by a force of three hundred men, under the command of Colonel Tamblin. The fort is so in name alone, as the work is yet to be built. A cotton-wood grove, a sort of an oasis in this treeless country, had been selected as a camp-ground, which was not only picturesque but comfortable.

From the Colonel we learned that the Indians were not troublesome—that is, they had not committed any outrages for a few days past. This was encouraging, and we continued our journey, congratulating each other on the prospect of meeting "friendly" Indians. We were not then aware that fifty miles in advance of us these very "friendly" persons were at the moment engaged in the neighborly employment of roasting two poor fellows who had fallen into their hands. An Indian, like a rattlesnake, may be trusted only when his fangs are removed; otherwise it is well to give him a wide berth, or be prepared to kill him on sight.

At sunset we arrived at Ruthden Station, 22 miles distant from Fort Fletcher, where a cave similar to the one previously described served as an abode for the stock-tenders and made the station. A small train was camped here, water being plenty and the grazing good. Much of the waters on the plains is so strongly impregnated with alkali that the grass and weeds on the brink of the sink-hole containing the

water are covered with a frosting coat. The water is said to be healthy, however, after it has been used for a sufficient length of time to accustom the system to it. Any way, fair coffee can be made with it. Sunset this evening was the most gorgeous that we ever witnessed. The western skies were gold, then crimson, with the brightest of golden ripples threading through. As they purpled with the twilight the crimson became fire. The splendor of color was dazzling. Boasters of the glory of Italian sunset, see through the pure air of this wonderful country the choice colors spread at sunset in the skies of our Western plains, and you will convince yourselves that not until that moment have you seen old Sol retire in his imperial robes.

At Ruthden a discovery was made by one of the party. The stock-tenders were using roots to wash with. The root of the soap-weed, or amola, as it is commonly designated, is an excellent substitute for soap. For washing woollens it is particularly valuable, as it cleanses without shrinking them. We will advertise it. "No family should be without it," unless there are boys growing up, when the shrinking of a flannel shirt causes its regular descent from father to son, and so down to the two-year old, for whom it is a good fit after a few months' experience of the modern improvements—hot and cold water.

Our repast of buffalo steak and et ceteras disposed of, we started off on our journey. As the darkness settled about us a feeling pervaded the party that all was not right. Conversation turned upon Indians. We heartily wished that



SOAP-WEED.

it was morning. Shortly after midnight the coach stopped. "Turn out!" shouted the driver—"Indians!"

We were off the coach in a moment. A small body of men were visible advancing toward us through the darkness. Revolvers in hand, one of the party started toward the strangers, who were discovered to be white men. From them we learned that the coach preceding ours had been attacked by Indians, from whom, after a desperate struggle, these men had escaped. The men were perishing with cold, and were out of ammunition. The Indians were in strong force, and evidently intent on their work of murder and destruction. All things considered, it was determined to return to Ruthden and dispatch

a messenger to Colonel Tamblin asking for an escort. The coach was turned about, the newcomers having been made as comfortable in it as possible.

"More haste the less speed" was our fortune. In crossing a gully the king-bolt was displaced, making it necessary to unload the coach before it could be rearranged; while this was being done our chip-gatherer started off to find a rail. As there were none within a hundred miles he returned without it, but remarked that the coyotes were thick out in that section: from the noise that they were making he was evidently correct. The coach was repaired, and we proceeded on our return, during which we learned the story of our new passengers.

The coach had arrived at Downer's Station about two o'clock in the afternoon, one passenger, the messenger, and the driver being the occupants. At the station they found two stock-tenders, two carpenters, and a negro blacksmith. The mules were unharnessed and turned loose, when a band of mounted Indians charged, whooping among them; the men retreated to the cave, or "adobe," as they designate it. Indians came from all directions, and completely surrounded the adobe, the occupants of which prepared to fight. An Indian will never fight until he has obtained every possible advantage; then he makes a rush. A half-breed son of Bill Bent, the old mountain man, was one of the leaders of the Indians; being able to speak English, he managed to call to the occupants of the adobe that he wanted to talk. This was assented to. He came up and inquired whether the treaty had been signed. He was in-



SUNSET ON THE PLAINS.



FIGHTING FROM A WALLOW.

formed that it had, to which he replied, "All right!" They would have peace if the occupants of the adobe would come out and shake hands, leaving their arms behind, and the Indians would do likewise. The men came out, and a general hand-shaking followed. The Indian is great at this; he will shake your hand all day and at nightfall will take your scalp. It is simply a way that he has of expressing his brotherly sentiments toward the white man.

The Indians still further deceived the party by driving up the mules that had been stampered by them, telling the messenger that the coach should proceed without molestation. Such evidences of friendship disarmed the party of any suspicion of hostility, though the Indians were in full paint and without squaws. In a moment all was changed. The Indians turned upon the party—bows, arrows, and revolvers were produced, and a desperate attack at once inaugurated. The messenger, Fred Merwin, a very gallant young man, was killed instantly; others of the party were wounded, and the two stock-tenders captured. Mr. Perine, the passenger, the driver, carpenters, and blacksmith ran for the neighboring bluffs, which they succeeded in reaching. Taking possession of a buffalo wallow they fought until nightfall, when the Indians withdrew, and they made good their escape.

Mr. Perine gives a very interesting account of the fight from the wallow:

"They formed a circle about us, riding dextrously and rapidly; occasionally one more bold than the rest

would come within range of our revolvers, but he was careful to keep his body on the side of his pony away from us. Arrows came from all directions; a rifle or revolver bullet would whistle past us or strike the earth near. It was evidently their purpose to permit us to exhaust our ammunition, when they would be able to take us alive. Of this fact we were painfully aware, and only fired at them when we were sure of a good shot. This kept them at a distance. The negro blacksmith was armed with a Ballard rifle, with which he was a capital shot. He bravely exposed himself to obtain a shot, and came near losing his life by so doing. A bullet struck him in the head, when he fell, as we supposed, dead. I took his rifle, rolled the body up to the edge of the wallow to serve as a breast-work to shoot from, and commenced to fire. I had made several shots in this way, and had the rifle across his neck with a dead aim on an Indian when the darkey came to, and remarked, 'What you doin dar, white man?' thus discovering to us the fact that he was any thing but a 'gone coon dis time.' He had been deprived of speech and power of motion by the shot, but was fully aware of what was going on about him. He was not disposed to regard the use of his body as a breast-work as altogether a pleasing performance.

"While we were fighting from the wallow we could plainly see the Indians that still remained about the adobe, at work torturing the stock-herders that they had succeeded in capturing alive.

"One poor fellow they staked to the ground, cut out his tongue, substituting another portion of his body in its place. They then built a fire on his body. The agonized screams of the man were almost unendurable; about him were the Indians dancing and yelling like demons. The other stock-herder was shoved up to look at the barbarous scene, the victim of which he was soon to be, but they reserved him until nightfall, evidently hoping that we might be added to the number of their victims.

"There could not have been less than a hundred and fifty Indians in the entire party—that is, those who were about us and those near the adobe. Bent told us that Fast Bear, a Cheyenne chief, had command,

but Bent is worse than an Indian, for he knows better. Had there been a possible chance to rescue the stock-herders we should have attempted it. When darkness came the Indians withdrew, and as soon as we were convinced of the fact we followed their example, going, it is unnecessary to remark, in the other direction. Chalk Bluffs we found deserted and the station burning. Then we heard the coach coming and came to it. The Indians would have probably taken you in if we had not."

We had by this time reached Ruthden. Mr. Perin's narrative had made us particularly anxious to reach a point where we could have a chance of fighting without giving the Indians all the advantage. It was not yet daylight, but we made all arrangements for a fight if we should be attacked at dawn, as we fully expected. A messenger was dispatched to Colonel Tamblin. The stock was picketed sufficiently near the corral of wagons to enable us to drive them into the circle. Our party were disposed at points sufficiently distant from the corral to give the alarm in case of danger, and we were ready to fight Indians.

This day, the 20th of November, passed without incident. Buffalo were in sight on all sides, but we considered the risk too great in hunting them. The quantity of Buffalo skulls scattered about the plains near this place seems remarkable. The coyote and gray wolf abound near here in greater numbers than we have before seen. At nightfall we discovered a welcome sight—soldiers marching toward us from the direction of the fort.

Very soon the Colonel rode up to us with a small escort of cavalry. A company of infantry soon followed and camped near us. For the time being our anxiety was relieved. The night passed quietly—that is, if we except some quarrels between the soldiers and coyotes that ventured into camp to dispute the possession of rations.



PRAIRIE DOGS.

Governor Gilpin declares the coyote to be a sociable little fellow that serenades you all night, the gray wolf doing the baser portion of the musical performance. The Indian does

not kill the coyote, as he regards him as his watch-dog. There is much truth in this, as the coyotes surround a camp at nightfall, and at nine or ten o'clock open a chorus that would indicate the presence of a thousand or more instead of twenty or thirty. Let any one approach the camp, however, and the music ceases. Then it is time to be on the *qui vive* and keep away from the fires.

On the morning of the 21st we left Ruthden, but moved slowly to enable the troops to keep pace with us. Chalk Bluffs, a picturesquely located station, we found deserted and burned. What strange convulsion caused this strange crag-like mass? It rises from the plains like a vast castle, fashioned by the most ancient of architects. A fine spring, the water of which is strongly impregnated with magnesia, is located here. We could find no trace of any fight at this place, and conclude that the herders have escaped or been carried off by the Indians.

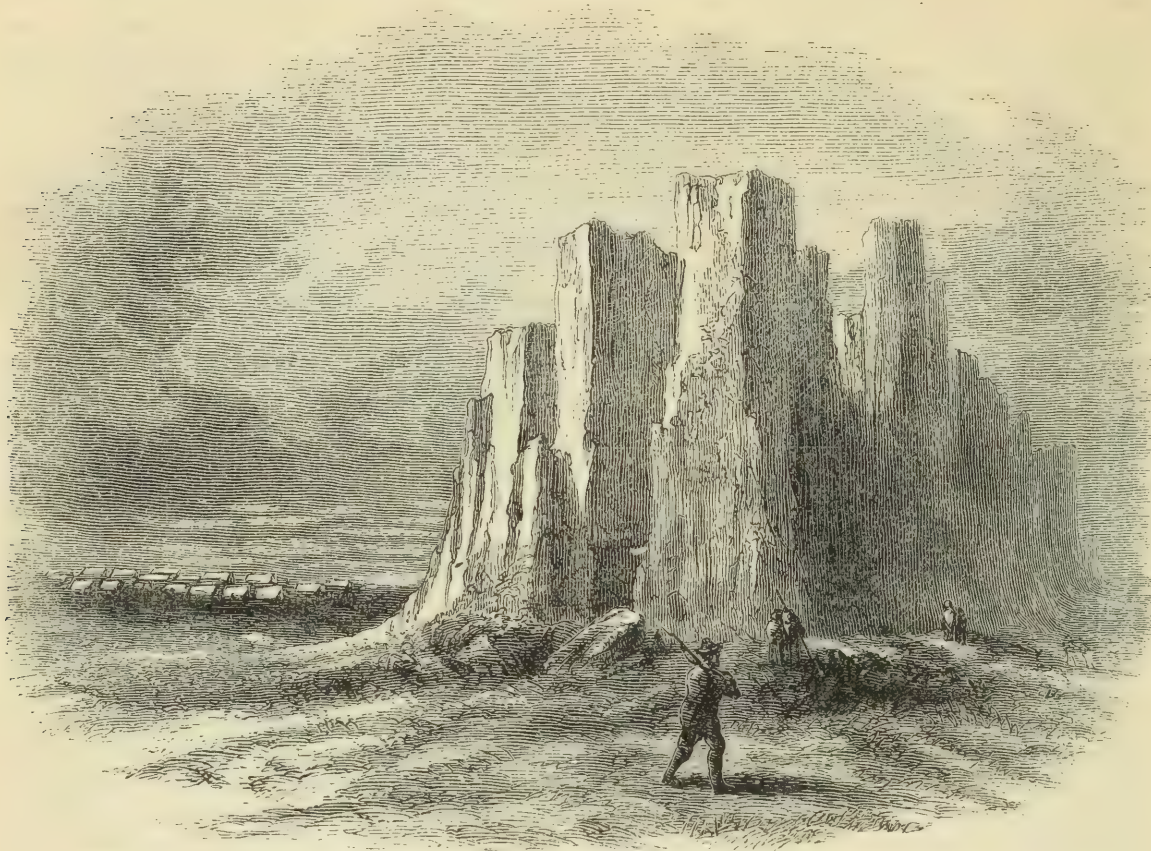
In the afternoon we reached Downer's. The devastation here has been complete. The coach, and every thing that would burn about the station, was destroyed. The ground was every where tracked over by the unshod hoofs of the Indian ponies. We could not find a trace of the bodies of Merwin or the stock-tenders; neither could we account for their disappearance. Mr. Perine, who had now become one of our party, was at loss to know the reason, as he was confident that Merwin was killed at the first fire, and he very sagely concluded that men that underwent the torture inflicted on the stock-tenders were not likely to live but a very short time.

We break camp at daylight. A few miles from Downer's we found a body, or rather the remains of a man, evidently killed the night before. The wolves had stripped the bones of all flesh; face, hands, and feet alone were unmarked. As we came near the wolves with-



MURDERED AND SCALPED.

drew. The scalp was gone, and a few arrows that still remained in the ribs marked the tribe to which the victim belonged—Cheyenne and Apache.



MONUMENT ROCKS.

The buffalo were more numerous than usual: two fine ones were brought down. An antelope, too, formed a portion of our larder that evening. The meat of the antelope is as tender as venison tenderloin. There is a strange difference between the coat of the antelope and that of the deer. It is difficult to describe the substance of which the coat of the antelope is composed. It does not seem to be hair, but a curiously brittle imitation that has the appearance of a vegetable fibre. Catch hold of it, and it leaves the skin by the handful.

The stations thus far had been deserted. We were unable, however, to discover any signs of Indian visitation. Wolves were abundant. The soldiers were arranging poison traps for them. Slices of buffalo meat, in which strychnine had been inserted, were placed upon small stakes set up at a short distance from camp, seemed to be the favorite method; but one old soldier had taken a quantity of marrow and mixed strychnine with it. This he was rubbing into a number of auger-holes in a board made for the purpose. The deadliness of the poison may be imagined by the fact that on the following morning he found four dead wolves within ten feet of his trap.

At noon the next day we reached a station where we found a Government train corraled. The Indians had attacked the train and driven off a number of the mules. One soldier had been killed, and another shot through the neck with an arrow and scalped, having feigned dead while the Indians were engaged in "lifting his hair." His wounds were not considered seri-

ous, but the doctor says that he will have a bald spot on the top of his head. A coach was here on its way east.

The mysterious disappearance of the bodies of Fred Merwin and the two stock-tenders was accounted for. The train corraled here, passed Downer's the morning following the massacre, and buried the bodies, beating down the grave to prevent resurrection by wolves. Here Colonel Tamblyn left us, considering it safe for the coach to proceed with an escort of five cavalymen.

One of our party returned with the Colonel to convey the body of his late friend Merwin to the States. We afterward learned that he reached the States in safety after three different fights with Indians, in which, with his Ballard rifle, he took no mean part.

"The Monuments" were reached this evening; near them is a camp of more than two hundred soldiers. A fort is to be built, also a station. These Monument Rocks are considered the most remarkable on the plains; at a distance it is difficult to realize that they are not the handiwork of man, so perfectly do they resemble piles of masonry.

The wind that night was terrific. Two tents were blown away, and a wagon that was not brought into the corral overturned. The mules stood with their backs to the blast, that caused their hair to stand out like fur.

The air of the plains is glorious, pure, and dry—consumption is not known. There is no odor to a dead body, as it does not decay but simply dries up. Men of fair education and

some property may be found driving coaches. They have left the Atlantic coast, given up by physicians as in the last stage of consumption—a fact that would never be mistrusted from their present robust condition. There seems to be a strange fascination in stage-driving. Though it is one of the most toilsome of lives, a man once located on the box of a coach seldom or never leaves it for any other employment.

We left Monument early on the morning of the 25th to continue our journey. An ambulance, containing a surgeon and four men, accompanied us as well as the escort of five cavalymen. The next station was twenty-two miles distant. Our road lay over a picturesque country in which buffalo and antelope were more than abundant. The antelope on the distant slopes reminded one of vast flocks of sheep.

By eleven o'clock the driver pointed out the station. "Thar's Smoky Hill Springs—purty place, ain't it?" When within half a mile the ambulance left us, taking a short cut to the road on the other side of the station, which was located for convenience to water at some distance from the direct route. The cavalymen galloped on to the station, which they reached, while we were some distance from it.

When within two hundred yards of the adobe we glanced back to see the country over which we had passed, and discovered, within sixty yards of the coach, a band of nearly a hundred mounted Indians, charging directly toward us. The sight, frightful as it was, seemed grand. "Here they come!" and the crack of a rifle was responded to by a yell, followed by the singing whiz of arrows and the whistle of re-

volver bullets. The first shot dropped an Indian. Next a pony stopped, trembled, and fell. The driver crouched as the arrows passed over him, and drove his mules steadily on toward the station. The deadly fire poured from the coach-windows kept a majority of the Indians behind the coach. Some, however, braver than the rest, rushed past on their ponies, sending a perfect stream of arrows into the coach as they sped along. We were by this time in front of the station. The cavalymen opened with their revolvers, and the Indians changed their tactics from close fighting to a circle. One, more daring than the rest, was intent on securing the scalp of a stock-herder whom he had wounded. He lost his own in so doing.

The first brush was over. A dash was made to secure the body of the fallen brave, but given up as soon as it was evident that he had lost the top of his head. Indians have strange ideas with reference to a scalp. The body of a scalped brave is neglected; he can not enter the happy hunting ground with a bare head, so no trouble is taken to bury him. The ravens and coyotes save the trouble. Plainsmen tell you that "coyote will not eat Indian." This we do not believe.

From the adobe we discovered a sight that was not to be looked at quietly. The four mules attached to the doctor's ambulance were flying across the plains at a dead run. Indians enveloped the ambulance like a swarm of angry hornets. The men in the ambulance were fighting bravely, but the Indians outnumbered them ten to one. If rescue was to be attempted there was not an instant to lose. The five cavalymen were sent off at a gallop. Seeing them,



HERE THEY COME!



ATTACK ON THE AMBULANCE.

the men in the ambulance jumped out and ran through the Indians toward them, rightly conjecturing that the Indians would secure the ambulance before turning to attack them.

It was a plucky thing to do, but the doctor determined that it was their only chance. The Indians caught the mules, then turned to look for scalps, which they supposed were to be had for the taking. The doctor and his men were giving them a lively fight when we came up. The value of a well-sighted and balanced rifle was soon evident. With every crack a pony or an Indian came to earth. This fire was evidently unendurable, and the circle quickly increased in diameter, when, with the rescued men mounted behind, we slowly moved toward the station, before reaching which two more dashes were repulsed.

The strain on the nervous system of the rescued men must have been intense. As we reached the station one of them broke down completely and sobbed like a child. The doctor was one of the gamest of little men. "Ah!" quoth he, as he gazed through the glass at the crowd of Indians about the ambulance, "I put the contents of the tartar emetic can into the flour before I left the ambulance, and if that does not disorder their stomachs I won't say any thing—I wish that it had been strychnine!"

A redskin had mounted each of the mules, and as many Indians as the vehicle would contain had located themselves in the ambulance for a ride. The cover had been torn off, as it probably impeded their view. Becoming tired of this they detached the mules, unloaded the

ambulance, and drew it to a point which afforded us the best view of their performance; when, greatly to the indignation of the doctor, they crowned their disrespect for him and his carriage by setting fire to what he declared to be the best ambulance on the plains.

The Indians now engaged in a successful dance about the burning ambulance, during the continuance of which a survey was made of our situation.

The station had been furnished with a garrison of ten soldiers. Five of these, with the best arms and most of the ammunition, had started early in the morning on a buffalo hunt. We had altogether twenty-one men, armed with seven rifles and thirteen revolvers. For four of the rifles and five of the revolvers we had an abundance of ammunition, which it was not possible to use in the other arms, for which there was but a scant supply. The adobe was well located for defense, and surrounded by a well-constructed rifle-pit. To attack the Indians was not prudent, although all were anxious to do so. We could count in the circle about us one hundred and five, many more being visible on the bluffs near.

A new style of fighting was now inaugurated by the Indians. The bluff in which the adobe was located was covered with tall dry grass. This was in flames before we were aware of a fire other than that about the ambulance. Each man seized his blanket and started out to meet the fire, which was nearly subdued, when a sudden attack was made by the Indians on all sides. For a few moments it was a doubtful

contest. The Indians were at last driven back and the fire extinguished. Several of our men were suffering with arrow wounds, none of them severe, fortunately; but all needed attention. If poisoned arrows had been used our loss would have been serious.

The arrows used were about three feet in length, and supplied with an iron head two inches long. Poisoned arrows are made very differently from the arrow ordinarily used. A rattlesnake is caught and pinned. He is made angry by being poked with sticks, when a piece of deer liver is held toward him on the end of a stick. Into this he strikes his fangs. The liver is then withdrawn, and a piece of dog-wood about four inches long, carefully sharpened, is thrust into the incision made by the fangs. The stick is permitted to dry for a short time, when it is dipped into a glutinous solution, which, drying, hermetically seals the poison, which would otherwise decompose. This piece of dog-wood is used as the head of the arrow. To be wounded with such an arrow is almost certain death.

The buffalo, or hunting arrow, is made differently from the war arrow. The notch in which the string of the bow fits is cut differently, and the head of the arrow is fastened on much more firmly. The Indian desires that the head of the war arrow shall detach itself from the staff as soon as it enters the body of an enemy. It is not a rare thing to meet on the plains men who have heads of Indian arrows buried in their bodies, the wound having healed.

At nightfall the Indians withdrew. But this was not a subject for congratulation, for we expected them back during the night. The anticipation was not erroneous. Three hours of darkness had passed, when a rustling whiz cut the air over our heads. The sharp twang of the bow-string informed us that the Indians were very near. Arrows came in flights. The Indians were within close revolver range; but a shot from a pistol or rifle would have exposed the person firing, as the flash would reveal his precise location. So many arrows could not be fired among our small party without inflicting serious damage.

That something must be done to drive off the Indians was plain. One of the party, an old hunter, volunteered to stampede the Indians if he might be permitted to take four revolvers. If he failed, the revolvers would be lost, which loss would severely cripple the party. Still, it was the last resort. Divesting himself of garments, with the exception of under-clothing, he crawled out into the darkness toward the spot from which the twang of bow-strings came the most frequently. In five minutes the repeated crack of his revolvers and the yells of the Indians told of the successful issue of the bold effort. The bows were still, and in another moment our Indian fighter returned to the adobe to receive the heart-felt thanks of the garrison.

The remainder of the night was passed in quiet. Sleep was impossible, and dawn found the party on the alert for another attack. Mid-day and dawn are the favorite times of Indians



LO, THE POOR INDIAN!

for an attack. It was well for us that we were ready; for the Indians had crawled up as closely as possible, evidently intending to rush upon us if there seemed any chance for success. A single rifle-shot seemed to satisfy them, as they withdrew in haste, with the exception of one. His scalp locks were "saved."

Toward noon a body of men were seen approaching from the east. If they were Indians we were "gone." If white men, the danger might be said to be over. The Indians observed them as quickly as we, and a band of twenty or thirty started off to reconnoitre. We watched the result anxiously, riding up toward the new-comers. The Indians wheeled about and returned to our vicinity. A moment more and the whole band were galloping off out of sight over the bluffs. Then we knew that the strangers were white men. They were a company of infantry in wagons, who, together with a small cavalry command, were coming to bury us. The Monuments had been attacked the day previous, and a number of stock driven off. We afterward learned that a general attack had been made along the entire line of two hundred and fifty miles. The stage company lost eight men and nearly two hundred mules; the Government lost several men and a hundred animals; the Indians committing the outrage being at the time on the way to Fort Zarah to secure the presents stipulated for in the late treaty.

We had come to the discovery that it was not "Lo, the poor Indian!" but Lo, the poor white! Cooper might have *his* Indians; we did not care for their company. It is useless to make treaties with the Indians, put them on a "Reservation," build them comfortable houses, and endeavor to make them comfortable. It is perfectly useless, as they regard this as an evidence that the white man is afraid of them. They are right. He most undoubtedly is, and will suffer loss of property and bodily injury to avoid any conflict.

It is, to be sure, a hard thing to say, but

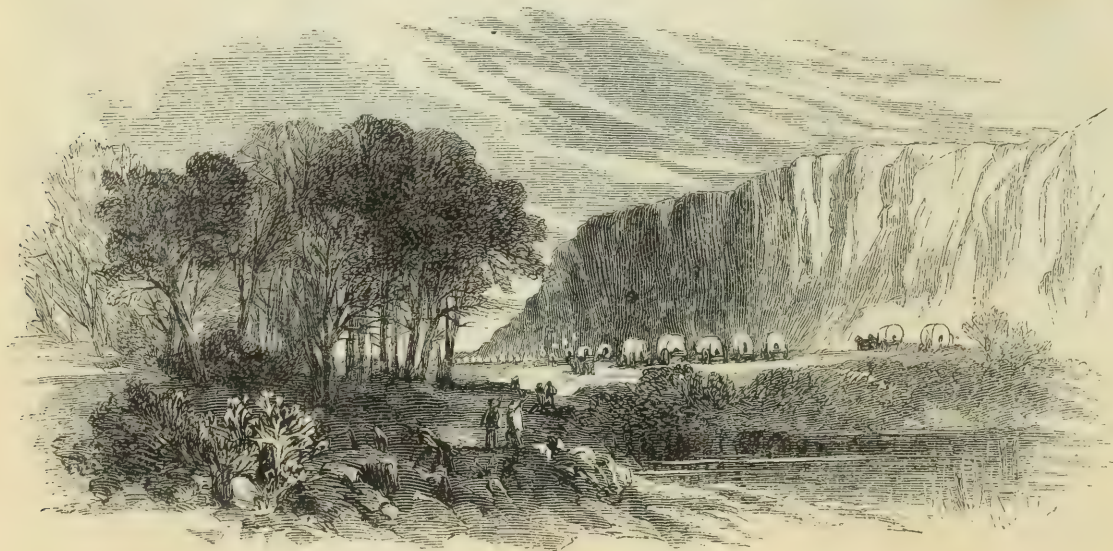
there is safety in extermination alone, and this can be effected only during the early spring, when the Indians are in their villages. The grass is then too scanty to keep their ponies up for use on the war-path. At this time the Indian is friendly. Grass comes again; he has fooled the white man, and is again on the war-path. Each year more white men lose their lives on these plains than Indians. The Platte route is marked by a line of graves nearly three hundred miles long. The Arkansas is as bad, and the Smoky is fast becoming lined with the graves of a race of hardy pioneers that we can ill afford to lose.

We left the adobe at Smoky Hill Spring, and proceeded with a strong escort, and camped at night at Henshaw Springs, which we found deserted. The following evening we arrived at Pond Creek. During the day a great number of dog villages were passed, the little villagers squeaking out a salute as we passed.

Pond Creek is the most picturesque station on the route. The creek comes out of the plains near a fine cotton-wood grove, runs with a considerable current for five or six miles, and sinks into the plains.

Among the branches of the cotton-wood trees are swung the remains of Indians encased in a basket-work of twigs. An engineer party is here purposing to start for Fort Lyon over a new route. The distance is thought to be seventy miles over a country destitute of water. Wood and water are the great necessities of the plains. Over dry stretches it is frequently necessary to transport water for a considerable distance, and fire-wood is frequently hauled to a post a distance of seventy-five or eighty miles. The soil can not be cultivated unless it is located convenient to water with which to irrigate it.

From Pond Creek the stage line had not been disturbed, and we traveled uninterruptedly to Denver, which place we reached on the 2d of December, after a trip of fifteen days across the plains from the Missouri River to the base of the Rocky Mountains.



POND CREEK.

THE DODGE CLUB; OR, ITALY IN MDCCCLIX.



NEWS OF MAGENTA!

XXIV.

THE MANIFOLD LIFE OF THE CAFE NUOVO, AND HOW
THEY RECEIVED THE NEWS ABOUT MAGENTA.—EX-
CITEMENT.—ENTHUSIASM.—TEARS.—EMBRACES.

ALL modern Rome lives in the Café Nuovo. It was once a palace. Lofty ceilings, glittering walls, marble pavements, countless tables, luxurious couches, immense mirrors, all dazzle the eye. The hubbub is immense, the confusion overpowering.

The European mode of life is not bad. Lodgings in roomy apartments, where one sleeps and attends to one's private affairs; meals altogether at the café. There one invites one's friends. No delay with dinner; no badly-cooked dishes; no stale or sour bread; no timid, overworn wife trembling for the result of new experiments in housekeeping. On the contrary, one has: prompt meals; exquisite food; delicious bread; polite waiters; and happy wife, with plenty of leisure at home to improve mind and adorn body.

The first visit which the Club paid to the Café Nuovo was an eventful one. News had just been received of the great strife at Magenta. Every one was wild. The two *Galignani's* had been appropriated by two Italians, who were surrounded by forty-seven frenzied Englishmen, all eager to get hold of the papers. The Italians obligingly tried to read the news. The wretched mangle which they made of the language, the impatience, the excitement, and the perplexity of the audience, combined with the splendid self-complacency of the readers, formed a striking scene.

The Italians gathered in a vast crowd in one of the billiard rooms, where one of their number, mounted on a table, was reading with terrific volubility, and still more terrific gesticulation, a private letter from a friend at Milan.

“Bravo!” cried all present.

In pronouncing which word the Italians rolled the "r" so tumultuously that the only audible sound was—

[illegible]

The best of all was to see the French. They were packed in a dense mass at the farthest extremity of the Grand Saloon. Every one was talking. Every one was describing to his neighbor the minute particulars of the tremendous contest. Old soldiers, hoarse with excitement, emulated the volubility of younger ones. A thousand arms waved energetically in the air. Every one was too much interested in his own description to heed his neighbor. They were all talkers, no listeners.

A few Germans were there, but they sat forsaken and neglected. Even the waiters forsook them. So they smoked the cigars of sweet and bitter fancy, occasionally conversing in thick gutturals. It was evident that they considered the present occasion as a combined crow of the

whole Latin race over the German. So they looked on with impassive faces.

Perhaps the most stolid of all was Meinheer Schatt, who smoked and sipped coffee alternately, stopping after each sip to look around with mild surprise, to stroke his forked beard, and to ejaculate :

"Gr-r-r-r-r-acious me!"

Him the Senator saw and accosted, who, making room for the Senator, conversed with much animation. After a time the others took seats near them, and formed a neutral party. At this moment a small-sized gentleman with black twinkling eyes came rushing past, and burst into the thick of the crowd of Frenchmen. At the sight of him Buttons leaped up, and cried :

"There's Francia! I'll catch him now!"

Francia shouted a few words which set the Frenchmen wild.

"The Allies have entered Milan! A dispatch has just arrived!"

There burst a shrill yell of triumph from the insane Frenchmen. There was a wild rushing to and fro, and the crowd swayed backward and forward. The Italians came pouring in from the other room. One word was sufficient to tell them all. It was a great sight to see. On each individual the news produced a different effect. Some stood still as though petrified; others flung up their arms and yelled; others cheered; others upset tables, not knowing what they were doing; others threw themselves into one another's arms, and embraced and kissed; others wept for joy:—these last were Milanese.

Buttons was trying to find Francia. The rush of the excited crowd bore him away, and his efforts were fruitless. In fact, when he arrived at the place where that gentleman had been, he was gone. The Germans began to look more uncomfortable than ever. At length Meinheer Schatt proposed that they should all go in a body to the Café Scacchi. So they all left.

XXV.

CHECKMATE!

THE Café Scacchi, as its name implies, is devoted to chess. Germans patronize it to a great extent. Politics do not enter into the precincts sacred to Caissa.

After they had been seated about an hour Buttons entered. He had not been able to find Francia. To divert his melancholy he proposed that Meinheer Schatt should play a game of chess with the Senator. Now, chess was the Senator's hobby. He claimed to be the best player in his State. With a patronizing smile he consented to play with a tyro like Meinheer Schatt. At the end of one game Meinheer Schatt stroked his beard and meekly said :

"Gr-r-r-acious me!"

The Senator frowned and bit his lips. He was checkmated.

Another game. Meinheer Schatt played in a calm, and some might say a stupid, manner.

"Gr-r-r-acious me!"

It was a drawn game.

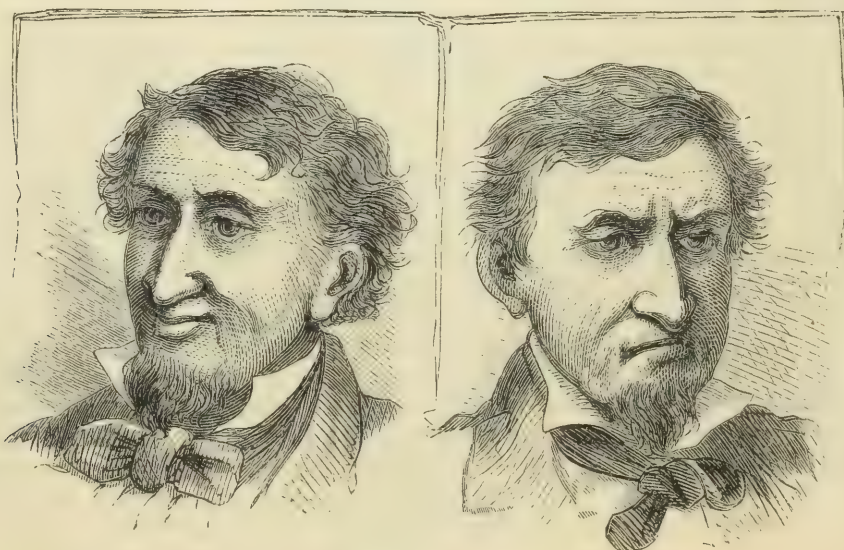
Another: this was a very long game. The Senator played laboriously. It was no use. Slowly and steadily Meinheer Schatt won the game.

When he uttered his usual exclamation the Senator felt strongly inclined to throw the board at his head. However, he restrained himself, and they commenced another game. Much to his delight the Senator beat. He now began to explain to Buttons exactly why it was that he had not beaten before.

Another game followed. The Senator lost woefully. His defeat was in fact disgraceful. When Meinheer Schatt said the ominous word the Senator rose, and was so overcome with vexation that he had not the courtesy to say—Good-night.

As they passed out Meinheer Schatt was seen staring after them with his large blue eyes, stroking his beard, and whispering to himself,

"Gr-r-r-acious me!"



BEFORE AND AFTER.

XXVI.

BUTTONS A MAN OF ONE IDEA.—DICK AND HIS MEASURING TAPE.—DARK EYES.—SUSCEPTIBLE HEART.—YOUNG MAIDEN WHO LIVES OUT OF TOWN.—GRAND COLLISION OF TWO ABSTRACTED LOVERS IN THE PUBLIC STREETS.

Too much blame can not be given to Buttons for his behavior at this period. He acted as though the whole motive of his existence was to find the Francias. To this he devoted his days, and of this he dreamed at night. He deserted his friends. Left to themselves, without his moral influence to keep them together and give aim to their efforts, each one followed his own inclination.

Mr. Figgs spent the whole of his time in the Café Nuovo, drawing out plans of dinners for each successive day. The Doctor, after sleeping till noon, lounged on the Pincian Hill till evening, when he joined Mr. Figgs at dinner. The Senator explored every nook and corner of Rome. At first Dick accompanied him, but gradually they diverged from one another in different paths. The Senator visited every place in the city, peered into dirty houses, examined pavements, investigated fountains, stared hard at the beggars, and looked curiously at the Swiss Guard in the Pope's Palace. He soon became known to the lower classes, who recognized with a grin the tall foreigner that shouted queer foreign words and made funny gestures.

Dick lived among churches, palaces, and ruins. Tired at length of wandering, he attached himself to some artists, in whose studios he passed the greater part of his afternoons. He became personally acquainted with nearly every member of the fraternity, to whom he endeared himself by the excellence of his tobacco, and his great capacity for listening. Your talkative people bore artists more than any others.

"What a lovely girl! What a look she gave!"

Such was the thought that burst upon the soul of Dick, after a little visit to a little church that goes by the name of Saint Somebody *ai quattro fontani*. He had visited it simply because he had heard that its dimensions exactly correspond with those of each of the chief piers that support the dome of Saint Peter's. As he wished to be accurate, he had taken a tape-line, and began stretching it from the altar to the door. The astonished priests at first stood paralyzed by his sacrilegious impudence, but finally, after a consultation, they came to him and ordered him to be gone. Dick looked up with mild wonder. They indignantly repeated the order.

Dick was extremely sorry that he had given offense. Wouldn't they overlook it? He was a stranger, and did not know that they would be unwilling. However, since he had begun, he supposed they would kindly permit him to finish.

"—They would kindly do no such thing," remarked one of the priests, brusquely. "Was

their church a common stable or a wine-shop that he should presume to molest them at their services? If he had no religion, could he not have courtesy; or, if he had no faith himself, could he not respect the faith of others?"

Dick felt abashed. The eyes of all the worshippers were on him, and it was while rolling up his tape that his eyes met the glance of a beautiful Italian girl, who was kneeling opposite. The noise had disturbed her devotions, and she had turned to see what it was. It was a thrilling glance from deep black lustrous orbs, in which there was a soft and melting languor which he could not resist. He went out dazzled, and so completely bewildered that he did not think of waiting. After he had gone a few blocks he hurried back. She had gone. However, the impression of her face remained.

He went so often to the little church that the priests noticed him; but finding that he was quiet and orderly they were not offended. One of them seemed to think that his rebuke had awakened the young foreigner to a sense of higher things; so he one day accosted him with much politeness. The priest delicately brought forward the claims of religion. Dick listened meekly. At length he asked the priest if he recollected a certain young girl with beautiful face, wonderful eyes, and marvelous appearance that was worshiping there on the day that he came to measure the church.

"Yes," said the priest, coldly.

Could he tell her name and where she lived?

"Sir," said the priest, "I had hoped that you came here from a higher motive. It will do you no good to know, and I therefore decline telling you."

Dick begged most humbly, but the priest was inexorable. At last Dick remembered having heard that an Italian was constitutionally unable to resist a bribe. He thought he might try. True, the priest was a gentleman; but perhaps an Italian gentleman was different from an English or American; so he put his hand in his pocket, and blushing violently, brought forth a gold piece of about twenty dollars value. He held it out. The priest stared at him with a look that was appalling.

"If you know—" faltered Dick—"any one—of course I don't mean yourself—far from it—but—that is—"

"Sir," cried the priest, "who are you? Are there no bounds to your impudence? Have you come to insult me because I am a priest, and therefore can not revenge myself? Away!"

The priest choked with rage. Dick walked out. Bitterly he cursed his wretched stupidity that had led him to this. His very ears tingled with shame as he saw the full extent of the insult that he had offered to a priest and a gentleman. He concluded to leave Rome at once.

But at the very moment when he had made this desperate resolve he saw some one coming. A sharp thrill went through his heart.

It was SHE! She looked at him and glanced



AWAY!

modestly away. Dick at once walked up to her.

"Signorina," said he, not thinking what a serious thing it was to address an Italian maiden in the streets. But this one did not resent it. She looked up and smiled. "What a smile!" thought Dick.

"Signorina," he said again, and then stopped, not knowing what to say. His voice was very tremulous, and the expression of his face tender and beseeching. His eyes told all.

"Signore," said the girl, with a sweet smile. The smile encouraged Dick.

"Ehem—I have lost my way. I—I—could you tell me how I could get to the Piazza del Popolo. I think I might find my way home from there."

The girl's eyes beamed with a mischievous light.

"Oh yes, most easily. You go down that street; when you pass four side-streets you turn to the left—the left—remember, and then you keep on till you come to a large church with a fountain before it, then you turn round that, and you see the obelisk of the Piazza del Popolo."

Her voice was the sweetest that Dick had ever heard. He listened as he would listen to music, and did not hear a single word that he comprehended.

"Pardon me," said he, "but would you please to tell me again. I can not remember all. Three streets?"

The girl laughed and repeated it.

Dick sighed.

"I'm a stranger here, and am afraid that I can not find my way. I left my map at home. If I could find some one who would go with me and show me."

He looked earnestly at her, but she modestly made a movement to go.

"Are you in a great hurry?" said he.

"No, Signore," replied the girl, softly.

"Could you—a—a—would you be willing—to—to—walk a little part of the way with me, and—show me a very little part of the way—only a very little?"

The girl seemed half to consent, but modestly hesitated, and a faint flush stole over her face.

"Ah do!" said Dick. He was desperate.

"It's my only chance," thought he.

The girl softly assented and walked on with him.

"I am very much obliged to you for your kindness," said Dick. "It's very hard for a stranger to find his way in Rome."

"But, Signore, by this time you ought to know the whole of our city."

"What? How?"

"Why, you have been here three weeks at least."

"How do you know?" and the young man blushed to his eyes. He had been telling lies, and she knew it all the time.

"Oh, I saw you once in the church, and I have seen you with that tall man. Is he your father?"

"No, only a friend."

"I saw you," and she shook her little head triumphantly, and her eyes beamed with fun and laughter.

"Any way," thought Dick, "she ought to understand."

"And did you see me when I was in that little church with a measuring line?"

The young girl looked up at him, her large eyes reading his very soul.

"Did I look at you? Why, I was praying."

"You looked at me, and I have never forgotten it."

Another glance as though to assure herself of Dick's meaning. The next moment her eyes sank and her face flushed crimson. Dick's heart beat so fast that he could not speak for some time.

"Signore," said the young girl at last, "when you turn that corner you will see the Piazza del Popolo."

"Will you not walk as far as that corner?" said Dick.

"Ah, Signore, I am afraid I will not have time."

"Will I never see you again?" asked he, mournfully.

"I do not know, Signore. You ought to know."

A pause. Both had stopped, and Dick was looking earnestly at her, but she was looking at the ground.

"How can I know when I do not know even your name? Let me know that, so that I may think about it."

"Ah, how you try to flatter! My name is Pepita Gianti."



PEPITA.

"And do you live far from here?"

"Yes. I live close by the Basilica di San Paolo fuori le mure."

"A long distance. I was out there once."

"I saw you."

Dick exulted.

"How many times have you seen me? I have only seen you once before."

"Oh, seven or eight times."

"And will this be the last?" said Dick, beseechingly.

"Signore, if I wait any longer the gates will be shut."

"Oh, then, before you go, tell me where I can find you to-morrow. If I walk out on that road will I see you? Will you come in to-morrow? or will you stay out there and shall I go there? Which of the houses do you live in? or where can I find you? If you lived over on the Alban Hills I would walk every day to find you."

Dick spoke with ardor and impetuosity. The deep feeling which he showed, and the mingled eagerness and delicacy which he exhibited, seemed not offensive to his companion. She looked up timidly.

"When to-morrow comes you will be thinking of something else—or perhaps away on those Alban mountains. You will forget all about me. What is the use of telling you? I ought to go now."

"I'll never forget!" burst forth Dick. "Never—never. Believe me. On my soul; and oh, Signorina, it is not much to ask!"

His ardor carried him away. In the broad street he actually made a gesture as though he would take her hand. The young girl drew back blushing deeply. She looked at him with a reproachful glance.

"You forget—"

Whereupon Dick interrupted her with innumerable apologies.

"You do not deserve forgiveness. But I will forgive you if you leave me now. Did I not tell you that I was in a hurry?"

"Will you not tell me where I can see you again?"

"I suppose I will be walking out about this time to-morrow."

"Oh, Signorina! and I will be at the gate."

"If you don't forget."

"Would you be angry if you saw me at the gate this evening?"

"Yes; for friends are going out with me. Addio, Signore."

The young girl departed leaving Dick rooted to the spot. After a while he went on to the Piazza del Popolo. A thousand feelings agitated him. Joy, triumph, perfect bliss, were mingled with countless tender recollections of the glance, the smile, the tone, and the blushes of Pepita. He walked on with new life. So abstracted was his mind in all kinds of delicious anticipations that he ran full against a man who was hurrying at full speed and in equal abstraction in the opposite direction. There was a recoil. Both fell. Both began to make apologies. But suddenly:

"Why, Buttons!"

"Why, Dick!"

"Where in the world did you come from?"

"Where in the world did you come from?"

"What are you after, Buttons?"

"Did you see a carriage passing beyond that corner?"

"No, none."

"You must have seen it."

"Well, I didn't."

"Why, it must have just passed you."

"I saw none."

"Confound it!"

Buttons hurriedly left, and ran all the way to the corner, round which he passed.

XXVII.

CONSEQUENCES OF BEING GALLANT IN ITALY, WHERE THERE ARE LOVERS, HUSBANDS, BROTHERS, FATHERS, COUSINS, AND INNUMERABLE OTHER RELATIVES AND CONNECTIONS, ALL READY WITH THE STILETTO.

AFTER his meeting with Pepita, Dick found it extremely difficult to restrain his impatience until the following evening. He was at the gate long before the time, waiting with trembling eagerness.

It was nearly sundown before she came; but she did come at last. Dick watched her with strange emotions, murmuring to himself all those peculiar epithets which are commonly

used by people in his situation. The young girl was unmistakably lovely, and her grace and beauty might have affected a sterner heart than Dick's.

"Now I wonder if she knows how perfectly and radiantly lovely she is," thought he, as she looked at him and smiled.

He joined her a little way from the gate.

"So you do not forget."

"I forget! Before I spoke to you I thought of you without ceasing, and now I can never forget you."

"Do your friends know where you are?" she asked, timidly.

"Do you think I would tell them?"

"Are you going to stay long in Rome?"

"I will not go away for a long time."

"You are an American."

"Yes."

"America is very far away."

"But it is easy to get there."

"How long will you be in Rome?"

"I don't know. A very long time."

"Not in the summer?"

"Yes, in the summer."

"But the malaria. Are you not afraid of that? Will your friends stay?"

"I do not care whether my friends do or not."

"But you will be left alone."

"I suppose so."

"But what will you do for company? It will be very lonely."

"I will think of you all day, and at evening come to the gate."

"Oh, Signore! You jest now!"

"How can I jest with you?"

"You don't mean what you say."

"Pepita!"

Pepita blushed and looked embarrassed. Dick had called her by her Christian name; but she did not appear to resent it.

"You don't know who I am," she said at last. "Why do you pretend to be so friendly?"

"I know that you are Pepita, and I don't want to know any thing more, except one thing, which I am afraid to ask."

Pepita quickened her pace.

"Do not walk so fast, Pepita," said Dick, beseechingly. "Let the walk be as long as you can."

"But if I walked so slowly you would never let me get home."

"I wish I could make the walk so slow that we could spend a lifetime on the road."

Pepita laughed. "That would be a long time."

It was getting late. The sun was half-way below the horizon. The sky was flaming with golden light, which glanced dreamily through the hazy atmosphere. Every thing was toned down to soft beauty. Of course it was the season for lovers and lovers' vows. Pepita walked a little more slowly to oblige Dick. She uttered an occasional murmur at their slow progress, but still did not seem eager to quicken her pace.

Every step was taken unwillingly by Dick, who wanted to prolong the happy time.

Pepita's voice was the sweetest in the world, and her soft Italian sounded more musically than that language had ever sounded before. She seemed happy, and by many little signs showed that her companion was not indifferent to her. At length Dick ventured to offer his arm. She rested her hand on it very gently, and Dick tremulously took it in his. The little hand fluttered for a few minutes, and then sank to rest.

The sun had now set. Evening in Italy is far different from what it is in northern latitudes. There it comes on gently and slowly, sometimes prolonging its presence for hours, and the light will be visible until very late. In Italy, however, it is short and abrupt. Almost as soon as the sun disappears the thick shadows come swiftly on and cover every thing. It was so at this time. It seemed but a moment after sunset, and yet every thing was growing indistinct. The clumps of trees grew black; the houses and walls of the city behind all faded into a mass of gloom. The stars shone faintly. There was no moon.

"I will be very late to-night," said Pepita, timidly.

"But are you much later than usual?"

"Oh, very much!"

"There is no danger, is there? But if there is you are safe. I can protect you. Can you trust me?"

"Yes," said Pepita, in a low voice.

It was too dark to see the swiftly-changing color of Pepita's face as Dick murmured some words in her ear. But her hand trembled violently as Dick held it. She did not say a word in response. Dick stood still for a moment and begged her to answer him. She made an effort and whispered some indistinct syllables. Whereupon Dick called her by every endearing name that he could think of, and— Hasty footsteps! Exclamations! Shouts! They were surrounded! Twelve men or more— stout, strong fellows, magnified by the gloom. Pepita shrieked.

"Who are you?" cried Dick. "Away, or I'll shoot you all. I'm armed."

"Boh!" said one of the men, contemptuously.

"Off!" cried Dick, as the fellow drew near.

He put himself before Pepita to protect her, and thrust his right hand in the breast-pocket of his coat.

"Who is that with you?" said a voice.

At the sound of the voice Pepita uttered a cry. Darting from behind Dick she rushed up to him.

"It is Pepita, Luigi!"

"Pepita! Sister! What do you mean by this?" said the man, hoarsely. "Why are you so late? Who is this man?"

"An American gentleman who walked out as far as this to protect me," said Pepita, bursting into tears.



AN INTERRUPTION.

"An American gentleman!" said Luigi, with a bitter sneer. "He came to protect you, did he? Well; we will show him in a few minutes how grateful we are."

Dick stood with folded arms awaiting the result of all this.

"Luigi! dearest brother!" cried Pepita, with a shudder, "on my soul—in the name of the Holy Mother—he is an honorable American gentleman, and he came to protect me."

"Oh! we know, and we will reward him."

"Luigi! Luigi!" moaned Pepita, "if you hurt him I will die!"

"Ah! Has it come to that?" said Luigi, bitterly. "A half-hour's acquaintance, and you talk of dying. Here, Pepita; go home with Ricardo."

"I will not. I will not go a step unless you let him go."

"Oh, we will let him go!"

"Promise me you will not hurt him."

"Pepita, go home!" cried her brother, sternly.

"I will not unless you promise."

"Foolish girl! Do you suppose we are go-

ing to break the laws and get into trouble? No, no. Come, go home with Ricardo. I'm going to the city."

Ricardo came forward, and Pepita allowed herself to be led away.

When she was out of sight and hearing Luigi approached Dick. Amidst the gloom Dick did not see the wrath and hate that might have been on his face, but the tone of his voice was passionate and menacing. He prepared for the worst.

"That is my sister. — Wretch! what did you mean?"

"I swear—"

"Peace! We will give you cause to remember her."

Dick saw that words and excuses were useless. He thought his hour had come. He resolved to die game. He hadn't a pistol. His manoeuvre of putting his hand in his pocket was merely intended to deceive. The Italians thought that if he had one he would have done more than mention it. He would at least have shown it. He had stationed himself under a tree. The men were before him. Luigi rushed at him like a wild beast. Dick gave him a tremendous blow between his eyes that knocked him headlong.

"You can kill me," he shouted, "but you'll find it hard work!"

Up jumped Luigi, full of fury; half a dozen others rushed simultaneously at Dick. He struck out two vigorous blows, which crashed against the faces of two of them. The next moment he was on the ground. On the ground, but striking well-aimed blows and kicking vigorously. He kicked one fellow completely over. The brutal Italians struck and kicked him in return. At last a tremendous blow descended on his head. He sank senseless.

When he revived it was intensely dark. He was covered with painful bruises. His head ached violently. He could see nothing. He arose and tried to walk, but soon fell exhausted. So he crawled closer to the trunk of the tree, and groaned there in his pain. At last he fell into a light sleep, that was much interrupted by his suffering.

He awoke at early twilight. He was stiff and sore, but very much refreshed. His head did not pain so excessively. He heard the trickling of water near, and saw a brook. There he went and washed himself. The water re-

vived him greatly. Fortunately his clothes were only slightly torn. After washing the blood from his face, and buttoning his coat over his blood-stained shirt, and brushing the dirt from his clothes, he ventured to return to the city.

He crawled rather than walked, often stopping to rest, and once almost fainting from utter weakness. But at last he reached the city, and managed to find a wine-cart, the only vehicle that he could see, which took him to his lodgings. He reached his room before any of the others were up, and went to bed.

XXVIII.

DICK ON THE SICK LIST.—RAPTURE OF BUTTONS AT MAKING AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

GREAT was the surprise of all on the following morning at finding that Dick was confined to his bed. All were very anxious, and even Buttons showed considerable feeling. For as much as a quarter of an hour he ceased thinking about the Spaniards. Poor Dick! What on earth was the matter? Had he fever? No. Perhaps it was the damp night-air. He should not have been out so late. Where was he? A confounded pity! The Doctor felt his pulse. There was no fever. The patient was very pale, and evidently in great pain. His complaint was a mystery. However, the Doctor recommended perfect quiet, and hoped that a few days would restore him. Dick said not a word about the events of the evening. He thought it would do no good to tell them. He was in great pain. His body was black with frightful bruises, and the depression of his mind was as deep as the pain of his body.

The others went out at their usual hour. The kind-hearted Senator remained at home all day, and sat by Dick's bedside, sometimes talking, sometimes reading. Dick begged him not to put himself to so much inconvenience on his account; but such language was distasteful to the Senator.

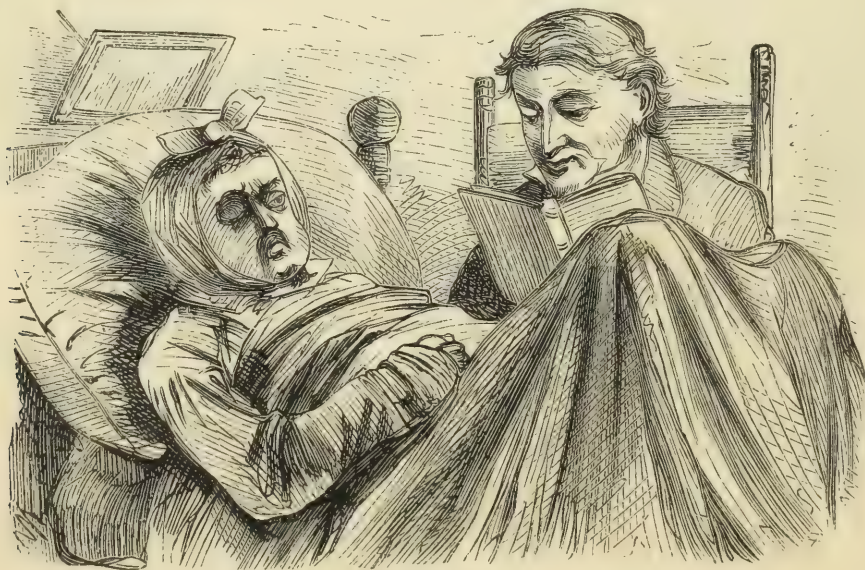
"My boy," he said, "I know that you would do as much for me. Besides, it is a far greater pleasure to do any thing for you than to walk about merely to gratify myself. Don't apologize, or tell me that I am troubling myself. Leave me to do as I please."

Dick's grateful look expressed more than words.

In a few days his pain had diminished, and it was evident that he would be out in a fortnight or so. The kind attentions of his friends affected him greatly. They all spent more time than ever in his room, and never came there without bringing him some little trifle, such as grapes, oranges, or other fruit. The Senator hunted all over Rome for a book, and found Victor Hugo's works, which he bought on a venture, and had the gratification of seeing that it was acceptable.

All suspected something. The Doctor had concluded from the first that Dick had met with an accident. They had too much delicacy to question him, but made many conjectures among themselves. The Doctor thought that he had been among some ruins, and met with a fall. Mr. Figgs suggested that he might have been run over. The Senator thought it was some Italian epidemic. Buttons was incapable of thinking rationally about any thing just then. He was the victim of a monomania: the Spaniards!

About a week after Dick's adventure Buttons was strolling about on his usual quest, when he was attracted by a large crowd around the Chiesa di Gesu. The splendid equipages of the cardinals were crowded about the principal entrance, and from the interior sounds of music came floating magnificently down. Buttons went in to see what was going on. A vast crowd filled the church. Priests in gorgeous vestments officiated at the high altar, which was all ablaze with the light of enormous wax-candles. The gloom of the interior was heightened by the clouds of incense that rolled on high far within the vaulted ceiling.



POOR DICK!

The Pope was there. In one of the adjoining chambers he was performing a ceremony which sometimes takes place in this church. Guided by instinct, Buttons pressed his way into the chamber. A number of people filled it. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation.

Just as His Holiness was rising to leave Buttons saw the group that had filled his thoughts for weeks.

The Spaniards! No mistake this time. And he had been right all along. All his efforts had, after all, been based on something tangible. Not in vain had he had so many walks, runnings, chasings, searchings, strolls, so many hopes, fears, desires, discouragements. He was right! Joy, rapture, bliss, ecstasy, delight! There they were: *the little Don*—THE DONNA—IDA!

Buttons, lost for a while in the crowd, and pressed away, never lost sight of the Spaniards. They did not see him, however, until, as they slowly moved out, they were stopped and greeted with astonishing eagerness. The Don shook hands cordially. The Donna—that is, the elder sister—smiled sweetly. Ida blushed and cast down her eyes.

Nothing could be more gratifying than this reception. Where had he been? How long in Rome? Why had they not met before? Strange that they had not seen him about the city. And had he really been here three weeks? Buttons informed them that he had seen them several times, but at a distance. He had been at all the hotels, but had not seen their names.

Hotels! Oh, they lived in lodgings in the Palazzo Concini, not far from the Piazza del Popolo. And how much longer did he intend to stay?—Oh, no particular time. His friends enjoyed themselves here very much. He did not know exactly when they would leave. How long would they remain?—They intended to leave for Florence on the following week.—Ah! He was thinking of leaving for the same place at about the same time. Whereupon the Don expressed a polite hope that they might see one another on the journey.

By this time the crowd had diminished. They looked on while the Pope entered his state-coach, and with strains of music, and prancing of horses, and array of dragoons, drove magnificently away.

The Don turned to Buttons: Would he not accompany them to their lodgings? They were just about returning to dinner. If he were disengaged they would be most happy to have the honor of his company.

Buttons tried very hard to look as though he were not mad with eagerness to accept the invitation, but not very successfully. The carriage drove off rapidly. The Don and Buttons on one seat, the ladies on the other.

Then the face of Ida as she sat opposite! Such a face! Such a smile! Such witchery in her expression! Such music in her laugh! At any rate so it seemed to Buttons, and that is all that is needed.

On through the streets of Rome; past the post-office, round the Column of Antoninus, up the Corso, until at last they stopped in front of an immense edifice which had once been a palace. The descendants of the family lived in a remote corner, and their poverty compelled them to let out all the remainder as lodgings. This is no uncommon thing in Italy. Indeed, there are so many ruined nobles in the country that those are fortunate who have a shelter over their heads. Buttons remarked this to the Don, who told some stories of these fallen nobles. He informed him that in Naples their laundress was said to be the last scion of one of the most ancient families in the kingdom. She was a countess in her own right, but had to work at menial labor. Moreover, many had sunk down to the grade of peasantry, and lived in squalor on lands which were once the estates of their ancestors.

Buttons spent the evening there. The rooms were elegant. Books lay around which showed a cultivated taste. The young man felt himself in a realm of enchantment. The joy of meeting was heightened by their unusual complaisance. During the evening he found out all about them. They lived in Cadiz, where the Don was a merchant. This was their first visit to Italy.

They all had fine perceptions for the beautiful in art or nature, and, besides, a keen sense of the ludicrous. So, when Buttons, growing communicative, told them about Mr. Figgs's adventure in the ball of St. Peter's, they were greatly amused. He told about the adventures of all his friends. He told of himself: all about the chase in Naples Bay, and his pursuit of their carriage from St. Peter's. He did not tell them that he had done this more than once. Ida was amused; but Buttons felt gratified at seeing a little confusion on her face, as though she was conscious of the real cause of such a persevering pursuit. She modestly evaded his glance, and sat at a little distance from the others. Indeed, she said but little during the whole evening.

When Buttons left he felt like a spiritual being. He was not conscious of treading on any material earth, but seemed to float along through enchanted air over the streets into his lodgings, and so on into the realm of dreams.

XXIX.

WHAT KIND OF A LETTER THE SENATOR WROTE FOR THE "NEW ENGLAND PATRIOT," WHICH SHOWS A TRUE, LIBERAL, UNBIASED, PLAIN, UNVARNISHED VIEW OF ROME.

"DICK," said the Senator, as he sat with him in his room, "I've been thinking over your tone of mind, more particularly as it appears in those letters which you write home, such as you read the other day. It is a surprising thing to me how a young man with your usual good sense, keenness of perception, and fine education can allow yourself to be so completely carried away



SKETCHES BY A FRIEND.

by a mawkish sentiment. What is the use of all these memories and fancies and hysterical emotions that you talk about? In one place you call yourself by the absurd name of "A Pensive Traveler." Why not be honest? Be a sensible American, exhibiting in your thought and in all your actions the effect of democratic principles and stiff republican institutions. Now I'll read you what I have written. I think the matter is a little nearer the mark than your flights of fancy. But perhaps you don't care just now about hearing it?"

"Indeed I do; so read on," said Dick.

"As I have traveled considerable in Italy," said the Senator, reading from a paper which he drew from his pocket, "with my eyes wide open, I have some idea of the country and of the general condition of the farming class."

The Senator stopped. "I forgot to say that this is for the *New England Patriot*, published in our village, you know."

Dick nodded. The Senator resumed:

"The soil is remarkably rich. Even where there are mountains they are well wooded. So if the fields look well it is not surprising. What is surprising is the cultivation. I saw plows such as Adam might have used when forced for the first time to turn up the ground outside the locality of Eden; harrows which were probably invented by Numa Pompey, an old Roman that people talk about.

"They haven't any idea of draining clear. For here is a place called the Pontine Marsh, beautiful soil, surrounded by a settled country, and yet they let it go to waste almost entirely.

"The Italians are lazy. The secret of their bad farming lies in this. For the men loll and smoke on the fences, leaving the poor women to toil in the

fields. A woman plowing! And yet these people want to be free.

"They wear leather leggins, short breeches, and jackets. Many of them wear wooden shoes. The women of the south use a queer kind of outlandish head-dress, which if they spent less time in fixing it would be better for their own worldly prosperity.

"The cattle are fine; very broad in the chest, with splendid action. I don't believe any other country can show such cattle. The pigs are certainly the best I ever saw by a long chalk. Their chops beat all creation. A friend of mine has made some sketches, which I will give to the Lyceum on my return. They exhibit the Sorrento pig in various attitudes.

"The horses, on the contrary, are poor affairs. I have yet to see the first decent horse. The animals employed by travelers generally are the lowest of their species. The shoes which the horses wear are of a singular shape. I can't describe them in writing, but they look more like a flat-iron than any thing else.

"I paid a visit to Pompeii, and on coming back I saw some of the carts of the country. They gave one a deplorable idea of the state of the useful arts in this place. Scientific farming is out of the question. If fine plantations are seen it's Nature does it.

"Vineyards abound every where. Wine is a great staple of the country. Yet they don't export much after all. In fact, the foreign commerce is comparatively trifling. Chestnuts and olives are raised in immense quantities. The chestnut is as essential to the Italian as the potato is to the Irishman. A failure in the crop is attended with the same disastrous consequences. They dry the nuts, grind them into a kind of flour, and make them into cakes. I tasted one and found it abominable. Yet these people eat it with garlic, and grow fat on it. Chestnut bread, oil instead of butter, wine instead of tea, and you have an Italian meal.

"It's a fine country for fruit. I found Gaeta surrounded by orange groves. The fig is an important article in the economy of an Italian household.

"I have been in Rome three weeks. Many people take much interest in this place, though quite unrec-

essarily. I do not think it is at all equal to Boston. Yet I have taken great pains to examine the place. The streets are narrow and crooked, like those of Boston. They are extremely dirty. There are no sidewalks. The gutter is in the middle of the street. The people empty their slops from their windows. The pavements are bad and very slippery. The accumulation of filth about the streets is immense. The drainage is not good. They actually use one old drain which, they tell me, was made three thousand years ago.

"Gas has only been recently introduced. I understand that a year or two ago the streets were lighted by miserable contrivances, consisting of a mean oil lamp swung from the middle of a rope stretched across the street.

"The shops are not worth mentioning. There are no magnificent *Dry-goods Stores*, such as I have seen by the hundred in Boston; no *Hardware Stores*; no palatial *Patent Medicine Edifices*; no signs of enterprise, in fact, at all.

"The houses are very uncomfortable. They are large, and built in the form of a square. People live on separate flats. If it is cold they have to grin and bear it. There are no stoves. I have suffered more from the cold on some evenings since I have been here than ever I did indoors at home. I have asked for a fire, but all they could give me was a poisonous fire of charcoal in an earthen thing like a basket.

"Some of their public buildings are good, but that can't make the population comfortable. In fact, the people generally are ill-cared for. Here are the wretched Jews, who live in a filthy quarter of the city crowded together like pigs.

"The people pass the most of their time in coffee-houses. They are an idle set—have nothing in the world to do. It is still a mystery to me how they live.

"The fact is, there are too many soldiers and priests. Now it is evident that these gentry, being non-producers, must be supported directly or indirectly by the producers. This is the cause, I suppose, of the poverty of a great part of the population.

"Beggings is reduced to a science. In this I confess the Italian beats the American all to pieces. The American eye has not seen, nor ear heard, the devices of an Italian beggar to get along.

"I have seen them in great crowds waiting outside of a monastery for their dinner, which consists of huge bowls of porridge given by the monks. Can anything be more ruinous to a people?

"The only trade that I could discover after a long and patient search was the trade in brooches and toys which are bought as curiosities by travelers.

"There are nothing but churches and palaces wherever you go. Some of these palaces are queer-looking concerns. There isn't one in the whole lot equal to some of the Fifth Avenue houses in New York in point of real genuine style.

"There has been too much money spent in churches, and too little on houses. If it amounted to any thing it would not be so bad, but the only effect has been to promote an idle fondness for music and pictures and such like. If they tore down nine-tenths of their churches, and turned them into school-houses on the New England system, it would not be bad for the rising generation.

"The newspapers which they have are miserable things—wretched little sheets, full of lies—no advertisements, no news, no nothing. I got a friend to translate for me what pretended to be the latest American news. It was a collection of murders, duels, railway accidents, and steamboat explosions.

"I don't see what hope there is for this unfortunate country; I don't really. The people have gone on so long in their present course that they are now about incorrigible. If the entire population were to emigrate to the Western States, and mix up with the people there, it might be possible for their descendants in the course of time to amount to something.

"I don't see any hope except perhaps in one plan, which would be no doubt impossible for these lazy and dreamy Italians to carry out. It is this: Let this poor, broken-down, bankrupt Government make an

inventory of its whole stock of jewels, gold, gems, pictures, and statues. I understand that the nobility throughout Europe would be willing to pay immense sums of money for these ornaments. If they are fools enough to do so, then in Heaven's name let them have the chance. Clear out the whole stock of rubbish, and let the hard cash come in to replace it. That would be a good beginning, with something tangible to start from. I am told that the ornaments of St. Peter's Cathedral cost ever so many millions of dollars. In the name of goodness why not sell out the stock and realize instead of issuing those ragged notes for twenty-five cents, which circulate among the people here at a discount of about seventy-five per cent.?

"Then let them run a railroad north to Florence and south to Naples. It would open up a fine tract of country which is capable of growing grain; it would tap the great olive-growing districts, and originate a vast trade in oil, wine, and dried fruits.

"The country around Rome is uninhabited, but not barren. It is sickly in summer time, but if there was a population on it who would cultivate it properly I calculate the malaria would vanish, just as the fever and ague do from many Western districts in our country by the same agencies. I calculate that region could be made one of the most fertile on this round earth if occupied by an industrious class of emigrants.

"But there is a large space inside the walls of the city which could be turned to the best of purposes.

"The place which used to be the Roman Forum is exactly calculated to be the terminus of the railroad which I have suggested. A commodious dépôt could be made, and the door-way might be worked up out of the arch of Titus, which now stands blocking up the way, and is of no earthly use.

"The amount of crumbling stones and old ruined walls that they leave about this quarter of the city is astonishing. It ought not to be so.

"What the Government ought to do after being put in funds by the process mentioned above is this:

"The Government ought to tear down all those unsightly heaps of stone and erect factories and industrial schools. There is plenty of material to do it with. For instance, take the old ruin called the Coliseum. It is a fact, arrived at by elaborate calculation, that the entire contents of that concern are amply sufficient to construct no less than one hundred and fifty handsome factories, each two hundred feet by seventy-five.

"The factories being built, they could be devoted to the production of the finer tissues. Silks and velvets could be produced here. Glass-ware of all kinds could be made. There is a fine Italian clay that makes nice cups and crocks.

"I could also suggest the famous Roman cement as an additional article of export. The Catacombs under the city could be put to some direct practical use.

"I have hastily put out these few ideas to show what a liberal and enlightened policy might effect even in such an unpromising place as Rome. It is not probable, however, that my scheme would meet with favor here. The leading classes in this city are such an incurable set of old fogies that, I verily believe, rather than do what I have suggested, they would choose to have the earth open beneath them and swallow them up forever—city, churches, statues, pictures, museums, palaces, ruins, and all.

"I've got a few other ideas, some of which will work some day. Suppose Russia should sell us her part of America, Spain sell us Cuba, Italy give us Rome, Turkey an island or two—then what? But I'll keep this for another letter."

"That's all," said the Senator.

Dick's face was drawn up into the strangest expression. He did not say any thing however. The Senator calmly folded up his paper, and with a thoughtful air took up his hat.

"I'm going to that Coliseum again to measure a place I forgot," said he.

Upon which he retired, leaving Dick alone.

XXX.

THE LONELY ONE AND HIS COMFORTER.—THE TRUE MEDICINE FOR A SICK MAN.

DICK was alone in his chamber. Confinement to his room was bad enough, but what was that in comparison with the desolation of soul that afflicted him? Pepita was always in his thoughts. The bright moment was alone remembered, and the black sequel could not efface her image. Yet his misadventure showed him that his chances of seeing her again were extremely faint. But how could he give her up? They would soon be leaving for Florence. How could he leave never to see her again—the lovely, the sweet, the tender, the— A faint knock at the door.

"Come in," said Dick, without rising from his chair.

A female entered. She was dressed in black. A thick veil hid her features, but her bent figure denoted age and weariness. She slowly closed the door.

"Is it here where a young American lives with this name?"

She held out a card. It was his name, his card. He had only given it to one person in Rome, and that one was Pepita.

"Oh!" cried Dick rising, his whole expression changing from sadness to eager and beseeching hope, "oh, if you know where she is—where I may find her—"

The female raised her form, then with a hand that trembled excessively she slowly lifted her veil. It was a face not old and wrinkled but young and lovely, with tearful eyes downcast, and cheeks suffused with blushes.

With an eager cry Dick bounded from his chair and caught her in his arms. Not a word was spoken. He held her in a strong embrace as though he would not let her go. At last he drew her to a seat beside him, still holding her in his arms.

"I could not stay away. I led you into misfortune. Oh, how you have suffered! You are thin and wan. What a wretch am I! When you see me no more will you forgive me?"

"Forgive!" and Dick replied in a more emphatic way than words afforded.

"They would not let me leave the house for ten days. They told me if I ever dared to see you again they would kill you. So I knew you were not dead. But I did not know how they had beaten you till one day Ricardo told me all. To think of you unarmed fighting so gallantly. Four of them were so bruised that they have not yet recovered. To-day Luigi went to Civita Vecchia. He told me that if I dared to go to Rome he would send me to a convent. But I disobeyed him. I could not rest. I had to come and see how you were, and to—bid—adieu—"

"Adieu! bid adieu?—never. I will not let you."

"Ah, now you talk wildly," said Pepita, mournfully, "for you know we must part."

"We shall not part."

"I will have to go home, and you can not follow me."

"Oh, Pepita, I can not give you up. You shall be mine—now—my wife—and come with me home—to America. And we shall never again have to part."

"Impossible," said Pepita, as big tear-drops fell from her eyes. "Impossible!"

"Why impossible?"

"Luigi would track us to the end of the world."

"Track us! I would like to see him try it!" cried Dick, in a fury. "I have an account to settle with him which will not be pleasant for him to pay. Who is he to dare to stand between me and you? As to following me—Well, I have already given him a specimen of what I am. I would give a year of my life to have him alone for about half an hour."

"You wrong him," cried Pepita, earnestly. "You wrong him. You must not talk so. He is not a bravo. He is my brother. He has been like a father to me. He loves me dearly, and my good name is dearer to him than life. He is so good and so noble, dear Luigi! It was his love for me that blinded him and made him furious. He thought you were deceiving us all, and would not listen to you."

"But if he were so noble would he have attacked one unarmed man, and he at the head of a dozen?"

"I tell you," cried Pepita, "you do not know him. He was so blinded by passion that he had no mercy. Oh, I owe every thing to him! And I know how good and noble he is!"

"Pepita, for your sake I will forgive him every thing."

"I can not stay longer," said Pepita, making an effort to rise.

"Oh, Pepita! you can not leave me forever."

Pepita fell weeping into his arms, her slender form convulsed with emotion.

"You shall not."

"I must—there is no help."

"Why must you? Can you not fly with me? What prevents you from being mine? Let us go and be united in the little church where I saw you first."

"Impossible!" moaned Pepita.

"Why?"

"Because I could not do you such injustice. You have your father far away in America. You might offend him."

"Bother my father!" cried Dick.

Pepita looked shocked.

"I mean—he would allow me to do any thing I liked, and glory in it, because I did it. He would chuckle over it for a month."

"Luigi—"

"Pepita, do you love him better than me?"

"No, but if I leave him so it would break his heart. He will think I am ruined. He will declare a vendetta against you, and follow you to the end of the world."

"Is there no hope?"

"No—not now."

"Not now? And when will there be? Can it be possible that you would give me up? Then I would not give you up! If you do not love me I must love you."

"Cruel!" murmured Pepita.

"Forgive," said Dick, penitently. "Perhaps I am too sudden. If I come back again in two or three months will you be as hard-hearted as you are now?"

"Hard-hearted!" sighed Pepita, tearfully. "You should not reproach me. My troubles are more than I can bear. It is no slight thing that you ask."

"Will waiting soften you? Will it make any difference? If I came for you—"

"You must not leave me so," said Pepita, reproachfully. "I will tell you all. You will understand me better. Listen. My family is noble."

"Noble!" cried Dick, thunder-struck. He had certainly always thought her astonishingly lady-like for a peasant girl, but attributed this to the superior refinement of the Italian race.

"Yes, noble," said Pepita, proudly. "We seem now only poor peasants. Yet once we were rich and powerful. My grandfather lost all in the wars in the time of Napoleon, and only left his descendants an honorable name. Alas! honor and titles are worth but little when one is poor. My brother Luigi is the Count di Gianti."

"And you are the Countess di Gianti."

"Yes," said Pepita, smiling at last, and happy at the change that showed itself in Dick. "I am the Countess Pepita di Gianti. Can you understand now my dear Luigi's high sense of honor and the fury that he felt when he thought that you intended an insult? Our poverty, which we can not escape, chafes him sorely. If I were to desert him thus suddenly it would kill him."

"Oh, Pepita! if waiting will win you I will wait for years. Is there any hope?"

"When will you leave Rome?"

"In a few days my friends leave."

"Then do not stay behind. If you do you can not see me."

"But if I come again in two or three months? What then? Can I see you?"

"Perhaps," said Pepita, timidly.

"And you will not refuse? No, no! You can not! How can I find you?"

"Alas! you will by that time forget all about me."

"Cruel Pepita! How can you say I will forget? Would I not die for you? How can I find you?"

"The Padre Liguori."

"Who?"

"Padre Liguori, at the little church. The tall priest—the one who spoke to you."

"But he will refuse. He hates me."

"He is a good man. If he thinks you are

honorable he will be your friend. He is a true friend to me."

"I will see him before I leave and tell him all."

There were voices below."

Pepita started.

"They come. I must go," said she, dropping her veil.

"Confound them!" cried Dick.

"Addio!" sighed Pepita.

Dick caught her in his arms. She tore herself away with sobs.

She was gone.

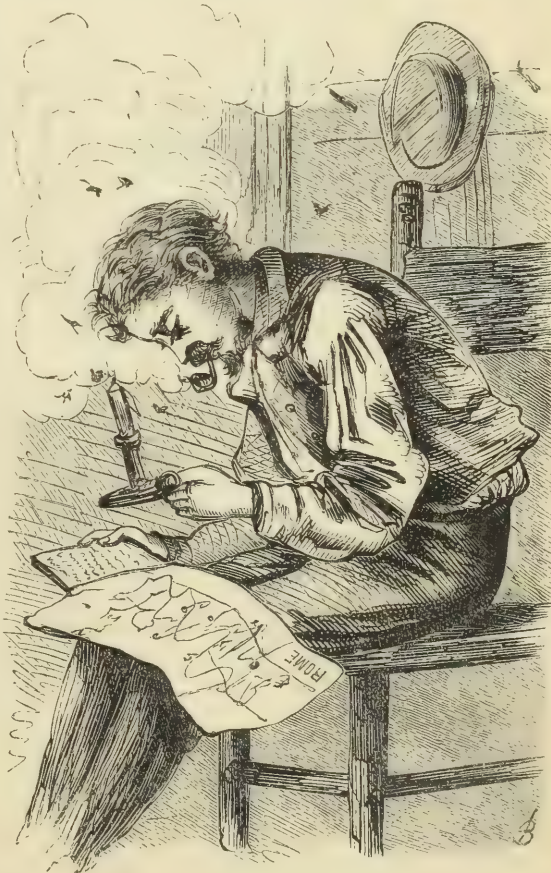
Dick sank back in his chair, with his eyes fixed hungrily on the door.

"Hullo!" burst the Doctor's voice on his ears. "Who's that old girl? Hey? Why Dick, how pale you are! You're worse. Hang it! you'll have a relapse if you don't look out. You must make a total change in your diet—more stimulating drink and generous food. However, the drive to Florence will set you all right again."

XXXI.

OCCUPATIONS AND PEREGRINATIONS OF BUTTONS.

IF Buttons had spent little time in his room before he now spent less. He was exploring the ruins of Rome, the churches, the picture galleries, and the palaces under new auspices. He knew the name of every palace and church in the place. He acquired this knowledge by means of superhuman application to "Murray's Hand-book" on the evenings after leaving his



BUTTONS AND MURRAY.

companions. They were enthusiastic, particularly the ladies. They were perfectly familiar with all the Spanish painters and many of the Italian. Buttons felt himself far inferior to them in real familiarity with Art, but he made amends by brilliant criticisms of a transcendental nature.

It was certainly a pleasant occupation for youth, sprightliness, and beauty. To wander all day long through that central world from which forever emanate all that is fairest and most enticing in Art, Antiquity, and Religion; to have a soul open to the reception of all these influences, and to have all things glorified by Almighty love; in short, to be in love in Rome.

Rome is an inexhaustible store-house of attractions. For the lovers of gayety there are the drives of the Pincian Hill, or the Villa Borghese. For the student, ruins whose very dust is eloquent. For the artist, treasures beyond price. For the devotee, religion. How fortunate, thought Buttons, that in addition to all this there is, for the lovers of the beautiful, beauty!

Day after day they visited new scenes. Upon the whole, perhaps, the best way to see the city, when one can not spend one's life there, is to take Murray's Hand-book, and, armed with that red necessity, dash energetically at the work; see every thing that is mentioned; hurry it up in the orthodox manner; then throw the book away, and go over the ground anew, wandering easily wherever fancy leads.

XXXII.

BUTTONS ACTS THE GOOD SAMARITAN, AND LITERALLY UNEARTH A MOST UNEXPECTED VICTIM OF AN ATROCIOUS ROBBERY.—GR-R-R-ACIOUS ME!

To these, once wandering idly down the Apian Way, the ancient tower of Metella rose invitingly. The carriage stopped, and ascending, they walked up to the entrance. They marveled at the enormous blocks of travertine of which the edifice was built, the noble simplicity of the style, the venerable garment of ivy which hid the ravages of time.

The door was open, and they walked in. Buttons first; the ladies timidly following; and the Don bringing up the rear. Suddenly a low groan startled them. It seemed to come from the very depths of the earth. The ladies gave a shriek, and dashing past their brother, ran out. The Don paused. Buttons of course advanced. He never felt so extensive in his life before. What a splendid opportunity to give an exhibition of manly courage! So he walked on, and shouted:

"Who's there?"

A groan!

Farther in yet, till he came to the inner chamber. It was dark there, the only light coming in through the passages. Through the gloom he saw the figure of a man lying on the floor so tied that he could not move.

"Who are you? What's the matter?"

"Let me loose, for God's sake!" said a voice, in thick Italian, with a heavy German accent. "I'm a traveler. I've been robbed by brigands."

To snatch his knife from his pocket, to cut the cords that bound the man, to lift him to his feet, and then to start back with a cry of astonishment, were all the work of an instant. By this time the others had entered.

The man was a German, unmistakably. He stood blinking and staring. Then he stretched his several limbs and rubbed himself. Then he took a long survey of the new-comers. Then he stroked a long, red, forked beard, and, in tones expressive of the most profound bewilderment, slowly ejaculated:

"Gr-r-r-r-acious me!"

"Meinheer Schatt!" cried Buttons, grasping his hand. "How in the name of wonder did you get here? What has happened to you? Who tied you up? Were you robbed? Were you beaten? Are you hurt? But come out of this dark hole to the sunshine."

Meinheer Schatt walked slowly out, saying nothing to these rapid inquiries of Buttons. The German intellect is profound, but slow; and so Meinheer Schatt took a long time to collect his scattered ideas. Buttons found that he was quite faint; so producing a flask from his pocket he made him drink a little precious cordial, which revived him greatly. After a long pull he heaved a heavy sigh, and looked with a piteous expression at the new-comers. The kind-hearted Spaniards insisted on taking him to their carriage. He was too weak to walk. They would drive him. They would listen to no refusal. So Meinheer Schatt was safely deposited in the carriage, and told his story.

He had come out very early in the morning to visit the Catacombs. He chose the early part of the day so as to be back before it got hot. Arriving at the Church of St. Sebastian he found to his disappointment that it was not open yet. So he thought he would beguile the time by walking about. So he strolled off to the tomb of Cælia Metella, which was the most striking object in view. He walked around it, and broke off a few pieces of stone. He took also a few pieces of ivy. These he intended to carry away as relics. At last he ventured to enter and examine the interior. Scarce had he got inside than he heard footsteps without. The door was blocked up by a number of ill-looking men, who came in and caught him.

Meinheer Schatt confessed that he was completely overcome by terror. However, he at last mustered sufficient strength to ask what they wanted.

"You are our prisoner!"

"Why? Who are you?"

"We are the secret body-guard of His Holiness, appointed by the Sacred Council of the Refectory," said one of the men, in a mocking tone.

Then Meinheer Schatt knew that they were robbers. Still he indignantly protested that he was an unoffending traveler.

“It’s false! You have been mutilating the sacred sepulchre of the dead, and violating the sanctity of their repose!”

And the fellow, thrusting his hands in the prisoner's pockets, brought forth the stones and ivory. The others looked into his other pockets, examined his hat, made him strip, shook his clothes, pried into his boots—in short, gave him a thorough overhaul.

They found nothing, except, as Meinheer acknowledged, with a faint smile, a piece of the value of three half-cents American, which he had brought as a fee to the guide through the Catacombs. It was that bit of money that caused his bonds. It maddened them. They danced around him in perfect fury, and asked what he meant by daring to come out and give them so much trouble with only that bit of impure silver about him.

"Dog of a Tedesco! Your nation has trampled upon our liberties; but Italy shall be avenged! Dog! scoundrel! villain! Tedescho! Tedes-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-cho!"

The end of it was that Meinheer Schatt was tied in a singularly uncomfortable position and left there. He thought he had been there about five hours. He was faint and hungry.

'They took him home.

XXVIII.

ANOTHER DISCOVERY MADE BY BUTTONS.

On the evening after this adventure the Don turned the conversation into a new channel. They all grew communicative. Buttons told them that his father was an extensive merchant and ship-owner in Boston. His business extended over many parts of the world. He thought he might have done something in Cadiz.

"Your father a ship-owner in Boston! I thought you belonged to New York," said the Don, in surprise.

"Oh," said Buttons, "I said I came from there. The fact is, I lived there four years at college, and will live there when I return."

"And your father lives in Boston," said the Don, with an interest that surprised Buttons.

"Yes."

"Is his name Hiram Buttons?"

"Yes," cried Buttons, eagerly. "How do you know?"

"My dear Sir," cried the Don, "Hiram Buttons and I are not only old business correspondents, but I hope I can add personal friends."

The Don rose and grasped Buttons cordially by the hand. The young man was overcome by surprise, delight, and triumph.

"I liked you from the first," said the Don.
 "You bear your character in your face. I was
 happy to receive you into our society. But

now I feel a still higher pleasure, for I find you are the son of a man for whom I assure you I entertain an infinite respect."

The sisters were evidently delighted at the scene. As to Buttons, he was overcome.

Thus far he often felt delicacy about his position among them, and fears of intruding occasionally interfered with his enjoyment. His footing now was totally different; and the most punctilious Spaniard could find no fault with his continued intimacy.

“Hurrah for that abominable old office, and that horrible business to which the old gentleman tried to bring me! It has turned out the best thing for me. What a capital idea it was for the governor to trade with Cadiz!”

Such were the thoughts of Buttons as he went home.

XXXIV.

Βρεκεκέκ κοάξ κοάξ κοάξ.

IN his explorations of the nooks and corners of Rome the Senator was compelled for some time to make his journeys alone. He sometimes felt regret that he had not some interpreter with him on these occasions; but on the whole he thought he was well paid for his trouble, and he stored up in his memory an incredible number of those items which are usually known as "useful facts."

On one of these occasions he entered a very common café near one of the gates, and as he felt hungry he determined to get his dinner. He had long felt a desire to taste those "frogs" of which he had heard so much, and which to his great surprise he had never yet seen. On coming to France he of course felt confident that he would find frogs as common as potatoes on every dinner-table. To his amazement he had not yet seen one.

He determined to have some now. But how could he get them? How ask for them?

“Pooh! easy enough!” said the Senator to himself, with a smile of superiority. “I wish I could ask for every thing else as easily.”

So he took his seat at one of the tables, and gave a thundering rap to summon the waiter. All the café had been startled by the advent of the large foreigner. And evidently a rich man, for he was an Englishman, as they thought. So up came the waiter with a very low bow, and a very dirty jacket; and all the rest of the people in the café looked at the Senator out of the corner of their eyes, and stopped talking. The Senator gazed with a calm, serene face and steady eye upon the waiter.

"Signore?" said the waiter, interrogatively.

"Gunk! gung!!" said the Senator, solemnly, without moving a muscle.

The waiter stared.

"*Che vuol ella?*" he repeated, in a faint voice.

"*Gunk! gung!!*" said the Senator, as solemnly as before.

"Non capisco."

"*Gunk gung! gunkety gunk gung!*"

The waiter shrugged his shoulders till they reached the upper part of his ears. The Senator looked for a moment at him, and saw that he did not understand him. He looked at the floor involved in deep thought. At last he raised his eyes once more to meet those of the waiter, which still were fixed upon him, and placing the palms of his hands on his hips, threw back his head, and with his eyes still fixed steadfastly upon the waiter he gave utterance to a long shrill gurgle such as he thought the frogs might give:

Врекекекек коұξ коұξ,
Врекекекек коұξ коұξ.



BREKEKEKEK KOAX KOAX!

(Recurrence must be made to Aristophanes, who alone of articulate speaking men has written down the utterance of the common frog.)

The waiter started back. All the men in the café jumped to their feet.

"Врекекекек коұξ коұξ," continued the Senator, quite patiently. The waiter looked frightened.

"Will you give me some or not?" cried the Senator, indignantly.

"Signore," faltered the waiter. Then he ran for the café-keeper.

The café-keeper came. The Senator repeated the words mentioned above, though somewhat angrily. The keeper brought forward every customer in the house to see if any one could understand the language.

"It's German," said one.

"It's English," said another.

"Bah!" said a third. "It's Russian."

"No," said a fourth, "it's Bohemian; for Carolo Quinto said that Bohemian was the language of the devil." And Number Four, who was rather an intelligent-looking man, eyed the Senator compassionately.

"*Gunk gung, gunkety gung!*" cried the Senator, frowning; for his patience had at last deserted him.

The others looked at him helplessly, and some, thinking of the devil, piously crossed themselves. Whereupon the Senator rose in majestic wrath, and shaking his purse in the face of the café-keeper, shouted:

"You're worse than a nigger!" and stalked grandly out of the place.

XXXV.

THE SENATOR PURSUES HIS INVESTIGATIONS—AN INTELLIGENT ROMAN TOUCHES A CHORD IN THE SENATOR'S HEART THAT VIBRATES.—RESULTS OF THE VIBRATION.—A VISIT FROM THE ROMAN POLICE; AND THE GREAT RACE DOWN THE CORSO BETWEEN THE SENATOR AND A ROMAN SPY.—GLEE OF THE POPULACE!—HI! HI!

He did not ask for frogs again; but still he did not falter in his examination into the life of the people. Still he sauntered through the remoter corners of Rome, wandering over to the other side of the Tiber, or through the Ghetto, or among the crooked streets at the end of the Corso. Few have learned so much of Rome in so short a time.

On one occasion he was sitting in a café, where he had supplied his wants in the following way:

"Hi! coffee! coffee!" and again, "Hi! cigar! cigar!" when his eye was attracted by a man at the next table who was reading a copy of the *London Times*, which he had spread out very ostentatiously. After a brief survey the Senator walked over to his table and, with a beaming smile, said:

"Good-day, Sir."

The other man looked up and returned a very friendly smile.

"And how do you do, Sir?"

"Very well, I thank you," said the other, with a strong Italian accent.

"Do you keep your health?"

"Thank you, yes," said the other, evidently quite pleased at the advances of the Senator.

"Nothing gives me so much pleasure," said the Senator, "as to come across an Italian who understands English. You, Sir, are a Roman, I presume."

"Sir, I am."

The man to whom the Senator spoke was not one who would have attracted any notice from him if it had not been for his knowledge of English. He was a narrow-headed, mean-looking man, with very seedy clothes, and a servile but cunning expression.

"How do you like Rome?" he asked of the Senator.

The Senator at once poured forth all that had been in his mind since his arrival. He gave his opinion about the site, the architecture, the drains, the municipal government, the beggars, and the commerce of the place; then the soldiers, the nobles, the priests, monks, and nuns.

Then he criticised the Government, its form, its mode of administration, enlarged upon its tyranny, condemned vehemently its police system, and indeed its whole administration of every thing, civil, political, and ecclesiastical.

Waxing warmer with the sound of his own eloquence, he found himself suddenly but naturally reminded of a country where all this is reversed. So he went on to speak about Freedom, Republicanism, the Rights of Man, and the Ballot-Box. Unable to talk with sufficient fluency while in a sitting posture he rose to his feet, and as he looked around, seeing that all present were staring at him, he made up his mind to improve the occasion. So he harangued the crowd generally, not because he thought any of them could understand him, but it was so long since he had made a speech that the present opportunity was irresistible. Besides, as he afterward remarked, he felt that it was a crisis, and who could tell but that a word spoken in season might produce some beneficial effects.

He shook hands very warmly with his new friend after it all was over, and on leaving him made him promise to come and see him at his lodgings, where he would show him statistics, etc. The Senator then returned.

That evening he received a visit. The Senator heard a rap at his door and called out "Come in." Two men entered—ill-looking, or rather malignant-looking, clothed in black.

Dick was in his room, Buttons out, Figgs and the Doctor had not returned from the café. The Senator insisted on shaking hands with both his visitors. One of these men spoke English.

"His Excellency," said he, pointing to the other, "wishes to speak to you on official business."

"Happy to hear it," said the Senator.

"His Excellency is the Chief of the Police, and I am the Interpreter."

Whereupon the Senator shook hands with both of them again.

"Proud to make your acquaintance," said he. "I am personally acquainted with the Chief of the Boston police, and also of the Chief of the New York police, and my opinion is that they can stand more liquor than any men I ever met with. Will you liquor?"

The Interpreter did not understand. The Senator made an expressive sign. The Interpreter mentioned the request to the Chief, who shook his head coldly.

"This is formal," said the Interpreter—"not social."

The Senator's face flushed. He frowned.

"Give him my compliments then, and tell

him the next time he refuses a gentleman's offer he had better do it like a gentleman. For my part, if I chose to be uncivil, I might say that I consider your Roman police very small potatoes."

The Interpreter translated this literally, and though the final expression was not very intelligible, yet it seemed to imply contempt.

So the Chief of Police made his communication as sternly as possible. Grave reports had been made about His American Excellency. The Senator looked surprised.

"What about?"

That he was haranguing the people, going about secretly, plotting, and trying to instill revolutionary sentiments into the public mind.

"Pooh!" said the Senator.

The Chief of Police bade him be careful. He would not be permitted to stir up an excitable populace. This was to give him warning.

"Pooh!" said the Senator again.

And if he neglected this warning it would be the worse for him. And the Chief of Police looked unutterable things. The Senator gazed at him sternly and somewhat contemptuously for a few minutes.

"You're no great shakes any how," said he.

"Signore?" said the Interpreter.

"Doesn't it strike you that you are talking infernal nonsense?" asked the Senator in a slightly argumentative tone of voice, throwing one leg over another, tilting back his chair, and folding his arms.

"Your language is disrespectful," was the indignant reply.

"Yours strikes me as something of the same kind, too; but more—it is absurd."

"What do you mean?"

"You say I stir up the people."

"Yes. Do you deny it?"

"Pooh! How can a man stir up the people when he can't speak a word of their language?"

The Chief of Police did not reply for a moment.

"I rather think I've got you there," said the Senator, dryly. "Hey? old Hoss?"

("Old Hoss" was an epithet which he used when he was in a good humor.) He felt that he had the best of it here, and his anger was gone. He therefore tilted his chair back farther, and placed his feet upon the back of a chair that was in front of him.

"There are Italians in Rome who speak English," was at length the rejoinder.

"I wish I could find some then," said the Senator. "It's worse than looking for a needle in a hay-stack, they're so precious few."

"You have met one."

"And I can't say I feel over-proud of the acquaintance," said the Senator, in his former dry tone, looking hard at the Interpreter.

"At the Café Cenacci, I mean."

"The what? Where's that?"

"Where you were this morning."

"Oh ho! that's it—ah? And was my friend



GOT YOU THERE!

there one of your friends too?" asked the Senator, as light burst in upon him.

"He was sufficiently patriotic to give warning."

"Oh—patriotic?—he was, was he?" said the Senator, slowly, while his eyes showed a dangerous light.

"Yes—patriotic. He has watched you for some time."

"Watched *me*!" and the Senator frowned wrathfully.

"Yes all over Rome, wherever you went."

"Watched *me*! dogged *me*! tracked *me*! Aha?"

"So you are known."

"Then the man is a spy."

"He is a patriot."

"Why the mean concern sat next me, attracted my attention by reading English, and encouraged me to speak as I did. Why don't you arrest him?"

"He did it to test you."

"To test me! How would he like me to test him?"

"The Government looks on your offense with lenient eyes."

"Ah!"

"And content themselves this time with giving you warning."

"Very much obliged; but tell your Government not to be alarmed. I won't hurt them."

Upon this the two visitors took their leave. The Senator informed his two friends about the visit, and thought very lightly about it;

but the recollection of one thing rankled in his mind.

That spy! The fellow had humbugged him. He had dogged him, tracked him, perhaps for weeks, had drawn him into conversation, asked leading questions, and then given information. If there was any thing on earth that the Senator loathed it was this.

But how could such a man be punished! That was the thought. Punishment could only come from one. The law could do nothing. But there was one who could do something, and that one was himself. Lynch law!

"My fayther was from Bosting,
My uncle was Judge Lynch,
So, darn your fire and roasting,
You can not make me flinch."

The Senator hummed the above elegant words all that evening.

He thought he could find the man yet. He was sure he would know him. He would devote himself to this on the next day. The next day he went about the city, and at length in the afternoon he came to the Pincian Hill. There was a great crowd there as usual. The Senator placed himself in a favorable position, in which he could only be seen from one point, and then watched with the eye of a hawk.

He watched for about an hour. At the end of that time he saw a face. It belonged to a man who had been leaning against a post with his back turned toward the Senator all this time. It was *the face*! The fellow happened to turn it far enough round to let the Senator

see him. He was evidently watching him yet. The Senator walked rapidly toward him. The man saw him and began to move as rapidly away. The Senator increased his pace. So did the man. The Senator walked still faster. So did the man. The Senator took long strides. The man took short, quick ones. It is said that the fastest pedestrians are those who take short, quick steps. The Senator did not gain on the other.

By this time a vast number of idlers had been attracted by the sight of these two men walking as if for a wager. At last the Senator began to run. So did the man!

The whole thing was plain. One man was chasing the other. At once all the idlers of the Pincian Hill stopped all their avocations and turned to look. The road winds down the Pincian Hill to the Piazza del Popolo, and those on the upper part can look down and see the whole extent. What a place for a race! The quick-eyed Romans saw it all.

"A spy! yes, a Government spy!"

"Chased by an eccentric Englishman!"

A loud shout burst from the Roman crowd.

But a number of English and Americans thought differently. They saw a little man chased by a big one. Some cried "Shame!" Others, thinking it a case of pocket-picking, cried "Stop thief!" Others cried "Go it, little fellow! Two to one on the small chap!"

Every body on the Pincian Hill rushed to the edge of the winding road to look down, or to the paved walk that overlooks the Piazza. Carriages stopped and the occupants looked down. French soldiers, dragoons, guards, officers—all staring.

And away went the Senator. And away ran the terrified spy. Down the long way, and at length they came to the Piazza del Popolo. A loud shout came from all the people. Above and on all sides they watched the race. The spy darted down the Corso. The Senator after him.

The Romans in the

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street applauded vociferously. Hundreds of people stopped, and then turned and ran after the Senator. All the windows were crowded with heads. All the balconies were filled with people.

Down along the Corso. Past the column of Antonine. Into a street on the left. The Senator was gaining! At last they came to a square. A great fountain of vast waters bursts forth there. The spy ran to the other side of the square, and just as he was darting into a side alley the Senator's hand clutched his coat-tails!

The Senator took the spy in that way by which one is enabled to make any other do what is called "Walking Spanish," and propelled him rapidly toward the reservoir of the fountain.

The Senator raised the spy from the ground and pitched him into the pool.

The air was rent with acclamations and cries of delight.

As the spy emerged, half-drowned, the crowd came forward and would have prolonged the delightful sensation.

Not often did they have a spy in their hands.



WALKING SPANISH.

OUR NEW NORTHWEST.

WHEN, only a few years ago, the cry was 54° 40' for our northern boundary or fight, and, in spite of the cry, the Government yielded and fixed the northern boundary of the United States on the Pacific side at 49°, certainly it was not expected that so soon we should acquire by purchase a vast territory whose southern boundary should be 54° 40', and whose northern extremity should reach to 73°; but the deed has been signed and sealed, and the parties are preparing for the payment of the money and the delivery of the land.

Most of us have already seen what was Russian America on the map, and need not be told that it begins at 54° 40' north latitude, and runs along the coast with a width of about thirty miles, till it reaches Mount St. Elias, in latitude about 60° north, that the line then runs northward to the Arctic Ocean, leaving on the west a large territory, which terminates on the south in the peninsula of Alaska, on the west in Cape Prince of Wales, which extends into Behring Strait, and on the north extends to the Arctic Ocean.

We know that there are numerous islands along the coast from 54° 40' to Mount St. Elias; that Kodiak is a large island south of Alaska; that at the end of Alaska the Aleutian Islands, some fifty in number, form an arc of a circle reaching nearly to Asia, and inclosing Behring Sea, otherwise named the Sea of Kamtchatka. These boundaries many can give now who a few weeks ago only knew that there was a part of the continent somewhere north that belonged to Russia. When the United States own it her citizens study again their Geographies, and with new zeal learn of a land which they can call their own.

Our Geographies and Encyclopædias help us little more than to bound this territory and to estimate the number of its inhabitants. It is only after a considerable search among books of all kinds and in various languages, and conversations with some of the few persons now in the States who have visited this territory, that we feel at all satisfied with the imperfect knowledge we can obtain of this country. It is our object in this paper to throw together such information as we have obtained from various sources in regard to this territory; to satisfy, as we can, the desire of those who wish to know more of what the United States has bought for seven millions of dollars in gold.

The extent of this territory, including the islands, is about 550,000 square miles. The general coast-line, as measured on a line without following the smaller indentations of the coast, is about 4000 miles, while the coast-line as it runs into the bays and around the islands is about 11,270 miles.

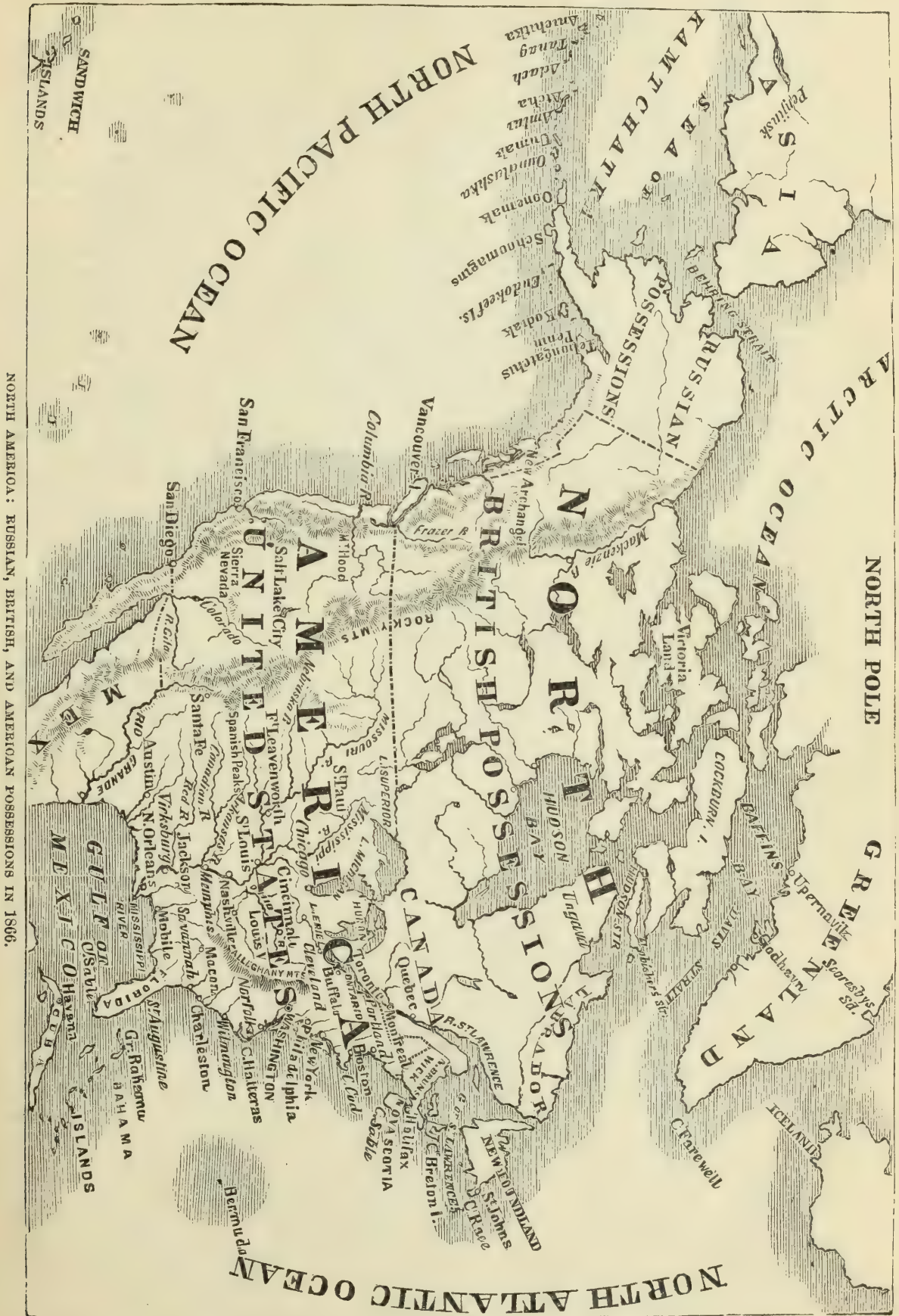
The title of Russia to her possessions in America was the title of the discoverer. Though it was known in the early part of the last cen-

tury that America and Asia were separated by a wide ocean at the south, it was not known that they were not united at the north, and the Czar Peter the Great, being curious to know whether his possessions were bounded on the east by water or land, sent Vitus Behring, then Captain, with his vessels to see if Asia and America were contiguous, or separated by a channel. When Behring found that they were separated by a strait, which now bears his name, he returned home with his report, and in 1741 was sent out on another expedition, with the rank of Commodore, to discover a passage to the frozen sea. Crossing in the latitude of the Aleutian Islands, the two ships of the expedition were separated, and Captain Tschirikow reached the coast on the 15th of July, at about 56° north latitude, while the Commodore, three days later, got sight of the continent in latitude 58° 28' north.

At this time Behring saw a high mountain, and it being St. Elias day he called it Mount St. Elias. Behring never lived to return to Russia, but died of scurvy in the next winter on the American coast, in what was afterward called Behring Bay, a bay just south of Mount St. Elias. The eastern coast of the continent had been discovered and occupied already by the English, who did not cling to the coast, but pushed inland. It was the policy of Great Britain to allow to her companies large tracts of land, which they occupied. The Russians, however, discovered and occupied the coast only, and that for the carrying out of the fur-trade alone. When, in 1825, Great Britain and Russia by treaty fixed a boundary line between their possessions in America, this boundary line did not run near the centre of the continent, but for nearly five degrees of latitude gave Russia only a width of thirty miles, and then ran north into territory which was an unknown land to each party. This same boundary line now separates the territory of the United States from that of Great Britain.

Not long after the return of the expedition of Behring the Russian American Fur Company was chartered, and established itself on the islands around the continent; but they did not settle on the main land, nor did they penetrate into the interior. Since Behring's voyages various nations have sent exploring expeditions to this coast, and in what we write hereafter we shall give information collected from the narrative of the Russian expeditions of Behring, Billings, Lisiansky and Golovin, and the English expeditions of Cook, Vancouver, Simpson, and Belcher.

Admiral Wilkes went no further north than Puget Sound, and no expedition has ever been made into this country by the United States, if we except the expeditions made by private individuals seeking to find the best route for the Russian American telegraph. With this



NORTH AMERICA: RUSSIAN, BRITISH, AND AMERICAN POSSESSIONS IN 1866.

last expedition several assistants of the Smithsonian Institute were connected, and by their labors there is now at the Smithsonian Institute a great amount of interesting information in regard to this territory.

To the kindness of Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian, and Mr. Bannister, who was with

the expedition, and spent a winter at St. Michaels, on the coast north of the Kwickpak, we are indebted for several of our engravings, which are drawn from specimens in their collection, and for many facts in regard to the character of the country and its inhabitants.

From 54° 40' to Mount St. Elias there are a

succession of islands, and back of these islands the coast to the boundary line is but the slope of a mountain range. The islands have not been explored, and even the interior of Sitka is unknown to the inhabitants of New Archangel, which is at the head of a small sound on the island, and is the principal station of the Russian Governor. This coast, with the neighboring islands, is generally well wooded quite down to the water. The islands are mountainous, and the general character of the shore is steep and rocky. Very little is known of the country back from the shore, and, with the exception of those who have gone into British Columbia by the Stchin, which flows into the Pacific in the latitude of Sitka, it is not probable that the Russians or any whites have crossed the narrow strip of thirty miles. What we have said of the exploration of the coast to Mount St. Elias will apply generally to the whole coast. The Russians have ascended the Copper River for some distance, and on the Kwickpak they have established a post at the distance of about four hundred miles from the mouth. But it was reserved for the citizens of the United States to navigate this river for one thousand miles, and to put—for what on a map before me dated 1865 appears as “unexplored”—a clear line, which on all future maps will show that the Youkon flows into the Kwickpak. Most that is known of the interior of this country has been obtained from the natives, who have come to the coast to trade their furs, or have gone to the Russian post on the Kwickpak for the same purpose. From them we learn that south of the Kwickpak the country is generally wooded, and contains high mountains and large lakes. From Mount St. Elias to Alaska the shore is well wooded, but beyond that no forests are seen from the shore, though it is known that in the interior the forests extend for some distance north of the Kwickpak.

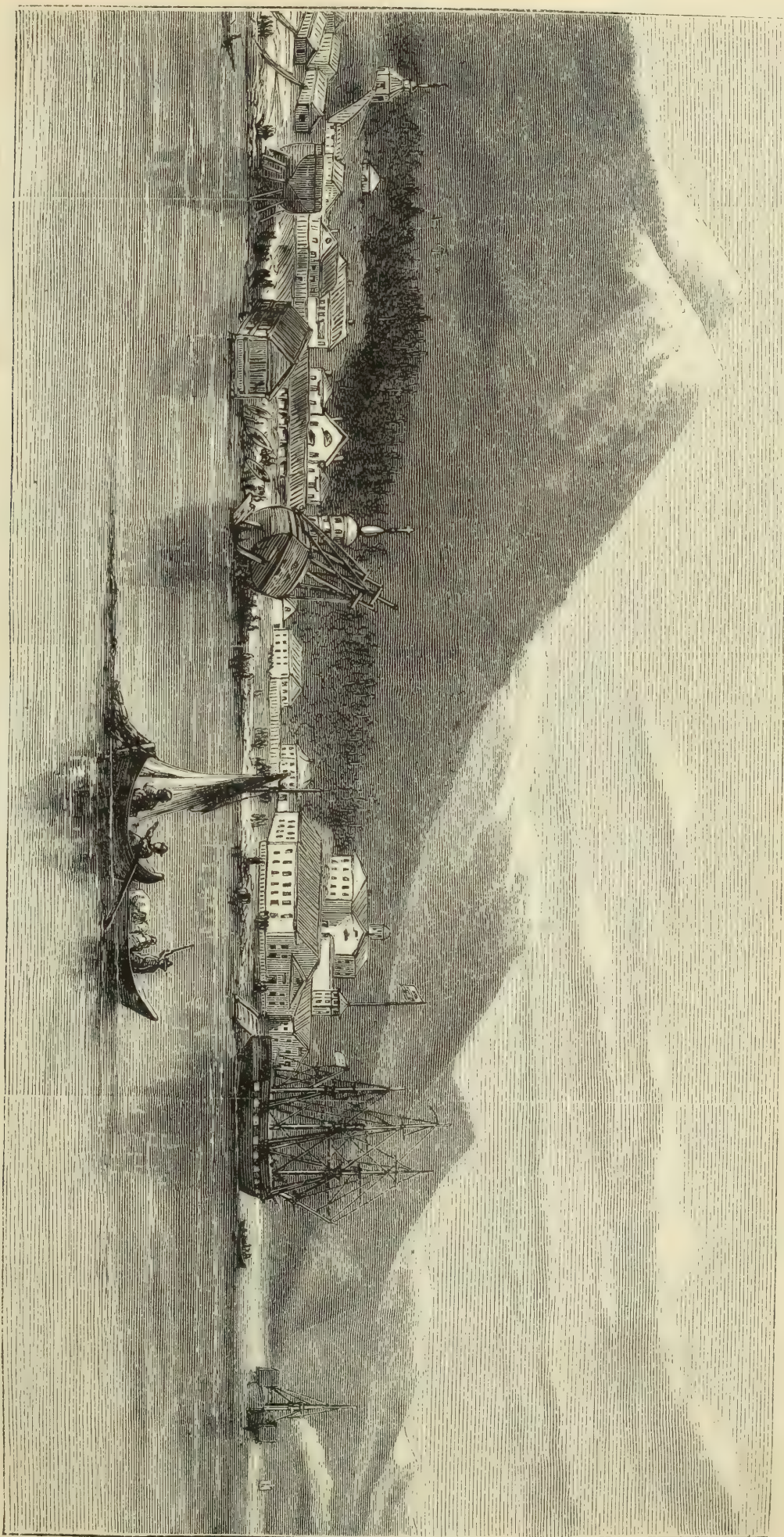
Of the Aleutian Islands we know more, for they are small and are quite destitute of trees, strangely contrasting with the woody mountains of the continent. The steep and rather high mountains of which the whole country consists appear like a genuine though rather irregular net-work of cones, the heights and slopings of which are of course very much diversified, and among which there are, in the interior, long but narrow valleys without plains. There are frequently real plains, as may be seen in an engraving of Unalaska, in a German work of F. H. von Kittlitz, who was with a Russian exploring expedition in the years 1827, '28, and '29. These plains have quite the character of alluvial soil, and are generally covered

with grass so luxuriant as quite to impede travel. Raspberry bushes and dwarf willows are also common. Up to a considerable height the mountains are covered with a rich turf, but their tops—some of which are 2000 feet high—exhibit nothing save the bare slate rocks, strips of perpetual snow, and here and there a few isolated plants. The snow line is by no means regular, owing to the broken surface of the country and the influence of the volcanic element in the temperature of the soil.

The climate of this country is not what might at first seem to belong to its high latitude. The eastern coast of North America is much colder than the western. A glance at a map showing the ocean currents of the Pacific will at once explain this difference. It will be seen that the heated water of the equator flows in a continual current toward the north, and that this northern current comes quite near to the coast from the parallels of 50° to 58° of north latitude, thus warming the whole coast to Mount St. Elias, and then curving along to the peninsula of Alaska and the Aleutian Islands. The temperature of the Aleutian Islands and of the coast to 54° 40' is very much the same in the winter, and for the month of January is about 32°, which is much higher than that of the same latitude in the interior. The January isothermal line of the Aleutian Islands runs through Sitka, Philadelphia, Amsterdam, and Peking. The climate there in winter is not too severe to support a large population. Above the Aleutian Islands, on the continent, the January isothermal runs nearly parallel with the parallel of latitude, as the coast there is not warmed by the ocean currents. In the summer we find quite a change in the climate of Sitka and of the Aleutian Islands. The Aleutian Islands are cooled by the cold winds that come from the north, and the masses of ice which float down through Behring Strait, while Sitka is protected from the northern winds, and is not reached by the masses of ice. The July isothermal of Sitka passes near Quebec. That of the Aleutian Islands runs north near the mouth of the Kwickpak, through North Labrador, Iceland, and Northern Norway. The warmth of the interior of Russian America, as compared with that of the Aleutian Islands, results from its protection from the winds of the north.

The average temperature of the Aleutian Islands is about 50° Fahr., nearly the same as that of Albany, Dublin, and Jeddo. From reports obtained from the Smithsonian Institute we extract the following, showing the range of the thermometer at various points:

	Spring.	Summer.	Autumn.	Winter.	Year.
St. Michaels, latitude 63° 28' N.....	28°75	52°25	27°00	7°	27°48
Fort Youkon, latitude 67° N.....	14°22	59°67	17°37	23°80	16°92
Ikomut, latitude 61° 47' N.....	16°92	49°32	36°05	0°95	24°57
Sitka, latitude 57° 3' N.....	39°65	53°37	43°80	32°30	42°12
San Francisco					55°73
Nain, Labrador, latitude of Sitka	23°67	48°57	33°65	0°4	26°40
Portland, Maine, latitude 43° 39' N.....	40°12	63°75	45°75	21°52	42°78
Fort Hamilton, New York, latitude 40° 37' N.....	47°84	71°35	55°79	32°32	51°82



NEW ARCHANGEL.

From this table we see that the summer in the interior, at Fort Youkon, though several degrees farther north, is much warmer than at St. Michaels, which is on the coast, while the winter at Fort Youkon is much colder. By comparing Nain and Sitka we see the different temperature at the various seasons on the opposite sides of the continent, but in the same latitude. The average temperature at Sitka does not differ much from that of Portland; but its summers are cooler and its winters are as warm as those of Washington. It must not be thought from the picture we give of New Archangel, taken from a recent Russian work, that the mountain tops there are continually covered with snow; for the sketch was taken as early as May, and after that time no snow is seen on the mountains.

At the Kwickpak and on Norton Sound the winter begins about the last of September, and snow generally falls about the first of October, though it does not always remain on the ground. The small rivers and ponds freeze before the middle of October, while the large rivers and the harbors about Alaska close about the 1st of November. The temperature of the winter at St. Michaels is quite uniform, though occasionally the snow melts, and it even rains, and again come days when the temperature can only be measured by the spirit thermometer, which descends sometimes to sixty degrees below zero. In February the snow begins to disappear, and by the end of the month there is considerable bare ground. March and April are comparatively mild, and in early May the ice is pouring out of the Kwickpak,* after which vegetation soon appears, and the birds return. The sea-ice does not disappear till two or three weeks later. The winter at St. Michaels permits men to be out of doors, unless the weather is stormy. Some of Major Kinnicutt's party were engaged in sledging supplies into the interior, some two hundred miles from St. Michaels, and slept in open camp with no great inconvenience. The sun during the winter is above the horizon only a few hours each day, and only a short distance, so that its influence is very little. Behring found the winter severe at Behring Bay. At the Aleutians the winters are not very cold, but they are long, as also at the Sitka.

Lisiausky spent the winter of 1804 at St. Paul, one of the Russian American posts on the island Kodiak, south of Alaska. He went into port November 16, and was ready for sea by the middle of April. He says:

"During the month of December, though the winds blew from the north, the weather was tolerably mild. The thermometer was not lower than 38° Fahrenheit till the 24th, when it sunk to 26°. The ground was then covered with snow, and remained so several months. The winter was not, however, supposed to set in till the beginning of January. During its continuance, a few days excepted in February, the air was dry and clear, and the winds blew from points between

the west and southwest. The severest frost was on the 22d of January, when the thermometer fell to zero. The last days of February and the beginning of March were also so cold that the mercury often stood between 13° and 14°. During this period I purposely measured the thickness of the ice in the ponds near the settlement, and found it to be eighteen inches. In the month of March commenced the return of spring."

This winter on the coast, as he elsewhere states, seems to have been an exceptional one in the number of clear days, and was warmer than the average winters of Sitka; but generally the winters of Sitka and Kodiak are very much alike. At each of these places the deposit of moisture during the year is very large, and larger probably at Sitka than at Kodiak. The subjoined table will show the annual deposit at various places in inches:

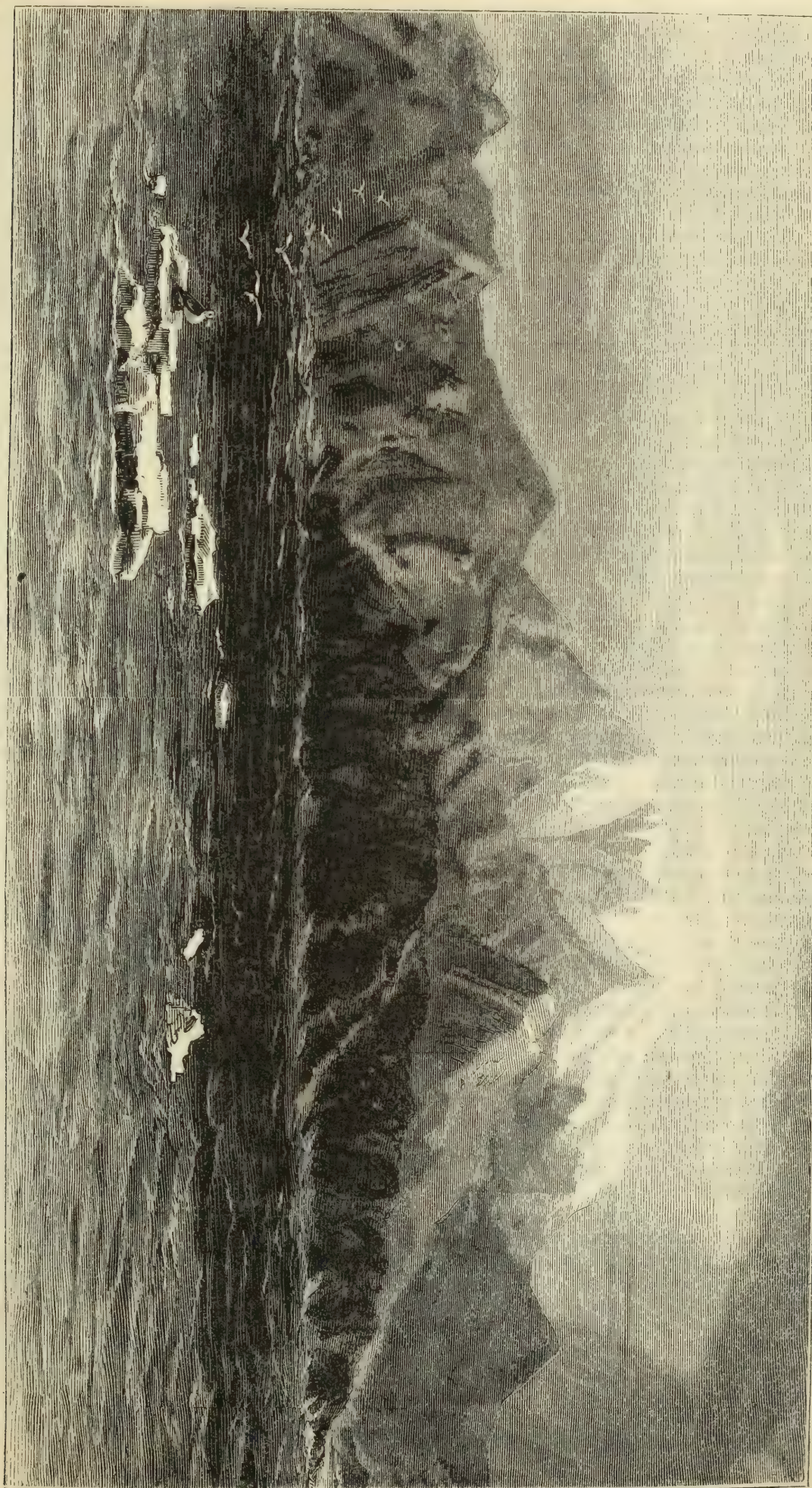
Place.	Spring.	Summer.	Autumn.	Winter.	Year.
Sitka	18.32	15.75	52.10	23.77	89.94
Astoria	16.43	4.85	21.77	44.15	87.20
San Francisco....	6.65	0.09	2.69	13.49	22.93
Washington, D.C.	10.48	10.83	10.11	10.06	41.24

At Sitka during last year there were only about sixty clear days. The great amount of rain there is caused by the evaporation from the warm current of the ocean being suddenly condensed when coming in contact with the cold mountains of the coast. At Astoria, near the mouth of the Columbia, it will be seen that there is also a very large deposit. All the navigators on this coast speak of the great number of rainy and foggy days. About the Aleutian Islands there is also during the spring months a great amount of fog, which extends up into Behring Sea.

In regard to the agricultural products of this territory, we know that at St. Michaels lettuce, parsnips, turnips, and a few vegetables of this description are raised by sowing them in beds; though the ground only thaws to a depth of about two feet. At Fort Youkon, some degrees further north, they raise even potatoes, and the ground thaws much deeper, as is shown from the large trees which grow there, some of them being a hundred feet in height. We even hear that a party coming down the river in the summer of 1866 suffered from the heat. All the reports of exploration speak of the great quantities of currants, blackberries, raspberries, strawberries, and mulberries which are to be found in the Aleutian Islands, and on the coast, and on various islands from Alaska down to 54° 40'. The want of sunlight prevents the successful raising of such vegetables as we should expect from the average temperature. On the Aleutian Islands they raise very little; though most navigators think they might raise more, and the luxuriant grass shows it. On Kodiak barley and potatoes are raised. On Sitka, though warmer, they can raise no more, and the potatoes are small; though on some of the islands

* The ice in the Penobscot, Maine, broke up this year April 19.

* It is from the Island of Kadyak and the coast opposite that the supply of ice for San Francisco is obtained.



MOUNT ST. ELIAS.

near Sitka they raise very large potatoes, and the Indians on Queen Charlotte's Island were accustomed, after the supply of furs had been exhausted there, to raise potatoes, which they could trade for furs to the Indians on the main land. The natives have very little desire for the fruits of the earth, and so generally pay little attention to the cultivation of the ground. Around the posts of the Russian American Company there are gardens, but they do not pretend to raise their own supplies. Lisiansky, who spent part of the summer there, says:

"The climate of these islands (Sitka and Kodiak) is such as in my opinion would favor the cultivation of barley, oats, and all sorts of European fruits and vegetables. The summer is warm, and extends to the end of August. The winter differs from our autumn in this only that there are frequent falls of snow."

In the early days of the Company they had a station at Ross, on the then Mexican coast, at which they raised wheat, etc., for their posts in the north. For a period of some ten years till 1846 they received their supplies from the Hudson Bay Company at Vancouver, who raised them on their own lands or bought them of the settlers in Oregon Territory. Now they procure them from San Francisco.

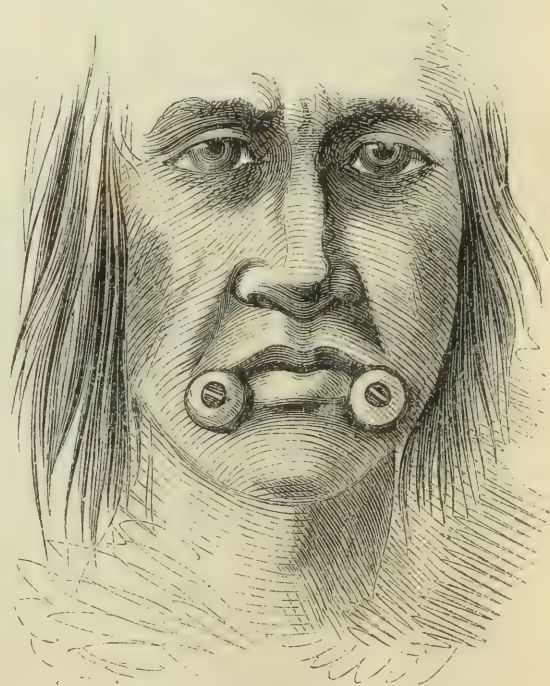
It is probable that much more could be got from the soil than has been. An engraving in the work of Kittletz gives some idea of the variety of the forests and undergrowth at Sitka, and shows that the soil is rich and able to support even luxuriant vegetation. The moisture of the atmosphere causes all varieties of trees and shrubs to grow luxuriantly, and naked rocks exhibiting no traces of vegetable mould are covered with woody vegetation. This engraving was made to show the variety of the forests; and so well has it been done that the varieties can be distinguished. The principal forest trees are pine, larch, and cedar. There are also fir and alder. The timber grows to the water, as will be seen in the engraving of New Archangel, where the forest still runs down to the settlement, and the woods have never felt the stroke of the axe. Speaking of this settlement Lisiansky says: "The woods will yield a handsome revenue when the Russian commerce with China shall be established." Near Copper River the forests are the same. Billings got a number of fine spars there. Poplar, cedar, and birch abound at Kodiak, but pine is found there only in a few places.

These forests will soon, if not at once, be very valuable; for before the acquisition of this territory there was no supply of pine timber within the possession of the United States on the Pacific coast. There is very little timber in California; and though there is considerable timber land in Oregon and Washington Territories, yet it is not generally convenient for shipping, as there are only two or three harbors from San Francisco to Puget Sound. The timber of this new territory is better and more accessible than at any other point on our Pacific coast.

The population of "Russian America" has been variously estimated. According to Lippin, it was 61,000. Keith Johnson makes it 66,000. M'Culloch states it in 1846 at 61,000, and in 1858 at 72,375. These estimates are made from no very satisfactory data. Nearly all of the reports of the exploring expeditions speak of the native population as diminishing. Mr. Bannister thinks all their estimates are too large, since the tribes in the interior are nomadic, and may have been counted several times. Some of the early voyagers arrived at figures very similar to those given above by counting the number of *baidars* or boats belonging to the natives, and from that they estimate the number of the inhabitants.

From 54° 40' to Mount St. Elias and on the neighboring islands live the Koloschians, who are Indians, and number some 20,000. They speak three or four different languages. From Mount St. Elias to the Bay of Kenai are other Indians—the Kenaian—speaking a dialect of the Athabascan language, which is spoken by the tribes who live on the Youkon, and who inhabit British America, thence eastward to Hudson Bay. Along the remaining part of the shore the Esquimaux live. They inhabit the shore from the mouth of the Copper River westwardly and northerly to the shores of Behring Strait, and then eastwardly along the Arctic Ocean till they unite with their congeners of British America, Labrador, and Greenland. These Esquimaux speak varieties of the same language. The Aleutians, who inhabit the Aleutian Islands and speak the language of Unalaska, are also Esquimaux, but yet altogether different from the Esquimaux of the coast.

The Koloschians are of a middling stature, and very active. Their hair is lank, strong, and of a jet-black color; the face round, the

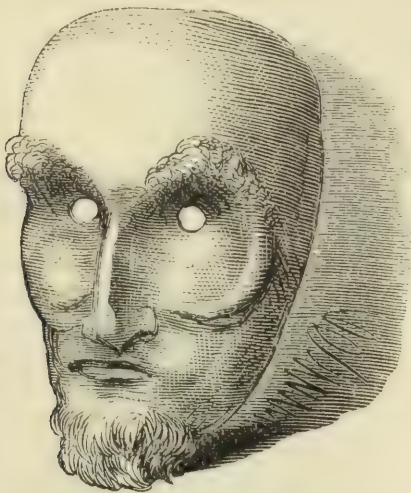


KOLOSCHIAN LIP-ORNAMENTS.



GROTESQUE MASK.

lips thick, and the complexion copper color. They paint their faces with white and black paint, and at times wear grotesque masks made of wood. The men wear various ornaments in



DEATH-HEAD MASK.

their ears and noses; the women, when about twelve years of age, insert a piece of ivory in a slit made in the under lip; a larger piece of ivory or wood is inserted from year to year,



DANCING MASK.

and in some cases it is four inches wide, and projects from side to side six inches. The larger this ornament the more important the woman is considered. The flesh grows out with the wood, and the appearance of these women is very disgusting. They formerly dressed altogether in skins, but now wear blankets or else a sort of skirt made of coarse cloth or skins. The rich wear fine blankets made by their own women; but most of the cloth worn is produced from traders in exchange for furs. Their weapons were formerly spears and arrows, which appear to have been tipped with iron and copper. Even when they were first visited by Europeans as early as 1805 they were generally armed with muskets. They cut off the heads of those they kill, and make slaves of the prisoners. They live in villages near the shore in houses made of plank, with no window and only a low door; in the middle is a hole for the fire, the smoke from which escapes through an opening in the roof. Sometimes their houses are partitioned off, but commonly they have only one room. In the summer they leave their houses and scatter along the coast in search of fish. They have a strong belief in, and a distinct idea of, the right to property, and the earliest visitors found that they were very anxious to trade, and that nothing could be obtained from them without giving them something in return. They are very fond of trading, and keen at a bargain, and frequently become enraged with those who will not trade with them. They procure furs from the Indians of the interior, and trade them with the Russian Company, in addition to the skins of the otter and other animals which they themselves kill on the coast. The rich have, at the present time, various dishes, plates, and the like, which they keep on shelves in their houses. The poor have wooden bowls and spoons of wood or horn. They have considerable skill in sculpture and painting, and one might suppose many of their masks, images, and implements made of wood, to be the work of a people greatly advanced in civilization.

Their boats are dug out from a single trunk. Those of the ordinary size, which they use for fishing, are thirty feet long, and carry a dozen men; while the larger ones, used for war, and for transporting whole families, will carry sixty men, and are nearly fifty feet long. Every one who has seen these boats describe them as very beautifully modeled. To move them they use the single paddle, though when making a long voyage they use a square sail sometimes, having four masts in one canoe. Formerly their sails were of a coarse matting made by themselves; but now they have cloth sails,



STONE ADZE.



CANOE USED BY KOLOSCHIAN INDIANS.

and with such sails they frequently visit Victoria at the lower end of Vancouver Island, which is some eight hundred miles from their home.

Their food during the summer consists of different kinds of berries, fresh fish, and the flesh of amphibious animals, and during the winter they live on dried salmon, train oil, and the spawn of fish, especially herrings. As yet they have not learned to cultivate the ground or acquired a taste for vegetable food; but they are so fond of trade that it is not improbable that when the supply of fur-bearing animals shall be diminished they may become farmers, as did the Indians of the same race on Queen Charlotte's Island under similar circumstances.

The women are cruelly treated, do most of the work, and are not so fine-looking as the men. Polygamy exists, and the marriage relation is not much regarded. As soon as the children can walk they are bathed every day in the sea whatever be the weather. In this way many infants perish, and the tribe do not increase rapidly; but those that survive make the strong, vigorous, and enduring men and women that we find them.

The Koloschians generally burn their dead, and deposit the ashes and unconsumed bones in wooden boxes raised on pillars. On some occasions slaves are burned with their masters. Fortunately for the Russians the Indians fight with each other, and have not combined against them. Their wars with each other prevent

them from increasing in numbers, and various diseases, particularly the small-pox, sweep away many of them.

The Russians established the post of Archangel, on the Island of Sitka, in the year 1800, which, in two years afterward, was attacked by a party of six hundred Koloschians armed with muskets, who destroyed the fort and butchered the garrison. When Captain Lisiansky visited the island in 1804 he, at the request of the Governor, assisted in making another settlement, the present New Archangel. The Indians had erected a fort, and were prepared to resist the Russians in their attempt to make a permanent settlement. The Russians had three or four vessels, from which they landed several cannon, and attempted to carry the fort by a land attack, but were repulsed, and would have been destroyed if they had not been protected by a heavy fire from the ships. On the next day the fort was commanded from the ships, and at night the Sitkans sued for peace, offering to give hostages.

For two or three days negotiations were carried on, when one morning it was found that the Indians had escaped, leaving only two old women and a little boy in the fort, which was found to be an irregular square with its longest side looking toward the sea. It was constructed of wood, and so thick and so strong that the shots from the ships did not penetrate it at the short distance of a cable's length. On the side toward the sea were holes for cannon, and in the rear were gates. Within were fourteen

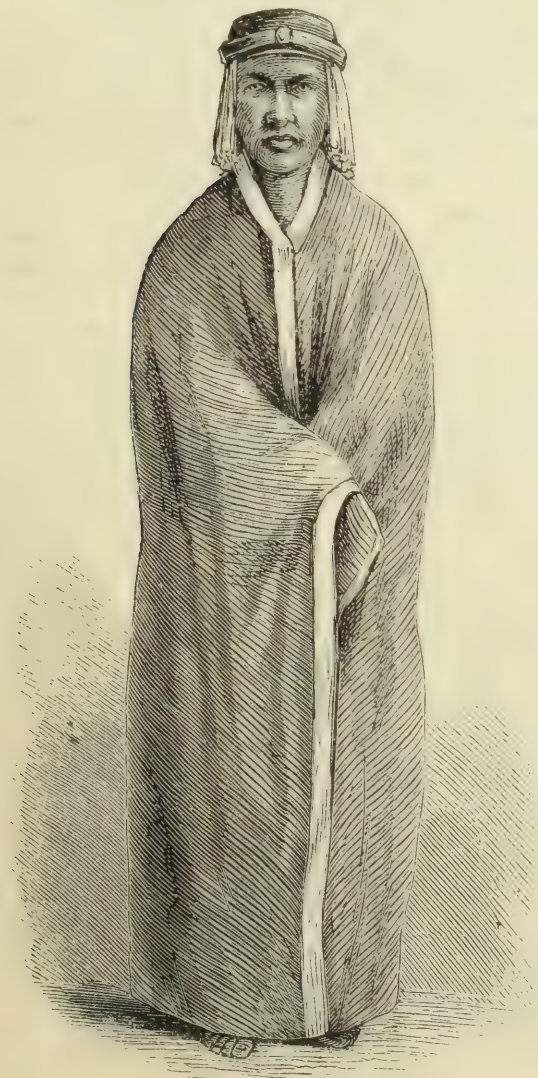
houses, in which a large quantity of dried fish and other provisions had been collected, and, from appearances, the fort must have contained at least eight hundred male inhabitants, who had abandoned it because they were short of ammunition.

This incident shows the warlike nature of these Indians sixty years ago, and they have not changed since. They have several times attacked the fort established by Lisiansky, even as late as 1855.

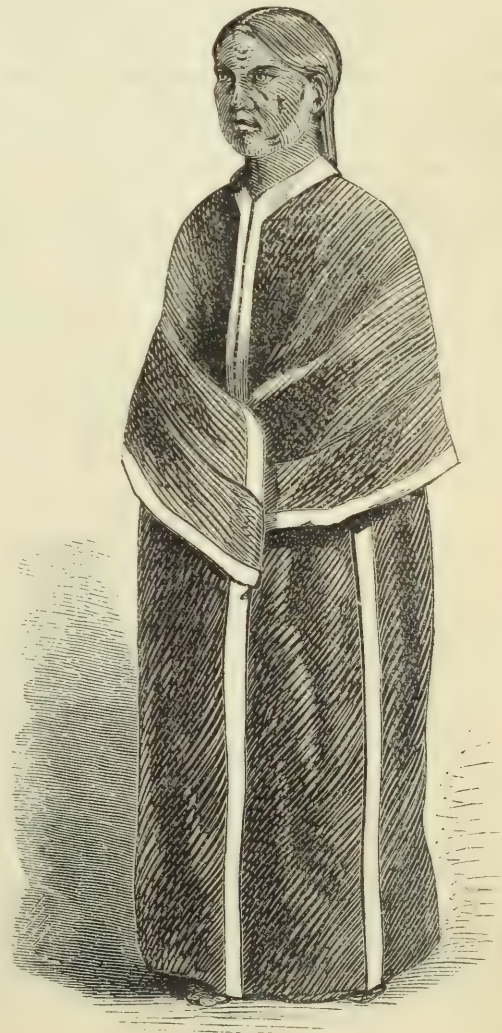
The Hudson Bay Company had a lease from the Russian Company of the coast as far north as Mount St. Elias, and established two trading posts among the Koloschians; but they found them so troublesome that they were glad to withdraw, and afterward traded along the coast with a steamer, which was sent up at certain seasons, and whose trading was always protected with boarding netting. These Indians seldom visit Vancouver Island and Puget's Island without carrying back with them the head of a white man. On one occasion, some years ago, they cut off the head of Mr. Ebey, an ex-collector of Puget's Island. From what we have learned there can be no doubt but that these Koloschians are better able to resist the whites

than any Indians on the continent have ever been.

The Kinaians, who live beyond Mount St. Elias, on Cook's Inlet, have been to a considerable extent subjected to the Russians. On the day after discovering Mount St. Elias Behring sent a boat ashore to reconnoitre. They found at an island some empty huts which the inhabitants of the continent used for fishing. These huts were formed of smooth boards, some of which were curiously carved. In the huts he found a small box made of poplar; a hollow earthen ball, in which were a stone rattled like a toy for children, and a whetstone, on which it appeared that copper knives had been sharpened. He found a cellar, and in it a store of red salmon. There lay in it also ropes and all kinds of household furniture, including a wooden instrument for procuring fire, which is thus described: "A board with a hole in it and a stick, the one end of which is put into the holes and the other turned about swiftly between the hands till the wood within the holes begins to burn; then there is tinder ready, to which catches the fire and communicates it farther." These Indians are very peaceful, and are skillful fishers and hunters.



MALE OOSTUME.



FEMALE OOSTUME.

The Kodiaks are physically somewhat like the Koloschians. The engraving of the Kodiak man is from Captain Billings's report, and was taken in 1790. They dress in skin frocks fastened around the waist with a girdle. Their heads are covered with a cap made of the skin of sea-birds, or with a hat platted of the fine roots of trees. Both the women and the men have, to a great extent, given up the use of ornaments in the nose and lips. Their food in the summer consists of fish of various kinds; but they do not provide dried fish for the winter. On the arrival of the Russians they believed alike in good and bad spirits, but made their offerings to the last only, considering the first to be incapable of doing injury. Many of them in the year 1805, and more now, profess to be Christians of the Greek Church, but only from policy; and some of them, for the sake of getting a shirt or handkerchief, are baptized two or three times.

They dress the dead in their best apparel, and bury with the hunters their arrows and harpoons, and place the frame of their boat over them. Their boats (*baidarra*) are lightly constructed of wood fastened together with whale-bone, and covered over with seal-skins, the seams of which are so well sewed that not a drop of water can get through. They carry one, two, or three persons. The hatchway-cloths are fastened tightly under the arms of the rower, and no water gets into the boat. The large leathern boats which the Kodiaks formerly used, and which would carry seventy persons, were taken from them by the Russians. Their houses are very much like those of the Koloschians.

The engravings representing a man and a woman of Unalaska, as seen by Captain Billings, make it unnecessary to describe the Aleutians particularly. The dresses are of skins, and the man's helmet is of wood. Their instruments and utensils are all made with amazing beauty and the exactest symmetry.

They use needles made of the wing-bone of

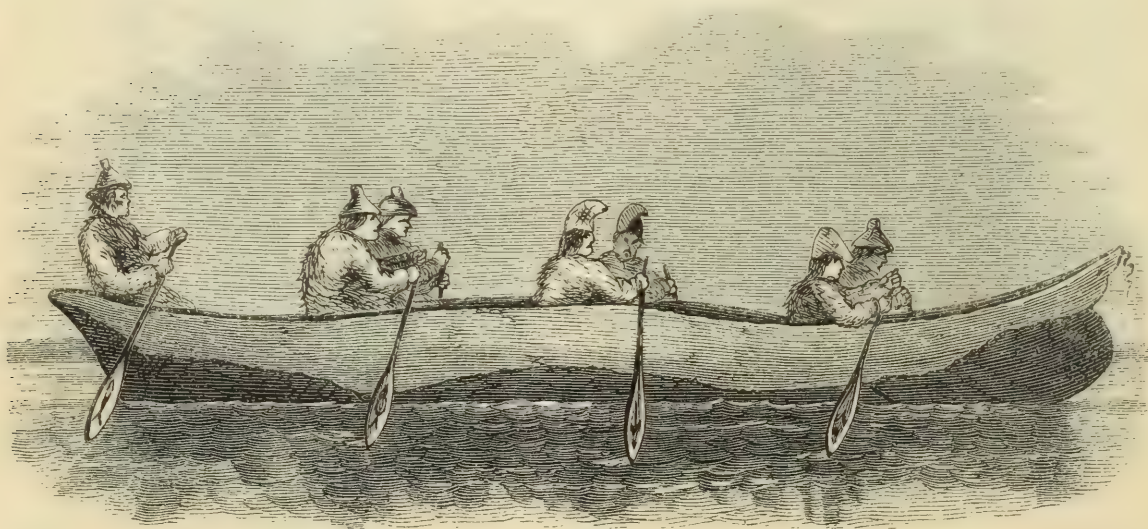
the gull, and thread made of the sinews of the seal, of all sizes, from the fineness of a hair to the strength of a moderate cord.

They have darts particularly adapted for killing animals, birds, and seals. Their boats are described as infinitely superior to those of any other Esquimaux. Captain Billings says: "If perfect symmetry, smoothness, and proportion constitute beauty, they are beautiful to me. They appear so beyond any thing that I ever beheld." They are transparent as oil-paper, about eighteen feet long, and can be carried with one hand even when sodden with water. They row them in smooth water about ten miles an hour, and keep the sea in a gale of wind, going into the breakers until the waters reach their breast. The paddles are double, and about seven or eight feet long.

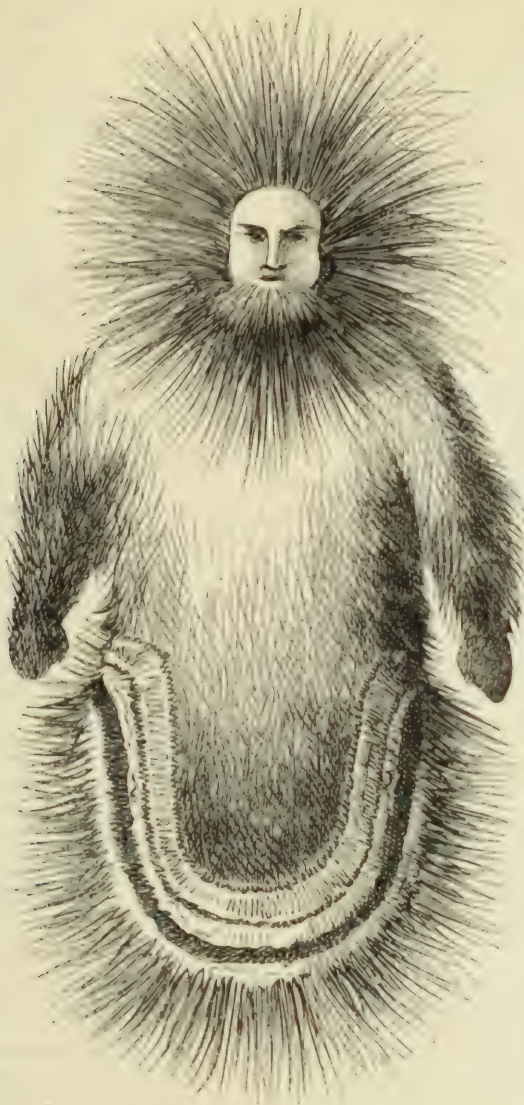
The women are very skillful with the needle. In winter they warm their houses—which are very much like those of the Kodiaks—with hot stones. In summer they enjoy a hot bath, which they take by throwing water upon the heated stones. They obtain fire by striking a spark with a flint on native sulphur sprinkled on straw. Their dead they embalm and bury in boxes.

Of the Esquimaux who live along the coast little need be said, except that they are very much like the Aleutians. They are very fond of trade, and always have been traders. They trade with the Indians of the interior, with the Russian American Company, with the whalers who touch on the coast, and even cross Behring Strait in winter and summer, by way of Behring Island, and trade with the Esquimaux and Tchuktchi on the other side, and have even penetrated for a considerable distance into the interior. Being so anxious for trade they are peaceful, and give no trouble to the Company. They use dogs to carry their furs on the ice and snow instead of reindeer.

The character of the inhabitants of the Aleutian Islands and of Kodiak have changed somewhat, partly owing to the influence of the Rus-



KODIAK BAIDARRA.



ESQUIMAUX DOLL.

sians upon them directly, and partly owing to the number of mixed breeds, or "Creoles," among them at the present time. In regard to the present state of their islands, perhaps we can not do better than to translate from the German review of Captain Golowin's account of his visit to the Russian colonies on the Northwest coast of North America in 1860. The expedition was sent out by the Russian Government to ascertain the condition of the colonies, which were thought to be injured by the influence of the Russian American Company:

"The 'Creoles' are generally the children of Russian men and Aleutian women, sometimes of Russians and Koloschian women, and less often of native men and Russian women. The children of Creoles remain Creoles. They form a peculiar caste, which enjoys a complete independence, and knows no duty or tax. The allowing them these privileges was designed to increase the colonization of the land, which it has already done, and the number of the Creoles increases every year, and already forms a sixth part of the population. It can be safely asserted that in ten years the Creoles will be the reigning race in the colonies, and the Aleutians, whose number is already diminished, will be altogether dispossessed. But it is not enough to populate the land; the population must also avail something for the development of industry—must contribute to the enriching of the country, which the Cre-

oles hitherto have not done, and, if they remain in their present state, will hardly do in the future.

"The blood of the mother appears in the children in a certain wildness, carelessness, and indolence. Likewise all the Creoles are exceedingly proud-spirited and sensitive. They have, besides, generally a good disposition and considerable talent for mechanical employments. They are for the most part well-built and good-looking, especially in the second and third generation. But the wild life which they begin to lead at a very early age has a destructive influence upon their constitution, and when about thirty or thirty-five years of age they nearly all suffer from consumption, which often carries them off, so that only a few Creoles reach old age. Intoxicating liquors are particularly destructive to them.

"The Russians who live in the colonies have not forgotten the illegitimate origin of the Creoles. They are proofs of the faithlessness of the Creole woman and of the indifference with which she is regarded by her husband, who for the most part is ready to sell her to the first man for a glass of rum. Therefore they look upon the Creoles with utter contempt, while they use the word 'Creole' as a term of reproach; even the Aleutians do not regard the Creoles, who, as they say, are no better than Aleutians—or rather, they are the very worst Aleutians, since they are the children of the worst of the women.

"The spited nature of the Creoles is so affected by this feeling of contempt toward them, that they themselves are ashamed to be called Creoles; and although they do not love the Russians, they first approach them and feel their superiority. They consider themselves as the rightful possessors of the land, and would gladly play the first part, while they are looked down upon by the Russians and compelled to come under their influence. This is the natural result of their separation as a caste, and so long as that continues no law of the Company will change any thing.

"Sometimes among the Creoles quite respectable people are found, but they are the exceptions. Even education does not always work well upon their wild natures. Many Creoles have at the cost of the Company received a good education. Some have attained the rank of under-officers, others are captains of vessels, or clothed with various offices in the colony, but of only a few of these can favorable mention be made. Under a strong oversight they behave themselves very well, but left to themselves they give way to their native inclinations and become miserable drunkards.

"The Creoles on Atcka, Unalaska, and Behring Island busy themselves with the hunting of the sea-otter, and there are among them very shrewd and active fur-traders. On the other hand those who live on Sitka and the islands of Kodiak consider it as beneath them to go with the Aleutians on the hunt. Some go whaling, others raise cattle and plant their gardens, or they build small boats, saw boards, and catch wild animals in traps.

"As far as raising cattle goes it is with many of them only a pretense for a speculation. They buy of the Company a cow of the nominal price of 40 rubles, sell her again for 60, 70, or 80 rubles, and return to the Company asking for another, because the first one has been devoured by bears, or has fallen from a cliff and has perished. The gardens are in any thing but a flourishing condition; of any thing more than gardens there is nothing.

"In short, the Creoles bring neither profit to the land nor to the Company, and even ruin themselves.

"To be sure, says Mr. Golowin, Aleutians have been brought to Christianity. They attend church very diligently, and carefully perform all religious ceremonies; but they hardly have a proper understanding of the excellency of the Christian religion; and persons who know them well, declare that to-morrow they would be just as zealous Mohammedans if their superiors ordered it."

Of the mineral wealth of this country it is not possible to write much, for the policy of the Russian Government has been such that they

have not only not penetrated into the interior, but have not made any satisfactory examination of the coast with a view of finding out whether it was rich in minerals. Mr. Golowin says:

"The mineral has its prizes scattered all about, which, unfortunately, are but little sought for, although of their existence there can be no doubt. Coal is everywhere at hand in greater or less quantities; particularly along the Kenaian Bay do the coal veins appear for a considerable distance, and extend into the interior. Even with the superficial explorations that have been made at various points, granite, basalt, many kinds of clay, red chalk, ochre, various coloring stuffs, sulphur, etc., have been found. On the River Mjeduojä (*i. e.*, Copper River) large pieces of native copper have been uncovered, and on the Kenaian Bay there are undoubted traces of gold."

Speaking of an expedition made by the Russians in 1848, he says: "The result of this was the development of coal in the Kenaian Bay which has since been developed by the Company, and not only is used in burning material in their steamers, but is also an article of commerce to California. Generally, however, the exploration was carried on without plan or system, and can only be regarded as very incomplete. Also on the peninsula of Alaska, on the islands of Unga, and on the islands of the Kološčians' coast, traces of coal have been observed; but the explorations made on this region were too superficial, and the knowledge of those intrusted with the matter too slight, to allow us to speak positively in regard to any thing further."

The quality of all the coal that has been yet discovered on the Pacific side of North America is inferior to that of the Atlantic side—most of it is tertiary coal. There is some of this coal in California, but it is not mined to a very great extent, as labor is very high, and the coal is only fit for household purposes. At Vancouver Island the coal is better, and a considerable quantity is exported to San Francisco.

If, as appears from Mr. Golowin, coal has been exported from the Kenaian Bay to San Francisco, it is probably a better coal than that from Vancouver Island. If it was profitable to transport this coal when the country belonged to Russia, certainly it will be now when the duty of \$1 50 per ton is removed. Let our citizens see that we import no more coal from Vancouver Island while we have it within our territory at Kenai Bay. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company carry the coal which they use for their steamers from the Atlantic side round Cape Horn. Perhaps these new mines may give them what they want nearer home.

In regard to the existence of copper, there can be no doubt. The Indians possess various dishes, plates, etc., which have been made from the pure metal. When the early voyagers first saw them they found them eager to trade for iron, but they had no desire for copper, of which they had sufficient. Iron has also been found at Sitka, and a gentleman who has been there within a year says that he has seen a blacksmith repairing the machinery of a steamer with iron

which he had extracted from the ore of that island. Let some of our citizens, with their eyes for mineral wealth, visit this country, and it is not improbable that it will be found to supply to the Pacific coast what it needs—abundance of iron and coal; and will add those mines of gold and silver which are already the wonder of the world.

The fish of this country are most abundant. The natives live on them. Every voyager speaks of the halibut as large and abundant. The cod fishery along its coast is carried on by vessels from San Francisco. It was begun some six years ago by a native of Massachusetts, who had often fished on the banks of Newfoundland. His first voyage was with a single vessel, and now some dozen vessels sail each spring from San Francisco to fish for cod. The cod banks are said to extend along the shore south of Kodiak, and the fish are very large and abundant. There are also banks which have been fished over on the Asiatic coasts. At present the population of the Pacific coast do not consume a great quantity of salt fish, but if the supply is increased the demand will increase.

The whaling ground is mostly above Behring Strait in the Arctic Ocean, though whales abound above the Aleutian Islands. The whalers winter at the Sandwich Islands, and pass up through the Strait in the early spring, returning in the fall. By the treaty of 1825, between the United States and Russia, it was agreed

"That in any part of the great ocean, commonly called the Pacific Ocean, or South Sea, the respective citizens or subjects of the high contracting powers shall be neither disturbed nor restrained, either in navigation or in fishing, or in the power of resorting to the coasts upon points which may not already have been occupied for the purpose of trading with the natives, saving always the restrictions and conditions determined by the following articles."

One of which provided that the citizens of the United States should not resort to any point where there was a Russian establishment without the permission of the governor or commander.

It might seem as if this treaty gave to the citizens of the United States all the facilities for fishing on the Russian coast which they require; but it did not. The Russian Governor construed this treaty in such a way that our vessels were not allowed to fish either for whales or codfish in certain parts of the coast where these fish abound, and the negotiations which brought about the recent treaty originated in the desire of the Pacific coast to have additional privileges for fishing.

The use of the harbor on the coast will not be of much advantage to our fishermen; for whalers do not frequent harbors and carry their supplies with them, neither would it be well for them to winter in them, for after a summer's whaling they require to be refitted, and the damp atmosphere of this climate is very unsuitable for tightening rigging.

The cod fishery can never be carried on successfully from this coast, for the fish must be car-

ried down the coast to Puget Sound or San Francisco before they can be dried, as there is too much rain on the coast and islands south of Alaska to dry the fish properly. Such is the statement made by our citizens who have been there. But, on the other hand, we have the statement that the Indians of this coast live to a great extent in the winter upon *dried* fish.

In the early history of the New England fisheries it was thought very important that our citizens should have a right to dry their fish upon the coast of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, but now they dry no fish there. And the cod fishermen of Marblehead, who fish on these banks, commonly make two voyages to the banks and bring their fish home to dry. As soon as the fish are caught they are split and salted in the hold of the vessel, and in this way brought home, where they are unloosed and dried while the vessel returns to the banks. In the same way the fishermen from San Francisco can make three trips each year.

Salmon are very abundant in all the rivers, and are more caught than the cod by the natives. There are also many salmon in the Sacramento and Columbia rivers, and probably the supply from these rivers is quite sufficient for the present population of the Pacific coast. The Hudson Bay Company formerly sent many salt salmon taken in the Columbia to the Sandwich Islands. But now that market has failed on account of the poverty of the natives, who were the chief consumers.

In regard to the herring of this coast it need only be said that the natives catch them by means of nails driven into a pole, and each nail brings out a herring. A friend who does not tell fish stories, says he has seen them in such schools that he could not row his boat through them. Lapcepede regards the herring as "*une de ces productions dont l'emploi décide de la destinée des empires*;" and the great Cuvier has recorded that the government of all nations possessed of any sea-coast where that fish is known has given special attention and encouragement to its capture, regarding such occupation as the finest nursery for the formation of robust men, intrepid sailors, and skillful navigators, and so of the highest consequence toward the attainment of maritime greatness.

Up to the present time furs have been the chief product of this country, and all the occupation that has ever been made upon it has been made by the Russian American Company, which was vested with the exclusive right to trade with the natives for furs. This Company has some fifteen or twenty different trading-posts, of which New Archangel, Kodiak, St. Michaels, and Unalaska are the chief. At these posts they not only buy what furs are brought to them, but the natives, especially the Aleutians, are hired as servants, and employed as hunters under the direction of an officer of the Company.

In the early history of this Company furs were more easily obtained than now, but for the last twenty years the supply has been very

constant. Sir George Simpson gives the following as the Company's receipts for 1841: 10,000 fur seals, 1000 sea-otters, 12,000 beavers, 2500 land-otters, 20,000 sea-horse teeth.

Since 1841 the Company have established posts in the interior and obtain a greater variety of skins. The following table shows the value of the various skins at New Archangel during the last year:

Sea-otter.....	\$50 00
Marten (American sable).....	4 00
Beaver.....	2 50
Bear.....	4 50
Black fox.....	50 00
Silver fox.....	40 00
Cross fox.....	25 00
Red fox.....	2 00

The Hudson Bay Company have a post in this territory, which is situated near where the Youkon flows into the Kwickpak, and is called Fort Youkon. The Company find this one of the most profitable of their posts, and have not had any difficulty with the Russian Company in regard to its occupation; for although it is beyond the boundary line, yet it is so far in the interior that it does not to any considerable extent interfere with the trade on the coast.

The chief market for the furs obtained by the Russian Company is China, where they exchange them for teas. The furs from Fort Youkon are packed across the continent to York Factory on Hudson Bay, and from there sent to London, where they are sold to be scattered over the world.

If these Companies can find it profitable to establish trading-posts whose supplies they must bring across continents, and whose products must return the same way, certainly we can carry on the same trade from San Francisco, which is within ten days' sail by steam of the mouth of the Kwickpak. The Government will not probably grant a monopoly of this trade, and it will be left free to all. The effect of this will be that, for a few years, the number of furs obtained will be largely increased; but that afterward the supply will be considerably diminished, on account of the indiscriminate killing of all fur-bearing animals—old and young, male and female. Chartered companies, where they have had the exclusive control, have in various ways prevented the killing of the female and young animals, and so the prices have not been brought down, nor has the number of fur-bearing animals diminished. But when the trade shall be open to all, the Indians will kill every thing which they can sell to traders, who will be anxious to buy whatever they can sell at a profit, without regard to the future supply.

It does not appear that the Russian Company have been so successful in the management of the fur-trade as the Hudson Bay Company have been, and considerable complaint has been made in Russia in regard to their management. But this complaint does not seem to be so much that the Company has not managed its own interests well, as that it has done little or nothing to improve the country, and to make

it valuable to Russia. The Russian Company has been under the protection of the Emperor, and some of its officers have been appointed from the army and navy, with the agreement that their years of service in the Company shall count as years of service in the army or navy. Many of its servants are also from the army; but while connected with the Company they wear no uniform, though from previous service they are ready to resist any attack from the natives.

We have now seen that our new territory is large; has a great extent of sea-coast; is not very cold in winter, nor very warm in summer; is populated by Indians who are fierce and warlike, and by Esquimaux who are peaceful and already subjected; is already known to be rich in certain minerals, and is probably rich in others; is capable of producing various grains in the south; and can at once be made of value by its coal, its ice, its fish, its timber, and its furs.

Two questions remain to be considered: "Has the United States acquired a territory free and unincumbered?" and, "What is the best way to govern their purchase?"

We have seen it intimated in some quarters that the United States has acquired this territory, subject to certain rights of Great Britain; but we think such is not the case. By the treaty of 1825 between Russia and Great Britain it was agreed that British vessels should forever enjoy the right of navigating freely, and without any hindrance whatever, all the rivers and streams which, in their course toward the Pacific Ocean, cross the line of demarkation between the two countries. The principal rivers which were included in this agreement are the Youkon or Kwickpak and the Stichin. The Youkon rises near the centre of British America, from which point it runs northerly till it joins the Kwickpak. The Stichin rises in British Columbia, and empties into the Pacific in about $55^{\circ} 30'$ north latitude. The navigation of the Youkon has not yet become valuable to Great Britain; but she already uses the Stichin to a considerable extent to reach gold mines which have been discovered near its source.

There appeared in a newspaper, published at Victoria, Vancouver's Island, some few years ago, an article which declared that England must have the mouth of the Stichin for her own, and that the simple right to navigate this river was not enough; for she could not suffer a Russian town to grow up at its mouth, which town would owe all its importance to the trade of the interior. The article is a very violent one, and sets forth clearly the value of the mouth of this river, and even advocates the taking forcible possession of it. The mouth of this river now belongs to the United States, and Great Britain will hardly take it by force. But another question arises: Has England still the right to navigate it freely?

The treaty of 1825 was continued by the

treaty of 1843; and when, as that treaty had been abrogated by the war, it became necessary in 1859 to make a new treaty—the treaty of 1825 was again continued. The treaty of 1859 provided, in regard to its own continuance, that it should remain in force for ten years from the date of the exchange of ratification; and further, until the expiration of twelve months after either of the high contracting parties shall have given notice to the other of its intention to terminate the same, each of the high contracting parties reserving to itself the right of giving such notice to the other at the expiration of the first nine years, or at any time afterward.

Have we now become parties to the treaty of 1825? or, in other words, Does the right which Russia gave to England of navigating certain rivers run with the land?—The better opinion is that it does not.

It must be noticed that even the parties to the treaty of 1825 did not consider that it was to be perpetual; for by the treaty of 1843 they expressly continued it. That "forever" with them meant "until restricted" is also shown by the fact that this treaty was embodied in the treaty of 1859, which is terminable on notice. The right to navigate these rivers was then by the parties themselves considered to be only a personal right, and one which did not necessarily continue even if the ownership did not change. This right of free navigation was a mere license given for no consideration, which expired with the change of ownership. If it was given for consideration we are not bound to grant it, for we bought land which, in the treaty, is declared to be free and unincumbered, and Russia must see that it is so. But if it is considered that we are subrogated to the rights of Russia as existing under the treaty of 1825, it must be further held that we are subrogated to those rights as modified by the treaty of 1859, which would permit us to give notice to Great Britain in January next that, after a year from that date, English vessels can no longer enjoy the free navigation of the Youkon and Stichin.

Let it not be supposed that we are urging that the United States should not allow British vessels to navigate these rivers as they now do; we only mean to be understood as saying that, if we do allow this, we allow as a favor what we have a right to prevent; for we have acquired the possession of lands free and unincumbered.

The question of the best method of governing this colony is not an easy one. At the present time it has no population which can be made to feel and appreciate the peculiar advantages of our government. The laws which are to govern it must be made by Congress, or else the whole matter must be intrusted to a Governor, or to a Governor and Council, who must have regard not only to the present but to the future condition of the country.

When Mr. Golowin made his report he

thought that certain changes should be made by Russia in the government. He thought it best that the Governor should be appointed by the Crown from candidates offered by the Company, and that the Company should have the power of demanding his removal if they could show that his continuance in office would be injurious to the colony; that his powers should be limited by fixed laws, but he should be subject to the Crown alone, to whom he should make his report; that the officers appointed under him should report to him, and in no case should they use harsh measures against the natives or colonists; that the Governor should inspect the various posts each year, and should protect himself and the colonists from any attack, for which purpose he would need only the cruisers employed by the Company; that the colonists—in which number he includes the Creoles—should be governed by rulers of their own selection; that the natives who are subjected, as the Aleutians, should continue to be governed by their own officers, and enjoy the right of ownership in all lands occupied by them, and all disputes among them should, in the first instance, be settled by their own magistrates, and only referred to the Governor upon the request of the parties; that missions and schools should be encouraged, and more attention should be paid to the development of the mines and to agriculture.

Mr. Golowin desired that the people should govern themselves as much as possible; and he seems to think that they are able to do so with the supervision of a Governor. Let us act on his hints. At first we shall find more difficulty in governing them than the Russians have experienced; for neither Russian, Creoles, nor natives will be able to speak or understand our language. It seems best that they should have some part in the government; and no better mode seems to present itself than that some of them should be appointed by the Governor, who, with others—in all not more than ten—should constitute a Council to the Governor. Let the Governor and Secretary be appointed at Washington. Let them both be men who from their own experience are acquainted with the various methods of managing Indians.

It may be well at first to send one or two companies of infantry with them, which, if not actually needed, will serve to impress upon the natives the power of the United States. An armed vessel should also be ordered to cruise along the coast for the same purpose, which can be used in case of necessity to destroy the villages of the Koloschians who live along the shore, and who are the only Indians who will give trouble.

Many people think that the United States have bought what is of no value; and if we have in this sketch done any thing to show that this territory is a valuable acquisition we are satisfied. We have not spoken of the political advantages of this territory, for those are apparent.

Edward Winslow, in his narrative of the
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"True Grounds and Causes of the First Planting of New England," relates an interview between James I. and the agents of the Puritans who went over to England from Leyden in 1616 to solicit his consent to their going to America. The King asked them, "What profit might arise?" They answered, "Fishing." The Puritans came to this continent and landed when the season was more severe than the winter on a great part of the coast of Russian America, and where the mean temperature is nearly the same. They came for fishing; and what have not their descendants gained thereby? We have bought territory whose harbors and bays are new fishing grounds; and what may we not expect in two hundred years?

THE TRULY RURAL.

"**G**OD made the country and man made the town," I had remarked, settling myself back in my chair with the air of a man who advances a proposition which can not be disputed.

"Stuff!" said Taximagulas, with a vigorous pull at his cigar.

It was a late hour of an early day in June, and we were dining, Taximagulas and myself. The café was one of those comfortable ones where women never come and smoking is allowed. In consequence a freedom of manners and a generally negligent air obtain, the only drawback about it all being that your *vis-à-vis* at dinner, stranger though he be, is permitted to put his feet up on the table, and you have no right to remonstrate so long as he actually does not plant the leather on your plate. Taximagulas dines there because he hates conventionalities; I because of its cheapness. On this occasion the waiter had just brought cigars, and in their mellow light we were discussing the best plan of reconstruction. The theme being somewhat worn, and stale, conversation flagged for the moment, and I, by way of instilling freshness and vigor into it, ventured the remark above quoted. Let me premise that Taximagulas hated the smell of clover.

"Besides," continued that philosopher, blowing a great cloud of smoke out from between his beard, and giving a vicious after-puff which sent it whirling and spinning in scattered spirals to the ceiling, "the idea is not original. I've heard the remark before. It's Pope's."

"Pope's or Pagan's," I made answer, "deny it you can not. Its feet take hold on the eternal fastnesses of truth. God made the country."

"If he did he made it for countrymen," growled Taximagulas, biting the nether end of his Portaga so savagely that the sparks flew from the lighted one in a meteoric shower. "But what does that prove after all?"

"It proves that God made the country," I modestly replied. In our discussions I always confine myself to the plainest possible propositions.

"But as an argument for the superiority of the country it proves nothing," rejoined Taximagulas. "The same thing may be said of fish and chowder, but for all that who eats tomcods uncooked? God made potatoes, too, and man made pots—but we eat the vegetable boiled and give God praise. The raw material furnished, all else is left to our own ingenuity and common-sense. God made the country, true, but he made it to make towns of—and made man to make 'em."

It was an unusually long speech for Taximagulas, who is all unaccustomed to sustained efforts, and he fell back in his chair, breathless and exhausted. "I am dry," he said, raising the pewter to his lips. And the argument was ended.

I always had a passion for the truly rural, and for nearly a week had been trying to imbue Taximagulas with a kindred feeling. As well shake a bag of fresh oats or a wisp of new-mown hay under the nose of one of those monumental horses which adorn the public squares. "Think of the pretty girls," I urged.

"Just as pretty in the city, and more of them."

"But the innocence of the country girls, their beautiful simplicity, their—"

"Oh yes, I have room for it all in the corner of this eye," and he winked horribly with his red left. "The only difference between country girls and city girls is that country girls don't dress as well, and have big feet—the natural result of going barefoot when young."

The temptation was strong upon me to hurl a plate at the head of the speaker, for to me early traditions are sacred; I only refrained because I knew that it would be put down in the bill, and that he would object to dividing the cost. "But the honesty of the country people," said I, mildly, "will be a pleasant relief after the cheating and chicanery of the city."

"Try some bumpkin on a horse-trade, or go round the country trying to buy up eggs and butter on speculation."

"You have said it," I eagerly cried; "the eggs! the butter! the milk! the country living! What do you say to that?"

"Simply that it is all of a piece with your mermaids and milkmaids," was the rejoinder. "If you want good eggs and butter while you're up there, you'd better leave an order at a corner grocery here; the best of every thing is shipped to the city. And be sure to leave word at one of our markets to have fresh vegetables sent to you regularly; they are wholesome in the spring of the year, and you'll miss them sadly up there in the country."

I sighed. "Taximagulas, you are indeed incorrigible, but I am loth to leave you inhaling the poisonous gases of the city, while I am breathing the pure fresh air which has been filtered through fragrant ferns and flowers, drinking in the ambrosia which distills from clover-blossoms in the early morning, bathing in the luxurious dews which—"

"—will give you the rheumatism, and land you in a premature grave if you stir out before the sun has dried the grasses," interrupted the scoffer. "Do you know, my dear boy, that I consider you a very promising candidate for a lunatic asylum or the poet's corner of some bucolic weekly. Talk of gases and smells! In the country they let carrion lie till removed by the crows; here we have scavengers and chiffonniers. I have counted nineteen distinct and differently bad smells while walking through a garden where honey-suckle and sweet-pea were specially cultivated. And as to the breath of the meadows: did ever you walk across a meadow without encountering on the air the rather peculiar bouquet of the pole-c—?"

"Touch not the poles; avoid extremes," I cried.

"It is precisely an avoidance of extremes which I am urging on you," returned the Imperturbable. "In this matter of town and country it is strange to me that people can not occupy a middle ground. Human nature is the same in both, and both have their conveniences and their inconveniences. In the city your eyes are blown full of dust, and in the country you get bugs in your ear. In the city your Sundays are noisy, but in the country you get uncomfortable pews and bad preaching. The sweet-butter business does well enough in poetry, but it signally fails in practice; pastorals are pleasant in their place, but from pastures deliver me. I have no desire to browse. Even were I a horse I'd quite as lief live in the city, for the city horse is generally less worked and better taken care of than the country brute. But I am dry." And again the flagon visited his lips.

I bowed my head meekly and feigned acquiescence. For what use to argue with a man who took the floor in that fashion, talked till he was thirsty, and then drank all the beer? But that night I packed my traveling trunk, nailed a card upon the door stating that I had gone to the country and would not be back for months, and prepared to turn my back on the city.

Taximagulas kindly turned out an hour before his usual time next morning to see me off, and promised to forward letters for me to the North Pole, if I extended my journey so far. He even went with me to the dépôt. "Good-by, old fellow," said I, wringing his hand; "may that good God who made the good country bless you, and give you good sense enough to appreciate it!"

But the train was starting; the last whistle was blown—and so was I, when, after elbowing and fiddling my way through the mass of persons not going, who always insist upon blocking the path of those who are, I at last managed to gain the platform of a car.

"Good-by!" shouted Taximagulas after me; "if I hear of a cold spell up your way I'll ship you a wax nose. You are sure to get yours frozen. And about those vegetables—"

But I was whirling away from the city at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

Railway traveling under no conditions is pleasant. The clang of the cars interferes with conversation, and cinders in the eye are not conducive to cheerfulness. Each passenger seems distrustful of his fellow, and pockets and lips are buttoned closely. Your neighbor looks at you as though he suspected you of a nefarious way of life, and you in turn wonder in your own mind whether he is going further than Sing Sing. Begrimed and dirty you lose your self-respect to a certain extent, expect to be spoken to roughly by the conductor, and are not so alive as usual to a resentment of impertinences. Boating is so much pleasanter that it surprises me that any one should travel by rail when he can reach the same destination by water; but the one word, *Hurry*, explains it all. Why can we not accept the Arabic maxim that "*Hurry is the Devil's*," and so consent to float quietly toward our graves instead of taking express trains? In this instance I traveled by rail because of my eagerness to leave the city behind me—my anxiety to embrace the Truly Rural. Consequently all stoppages were hateful to me, and the nasal announcement at irregular intervals of twenty minutes for refreshments fell upon my ears without kindling the slightest enthusiasm.

In due course of time the pleasant little village selected as the scene of my summering was reached. My friends had written in their note of invitation, "every thing is green up here;" and on stepping out of the station I found the statement confirmed to the letter, even in the window-blinds of the cottages. All nature was wearin' of the green, and I said in my soul, Ah, this is delightful; here is the Truly Rural at last!

Around the rural hearth that evening various plans of amusement were laid out to be carried into effect immediately. Boating, fishing, picnicking—the summer seemed all too short for the contemplated round of enjoyments.

"Are you fond of croquet?" asked the most charming of my cousins, glancing at me from out the corners of her great gray eyes.

Now if there was one thing in the world which I knew nothing at all about, that thing certainly was croquet. True, I had seen bright-colored balls and big wooden hammers in shop-windows, but here my acquaintance with the game ceased—if a thing may be said to cease before it has begun. For I had always confounded croquet with crochet, imagining it to be a species of feminine amusement, somewhat akin to knitting. However, divining that an answer in the affirmative would elevate me in my cousin's estimation, I replied that if I had a special weakness it was croquet.

"Oh, that is bully!" cried my cousin, clapping her little hands—girls with big eyes always have little hands—"won't we have fun!"

A game was arranged to come off the next morning, and my dreams that night were of croquet and cousins; but I wished, even in my sleep, that Minnie had not said "bully!" One would as soon have expected a bullet from a

rose-bud. "Jolly" would have conveyed the same idea much more pleasantly.

The next morning it rained—a cold, drizzling, wretched rain. "An excellent thing for the crops," said my uncle, as he sawed away at the steak at breakfast.

I bethought me of the poor hens, which I had seen from my window, their chignon-feathers all bedraggled, and the reflection occurred to me that the rain was a little too much for *their* crops. But I said nothing.

"Who cares for crops?" cried Minnie. "My mind was made up for a good game of croquet, and it's too bad, so it is. Farmers are always complaining about their crops and praying for rain. They'll bring another deluge on us some day—and then, perhaps, they'll be satisfied."

My aunt looked reprovingly at Minnie, but uncle sawed steadily on at his steak until all were helped. I confessed in my own mind that morning that country beef is scarcely equal to that which we get in the city. Remarking this fact to my uncle subsequently, he explained that the bucolic butcher rarely kills a "beef crittur" until its period of usefulness is passed, and neither milk nor work can be obtained from it.

All that day through it rained, and the next, and the next, and the next, until ten days were passed. Pleasant days they were, though, for I passed them all with Minnie. She was very pretty and very bright, and I soon found myself on the verge of falling in love with her. The only thing which restrained me was her perfect want of sentiment. Really I do not think she understood what the word meant; and I am certain that she did not appreciate poetry. One evening, while reading to her a little composition of my own, I paused at the line,

"With eyes all in soft languor swimming," and glanced over at her for comment.

"Do you like swimming?" she asked, turning suddenly from the window through which she had been watching the gambols of ducks—"you ought to see *me* strike out once!"

I blushed sensitively.

"Why, mamma, just look at Cousin Dick!" she shouted; "he is just as red as father's flannel night-cap!"

Indeed my face was crimson, and I was painfully embarrassed. In addition to being very little accustomed to the society of young ladies, I was becoming conscious of a tenderer feeling toward Minnie than I cared to acknowledge, and this made me more than commonly bashful and awkward.

"Never mind," she added, coming up to me and patting my cheek patronizingly with her plump little hand, "he sha'n't be teased, so he sha'n't, for, after all, his is a good fellow."

I shrank back nervously; what if she should call me a "bully boy," I thought—a "bully boy, with a glass eye?"

It was a positive relief to me when Minnie's little brother dashed into the room crying that

the cows had got upon the lawn, and were trampling and tearing the week's washing into shreds. Here was a capital chance to prove myself as useful as I had hitherto been ornamental, and I rushed to the rescue, seizing my uncle's cane which stood by the door.

"Shoo! Scat! Get out of this!" I yelled, plunging in among the cattle and flourishing the stick wildly. All obeyed with the exception of one old wretch possessed of a malignant eye and a crooked and crumpled horn. She charged upon me like a regiment of horse, and I only escaped impalement by throwing myself one side into my aunt's geranium-bed, breaking my uncle's cane, a present from the poor of the village, in my fall.

It by no means contributed to the pleasantness of the situation to see Minnie at the window, laughing and clapping her hands in a perfect ecstasy of mirth; nor was I at all sorry, subsequently, to learn that all her summer dresses that happened to be out bleaching might indeed be termed "gored" for the future, though my best shirts happened to be in the same predicament. I returned to the house in any thing but an amiable humor; had I been permitted my way there would certainly have been several quarters of excellent beef thrown suddenly on the market. My uncle said nothing in plain terms about the loss of his cane, but he very often referred to it indirectly, as having been one of the most treasured of his possessions, and of the value of my aunt's ruined geraniums I was frequently reminded by allusions to the rarity of certain specimens—there were none in the village *now*.

By-and-by the bad weather gave over, and we had a delicious season of croquet. Minnie and I generally played on the same side, but when the contrary happened to be the case we were very tender with each other. She rather sympathized with my mistakes, and I never croqueted her very far; once, when I "put a foot" for her, and she by accident struck it instead of the ball, causing a sharp ejaculation of pain and lameness for several days, I thought I detected a tear trembling under her long, dark lashes. Certainly there was a tenderer light in her eyes than shone there on my first coming, and we "did spoons" together after the most approved fashion. She was more subdued in conversation than formerly, and never called her father an "old duffer" without an apologetic look at my corner of the room, and it was generally voted in the village that the affair was as good as settled.

Strangely enough, in the same proportion that she seemed to grow tender I became hard and critical. Her manners suggested themselves as scarcely quite the thing. I began to think that her feet were big, though in the early part of our acquaintance I thought them so pretty and petit that I stole Herrick's couplet and passed it off as my own, comparing them to little mice—at which my aunt, who overheard the whisper, looked as though she smelt a rat. Above all I

wondered what Taximagulas would think of her, for I dreaded the frown of that cynic. Her slang would never do in the nursery, I thought, in the final summing up—think of her telling the babe at her breast to dry up! Besides, she does not know a word of French, and would appear shockingly awkward in polite society abroad. No, no, she will not do for a wife for me, and I clenched my teeth on that decision.

Thinking it my duty, under the circumstances, to make her aware of the true state of my feelings, I adopted a kind but distant manner toward her. Poor girl, said I to myself, she shall not have it to say that I have trifled with her affections, and I thought in my soul how base it was for young men to lead girls on with false hopes and by flattering attentions, merely for the pastime of the moment, and really with no serious end in view. Minnie noticed my altered manner, I think, and it grieved her, for several times I caught her casting inquiring glances at me. There was pity in my heart, and I tried to convey it in my return looks; but below all I must confess to a sweet feeling of satisfaction at discovering that I was potent to make an impression.

One evening, soon after the self-communion above-mentioned, we sat out on the veranda, and I explained the mysteries of an expected eclipse to an attentive audience of young ladies. "Don't you want to smoke and drive away the mosquitoes, Dick?" said Minnie (she had dropped the "cousin" by permission, if not by request, long before). "Let me get you a cigar?" And with her own hands she brought a cigar, even offering to light it with her own lips, but this I would not allow. It was plain to me that in igniting the Havana she hoped to kindle my heart, and why encourage my poor cousin in hopes and aspirations which could not be gratified! I detected in advance a scheme to get nearer to me under the shallow pretense of "liking smoke;" and so the result proved, for she came and seated herself by my side.

"Did you know that I'm going to Sturgeon Bend to-morrow to stay a week?" she at last asked; for I, true to my purpose, was silent.

"No," I quietly replied, "are you indeed going?"

"Yes, there's no help for it, it is a visit that must be made; these conventionalities will be the death of me yet; I'm always selected as the martyr to them. Are you very sorry that I'm going?" for I had made no expression of regret.

"Certainly I'm sorry," I said, "for I like you very much as a cousin. But life is made up of partings and regrets; we can not be always together, you know, and in any event I should soon return to the city."

"Oh don't, Dick! it will be very lonely when you are gone. Besides, we haven't had that drive round the bay yet. You'll not think of leaving us so soon, will you?" Her voice was quite tremulous.

"I scarcely think I shall leave before you return; but business may call me," I said.

"Business! that's what you men always say; what business have you fellows to have so much business?" she asked, with a laugh of simulated merriment; however, I detected a hollowness in its tone. Indeed she was right; I had no business in town; but it seemed to me that duty pointed the path, and, despite my passion for the *Truly Rural*, I did indeed contemplate a speedy return to the city.

Minnie left on an early train, and the next morning her seat at table was vacant. I missed her, but said nothing. The house seemed rather deserted after breakfast, but I consoled myself by thinking how lonely Minnie must feel without me. In the afternoon a croquet party came off. But somehow I took no interest in the game; it was immaterial to me which side lost or which won, and I made a wretched hand of it with my mallet. I missed every thing; really I do not believe that I could have caromed on a church. There was a little party in the evening. But every body seemed stupid; there was no spring in the floor of the dancing-room nor the conversation of the drawing-room, and I left at an early hour.

Next day it rained. I suddenly discovered discomforts and deprivations which before had passed unnoticed. The season had been so backward that strawberries did not ripen and peas did not get green enough to eat; they were scarcer and dearer than pearls, and to swallow one was an emulation of Cleopatra. There was nothing stirring in society but scandal. The only thing which transpired to break the monotony of things was a quarrel between the congregation and their pastor; this, unfortunately, did not get beyond words nor assume proportions sufficient to be interesting.

Life, in short, became dreary; the *Truly Rural* tedious—and I wrote to Taximagulas that I was having a splendid time, and he must come up and join me. He replied that it made him happy to hear that I was happy; it was an assurance to him that I was virtuous, and he hoped my happiness would continue to the end. But life, he said, was too brief to spend even the summer months away from the great centres of civilization, and he added a postscript about the wax nose, asking whether mine still survived the frosts which he heard were setting in up north, though it was only the middle of July.

About the same time that Taximagulas's letter arrived came one from Minnie to her mother, saying that she had been persuaded to stay another week, and giving her "love" in a postscript to "dear Cousin Dick."

It rather vexed me that no message of a more tender and private nature came to me, for all that I had so sternly resolved to nip my cousin's young affection in its bud; and I went to bed that night more out of conceit with my country life than ever. But I abandoned all thought of going before Minnie returned.

As the next best thing to do I telegraphed Taximagulas to join me at once. This time I flung a brown-hackle under his nose—availing

myself of his weak point. I told him that the streams were full of fish (and certainly there was every reason to suppose so, for I never knew of any being taken out). I told him not to lose a day, but to come at once. He replied by mail that the fishing at M'Comb's Dam was excellent, quite as good as he cared for; that he had been out there the preceding day and caught ten excellent eels, besides getting a nibble which he felt sure came from a bass. He advised me to hurry back and enjoy the sport.

Minnie still had not returned, and to crown all cold rains set in. Every day brought the same picture of dismal skies, mud—and no side-walks. Rain, rain, every day until a dry nurse could not have been found in the village, no matter what the emergency was. In despair I took to fishing. I hied me to the streams where trout were said to lurk—and did lurk so closely that I never saw the nose of one. Perhaps they were loth to come out in the rain through fear of wetting their spangled jackets. But though no fish rose at the flies on my hook, flies on their own hook rose in swarms at me—black-flies, sand-flies, horse-flies, shad-flies, gallinippers. Had I got as many fish as bites the market would have been overstocked.

Returning home in disgust I found Minnie taking off her traveling things. "Why were you not at the station for me, Muggins of the world, that you are?" was her first salutation.

I could have kissed her—I mean I would have if I could have. As it was I took both her hands in both of mine and told her how we'd missed her.

"That is right," she said, "that's the way to treat a cousin; what's the use of putting on as much dignity as though you were making a treaty with a copper-colored Indian chief!"

At this my old reserve came back. I can not marry the girl, I said to myself, and it is plain she has not recovered from her affection for me. I must discourage it.

But Minnie would not be discouraged; her spirits were exuberant—so boundlessly so that I became seriously alarmed; I thought she was deluding herself still more with false hopes, and resolved to end the matter at once. If she would persist in loving me I made up my mind to return to the city immediately, though the weather was now quite delightful—blackberries were coming into market, and we occasionally had a vegetable.

In this emergency I consulted a friend—an old friend from Boston, as to the propriety of telling Minnie the state of my feelings, and explaining as gently as possible that the present relationship of friends and cousins was the warmest that could ever exist between us.

"No, I hardly think I'd do that," he said, reflectively. "You are sure that your cousin is in love with you?"

I replied, sadly, in the affirmative.

"And you are wholly blameless—you really did not attempt to win her affections?"

"On the contrary I have discouraged them in every way that I could without being actually rude. One must be civil to one's relations, you know."

"Just my fix, old fellow," said Bob, seizing my hand; "we're in the same boat, only it isn't a case of cousin with me. There's a girl dead in love with me—real nice girl, too—got a farm. Now I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to marry her."

"But do you love her?"

"No matter whether I do or not so long as she's sweet on me. And you just marry Minnie. She's a real nice girl, isn't she?"

The idea of making a question of so plain a proposition provoked me. "She is *my* cousin, Sir," I said.

"Got a farm, too, I believe."

To relieve myself of any suspicion of mercenariness I explained that nothing grew on it, and that they even had to buy hay to feed the cows.

"That's because of the bad season. Now I'll tell you what to do. Marry Minnie."

"But I don't love her."

"You have made her think you do, and that is just the same—a little worse if any thing. All the village has been talking about you two; to quit now wouldn't be using the girl at all fairly. It doesn't matter whether it was your folly or your fault; you say she has become so fond of you as to exhibit her feelings noticeably, so there is only one thing you can do in honor. At least that's the way I look at it, and I mean to practice just as I preach. I shall come to the scratch this afternoon."

And before we parted I had agreed to come to the scratch too. Considering all my previous reluctance, it was indeed strange how easily I was persuaded. But example is all-powerful.

Going home I found Minnie in the swing, under the apple-trees. "Always around when you're wanted, never when you're not," she cried; "you're a jewel of a Dick, and oh, *what* a husband you'll make! Come, swing me."

I swung her until the shadows of the trees lengthened along the lawn and the stars were swinging in the sky, all regardless of the teabell, but somehow I felt reluctant to approach the subject. Her meeting me half-way made me half resolve to go back.

I did a little better later in the evening, when we sat under the harvest-moon, trying to count the stars. The moon is better for complexions than either daylight or candle-light, and Minnie was so bright and so pretty that I renewed my resolve to sacrifice myself to her happiness.

"Minnie," I said, "I have something to say to you."

"Well, why don't you say it then? Have you got a new conundrum?" she asked.

I did not half like this beginning, and felt slightly angry at her. She ought to have divined what was coming, for I had led the conversation quite skillfully up to the point it was intended to reach. A tremor in her voice would

have steadied me, but her coolness had the contrary effect. The business had become awkward, but determined to finish it I blundered on, taking her hand, after the style of declaration set forth in all novels:

"Minnie, I never can think as much of you as you do of me—I mean, Minnie, you can never think as much of me as I do of myself—I mean—I mean—don't you want to be my little wife?"

"Why, Cousin Dick!" she cried, springing from her seat in astonishment, and oversetting the last of my aunt's geraniums, "are you crazy, or are you in fun, or what? I see"—after glancing at my crimsoned face—"you've been down to the village all the afternoon drinking cocktails with that horrid Boston friend of yours—I hate him—and you're tight—your nose is as red as fire."

"Hear me, Minnie," I began, but she cut me off with, "No, I'd rather hear you sing 'Hear me, Norma.' Don't be foolish, Dick; you're only my cousin, you know, besides, I'm—I'm—"

"I see," said I, a sudden pang of jealousy darting through my breast, "you love some one else." With that sharp pain came a sudden revelation; I found that I loved Minnie, had loved her from the first, and could never be happy with another. Strange that the discovery of all this should be simultaneous with ascertaining that she was beyond my reach.

"Yes, Dick," she went on, pityingly (it was her turn then), "I am engaged. Indeed I didn't know any thing about all this. One time I thought you were a little spooney on me, but you seemed to get over it mighty soon. And when I went off to Sturgeon Bend I thought you positively disliked me."

"May I inquire if the happy man who is to enjoy the honor of becoming my cousin lives at Sturgeon Bend?" I asked, biting my lips in ill-concealed vexation.

"You certainly have no right to ask in that way, Dick, but I'll answer you nevertheless. No, he does not live there; he lives in New York, but came up on a visit to his sister, who is married—it was in her family that I visited—his name is Henry Sheldon."

"Old Taximagulas, by all that is holy!" I shouted, forgetting my disappointment in my astonishment. Minnie bounded into the house like a sky-rocket, imagining that I had gone clean crazy. I was not sorry, for the conversation just ended was not of that cheerful character which one cares to prolong beyond reasonable limits.

All was explained now. Minnie was one of the eels that Taximagulas wrote he had been bobbing for. Or was she the hypothetical bass of the glorious nibble? I who was wondering how Taximagulas would like Minnie for my wife, had it made plain to me how he would like her for his. And they met and loved, and Minnie was wooed and won at Sturgeon Bend. Shades of Venus, what a name for Cupid's Bower! The flying-fish might nestle there ap-

appropriately enough, but not the nightingale nor the turtle. The eternal fitness of things seemed strangely disregarded, nor were the unities preserved. I suddenly remembered how Taximagulas had dolefully hinted that he had a visit of duty to pay, and would probably have to spend a few days in the country during my absence. And here was I, who had pitied poor Minnie for being all adrift in her love of me, at sea myself in an open boat, with not even a hope to steer by. The laurel crown I had so patronizingly consented to wear was suddenly transformed to a wreath of willow. The situation would have been funny had I not been so immediately interested, but there are very few who feel like whistling at their own funerals. I essayed to whistle "My bark is on the sea" as I took my candle and groped my way to bed; but could any one have looked into my heart and seen its bitterness he would have thought that it was indeed Peruvian bark.

Next morning I went down to the village and found a letter which necessitated my immediate return to the city. Delay, even of a day, would be disastrous to all my prospects in life, I explained to my friends. And I met Bob. He had a surprised and bewildered look on his face, and a small carpet sack in his hand.

"Halloo! where are you going?" I hailed.

"Boston!" He bit the word off viciously and short.

"How did you come out yesterday?" I asked.

"Got the mitten, by thunder! Girl said I was after that potato-patch of hers; wouldn't believe that I did it all because I thought it was the correct thing, and wanted to save her from being a blasted being. And you?"

"Oh, my affair isn't quite arranged, but it's in a fair way to be," I made answer, pleasantly, and walked away, much relieved to find that there were two fools paddling in one canoe.

That same evening my trunks were packed and aboard the train. "Don't go yet, Dick," urged my uncle and aunt, and "What on earth is your hurry, *Cousin Dick*? We're going to have splendid weather for croquet," chimed in Minnie. "Business, business!" I briskly said, "gold is going up." "I don't see as that is any reason for your going down," returned Minnie; but entreaties to stay were lost upon me, and the next evening found me dining at the accustomed café, with an unusually large cloud of smoke curling about my head.

Taximagulas met me with the old heartiness and playfully inquired about my nose—seemingly all unconscious that he had put it out of joint. He informed me, by-and-by, in after-dinner confidence, that though he did not like the country in the summer, he thought he should take a short vacation and go up in the winter, about Christmas time; wouldn't I go with him; he had some rather important business; in fact, he was going to be married; perhaps I knew the girl; she came from my neighborhood; and he told me her name.

I replied that I did know the girl, and men-

tioned incidentally that she was my cousin; that it was at her parents' residence that I did my summering.

I did go up in the winter, and assisted at a ceremony which was very much like my own cremation. Taximagulas and Minnie are now living in a little village in New Jersey—he seems strangely impressed with the charms of a country life—and I have an invitation to spend the summer months with them. But I scarcely think I shall accept. I am not so fond of the Truly Rural as I was, and the city has suddenly developed charms to me which I never discovered before. I have discovered a young lady who hasn't got a farm and doesn't play croquet, but is eminent on the piano and fond of poetry. The chances are that I shall settle permanently in the city.

AN APOLOGY FOR DOGS.

THE canine race furnishes to almost every language opprobrious comparisons wherewith to express contempt or ridicule. There are few men so degraded as not to resent such allusions, even when more really insulting epithets would fail to wound them; and Fielding, in the episode of Mrs. Tow-ouse and Betty, has dilated upon the pre-eminent repugnance of the female sex to the name of "she dog." Not content with denying a hereafter to dogs, and only admitting their moral qualifications for the sake of these contemptuous similes, mankind has superadded bodily violence and sentimental outrage to the other grievances, and perpetuates the shame of its unfeeling conduct in commemorative by-words. "Give a dog a bad name and hang him" is a proverbial paraphrase of human justice; and no more expressive or commoner synonym can be found for the most flagrant ill-usage than to be "treated like a dog." "A dog's life" epitomizes all that is wretched in existence, and a "cur" represents, in human parlance, the "zero multiplied by infinity" of worthlessness.

These considerations will probably increase the distaste with which our readers will receive the statement that in a fair comparison between the domestic brute creation and humanity, especially between Canines and Christians, the latter in many respects appear to disadvantage. And yet we are prepared boldly to assert not only that in qualities essential to morality dogs offer shining examples for our imitation, but that in all likelihood their existence is intended by Divine Wisdom to illustrate an important lesson which man's stultifying pride leads him to overlook.

Man may be said to hold toward the domesticated brutes almost the same position that God does toward man. The circumstances of their life—nay, even of their generation—are within his control. He fixes the conditions under which their "free-will" is developed in this or that channel, deciding their lot in life, whether luxurious or necessitous; bringing forth

their good or evil qualities; making sometimes a pacific pet of the naturally pugnacious dog; training the mild-mannered to fight; warping the honest disposition of sagacious poodles to ways of fraud and theft; in a word, overruling their natural tendencies by determining the influences which surround them, just as human nature is biased in its education by the associations and modes of life assigned to each individual. May not the purpose of these relations be to give us some knowledge of God's providence as regards human discipline, and to teach us that as we enforce their obedience to our rule we should yield our submission to His?

Many, if not most, of the "moral virtues" of which we arrogate to ourselves the sole possession in theory, however we neglect their practice, are manifested by dogs in a degree which should put Christians to the blush. Unswerving fidelity, constant watchfulness, unselfish devotion, are traits in which the majority of us fall short of the canine standard. Their resignation under privations or sufferings, and their lasting gratitude for benefits conferred upon them, furnish a lesson by which humanity should profit. While resenting orders from strange sources, and resisting all the wiles of treachery (better than we resist the temptations that assail us), they yield implicit obedience to their master's will, and rather accept chastisement from him than favors from improper quarters.

Admission to his master's society is a dog's heaven. To attain this he will relinquish all the allurements of the world and the flesh; leaving his food untasted, bearing any fatigue, to accompany the being he regards as supreme. How different the conduct of *our* race under our Master's call to "leave all and follow Him!"

Beyond the good examples set us by these despised brutes, however, reflections upon the position we occupy to them may lead to still higher philosophical considerations. By observing the imperfections of our management of them—the failures of our system of discipline (and they, unlike men, have few if any vicious passions to militate against our teachings, being always willing and anxious to fulfill our behests), we may learn to appreciate more fully the perfect wisdom of Him who rules the diverse human race aright—to compare with His absolute justice and prescience our own erring judgment, and to feel from the comparison a salutary humility. "Whom He loveth He chasteneth," but never as we abuse our dominion over the creatures to which we bear the relation of His vicegerents, perverting our authority through caprice, and venting our passing moods upon our helpless dependents.

Every thing of God's creation has its purpose, and no nobler use can be conceived than that we have assigned to the most docile and companionable of animals—to induce us to imitate the Divine character in the exercise of the authority delegated to us, and teach us, from ruling inferiors, to submit to Superior rule.

A ROMANCE OF SOUTH FERRY.

I.

MY father's first wife was a strong-minded woman. People said so whose opportunities for observation were better than mine, seeing that my own personal consciousness did not begin till after the advent of the second wife. I have great faith, however, in inherited tendencies, and, judging from my acquaintance with her two daughters—my half-sisters—I never had reason to doubt the statement.

They were exceedingly strong-minded, as my pretty young mother found out to her sorrow in the brief years of her married life, and as her daughter painfully realized when that gentle life was ended, and the responsible task of training my young ideas devolved upon my excellent sisters. Dickens, whose universal human nature gives perpetual expression to individual experience, touched *my* responsive chord in his delineation of Pip—poor Pip, "brought up by hand!"

My sisters resembled Joe Gargery's wife in a lady-like manner. They did not literally "bring me up by hand," since my dear mother brought me up—to a certain period, at least—on something better. But after her death left the little five-year-old child at their mercy, I was put through a course of training that enabled me to sympathize keenly with some of Pip's trials. They were model young ladies at that time: Hannah was twenty, Martha twenty-two; and all the village was edified by their dignity, their propriety, their learning, their good management, their—oh! in short, their strong-mindedness generally. I suppose *I* ought to have been edified too; but I wasn't. I suppose, indeed, that I was a graceless little imp, as they often called me, in more dignified language; but the fact is, I never could love Martha and Hannah, and though I succumbed—how could I help myself?—to their prim tyrannies, I was a rebel at heart always, and obeyed under protest.

My father stood in awe of them, and yielded a more graceful obedience than I did. Martha and Hannah took charge of every thing, and saved him a great deal of trouble, I dare say; but I used to wish that he would assume the trouble, and with it the mastery that was his right; and sometimes I fancied that he would have been glad to do so, only that his natural disposition to defer to women, combined with the long practice which his daughters had taken care to make perfect, rendered any latter-day assumptions impossible.

However, our petticoat government came to an end after a while. My sisters had each a lover—cut after their own pattern; a severely proper, and *very* long protracted courtship reached its climax finally, and so—thanks to Mr. Wilson Plunkett and Mr. James Harkness—our necks were delivered from the yoke. We had a double wedding, very solemn and pompous; no dancing, because Martha and Hannah did not approve of it, but plenty of supper and

"improving conversation." The bride-cakes were unusually splendid, quite beyond the village standard; and village gossips commented upon the probable cost thereof, as well as upon the unusual magnificence of the bridal toilets, as amiably as village gossips are apt to do.

As for me, I confess to an involuntary echoing of one old lady's opinion:

"It's more than extravagance," she observed to her confidential crony in the supper-room. "It's what I call downright mean selfishness, to drain their father's pockets for such show and finery. 'Tain't as if the Doctor was a rich man, or as if *they* was all he had to provide for."

"Leave Marthy and Hanner alone to look out for Number One," her friend responded. And I quite agreed with her that they needed no assistance—knowing better than she did the contents of various large trunks and boxes up stairs that stood ready to be forwarded to the new homes. The utmost simplicity in dress was their rule for me. The well-known adage about beauty unadorned, and so forth, never failed to apply in my case; but in theirs—well, "candor compels me to confess" that there was a difference in the beauty as well as the adornment. At any rate, they had the silk dresses and embroideries, I the simple muslins and ruffles. They trailed yards of heavy white satin, as brides; I stood up, as bridesmaid, in very inexpensive tulle. And while my general wardrobe was slender almost to penury, their boxes were heaped-up, pressed-down, and running over with fine linen, not only for personal wear but household uses.

My father paid the bills when it was all over, but he came home with an empty purse and a face in which several varying emotions were curiously pictured. He called me to him and set me on his knee, looking over his shoulder in the act, as if to make sure that Martha and Hannah were nowhere in sight. That little habit of ours was a folly they did not approve of, and were accustomed to reprehend severely.

I laughed at the look, and nestled my head upon his shoulder in happy security. "There's nobody to scold now, dear; we can be as silly as we please. Aren't you glad?"

"I hope your sisters will be happy," he answered, evasively. "They are considered to have made very sensible marriages."

"And they've gone to their husbands very well provided," I couldn't help saying. "Upon my word, papa, if they had been Colonel Livingston's daughters they couldn't have had a more complete trousseau. You must have had some pretty bills to pay!"

"They were rather larger than I had anticipated," he confessed. "What was your share in this, Delle?" drawing forth from a packet of similar ones a long narrow paper with significant red lines crossing the blue ones.

"I had no share in it," I answered, without looking at the items of the bill. "Holman and Manchester, isn't it? Sister Martha had a great many parcels sent from there."

"So I should judge," with a touch of bitterness. "But among so many I thought possibly she might have appropriated something for your use. Here are three—five—twelve pieces of cotton-cloth, fifty yards each. Six hundred yards of white cotton! How could any two people use so much?"

"Easily enough, papa, when every thing is made up in dozens. Not a yard of it was given to me, I assure you."

"Here is any quantity of linen, too; lawn, and cambric, and flannel by the piece; handkerchiefs, stockings, gloves, haberdashery generally. None of all this for you, Delle?"

"Not so much as a pocket-handkerchief, papa; though I did ask sister Hannah to let me have a half dozen out of her box of plain ones. She said she should need them all herself; and young girls were so careless they ought not to have many."

My father folded up the bill, and put it with the other papers back into his pocket. "It's no use to show you the rest," he said. "You haven't any new silk dresses, or woolen ones either, for that matter. It's just as I expected, but still I can't help wishing it had been different."

"Never mind it, papa; I don't," I said. "It's nothing new to me that my sisters are selfish. They were not born like you, and they can't help it, maybe. As for the dry goods, I don't care a fig for them—they are welcome to keep all they took, as far as I am concerned."

"You need some new things, however," he answered, scanning my dress, which though one of the best I owned was far from new. "It was my intention to have bought you a lot of frocks and a new bonnet as soon as your sisters were fairly gone. You ought to have them, but I'm afraid, Delle—"

"That you can't afford it now, papa," I interrupted, finishing the sentence as cheerfully as if in my secret heart I was not deeply disappointed. "Never mind. The old bonnet isn't bad at all, and I shall be just as pretty to you in the old frocks. That's all I care for."

"I'm glad of it," and he gave me a kiss tender enough to make me quite resigned to my losses. "The fact is, Delle—I may as well tell you—this wedding has not only used up all my spare cash, but it has run me into debt; and I don't see my way clear exactly to getting out of it."

"That's a shame," I said, indignantly; "I wouldn't have done it."

"I could not help it. I left the thing to Martha and Hannah, supposing they would do what was right. They knew what I could afford to spend as well as I did, and I knew they were good managers. But some way or other the expenses have mounted up to a big figure for a man of my means."

"There was twice as much spent on that party as there need to have been," I exclaimed. "It's all very well to have handsome bride-cake and plenty of it. I hate stinginess; but I must

confess I didn't see the necessity of having so much more than could be possibly used, just for the sake of sending the two largest and hand-somest loaves home with the brides!"

"Was that done? Well, it's no use talking of it. I wouldn't care for the wedding-cake if that was all! But Martha set her heart upon a silver tea-service as my present to her, and, of course, Hannah must have the same—"

"You don't mean to tell me," I cried, aghast, "that those things were solid? I never dreamed they were any thing more than plated."

"They were certainly solid—Martha said she would rather have none at all than plated ones."

"Then I'd have taken her at her word!" I said, emphatically. "She should have had none at all. The very idea, when the best we have at home is Britannia-ware! It was preposterous."

"If I had known how much would be spent in other directions I should have acted differently. Those white satin dresses astonished me, rather. I don't understand those things as they are done nowadays, but I know that Hannah's mother wore nothing so fine when *she* was married. And I think that something simpler would have been more sensible, considering all the circumstances; of which the girls, as I said before, were fully aware."

"But they didn't care, and you might have known it. All they thought of was to get every thing they could; and if I had been in your place, papa, I certainly would never have yielded to such selfishness and greediness."

I felt so provoked that I spoke with unusual sharpness, and my father gave me a look in which some surprise was blended with amusement.

"It occurs to me," he said, dryly, "that somebody has grown wonderfully independent and outspoken of late."

"It occurs to me," I retorted, "that you and I have been a pair of simpletons, papa. Excuse me for saying so; but really it's a fact—and in my case a fact accomplished, finished, set aside, and never to be repeated. Henceforth I hold my own."

"What is left of it," laughed my father, "which is little enough."

"Never mind," said I. "Sister Martha and sister Hannah have had their day, and it's over. Now I'll have mine. As for you—"

"As for me," he interrupted, with a kiss and a squeeze, "I begin to think that I have exchanged a limited monarchy for an absolute one. Don't spread too much sail all at once, Delle; your little craft won't carry it."

"Won't it, then? Wait till you see."

And I was firmly resolved that he *should* see I was no longer a child to be governed absolutely, and imposed upon unblushingly, as I had been hitherto. Now that my sisters were fairly out of the house I wondered how I had ever submitted so long to be kept down by them so utterly. I was my father's daughter, and my rights were equal with theirs; yet I had been

treated more like a dependent upon their charity and protection; and I had never rebelled—beyond, at least, an occasional outbreak, which was speedily and with a strong hand suppressed.

That day was over, I affirmed to myself; and I meant it, although my prophetic soul told me that I would have to stand a battle to hold my ground. My sisters were married, it is true, but they were to remain in the village all the same. Martha—now Mrs. Wilson Plunkett—was the mistress of a very pretty cottage standing in its own ground at the upper end of Broad Street. But Hannah—wife of James Harkness, Attorney-at-law—was installed for the present in a modest pair of rooms at the best boarding-house the village afforded. She did not like it, but had to put up with her limited sphere until a house was found to suit them; and, meanwhile, I knew very well that much of her abundant leisure would be devoted to me and my affairs.

She had kindly intimated, when she bade me good-by, her intention to "keep an eye upon me;" and I soon discovered that it was also her purpose to "keep a strict hand over me," even as of old. I was to be mistress nominally, but to rule under her dictation; to follow her advice, obey her commands, and give account to her of all my procedures. This was Hannah's programme, in which Martha stood ready to aid and abet her; and their astonishment was only equaled by their indignation when I refused to carry it out.

The battles I fought will never be recorded in history, but they were sharp and decisive. My enemy had the advantage of numbers and superior drill; I of position, and the consciousness of right. The field was contested hotly, but I won it; and with it won the endless ill-will of my half-sisters. They were too mindful of public opinion to have an open breach between the families; but they never forgave me, and never lost an opportunity in all future intercourse to make me feel that I was an upstart and an ingrate. At least they made me feel that they considered me in that bony light; but I had my own opinion of the matter, and it differed slightly from theirs. My father justified me, too, and when affairs came to an issue my position was made impregnable by his judicious support. After which the siege had to be raised. My sisters confined themselves to "calls of ceremony," and my father and I had undisturbed possession of our happy home.

I had never realized before how happy home could be made, but now I found it out. There were no more scoldings in the kitchen, no more sour looks in the parlor, no lectures any where; but all the while a delightful consciousness of having my own way—which I never had had in my life before—and at the same time giving pleasure to the only one I cared to please.

I made his breakfast in the morning, just as he liked it, and while he visited his patients I busied myself with my economical housekeeping. In the evening we read together and

talked; sitting in the parlor which Hannah and Martha had kept shut up "for company," but which I made warm and bright for his pleasure every night; I had my little sewing-chair, and my work-basket, but I didn't sew a great deal. Sometimes I read to him, sometimes he read to me; sometimes we played chess, and as often as any thing else I sat on his knee, and laid my head on his shoulder, while he answered innumerable questions about my mother, telling me over and again—but never to my weariness—how dearly he had loved her, and how worthy she was of all love and honor.

II.

Very happy days were those—too sweet and peaceful to last long in a world of ups and downs like this. The shadow that fell was one that darkens many a door—lack of money. I had felt it myself, in the discomfort of my old bonnet, my shabby dresses, my fast-failing gloves and shoes, which—thanks to Martha and Hannah—I had no power to replace. Any woman knows the disquieting influence of such deficiencies, and I felt it as fully as any other girl would. But it was nothing in comparison to the anxiety which oppressed me, when I saw the dreary shadow darkening my father's face. He tried to hide it from me, but I was too close an observer of his looks and moods to be satisfied with his attempts at cheerfulness. Trouble sat beside him night and day: so much I was sure of, but the history and character, the antecedents and circumstances of the unwelcome guest I could not discern.

One night he came home pale and languid, the old trouble brooding in his eyes, and some new and present distress plainly visible in addition. I read it in the nervous motions of his hands, the tremulous play of his features, the almost pathetic gentleness of voice and manner—always a token to me of deep feeling suddenly and painfully aroused.

My little supper had been prepared with all the art I was mistress of, to tempt and please him; but I saw as soon as he sat down to it that it was love's labor lost. The fragrant tea steaming in the egg-shell china might as well have been some dreadful decoction of the Southern Confederacy; the crisp waffles and daintily broiled steak were saw-dust in his mouth: he did not even see my little bunch of daisy-like white chrysanthemums and scarlet mountain-ash berries, brilliant as they were in the lamp-light—and gathered solely for his enjoyment.

He went into the parlor when the silent meal was over, and laid himself down on the sofa in an attitude that expressed as much hopelessness as weariness. It made me sick for one moment when I followed and saw him. Then I made up my mind that I must know the meaning of all this: whatever the trouble was it should be shared with me at any rate. I brought a hassock to the sofa and sat down by him, leaning my head against his hands. We said nothing at first, either of us; my heart was so full of

pity and anxiety that words did not come to me, and he was after all the first to speak.

"I have been all the afternoon with poor Townsend," he said, stroking my hair with his hand. "I thought yesterday that he had a chance for life, and I tried hard to get hold of it; but it slipped away from him, poor fellow."

"Is he dead?" I exclaimed, much shocked.

"Yes; hardly an hour since. I staid with him to the last—they all clung to me so, and wouldn't believe that I was as powerless as themselves to prolong his life. I have seen a good many death-beds, Delle, but this one, I think, has left the most painful impression of all. I feel perfectly unnerved."

"So I see, dear papa; don't talk about it if it makes you so uncomfortable," I whispered.

"I can't help thinking of it," he replied; "I may as well put it into words. There was a double misery, you see, in the matter: Townsend, though a clever fellow in his way, was not a Christian, and his wife, who comes of an old Puritan stock, believed that he was going straight to perdition before her very eyes. Her pleadings and prayers were harrowing, and her despair at what she conceived to be his insensibility to his danger was something awful to witness. He, on the other hand, was tortured with anxieties for her and his children. He knew that his death would leave them penniless, and all his dying energies were concentrated to devise some plan for their support. They both appealed to me, and I had no comfort to give either of them. God knows I would have helped them if I could!"

"Indeed, indeed He does, papa!" I cried, earnestly, touched to the heart at his emotion. "As if any body could doubt that! And if you couldn't help them, it was certainly not your fault. Don't worry about it—don't think of it any more."

"I did what I could, at least," he said, slowly. "The question is, if I had any right—I spoke from the impulse of the moment what my heart prompted. But perhaps it was wrong; I can't tell."

"What did you say, papa?" I asked, wondering.

"I'll tell you, and take your opinion," he answered, with more decision. "Townsend owed me money—not for professional services; I don't consider them—but I lent him five hundred dollars once, a good while ago, and with the best will in the world to pay it he's never had the power. That debt was a terror to him on his death-bed. It might be paid by the sale of their furniture, and I could compel it; but the family have nothing else to depend upon for their actual bread until they can do something to earn it; and it seemed to me that I could do no less—"

"Than forgive the debt. Of course, papa," I interrupted, "I am glad you did it. It was just like you, and it was right."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Delle," and he drew me closer to him. "I was sure you

would, however—and I suppose you will say just the same, even when I tell you that if I could get that five hundred dollars now (or seven hundred rather, for it's that with the interest) it would pull me out of a tight place—a *very* tight place—in my own affairs."

He paused, and I did not know how to answer. It was not so easy to be generous at such a price, particularly when I remembered how the shadow of this "tight place" had hung over every thing of late. Still I could not in my heart wish that he had acted differently, and I said so.

"I can't regret it myself," was his answer. "It was the only ray of comfort poor Townsend had; God forbid I should grudge it to him now! Nevertheless, Delle, it is useless to disguise it from you that we shall probably have to give up this pretty home of ours. It will be hard for you, little woman," drawing me back to him with tender pity, for I had started in irrepressible amazement and dismay at the mention of a possibility so far removed from my thoughts. Of all the uncomfortable things I had anticipated this was the last to be imagined; and my incredulity was strong even in the face of his too evident sincerity.

"You never can mean *that*, papa!" I exclaimed, when I could speak at all. "This house is *yours*—why should we leave it, no matter how poor we are?"

"It can hardly be called mine, Delle, when it is mortgaged for a third of its value; and I can't pay the mortgage, or even the interest that is due—and the time is almost expired. Moreover, when the mortgage is held by a man like old Colonel Livingston, who would foreclose on his own son, I fancy, if he wasn't up to time."

"I didn't know he had a son," I exclaimed, irrelevantly, the words coming out without consciousness, for I was too suddenly miserable to have any sense left.

"He *has* a son, though," my father said, half-smiling. "A fine young fellow he used to be. Went to New York to practice law. I suppose he is married and settled down by this time."

"I wish his father was settled down—in Trinity church-yard," I muttered, under my breath. But my father heard me.

"Look here, Delle;" and his hand under my chin elevated my face till my gaze, somewhat unwilling, was level with his own. "If there is trouble before us we shall not be helped out of it by wishing harm to others. I never heard you make a speech like that before: don't grieve me so much as to let me hear it again."

That was too much for my fortitude. A reproach from him—gentle as it was—swept away at once all my womanly dignities. I broke down, childish enough, and cried; and it ended in his having to soothe and comfort me, although I had begun with the elevated intention of cheering and strengthening him.

I came to my senses, however, in course of time; and having once comprehended the po-

sition of things, I set my girlish wits to work to devise a remedy. Retrenchment in our household expenses was impossible, at least to any extent that would help us; we already lived so economically. It was possible, however, to rent the house for a time—and I remembered how my sister Hannah disliked boarding—feeling an inward conviction, as the memory came to me, that she would exult in the opportunity to get possession of the old home. It was not pleasant to think of her there—myself dethroned; but never mind! better that for a time than to part forever with the dear old place.

This would bring in money, and then, of course, I could earn some more. Other girls went away from home—taught school, worked in factories, served in stores—why not I?

I went to my father one day, not long after this, and told him what I had been planning. He listened to me gravely; agreeing as to the necessity of renting the house, and the probability that Mr. Harkness would take it, but disapproving entirely of that part of the plan which was purely personal.

"I can't consent to your teaching, Delle. In the first place, you don't know any thing to teach; in the second place, you couldn't get a situation if you tried; in the third place, if you did, your earnings wouldn't amount to any thing; in the fourth place, I can't do without you."

To which I replied in substance that it didn't make a particle of difference whether I knew any thing or not—though perhaps I knew more than he was aware of; that other people got situations, and I had as good a right as any body; that even my small earnings would be better than nothing; and that as far as he was concerned he ought to be glad to be rid of such a troublesome encumbrance. I knew *that* was nonsense, of course, and my heart sank at the thought of his lonely evenings without me. But still I could not bear to be a mere burden and expense to him, when I might be of use. It would not merely be what I should earn, but the cost of my maintenance would be saved. With the rent of the house and furniture added to his professional income, and only his own personal expenses to be deducted, there could not fail to be a considerable sum yearly toward the payment of the mortgage. Wasn't it worth while, I asked him, with such an object in view, to believe that "every little helps," and improve even the smallest opportunities?

And so I coaxed and argued by turns, until I won a reluctant consent that I might try my fortune; and if I could secure a respectable situation to teach, I should be allowed to do as I pleased about taking it. Which was all I wanted, for I had already—in anticipation of this result—applied for a position which I had seen advertised in a New York paper. I was expecting an answer daily, and in my utter ignorance and inexperience I had very little doubt of obtaining the situation. I knew nothing of the weary waitings, the hopes deferred, and the

sickening disappointments that attend so many "first attempts;" and it so happened that I was destined to be an exception to the general rule, and *never* know of them by personal experience.

For the answer that I looked for came speedily, and was just what I wanted. "Judging from your letter," Mrs. Bernard wrote, "you seem to be well-fitted for the situation, and if your references are satisfactory, as I do not doubt they will be, I shall be happy to engage you as my little girls' governess. The salary will be three hundred dollars, the duties not very arduous; and I think I can safely promise a pleasant home, since it is my purpose to obtain a governess whom we can receive as in all respects an equal."

I could not have wished for any thing more satisfactory, you see; and my pride in showing this pleasant letter to my father helped me over the pain which came sharply in this near prospect of separation. It pleased him too, that I had been so easily successful; and, of course, he made no further opposition. Whatever bitterness was in his heart he let none of it appear; but from that time we went forward steadily to do the work that was before us.

His was to dispose of the house, and, as we supposed, the Harknesses were very glad to get it. Hannah plumed herself upon showing a Christian spirit of forgiveness: I had treated her, she said, with black ingratitude, yet now when the reward of my evil-doing and of my father's weak indulgence had come upon us, she hoped I would observe that she cherished no malice. Her cherishing no malice did not prevent her from driving a very hard bargain for the house and furniture, and getting both on the best possible terms for herself. My father was to board with them, and I observed that her ideas on the subject of board were regulated by a different standard from her ideas on the subject of rent. One would have thought my poor father was a cormorant, to judge from the sum considered necessary to cover his table expenses. But I used my newly-acquired independence to establish a more equal balance, and came out in so strong-minded a manner that Hannah was compelled to be satisfied with smaller profits than she had anticipated.

My own little arrangements were soon made. I bought a new bonnet, and two new dresses; some gloves, and shoes, and handkerchiefs; and looked longingly at a brown beaver cloak, but *didn't* buy it. I had a gray one, two winters old, and I freshened it with new buttons and bindings till it answered very well. My sisters made me some presents. Hannah gave me two neck-ribbons—a red and a blue one; Martha presented me with one of her embroidered handkerchiefs which had proved to be half cotton, after washing. On the whole I had a very good outfit, they said; and they ought to know just what went to make up a good outfit, for they had had opportunity to investigate the question in the most thorough manner.

III.

It was a chill November afternoon when I started on my journey, lonely and sad enough at heart, though I showed my father a smiling face to the last. He put me into a comfortable seat and kissed me good-by; then the bells rang, and there were fiery puffs and snorts of steam, a series of preliminary jerks, and a fast-accelerating motion which whirled me swiftly past all old familiar landmarks. I was not fond of traveling; I did not care about new scenes or new faces; I loved my father and my home, and thought I never should care for any thing else in equal measure. So it was with a very desolate feeling that I pressed my face against the window and looked upon the dull, gray world without. Rocks and trees and high wooded banks on the left, on the right a broad and deep river with a chain of hills stretching beyond; picturesque towns and villages at frequent intervals, and elegant villas adorning every prominent point. This was the moving picture that passed before my eyes, and in a brighter day or a happier mood would have pleased them well. But now I saw it all as one who sees not. The chill November mist hung low over the hills, the trees were leafless, the water had no flash or sparkle, and my eyes were dim with tears.

As if to add to my dreariness it began to rain by-and-by, and the dark day grew duller and darker still. The rain-drops streamed aslant the window, shutting out all the prospect. Twilight prevailed, and passengers grumbled audibly, casting anxious looks at the dripping windows, and exchanging condolences with one another according to the special inconvenience anticipated by each one. One old lady had to get out at the next station, and was much exercised about her "bunnet;" though, as far as I could judge, it was already past the period when it could be damaged by any thing. Another one, young and pretty and well dressed, was in despair about her delicate fawn-colored cloak, "which was sure to spot;" and an anxious mother with three little children looked utterly wretched in anticipation of her darlings catching cold.

I found myself listening to these undertones with a sense of amusement that diverted me from my own trouble. The ludicrous side of any dilemma always appealed to me irresistibly; and I could not help laughing at the unfortunates around me in spite of a genuine pity for them.

"Perhaps it was a sin
For me to sit and grin;"

but how could I help it? If you had seen the old lady tying up her "bunnet" in a handkerchief that looked like a cradle-sheet, and "kilt-ing her petticoats up to her knees" as she ran along the wet platform, bareheaded, and the rain beating down upon her poor old gray locks, pinned up in the tightest little knot on the top of her head, you would have laughed too, and

hoped as I did that she would not catch the rheumatism to pay for her folly. If it was a sin, however, I was punished very soon. The train moved on to the next station, and the mother got out with her little ones. I did not laugh at *them*, and was truly glad when I saw a friendly umbrella raised for her benefit, and the children snatched up by a couple of good-natured porters. How they fared afterward I never knew, for on we went again, and I began to look at my time-table and count how many more stations must be passed before we reached New York. A long line of names—Sing Sing, Scarborough, Tarrytown, Irvington, with half a dozen more—and the train would not arrive at Thirtieth Street till after six o'clock. It would be quite dark before that, of course; but Mrs. Bernard had written that some one would be in waiting for me, so I did not anticipate any trouble.

I had a book in my bag which I concluded to read, "out of sheer perversity," Hannah would have said, just because it was growing too dark to see. My eyes were equal to the light, however, and the book proved entertaining; and I had already begun to forget my sorrows for a time when suddenly there came a jerk and jar that shook the train all along the line—and then it stopped abruptly. People started up to see what was the matter, for we were near no station, and there was no apparent cause for the stoppage. It was some time before we found out; but the discovery was vexatious enough when it came at last. Something was amiss with the engine—nobody appeared to know what; but it would delay us for hours, probably. "And we'll get in to New York by midnight maybe—confound it all!" muttered the man in the seat before me.

I heard him with dismay too blank for words. Midnight in the great, strange city, and I a young girl utterly alone and unprotected! What should I do? Time enough to consider the question; for, alas! the ill-news proved too true. Five dreadful hours crept by—ah! with what heavy feet—before the train started again; and by that time I was so numb with cold, so cramped and stiff with long confinement to one position, so faint for want of food, that I was only conscious of physical suffering, and almost indifferent to any other aspect of my dilemma.

A plan I had formed, however, for misery begets confidence, and loves company, and develops resources. In the same car were three more "unprotected" females: two of them sisters, girls like myself, coming from a distance to visit relatives in the city; one an elderly woman, returning home. They were not just the people I should have chosen for companions; the woman was loud and vulgar, the girls, of the least-interesting farmer's-daughter type. Nevertheless I was glad and thankful for the shelter of numbers, and though not lady-like, they were respectable enough. The woman proposed that we should take a carriage when we reached

New York, and divide the expense among us. We could then be taken each to her own door, without any trouble or damage to our clothes from the rain, which still fell with sullen persistence, and was likely to continue all night. It never occurred to me that the person who was to meet me at the *dépôt* would wait there until the late hour at which the train would arrive; and as I fortunately had Mrs. Bernard's address—No. 5 Carroll Place, Brooklyn—I gladly accepted the proposal, and determined to make the best of circumstances.

The worst thing was, that I should have to go alone part of the way; for the others lived in New York, while my destination was Brooklyn, and of course they would have to be dropped first. But it could not be helped, so I resigned myself to my fate. It was not exactly midnight when we reached the city, but it was past ten o'clock, and in the rain, and crowd, and deafening tumult around us, I should certainly have gone crazy if it had not been for my new protector. She was accustomed to travel, and knew how to take care of herself; had no sensibilities to be shocked, and could hold her own even with a New York hack-driver—which is saying a good deal. She engineered the plan so successfully that in a very few minutes, in spite of the great demand for carriages, she had one secured on reasonable terms, and the whole party, luggage included, stowed away in it.

So on again we went, through the sloppy streets, the wet sidewalks glistening under the gas-lights, the horses' feet splashing in pools of water, the tall houses looming up on either side, dark and strange and dreary. An endless time it seemed before we got any where; but at last the two girls cried out joyfully that they had come to *their* stopping-place, and were put down accordingly, after the driver had rung the doorbell for full ten minutes; during which time the poor things were almost frantic for fear he would not be able to wake any body.

Another long, weary jolting over the stones, and then the woman—I forget her name, and I never saw her again—was dropped at her own house. My heart sank at parting with her, but she cheered me as well as she could, and the driver—a good-natured son of Erin—assured me that I might make myself "aisy." "He wouldn't hurt a hair uv my head; an' if I wasn't landed safe at my own door, might he niver be a blessed saint in purgatory."

I heartily wished at that moment that I had never left "my own door," and longed with most intense and home-sick yearning for its friendly shelter once more. So tired and lonely and wretched I was that I cried and sobbed aloud, with reckless misery; displaying, I am ashamed to say, not one particle of the heroism which I had always intended to exhibit when a trying occasion should give me the opportunity.

Nobody saw me, fortunately, and by the time my crying-fit was over the driver called down to me that we had come to South Ferry, and, "if you plaze, 'm, you'll get out here."

"What for?" I inquired, bewildered, as he held the door open, and offered to help me out. "*This* is not the right place; I want to go across the ferry to Brooklyn."

"Ah! yis, 'm, an' there's the ferry, sure: it's yersilf can see it aisy. Ye've on'y to go right aboard o' the boat—there she lies—an' I'll fetch your trunk in no time at all."

I submitted passively, too ignorant and too dejected to argue with him, although I had a vague conviction that something was wrong. Perhaps it was necessary to leave the carriage when I went on the boat—I knew nothing about ferries—but of course the driver understood that he was to go on with me, take me up again on the other side, and drive me to Carroll Place. I watched him as he took my trunk down, and set it within the gate; but still I did not understand that he meant to forsake me until the wretch turned to me with a blarneying apology.

"Sure an' I hope it won't inconvenience ye, Miss, but it's so late intirely, an' I'd not get back again to-night. It's the last boat, an' I'm thinkin ye'd better hurry yerself, or it'll be after lavin' ye."

With which he mounted his box, and drove off with all speed, and I was left standing alone, at midnight, my cumbrous trunk beside me, and not a soul to turn to for help or guidance, at the gate of a ferry-house!

"Your fare, if you please, Miss? and you had best make haste—the boat is about leaving."

The gate-keeper's voice recalled me to my senses, for I had grown faint in the sudden realization of my position. I overcame the sinking sensation by an effort of will, and turned to the man desperately:

"What am I to do? That man was paid to drive me to Carroll Place, and now he has left me! I never was in Brooklyn in my life—and here is my trunk to be carried—what *shall* I do?"

"Confounded rascal!" said the gate-keeper. "He ought to be arrested. About as good as you can expect from any of those Irish blarney-stones, though. You shouldn't have let him go, Miss."

"How could I help it? He was gone before I knew what he meant to do," I cried, helplessly.

"Well, you've no time to lose," said the man, hurriedly. "You'd better get aboard o' the boat—I'll try and haul your trunk down—and maybe you'll get a carriage on the other side to take you where you want to go. It's the last boat to-night, and time's up."

He caught the trunk by one of the handles, and dragged it across the broad area toward the dock where the ferry-boat lay, just visible in the blackness surrounding it. I followed forlornly, dumb with despair, but had only gone a few steps when the gate-keeper stopped suddenly and threw up his hands with a gesture of disgust. A ripple of water struck my ear, and running forward with a new fear at my heart, I saw a slow-moving mass—a broadening line of blackness too wide already to be crossed—and

apprehended instantly the new horror of my position. The last boat had gone.

No need for the man to tell me; he saw that I understood, and began some rough expression of pity, but I did not even hear him. I had passed the verge of endurance, and was fast approaching a state of stupefaction; it could not matter much what happened to me now. I suppose it was but a few minutes in reality, though it seemed hours to my confused and miserable consciousness, that I stood there, dumb and vacant and irresponsible. The first thing that brought me back to a degree of intelligence was the sound of a voice different from that of the gate-keeper—a more refined and familiar tone, inspiring vaguely a sense of confidence and hope of relief.

"What's the matter here?" it asked. "Boat gone, and a lady left? Is it the last boat to-night?"

"Yes, Sir; we don't run after midnight, you know," answered the official.

"What a nuisance! I wanted to get over myself, and thought I should be in time. What's the lady going to do?"

"Can't say, I am sure, Sir. I've been trying to find out what she wants to do, but she seems to be pretty much upset. I can't get any thing out of her."

"How did she come here? Is nobody with her?"

"She came down in a carriage, and wanted to go over to Carroll Place, she said, but the rascally driver dumped her out and left her. If I had known what he was up to I'd have blocked his game."

"Carroll Place?" exclaimed the gentlemanly voice. "I wonder if it is possible—"

Then it paused, and the owner came nearer to me. A dim gas-light flared close by, rendering my wretched face visible in a ghastly sort of way. What it expressed to him I can not tell, but I read a quick compassion in his glance, and his tone was tenderly kind and courteous as he addressed me.

"I beg your pardon, but if I can render you any assistance pray command me," he said. "Is it very important that you should get to Brooklyn to-night?"

"I am a perfect stranger in the city," I answered, finding my voice with difficulty. "I came down from P— on the Hudson River train, and it was delayed by an accident a great many hours. If it had got in in time, some one would have met me; but as it was I had to come on alone. I do not know any one in New York—I have nowhere to go if I can not get to Brooklyn."

"Were you going to Mrs. Bernard's—No. 5 Carroll Place?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes!" I exclaimed, with answering eagerness. "Oh yes! can you tell me—?"

"Then you are the young lady she expected this evening—Miss De Forest?" he interrupted.

"Yes!" I exclaimed again, trembling with excitement and a hope that seemed too wildly

impossible to be realized. "Are you—can you—you are not Mr. Bernard!" I gasped out desperately.

"Not exactly," he answered, with a smile. "But it's all right, nevertheless. Mrs. Bernard is my sister, and she appointed me to be your escort from the dépôt to-night. I can't see how I missed you—I was there when the train got in, late as it was, and I waited till every passenger had left the place before I gave up looking for you. How did it all happen? Why didn't you wait for me?"

Why didn't I, truly? What a fool I had been! To think that all the miserable anxiety and fatigue and misadventure I had endured were utterly unnecessary, and might have been avoided if I had but waited a few minutes! I felt so impotently exasperated, so mortified and provoked, with my own folly, that I could hardly explain to him why he had missed me. It was such a ridiculous, such an undignified adventure altogether, and to make my first appearance in the light of it! What an exalted idea he would form of his sister's governess, and how heartily he would wish she had remained in the seclusion of her country-home, instead of involving him in her absurd dilemma! Of course it was saddled upon him now, and he would have to see me through the night in some way. I almost wished he had not encountered me at all, but that I had been left to struggle out of the difficulty by myself, my annoyance and vexation so overbalanced my first sense of relief.

There was nothing in his manner, however, to indicate that the annoyance was mutual. He was full of concern and regret on my account, but did not seem to consider the inconvenience inflicted upon himself. When I expressed, clumsily enough, my vexation at it, he made light of his share of the discomfort, and waived all thanks or apologies. It was of no consequence at all—men were accustomed to such trifles—the unpleasantness was all mine; and the question was, how to contrive a way of escape for me?

He had taken me into the ladies' waiting-room, and while I rested upon the wooden bench, which was the only furniture of the apartment, he proceeded to "consider" that difficult question. There was another ferry, he told me, whose boats ran all night; if I chose he would take me to it, but it would involve a very long and disagreeable walk through foul ways, and we would reach Carroll Place about two o'clock in the morning, taking our chances of being able to effect an entrance at such an uncanny hour. If I objected to this there was the alternative of going to a hotel, or stopping where I was for the rest of the night. What did I think? Which of the three evils would I choose as the least?

I answered helplessly, how could I tell? he knew better than I what was best to be done. I would take his advice.

"In that case," he said, "I will choose for

you as I would for my sister in a similar predicament. And if I advise the most disagreeable thing, perhaps you will understand that I do it with the best intentions?"

"Of course," I answered, feeling a strange confidence in his wisdom and integrity. "I am sure you will not advise any thing wrong."

"You pay me a compliment," he said, laughing (at my simplicity, I suppose!), "but I'll try to deserve it. In proof thereof, I'm going to suggest that you stay here in this desolate barrack till daybreak."

"Alone?" I exclaimed, with involuntary horror.

"Oh no!" he answered, quickly. "I should be a poor guardian of unprotected innocence if I left you here alone."

"Of unprotected ignorance and silliness," I ejaculated, in self-disgust. "I shall never be able to respect myself again after this night's folly."

"Then you will justify your own hard words," he retorted; "I should call such a determination as that unmistakably silly."

I gave him a look, surprised and slightly indignant; he returned it with one frank and smiling: I could not help observing that his smile revealed beautiful teeth, that his eyes were capable of singular expression, that his face altogether was a face that suited me—pleasant to look upon, and trust-inspiring. I yielded to the genial impulse that seized me, and laughed—a genuine, mirthful laugh, which quickly had a responsive echo. And so the ice was broken, and formality melted into ease and confidence. I found myself presently talking to him without embarrassment or mortification, listening to him with real enjoyment, and an instinctive consciousness that he also found some compensation in the night's misadventure.

It was, of course, impossible to go to sleep. The wooden benches were hard, narrow, immovable, also rigidly divided with iron elbows that enforced strict uprightness of position. There was nothing to do then but to keep awake, and to forget weariness in conversation; and so well were my attention and interest gained by my new acquaintance, that I really forgot how utterly tired I had felt before he came. I wanted to hear, naturally, all he could tell me of the family I was to enter; and he gave me graphic sketches of Mr. Bernard, of his sister, and the children. The latter were three girls and a half—the "half" being a boy of five, disguised in petticoats still, because "Fan was afraid his good manners would be corrupted if he communicated with boys." For his own part he was afraid the mischief was done in spite of the petticoats; Master Syd being a precious little pickle with pepper enough for the whole jar.

"And the little girls?" I asked.

"Are very nice, quiet little lasses—Georgie and Gertrude, at least; Elsie has her storms, but I don't like her the less on that account. I don't think you will, either—if there is any attraction in affinity," he added, mischievously.

"How do you know I am capable of storms?" I demanded.

"Oh, I know—just as I know you have laughing eyes," he replied, inconsequently. "You are not responsible for either."

"That's nonsense," was my tart answer. "Any body is responsible for temper—or at least for the control of it."

"A very good sentiment to impress upon Elsie's mind," he said, "but you are not in the governess's chair now. Is it an unfounded assumption of mine, Miss De Forest, that you have never yet filled that dignified position?"

"On the contrary, it is founded on fact—unfortunately," I replied, with some sharpness.

"Why unfortunately?"

"Because my lack of experience must be ridiculously apparent—perhaps, also, my lack of fitness for a position of dignity."

"Cloud rising; didn't I say you had an affinity for storms?" he asked, laughingly. "Please to take notice, however, that my words suggested no such inference. Your fitness as a governess remains to be proved; your lack of experience is no disadvantage in my eyes. I entreated Fan not to inflict upon us the conventional governess—middle-aged, pious, proper, and a bore. I myself inspected the answers to her advertisement, and she has my good taste to thank for the present acquisition."

"I hope she may not thank you more fervently for the loss of it," I said.

"Don't anticipate *that*," he answered, lightly, "or you will break Fan's heart. Nothing she dreads so much as changing her—"

"*Servants*," I added, with a rather pungent emphasis, for he had hesitated involuntarily. "Pray don't stumble at the word. I was aware of the class I should belong to when I applied for the position, and I can accept the *name* as easily."

A most absurd and uncalled-for speech, of course, and I was conscious of it as soon as it was uttered. Why I said any thing so silly I am sure I do not know, for I had had every reason to anticipate lady-like treatment, and certainly so far had received nothing else. As far as I can analyze the impulse which moved my tongue it was a certain resentment at the charge of youth which his look and smile, rather than his words, brought against me. If I meant to vindicate myself by this method, however, I failed signally; for an amused and slightly sarcastic laugh, betraying a shrewd apprehension of my thought, which nettled me more than any thing else, was my answer.

My face flushed with vexation, and I knew that he saw it, in spite of the dim light. Another sharp and silly speech trembled at my lips, but luckily was intercepted before it passed.

"We'll not quarrel, Miss De Forest," said my companion, with easy good-humor, "for all your antagonistic mood. You know very well that the word *servant* was as far from my thought as its idea; and I know very well that no circumstances could ever make either applicable

to you. Consequently you've been talking nonsense. Confess it honestly, now, and then I'll tell you why you did it."

Curiosity overcame pique. "Why did I?" I asked, childishly.

"You grant the condition precedent, then?" he queried.

"You've taken it for granted; I, let it pass," I said; "now for the reason."

"The reason," he answered, laughingly, "is one that, to a man, is justification sufficient for any amount of impatience. You have had neither dinner nor supper, and you are almost famished."

"A melancholy truth!" I exclaimed. "Your penetration is so remarkable that it can only be accounted for by the 'fellow-feeling that makes us wondrous kind.'"

"Which I don't pretend to deny," he retorted. "I never was too good for human nature's daily food; and thanks to you, Miss De Forest, I lost my usual share of that commodity this evening."

"I am very sorry," I said, demurely.

"You don't look in the least so," he returned. "On the contrary, I see a malicious satisfaction twinkling in your eyes, an evident enjoyment of my dinnerless condition puckering the corners of your mouth. It would be poetic justice to keep this horn of plenty for my own consumption, and deny you the least sugar-plum it contains."

He drew forth a large cornucopia, of the kind dear to children's eyes, as he spoke, and held it up before me so that its bright ribbons and gay gilding glittered in the light. I looked at it longingly, and answered with promptness:

"It would be prosaic greediness, which I don't believe you are capable of. I am devoted to sugar-plums."

"But sweets are for the sweet, and you have been both tart and bitter for ten minutes past."

"Give me some chocolates, and I will be honey and sugar until you forget there were ever vinegar and aloes."

"Will you? I have my doubts, but I'll be generous for once. Eat, and satisfy yourself with sweetness."

He emptied the pretty horn into my lap: dainty creams and fruit-drops, pistachio-nuts crusted with sugar, delicate fig-paste, and petrified "jellies" were the contents. I was young enough to relish such things at any time, hungry enough to eat them eagerly just then, in the absence of any thing more substantial. My companion watched me with a pleased satisfaction. Now and then he helped himself to an almond or a jelly-drop; and presently he discovered a treasure in the shape of some mottoes ingeniously inclosed within a sugar walnut. They were as brilliant as such poetic specimens are apt to be; but he extracted much amusement from them, and made me laugh as heartily as if I had been a little girl exchanging mottoes with a boy-lover at a child's party. He

found a philopœna also, and ate it with me, giving me warning that he never failed to be the winner, and my forfeit would be rigidly exacted.

Very trifling, all this, I know; but who could be wise in such a time and place? Any nonsense that would while away the hours was welcome, and it was marvelous how rapidly they sped with laugh and jest and careless talk that put me at ease, and led the way finally to more thoughtful and dignified themes. We had discussed books and music, pictures and poetry, philosophy and religion, before the morning dawned. But in all this there were no personal confidences exchanged. I told him nothing of myself beyond what he could infer from my language and ideas, and I did not know even his name, when—the morning having come at last, and the ferry being crossed—we stood together at Mrs. Bernard's door.

V.

The dark river was not so dreadful in the early morning light; the waves curled up crisply, and there were rosy tints of dawn in the sky that found themselves repeated in the water. I was tired and hungry, but there was exhilaration in the bracing air, and in the brisk walk which we had to take, no vehicles being on hand at that early hour. My cheeks were glowing, my nose was frosty, but on the whole I was not unhappy. As for my guide and protector, his spirits were unfailing, his conversation inexhaustible; I never was better entertained in my life than during the walk—and certainly never better cared for than when it came to an end. The servants were up when we reached the house, and we were speedily admitted to a cheerful room, where a bright fire in a grate and various indications of breakfast had a reviving effect. A servant was sent for Mrs. Bernard, who appeared in much less time than I could have believed possible, seeing she had just been aroused from her "beauty-sleep." Her cordial welcome, and the unaffected and abundant sympathy with which she listened to the history of my misfortunes, dispelled every shadow of doubt or discomfort; I knew instinctively that we should be friends. She was a plump little woman, very pretty, and very youthful-looking; with just the faintest suggestion in her face of some one I had seen before. I could not recall the person, though I caught the resemblance instantly, and puzzled myself vainly to think where I had seen such a look.

It did not come to me until half an hour later, when, after I had refreshed my outer woman a little with cold water and toilet-brushes, I was summoned to the early breakfast prepared for my benefit. The whole family were assembled, and I was introduced to each one by name, my guide of the night before only excepted. Mrs. Bernard said, with her pleasant smile:

"I needn't present my brother, Miss De For-

est; you have already made his acquaintance."

"And tested his capacity for knight-errantry—no pun intended, Miss De Forest," he added for himself. "But she has no idea what his name is for all that, Fan. Only think, she accused me of being your husband!"

"You were never accused before of being half so good a man," laughed his sister. "I don't wonder that you were not willing to undeceive her."

"I beg your pardon," he retorted, gayly. "I did not rest under that imputation a moment longer than necessary. Not that I've any thing against Bernard—don't be discouraged, Charlie"—aside to his brother-in-law, a rather quiet-looking but very dignified gentleman, who smiled as one well used to such sallies, and quietly amused by them—"but my bachelor reputation was at stake, you know. I couldn't appear at a disadvantage in such romantic circumstances."

"I don't see how all that prevented you from telling Miss De Forest your name, however," said Mrs. Bernard. "I think you were a clumsy cavalier after all. Nothing is so uncomfortable as not knowing what to call a person with whom one is obliged to converse."

"She will never know if you keep on at this rate," cried "the person" in question. "Miss De Forest, pray let me atone for my sins of omission—your humble servant, Schuyler Livingston."

Livingston! that accounted for the oddly-familiar look in Mrs. Bernard's blue eyes. I knew by a rapid intuition that she was a daughter of Colonel Livingston, the hard old man who held the mortgage against my father, and whose face I remembered well, though I had seen it not a dozen times. He had been in our neighborhood some ten years, but his family were scattered abroad, and he seldom went into society, or entertained company in his elegant mansion, his passion being rather for money-getting than money-spending. It gave me a queer sensation—remembering the unpleasant position in which we stood to him—to find myself seated at his daughter's table; there, too, solely for the purpose of earning money to assist in defraying our debt to her father!

It made me rather awkward in my acknowledgment of Mr. Livingston's introduction, rather constrained in my acceptance of the courtesies which were so cordially tendered by all the family. Only for a while, however; there was such a graceful kindness in their behavior to me, such a delicate recognition of the ladyhood that I knew was my birth-right, and the understanding so evidently accepted, that my social rights were to be on a level with their own, that I could not retain pride or distrust. The atmosphere was genial and invited confidence; I took advantage of some personal allusion to mention Colonel Livingston's name, and found that my conjecture was perfectly correct; also (and this pleased me better), that if Mrs. Ber-

nard was like her father in the matter of eyes, she differed from him essentially in his main characteristic.

"You must not think me unfilial," she said; "but I never could understand or sympathize with the life my father leads. He devotes himself to business, and leaves no room in his heart for any thing else. I sometimes think he forgets even that he has children."

"A nice character to give of your father," said her brother, humorously, yet with a certain tinge of reproof in his tone, which each of us apprehended.

"Miss De Forest is not a stranger," Mrs. Bernard answered, quickly. "She knows my father, remember."

And I understood her delicate purpose to dispel any natural misgivings consequent upon my discovery of the relationship. It was certainly a relief to know that the sphere in which I was to move, for a while at least, was not governed by the narrow and sordid motives which were apparent in Colonel Livingston.

I soon discovered, in fact, that an entirely opposite spirit prevailed: it was Mrs. Bernard's purpose—in which her husband quietly coincided, and her brother actively co-operated—to use all lawful means toward the laudable end of making home happy. The children were important members of the home circle, included in most of its schemes for enjoyment; their governess was a sort of elder sister and daughter, on no account to be "left out in the cold." I found myself, after a very brief space, so thoroughly happy and contented in my new circumstances that I was actually ashamed and self-reproached to think I could enjoy so much something in which my dear father had no share. I frankly confessed my unworthiness to him, and got for reply a consolatory injunction to "continue in well-doing. To know that you are happy, my little Delle—even at a distance from me, and without any aid of mine—is the sweetest knowledge I desire to attain to in this world. Be glad, then, as you have opportunity, and I shall still be more so."

It was clearly, after this, a filial duty to be as happy as possible; and so I accepted as cordially as they were offered the many pleasures that came to me. Mr. Bernard, though a quiet man, was hospitably inclined; we had guests continually, and such pleasant guests that I discovered for the first time I was fond of society. Perhaps because Mrs. Bernard's manner to me made it incumbent upon her guests to be polite; at any rate, I had no lack of courtesy to complain of. They were musical too, as well as social, and didn't hesitate to take me to philharmonics and the opera, or to any theatre where a good play and good actors were to be seen. We were a *partie carrée* always; but Mr. Livingston was my escort. He had established a precedent, he said, and it was a new sensation to see my enjoyment of these new dissipations. I professed myself glad to afford him amusement, even by my verdancy: he af-

firmed that green—as I wore it—was his favorite color.

Of course my life was not a mere play-time. I had my duties, and they had their disagreeable side. Elsie—sweet enough as a general thing—was a little Tartar on occasion; and it was the more difficult to manage her because one never knew when to expect, or how to guard against her stormy seasons. Georgie and Gertrude were seldom unamiable; but they infinitely preferred their dolls to their lessons. I had my own trial in coaxing them along the weary road to learning, and in gently insinuating alphabetical attractions to the rebellious and oppositional little Pickle in petticoats, who "couldn't see it" on any inducement. Mrs. Bernard shared the weakness of most mothers: she objected to coercion, and took a firm stand upon moral suasion, which is excellent as far as it goes; but I ached sometimes to give little Pickle a shake; and Georgie would not have been pitied for a headache whenever she was not in the mood for geography if I had been her mother.

The main difficulty, however, was with Elsie. The child puzzled and provoked me with her sudden transitions and unaccountable humors. She seemed to be possessed at times with the very spirit of some of her old Livingston ancestors, of whose wild doings there were traditions in our country-side. I found out that her mother did not like to be told of Elsie's outbreaks, and had no power to control them. Her father, like the generality of American fathers, had little to do with the government of his children, and it would have been useless to refer to him; so I had to depend upon my own discretion altogether—a very poor dependence, my half-sisters would have affirmed, and I certainly did not feel any comforting confidence in it myself.

Mrs. Bernard came to the school-room one morning and announced that Mr. Livingston invited us all to a *matinée* of "The Royal Equestrians."

"The most marvelous riding imaginable," she said, "and a charming pageant of an English May-day festival—crowds of pretty children, and flowers, and all that. Something really worth seeing, Schuyler says."

The children were, of course, rapturous; and I had not the least objection, on my part, to the entertainment. We "accepted" unanimously, and were bidden to make speed with our lessons that we might have time to dress before luncheon. "Be very good children, so that Miss De Forest can tell your uncle you have deserved the treat," was the mother's parting injunction.

But, as if the words roused an antagonistic spirit, Elsie began from the moment the mother left the room to develop symptoms of a storm. She could not do her examples, she could not answer her map questions, it was perfectly hard-hearted to expect her to spell "archipelago." The next thing would be, she supposed, that I

would insist upon Popocatapetl, and all the proper names in the Bible! I assured her that I had no such dark designs, and endeavored artfully to avert the rising passion by helping her as much as possible in her recitations. She despised my hints and suggestions, however, and worked herself up into positive fury at her own failures, throwing her book down finally, with a burst of angry tears, and declaring amidst her sobs that she didn't care, I was cruelly unjust to her, and it was no use to try to please me; she never meant to try again.

It was difficult to combat such absurdity, for any justification of myself would have been equally absurd. At this particular time, too, it was exceedingly disagreeable to have a contest with the child, the effects of which, even if I came off conqueror, and that was very doubtful, would be unpleasantly visible all the afternoon, and go far toward spoiling every body's pleasure. I determined, then, to let the matter pass for the present, and take another time to convince her of her errors. So I said only,

"You may be excused from Geography to-day, Elsie, and study the same lesson again for to-morrow. As to my being unjust to you, you must know that is all nonsense. It is silly and wrong to say things that we don't even believe ourselves."

"But I *do* believe it!" she replied, passionately. "You do not like me, and so you are unkind to me."

"Now you are very unjust to *me*," I said. "I have never been unkind to you, and have given you no cause to think I do not like you."

"But I say you have!" she repeated, violently. "You don't like me, I know you don't; and more than that, you have told tales of me to my uncle. He used to love me before you came; now he only cares about *you*."

She emphasized the pronoun with jealous bitterness, and met my look of undisguised astonishment with one full of wrath and suspicion. As for me, I was utterly confounded, and for the moment "dumb before my accuser." My face grew hot with a strange consciousness, and the next moment burned more hotly still with shame and vehement self-disclaiming. I scarcely heeded the ridiculous charge of having "told tales of her," for my brain whirled with the equally ridiculous assertion, "he only cares about you!"

One brief moment condenses, sometimes, infinite emotions. I wondered at myself for the promptness and self-possession with which I answered the child, and rebuked her jealous distrust.

"You are saying things that are not only absurd, Elsie, they are positively wicked. I insist upon your silence; don't say another word until you are able to talk with common-sense. By-and-by you will be sorry that you have spoken such untruths."

"I *never* shall be sorry," she muttered, defiantly. "I have told the truth, and you are not to say, Miss De Forest"—her voice rising

with passion—"that I speak untruths. I am not a liar; I will not be called one!"

"No," I answered, "you are only a passionate and unreasonable little girl, who chooses to torment herself with her own ridiculous fancies. I shall not waste time to argue with her while she is in such a mood. Get your history, Georgie; you and Gertrude may read to me now."

I turned away from her entirely as I spoke, and gave my whole attention to the little girls, who brought their books obediently and began to read. Elsie muttered some furious words under her breath; I did not look at or listen to her. She kicked the desk in front of her, and stamped her feet; I still took no notice. I thought her temper would subside when it was no longer fed by argument or opposition, but I was mistaken. She resented my silence more than my reproof; it implied contempt, which exasperated her; and a sudden violent blow—from some object hurled through the air, and taking effect upon my breast—gave, to say the least, an unpleasant proof of her state of mind, and of my mistaken policy.

Georgie and Gertrude screamed simultaneously: "Oh, Miss De Forest, look at your dress! O—h, *Elsie*! see what you have done!"

And little Sydney ran to the door, shouting, "Mamma! mamma! Elsie has thrown the ink-stand at Miss De Forest!"

I sprang up in all haste, and shook off the inky stream that was soaking through my well-preserved merino, concern for my dress being uppermost for the moment.

"Bring me some water as quickly as you can—run to my room for the pitcher, but say nothing to any one," I said hastily to Gertrude. And she hurried to obey me, but was nearly upset at the door, in her eagerness, by somebody's rapid entrance—that somebody, to my amazement and discomfiture, being Mr. Livingston himself. Of all people he was the last I cared to see at that crisis; but there he was, and I had to apologize as well as I could for the commotion.

"There has been an accident, you see, Mr. Livingston—I'm sorry not to receive you in better order. What a pity you happened to come just now!"

"On the contrary, I think it is very fortunate I happened to be within hearing just now," he said, with decision. "Does this sort of thing happen frequently, Miss De Forest?"

"Not very," I answered briefly. I saw he understood the thing, and it was useless to try to shield the culprit, as my first impulse had been. He crossed the room to Elsie, who stood by her desk, looking pale but defiant.

"Why did you throw the ink-stand at Miss De Forest?"

"Because she insulted me."

"Insulted you? how so?"

"She—she—I do not choose not to be answered when I speak!" she said with some confusion.

"What was it that Miss De Forest refused to answer?"

No reply.

"It is something you are ashamed to repeat, then?"

"Pray do not trouble yourself," I interposed, hastily. "The whole thing is a misunderstanding, Mr. Livingston. Elsie will see—when she has time to think—that she was mistaken, and she will be sorry. Leave it to me, I beg of you."

"Excuse me," he said, gravely. "I see you wish to shield Elsie—it is very amiable, but I doubt if it is wise. When her temper gets to such a pass it's time *somebody* took her in hand seriously."

"And *you* do it because it's about Miss De Forest!" exclaimed the child. "If it was any body else you wouldn't care. It would only be 'one of Elsie's storms.'"

His face flushed, and I felt the hot color running up to mine—with shame and annoyance, and an instinctive apprehension of what was to follow.

"You do very well to remind me that I have been foolishly indulgent to you," he said, rather sharply. "I gave you credit, it seems, for more good sense and more good feeling than you possess. But in future I promise you that 'Elsie's storms' shall not be passed over so lightly."

"Thanks to Miss De Forest," she said, bitterly.

"Thanks to Elsie Bernard—or rather to an evil spirit that seems to have taken possession of the little girl I loved. Why, Elsie, I hardly know you to-day."

"Because you don't love me any more; you only—only—care about Miss De Forest!" she sobbed.

I could not be silent any longer. "This is perfect nonsense!" I exclaimed. "You must see, Mr. Livingston, that Elsie doesn't know what she is talking about. Pray say no more to her."

I was thoroughly annoyed, and he saw it, and yielded to my wish at once. "Of course it shall be as you like," he said in a low voice; "I did not mean to vex you by my interference. I am sorry if I have."

"Not at all," I answered, hastily. "You had a perfect right. Only I knew you could not do any good—just yet."

"I understand. You think she will come to her senses by-and-by? But really she ought to be punished. Only look at your dress! Did she actually throw an inkstand at you?"

"I'm afraid she did."

"And did you give her any provocation?"

"I certainly did not mean to, but she must have fancied that I did."

"She must not be allowed to go with us this afternoon. It is a just punishment."

"Then the party had better be given up. It will be spoiled for every body," I said, decidedly.

"For you?" he asked, looking at me keenly.

"Could not you enjoy it without her?"

"No—in this case I could not."

"That is enough; she shall go. But Elsie"—he turned to her sharply—"I wish you to remember that you owe your pleasure this afternoon—if you can take any—entirely to Miss De Forest. I consider you a very naughty little girl, and I shall never care so much for you until you have made amends for to-day's misconduct."

He left the room without giving her time to answer, and she put her head down upon her desk and began to cry; not passionately, but as one thoroughly miserable and broken-hearted. I could not help pitying her, provoked as I was by the whole affair, which was certainly uncalled-for and absurd to the last degree. But I had no opportunity to show it, for I heard Mrs. Bernard's voice in the hall, and not wishing to go over the fuss with her, I made my escape through another door, and ran up to my room to change my dress.

Poor old dress! it was utterly useless now, and its destruction was not the least part of my annoyance. I had none to spare, you know, and sorely grudged the money that would have to buy me another. But it was no more use to cry over spilt ink than "spilt milk," I remembered: so I arrayed myself in a green poplin—the most becoming dress I had—and went down stairs just as the luncheon-bell rang; feeling rather uncomfortable about meeting Mrs. Bernard, who, of course, had heard the whole affair before this, and would probably see it from Elsie's point of view. I was agreeably disappointed by a pleasant look and word when I entered the dining-room.

"It is too bad about your dress, Miss De Forest—I don't know what we shall do with that poor little tempest! She says she is very sorry, though."

I had my doubts about that, Mrs. Bernard's way of getting over the children's faults easily being familiar to me. But I was very glad to let it pass, so I only said:

"Oh, the dress is of no consequence—it is an old one, you know. And Elsie and I will be good friends again by-and-by."

She was not at the luncheon-table, and I did not see her again till the carriages came to the door. She ran into my room then—I was tying my bonnet—and said, impulsively, that she was sorry she had been so naughty, and would I forgive her? I said I would, certainly, but I would like to know if she still believed such hard things about me, and why she had ever thought I told tales of her to her uncle? She stammered and blushed and refused to tell; and all I could get from her was that "she did not think so now."

"Why?" I asked. "Why shouldn't you think so still?"

"Because I shouldn't have been allowed to go this afternoon except for you," she answered, shyly. "I am very much obliged to you, Miss De Forest; I suppose I deserved to be punished, but—"

"You were not particularly anxious to get

your deserts!" I added, filling up her pause. "That's the case with older and wiser people sometimes, Elsie. Never mind it now; your own conscience has punished you, I dare say, and I have no wish to punish you any more."

"I shall ask mamma to give you a new dress," she said. But I answered, quickly:

"Indeed you shall not! That would not be the thing at all. It was not your mamma who spoiled my dress: why should she replace it?"

"But I have no money," she said, uneasily.

"It would do no good if you had. The only thing I want, Elsie, is that you should love me and trust me. That would pay me for the dress—money would not."

"Would that be making amends?" she asked.

"Yes; that and trying to conquer a passionate temper, which makes yourself and all who love you unhappy."

"I will try," she said, softly. "Miss De Forest, will you tell Uncle Schuyler that I have made amends?"

"As soon as I have an opportunity," I promised.

"You'll have one now, because he's going to drive you in his buggy. There isn't room in the carriage for all of us."

"I think he had better take you," some unaccountable impulse made me say in haste.

"Perhaps he will, if you ask him!" she cried, eagerly; her face flushing with pleasure. "Will you, when you go down? They are calling us now!"

I said I would, getting a grateful kiss for my reward. And so we went down stairs together. Mr. Livingston was in the hall waiting for us.

"They are all in the carriage," he said to Elsie; "run along and get your place. Miss De Forest, will you allow me to have the pleasure of driving you? I have taken it for granted, you see."

"Wouldn't you rather take Elsie for granted?" I asked, laughingly. "She is very anxious to be your companion, and she has made amends for all her naughtiness."

"Glad to hear it! But that's hardly sufficient reason for changing my plans. Another time, Elsie, you shall ride with me, but not to-day."

VI.

And the child, obeying his look, went on to the carriage, disappointed but submissive. I, equally submissive, allowed myself to be handed into the buggy, and we were soon rattling over the stones toward the ferry—the identical ferry where we had met for the first time, and where "my sinking strength was sustained on sugar-plums," as it had been his pleasure to remind me on several occasions.

"By-the-way, do you remember, Miss De Forest, that you owe me a philopœna?" he asked, as we rolled over the bridge.

"I remember that you have accused me of that debt," I answered; "but I don't acknowledge it. It is outlawed by this time, if I ever

owed it to you; but I don't even remember that."

"Your bad memory is not a sufficient ground for repudiation. You owe me a philopœna, and I shall exact payment."

"After the manner of Shylock?" I asked, carelessly.

"No," he answered, deliberately. "One pound of flesh will not suffice. One hundred, perhaps—more or less—might satisfy me. Miss De Forest"—he bent forward and toward me with a look that compelled my eyes to meet his—"I am not a man to go round about a purpose, or to hesitate after my mind is made up. Forgive me if this is abrupt, but—I love you!"

Could any thing have been cooler or more business-like, even to the accurate estimate of my probable weight in flesh and blood? I was for the moment even more amused than surprised or startled, and a saucy answer sprang to my lips.

"What a lame and impotent conclusion, Mr. Livingston, to such a very resolute beginning! Really I trembled with the expectation of something terrible!"

"Do not jest, Miss De Forest," he said, earnestly. "It is not a laughing matter to me. Answer me seriously for once."

"Answer what? You have asked me no question."

"I have told you a fact of vital importance, to one person at least. Is there nothing in that to answer? You shall have the question too: Do you love me?"

"Not at all!" I cried, laughing, and turning away my face, for I felt it glowing to the roots of my hair. "Such a ridiculous question, and such a place to choose for asking it! What would Mrs. Bernard say?"

"That you would try the patience of Job!" he exclaimed, hotly. "Is it impossible for you to be serious, Miss De Forest?"

"I am simply obeying a Scriptural injunction," I said, demurely.

"To answer a fool according to his folly? Do you really mean that?"

He looked me full in the face as he demanded my reply; his eyes sparkled, his lips were compressed as if to restrain emotion, his whole expression betokened both eagerness and determination. I saw that no *badinage*, no more evasion of the question at issue would be tolerated; and—must I confess it?—I felt no desire to trifle longer: the fervent meaning of his eyes found response in my heart, causing strange stir and tumult in depths never sounded before. Sudden and overwhelming as the *declaration* certainly was, I was conscious of a delicious recognition of the truth it revealed as no newborn emotion on either side. He loved me, I loved him; in that one exquisite moment it seemed as if we had loved each other from the beginning of the world!

My tongue for once was mute; my face was sufficiently eloquent, I suppose, for I found myself suddenly a prisoner, held firmly in strong

arms, while possession was claimed in passionate whispers. We were on the ferry-boat, huddled in with the usual crowd of miscellaneous vehicles, and the buggy was open to observation; it was a mercy that every body was too busy with their own affairs to take note of ours—also that the buggy was deep, and the afghan ample—else Mrs. Grundy would have been horribly scandalized!

As it was, I never heard that any body was the wiser for that little demonstration, though there were certainly two people the happier! I returned to propriety, for my part, as speedily as I conveniently could, and demanded, of course, with the proper amount of virtuous indignation, how he dared take such a liberty? He replied that he did what he pleased with his own possessions; henceforward I was his, to have and to hold when and where he chose; and as for the ferry-boat, it was not very romantic, he knew, considered by itself—a meeting by moonlight alone would have been more according to rule, and in some respects preferable—but did I happen to remember that it was upon this spot, at the witching hour of midnight, I had thrown myself upon his protection, and was there no logic in the eternal fitness of things?

I confess that I saw very few of the wonderful feats performed by the "Royal Equestrians" that afternoon. There was a glare of color and light, and a wonderful whirl of indescribable things, only equaled by the dizzy tumult of my own heart and brain. Mrs. Bernard found me silent and *distracted*, and began to watch me at last with curious eyes, and make little significant speeches. I did not mind them, for I knew she liked me, and that when the truth was told her she would accept it gracefully, even though she might have *chosen* something different for her brother. I cared really more for poor little Elsie's interest in the matter, though that and every thing else was soon merged in the remembrance of my father. What had I done? what had I consented to? something that would separate me from him not merely for a season; something that would render worthless at once every effort I had made for his sake. What would house or land be to him without me?

"A penny for your thoughts," some one whispered at my ear.

"They are a hundred miles away!" I exclaimed, involuntarily.

"And you look as if you would like to follow them."

"My looks tell the truth," I said.

"Flattering to your companions. Thank you."

And my interlocutor turned away, and devoted himself to Elsie for five minutes at least. I was glad when the performance came to an end and we were alone once more; for I had made up my mind to a grand renunciation, and I was naturally anxious to get over the pain of effecting it as soon as possible. I opened the

matter by endeavoring to withdraw my hand, of which he had taken possession as soon as he was seated beside me in the buggy.

"What is that for?" he asked, nonchalantly, retaining his hold. "Nobody can see you now, and if they did, who cares?"

"It isn't that," I answered, gravely. "You must not hold my hand at all; you must forget every thing you have said to me this afternoon, and let us simply be friends as we were before."

"Have you repented already?" he asked, laughingly, proceeding with characteristic effrontery to pull the glove off my hand.

"Your impudence would justify me," I said, struggling, but vainly, to recover hand and glove.

"Because if you have," he went on, regardless of the interpolation, "I'm sorry for you; but it is too late. My little Delle, you are mine, for time and for eternity; this little hand is mine, and in proof thereof witness my sign and seal."

Something was slipped over my finger—it was useless to resist—and then the hand was released, and I saw the flash of a brilliant *solitaire*. For one moment only, in the next it was prisoned again, as if in anticipation of my instinctive impulse to snatch off the ring.

"Now"—and one hand grasped mine more firmly than ever, while with the other he gathered up the reins that had fallen loosely over the dasher during this little episode. "Let us hear why I must forget every thing I said this afternoon. Speak with due circumspection, however, for you are no longer free, and I give you fair warning that I'll have no nonsense."

"I am free—I *must* be free!" I exclaimed; "and all *this* is nonsense, which I ought never to have allowed. Mr. Livingston, take back your ring, and forgive me if you can. I can not let this go on."

"State your reasons," he answered, with lawyer-like coolness, but there was a change in his voice—the tone of easy confidence gave way to repressed anxiety, visible in his very brevity.

"I can not leave my father," I exclaimed, childishly, too confused and troubled to express myself with more circumlocution.

"Is that all?" with a quick return to the former tone. "But I haven't asked you to leave him, have I?"

No, it was very true he had not.

"And you are not with him now—you had left him of your own accord before I ever thought of tempting you to be so unfilial."

"But I did it with a purpose," I said, hastily, "and only for a time. If I—if you—if this goes on," I stammered, "the very object of my coming here will be frustrated, the end for which we are both working will be no longer worth attaining."

"Suppose you tell me all about it," he suggested; "and meanwhile, since you object to my holding your hand, I'll make a compromise—so;" putting an arm around me as he spoke,

and drawing me so close to him that my head rested perforce upon his shoulder.

It was so dark by this time that it was impossible for any one to see us, and as I had proved already the folly of resistance to his superior strength, I judged it wise to accept the situation. There was in it both pain and pleasure; I hardly knew which predominated: the sweetness of being upheld by his strong arm, knowing myself dear and precious to him, yielding for a brief space to the charm of his caresses—or the pain of feeling that I must renounce all this in justice to another love more sacred, but, alas! not now so sweet. I had to acknowledge *that*, to remember with shame that my heart had never throbbed with such delicious happiness when my father gathered me in his arms, dearly as I loved him.

But I nerved myself to the task, and told the story of our pecuniary difficulties, and the object for which I had left home; how we hoped to pay off the mortgage, and again get possession of the pretty homestead, and how we proposed to live together and take care of each other all our days. Consequently, how it was wrong and impossible to enter into any other arrangement which would conflict with this. I was listened to with sufficient attention, but I am bound to state that my arguments did not make the impression I had expected. On the contrary, they were received with amusement, and instead of being instantly and magnanimously resigned, I was folded in a tighter embrace than ever, and half-smothered with kisses in addition, notwithstanding my vehement protests. And for all satisfaction, I got only the assurance that "*he* would settle all that with my father, who, by the law of opposites, must be a sensible man, else he could never have had such a dear little goose of a daughter."

Which might have been logic, but I didn't see it. However, my heart was lightened already with a happy, if somewhat vague, trust in his ability to reconcile conflicting claims; and when he lifted me out at Mrs. Bernard's door the diamond was still glittering upon my ungloved hand. "Take it off at your peril!" he had said in reply to all my feminine protestations, and objections, and dread of what people would say. "You have nothing to do with what will be said. I'll attend to that."

VII.

And, of course, I could only obey. I ran up to my own room without waiting for the rest, found the gas lighted, the grate glowing cheerily, and a letter lying on the round table. From my father, I saw at a glance, and snatched it eagerly with a sense of compunction that soon gave way to different emotions as I hastily gathered its contents. Here is a part:

"I am sorry to have only bad news for you, my little Delle, in return for your bright letter. I would tell you nothing about it if there was any hope of remedy; but, as it is, and there being no longer any object to be gained by our separation, I think you will prefer to know the truth at once. So I write to say,

come home, my child. Your loving efforts can never avail to regain the home in which you were born, and year by year have grown dearer to me; but we will be just as happy yet somewhere else. It is too painful a subject to write in detail: it is enough to say that, without my knowledge, and for reasons of his own, James Harkness has induced Colonel Livingston to transfer to him the mortgage upon my property. The thing was arranged through a third party; it was not intended that I should know of Harkness's share in it; but I accidentally discovered the whole plot. The worst of it is, that Hannah consented to it, and Martha justifies the procedure. Comment is needless. I have now no alternative but to offer the property for sale, since I can not raise the money to take up the mortgage when it falls due, and I certainly shall not ask the favor of a renewal from my son-in-law. It will, of course, be sacrificed in the present depression of real estate, but Harkness will be the purchaser, and Hannah the gainer—I ought not to complain! Come home to me, Delle; you are all I have left, and I am sick for the sight of my little girl's face."

What pity and love and fiery indignation possessed my soul as I read this needs not to be expressed. I burned with righteous wrath, I longed, oh, how fervently! for a few brief minutes face to face with the treacherous sisters, the unnatural daughters who had conspired to plunder their own father. For once their sins would have been set in order before them if I could have reached them then. But beyond my bitter contempt and anger there was no longer the sense of loss and disappointment which I would have felt once. I was even conscious of a certain undefined sense of relief—a feeling that in some way this destruction of one hope would be the foundation upon which another would rise to completion.

I put the letter in my pocket when the bell rang for dinner, and went down in too much excitement to dread—as I should have done otherwise—the ordeal to which my ring was sure to subject me.

"Oh, Miss De Forest, how pretty!" was, of course, an immediate outcry from Georgie, who sat next me at dinner. "You never wore this ring before—may I look at it?"

"Certainly," I said, as indifferently as I could,

"*Why* did you never wear it before?" was the next interrogation. "Did you only get it to-day?"

But, to my relief, Mrs. Bernard interposed: "It is rude to ask so many questions, Georgie. Miss De Forest might not like to answer them."

There was significance in her tone, and I saw by her glance at my hand that she suspected the truth. But nothing more was said, and dinner passed rather more quietly and formally than usual. When Mrs. Bernard rose to leave the room Mr. Livingston said, with his usual easy grace,

"Come up to my study by-and-by, will you, Fan? and bring Miss De Forest, if she will condescend. I've something to show you."

"Miss De Forest is here to speak for herself," said Mrs. Bernard.

He turned to me: "Will you come?" with a mischievous look.

But I did not trust myself to answer except with a bow of assent. I knew what was to come, and I dreaded it. Mrs. Bernard looked at me curiously several times during the next half hour, but she said nothing until she asked me if I would go now to Mr. Livingston's study. At the door, just before she entered, she said:

"There is something going on between you two—I have seen it all the afternoon. Am I to be taken into confidence?"

The door opening suddenly from the inside saved me from the necessity of replying. Mr. Livingston had heard our approach, and welcomed us in to his quaintly-elegant apartment with much effusion. But his sister turned to him with sharp interrogation:

"What's the meaning of this, Schuyler? There is some mystery going on with you and Miss De Forest."

"We'll make her reveal it, then," he answered, laughing. "Tell my sister the wickedness we have planned, Delle!"

"Thank you for nothing," said Mrs. Bernard, shortly. "I have the use of my eyes, and I know an engagement ring when I see it."

"Give us your blessing, then," he retorted, putting his arm about my waist and drawing me toward her. "Confess that you could not have chosen a sister more to your liking, Fan."

"It is all settled, then? Miss De Forest, I wish you joy of him. You will relieve me from a great anxiety."

"I hope you are not vexed," was all I could find voice to say.

"Vexed? why should I be?" she began, a little coolly; then with a sudden impulse threw her arms round my neck and kissed me. "I've a great mind to scold! to think of your being so sly about it, that I never even guessed until this afternoon."

"There was nothing to guess," I exclaimed, eagerly. "Tell her how it was," appealingly to *him*. Whereat he explained, entirely to Mrs. Bernard's satisfaction, and submitted with a good grace to some rather sharp rallying on her part, for which the unfortunate engagement ring was a handle.

"The idea of his cool presumption in taking my consent for granted, and providing the ring beforehand! Probably he had the *wedding* ring also in his possession," etc., etc. I had not thought of it before in the general whirl of my ideas, but it mortified me a little in the light of her ridicule. Had he been so sure of his conquest, then? and how had I revealed to him feelings which I had not even acknowledged to myself? I resolved to have this explained, and it was, afterward, entirely to my satisfaction; though I do not intend to tell the reader how. He will doubtless accept the reservation cheerfully, and also the fact that my story is almost told.

Mrs. Bernard was amiable enough to "give

us her blessing" and approval, and to undertake to reconcile poor little Elsie to the confirmation of her worst suspicions. She had been reading "*Daisy Burns*," it appeared, and fancied herself a second edition of that heroine, not being up to the fact that her beloved Uncle Schuyler was "within the degrees of consanguinity," and could never play the part of "*Cornelius*," even if no "*Miriam*" had appeared on the stage. Her mother, as I said, undertook to explain, and considerately left us alone, to the *tête-à-tête* we longed for.

Then I produced my letter, and had the comfort of meeting perfect sympathy, not only in my indignation, but in the vague idea which had occurred to me of turning the misfortune to our advantage. In fact, it was seized upon and put into shape immediately.

"Your father must sell out, of course," said Mr. Livingston, "and I shall get *my* father to see that that precious hypocrite doesn't make too good a bargain out of his meanness. He will have something in hand to begin again in a fresh place—and that place, Delle—what is to hinder?—shall be here. If he is the man I take him to be he can get all the practice he wants before long, and you and I will console him for all he leaves behind."

It is needless to detail the long discussion of this project, and the various steps by which it arrived at completion. Enough that it *was* completed through the active energy of a son-in-law more after my father's heart than Wilson Plunkett or James Harkness; that the homestead was sold, *not* to my sister Hannah's husband, whose meanness for once overreached itself; that the proceeds of the sale paid all debts and left a comfortable surplus for the new beginning; that my dear father is now a physician, loved and respected in many a Brooklyn household; but most of all in the one of which he forms the third member, where Schuyler Livingston is the master, and Delle—*née* De Forest—the happiest little mistress in the world.

I had a trousseau, too, in which my father was recklessly extravagant; but the wedding-dress was a present from Elsie—a creamy-white silk, which certainly made ample amends for the ink-stains on my gray merino; and in which, under the fleecy cloud of point-lace—Mrs. Bernard's gift—*somebody* said I looked like an angel! Elsie's bridesmaid dress was even prettier in *her* estimation: it was not like the odious green silk presented to Daisy, but a fairy-like tissue of rose-color, festooned with lilies of the valley, which I myself selected with special reference to her peachy complexion and nut-brown curls.

As for Hannah and Martha, they were, of course, invited to my wedding, but had the grace to send regrets. I have never seen them since, having been far too happy in my new home to care about revisiting the old one.

GOSSIP ABOUT OUR GENERALS.

THE public have with great difficulty been made to realize the fact that General Grant was the first military genius developed by the late war, and that fortunate circumstances did not raise him to the proud position he now holds. His career was comparatively so uneventful—his advancement came to him so slowly and regularly and naturally—his genius developed itself so very undramatically—his manner under all circumstances of victory and defeat continued so imperturbable—his countenance was at all times so stolid, and, though thoughtful, inexpressive—in fact, he was so provokingly commonplace that those who read of him, and particularly those who saw him, were unable to realize that this could be the face, the figure, the manner, and the character of a great soldier. The public formed its *beau-ideal* of the warrior early in the war, basing it on its school-boy impressions of our Revolutionary demi-gods; and a good deal of noise and fury, signifying next to nothing, were necessary to complete the picture. So at first the public was pleased with men who *talked* war, who *promised* “no more retreats,” established “head-quarters in the saddle,” and were guilty of like tit-bits of extravagance in expression. Grant, under the common height in stature, light instead of dark in complexion, calm and retiring and modest, in fact bashful, rather than impulsive or blustering or forward in manner; rather sleepy instead of fiery about the eyes, shocked and disappointed the hero-worshippers who had looked for their hero in another and more questionable shape, and they turned away from the contemplation of Grant, satisfied that there was no greatness in him.

“Now, have you ever seen a more common-looking man?” I was once asked by one of these skeptics, who, in his earnestness, repeated, “Now, have you, say?”

Compelled to answer one can not but admit that physiognomy is at fault in Grant's case. His face is not *exactly* the index to a great soul. But Grant is physically a contradiction. He is unusually strong though very small of limb, and he has much weight of flesh compactly put on his bones. He can undergo as much mental labor as bodily exposure; but can endure neither without repose. He sleeps regularly nine hours out of the twenty-four. It is to his somnolency that this noticeable dullness of facial expression is due; and to this lack of expression and his taciturnity that he owes his frequent failures at favorable first impressions upon beholders and listeners.

But with all his quiet reservedness Grant is not always taciturn. He can talk enough and well enough when it is necessary. He is not by any means confiding; he does not tell everybody his intentions, his purposes, his unfinished plans; he seldom asks advice upon plans merely outlined; but when he has decided in his own mind and explanation to others is nec-

essary he can be very fluent of speech. All of Grant's letters of instructions to his commanders have been noticeable for their completeness, their quiet, conversational tone, and the absence of any rhetorical display in style or boasting in matter. I particularly remember the easy and familiar style of his secret instructions for the battle of Chattanooga; they read more like a pleasant letter from one friend to another discussing domestic affairs rather than the Commander-in-chief's circular ordering the grand movements of an important battle. Shortly after he had been appointed Lieutenant-General, and before he had actually received his commission, but after he had been told what would be expected of him, General Grant was the host of Generals Hooker, Howard, and Geary, and one or two of their staff-officers who had been invited to dinner at his head-quarters. After the meal, and while host and guests were enjoying their cigars, the former taking down his map remarked to Howard, meaning his remarks for all:

“General, have I shown you what I propose to do as Commander-in-chief?”

Howard, Hooker, and Geary gathered about Grant as he spread out his map on the table, and began to explain what he had decided upon for the campaign of 1864.

“The main efforts will have to be made in Virginia and Georgia, as a matter of course, since the powers—that is, the armies of the Confederacy, are there. Sherman is at Chattanooga and Knoxville. We shall have to reinforce him, give him an overwhelming force, and let him move toward Atlanta. Of course he will meet with serious opposition, but we shall keep him well supplied with men—drafting will be necessary, perhaps—he must have men, of course; he will keep battering away, and sometime during the summer he will get to Atlanta. In the mean time Meade will be strengthened—we must see that all the men we can spare shall be in the field—and he will push Lee. Both Johnson and Lee will be kept busy, and neither will be able to reinforce the other. Meade will drive Lee, and about the time Sherman gets to Atlanta Meade will have arrived in the vicinity of Richmond—I hope in Richmond. But as the occupation of Richmond and Atlanta won't end the war, we shall have to push on after the armies. Sherman at Atlanta with one hundred thousand men can drive Johnson further—follow him to the sea if necessary. The destruction of the Georgia railroads will materially affect the armies in Virginia and the Carolinas. Sherman will push on to the sea and force Johnson into South Carolina at the same time that Meade will have forced Lee into North Carolina, and then we shall have the Confederacy narrowed down to reasonable limits. In the mean time I mean to send a large corps of cavalry to destroy communications west of Sherman, and effectually prevent Kirby Smith from joining Johnson, and at the same time destroy what stores the rebels have in the South-

west. This we shall have accomplished before winter sets in, and then we can determine what is next to be done. How do you like the general plan?"

I have not attempted to give the General's exact language, but its import. This plan, in its general features, was decided upon and thus announced by Grant within a fortnight after he had received notice of his appointment as Lieutenant-General; and upon this plan the campaign of 1864 was subsequently carried out.

Grant, in this conversation, laid great stress upon reinforcements. He did so in all conversations and under all circumstances, and always put into battle every man that he could get. The rebels are fond of attributing to Grant's "overwhelming numbers" their final defeat; and those who would detract from his glory attribute his victories to the same cause rather than to his generalship, never reflecting that the possession of these "overwhelming numbers" is at once indication and proof of the existence of military genius; for only great generals imperatively demand large armies, and only great generals possess the confidence of the authorities and people who control and make great armies, and only great generals know where to put great armies. Grant was not modest in his calls for men; he knew and declared that men was what he wanted; but such was the confidence of the people in him that he could have had twice the numbers he really used. And why people should imagine that it does not require greater generalship to successfully command a large army than a small one is beyond comprehension; and the criticism which attributes Grant's success to his numbers is only to be explained on the supposition that the critic imagines that the conflict of battle is simply the clashing of opposing material forces without direction or purpose. An army of one hundred thousand men, acting only as a material force without judicious direction, would be held in contempt by a well mobilized and organized army of twenty-five thousand men under a great general. Under unskillful management the greater army would be still more inefficient, since a bad general is naturally an additional weakness. It is the general who makes armies, not the armies which make generals. Grant made his armies; they did not make him. And to my mind the larger the army thus made the greater the credit due the general.

And this reminds me that it is a very common thing for persons to say that Grant's success is due to his subordinates; that his generals made him; and they name Sherman and Meade and Thomas and Sheridan as entitled to the credit of Grant's successes. Grant was "made" by them certainly, but it was just as a schoolmaster is "made" by his pupils. The pupils whom the tutor laboriously educates confer honor upon their master in the public examinations, and establish his reputation as a teacher; but it is simply a reflected glory, since

the knowledge they display in public was imparted by him in secret. Grant made his subordinates, not they him. Sherman and Sheridan got their proper positions through him; he was the first to recognize their qualities and give them scope and direction.

General Sherman's brusqueness—not to say gruffness, since the plain English is held by his friends to be offensive—is one of his greatest charms, and is so natural a peculiarity of his character that one does not look at it as at all offensive. About the time he started from Chattanooga to the relief of Burnside at Knoxville, in November, 1863, Sherman learned from a private soldier how the vermin—those terrible scourges of an army and all large bodies of men exposed to dirt—could be effectually killed, and the infected clothing thoroughly cleansed. It was some common process of washing body and clothes in a simple preparation easily attainable, and at once attracted from its practicability the attention of the utilitarian Sherman. He examined into the subject; had it thoroughly tested; had the ingredients used in the wash analyzed; learned the effect of the washing on the clothing; and, in short, studied the "vermin question" thoroughly. Satisfied that the soldier's recipe was good, Sherman determined that the whole army should adopt it. He suddenly became a monomaniac on the subject. A general order to the army to "wash itself" would not sound well; the embodiment of the recipe in the army regulations would look equally bad; so Sherman adopted the plan of circulating his order orally. "Vermin, and how to get rid of 'em," became the chief staple of conversation with him. He visited personally every division and brigade commander in his army corps, and treated each to a long lecture on the subject. After Burnside had been relieved, and Longstreet had hastily raised the siege of Knoxville and ran away, the crisis of the campaign being over, Sherman extended his good offices to other troops, and one day paid a visit to General Oliver O. Howard, who had occupied as his head-quarters the residence of one of the many good Union ladies of the good Union city of Knoxville. It was frequently the case during the war that our general officers thus occupied the dwellings of well-known Union people at their request, and for the better protection, by their presence, of the buildings and its surroundings. When Sherman arrived on his special visit at General Howard's head-quarters he was shown into an elegant parlor assigned to the General, and at once, as was Sherman's wont at all times, began upon his temporarily favorite topic. When he is interested in a topic, no matter how trivial, Sherman becomes absorbed in its discussion, and talks with great rapidity and earnestness. He opened on Howard at once, and so interested did he soon become in the subject that he failed to notice the entrance of the lady of the house, who, in order to get a glimpse of the famous Sherman, and perhaps

to obtain an introduction, had made a decanter of wine an excuse for intruding, and so came quietly forward to the table with the salver in her hand. She was, of course, forced to listen to a part of Sherman's *elegant* description of his "vermin extinguishing process," and was much confused to hear him declare that "if the clothes are put into the kettle with the drugs and boiled well for two hours, the confounded lice will be killed, nits and all—nits and all, Sir!" She was still more confounded when, as he finished this harangue, Sherman reached forward, took up a glass which the lady had filled with sherry, raised it to his lips, took a big sip, spat it out, threw the remainder away, and horrified the devout Howard and the demure lady by exclaiming:

"What the devil's that? I thought it was whisky!"

A moment after, on being introduced, Sherman was perfectly at his ease and conversed with the lady with his usual fluency and elegance.

There was a singular contrast between Howard and Sherman in manner, habits, and appearance. They had few ideas in common, and those they never taught or discussed in the same way. I more particularly noticed the contrast in the appearance of the two on the occasion of the second day's operations at Chattanooga on November 24, 1863. The junction of the army of Sherman with that of Thomas took place on that day a few miles above Chattanooga and at the mouth of the Chickamauga River; and as Howard held the left of Thomas's lines he and Sherman were the first general officers of the two armies who met. The pontoon bridge was being built, and the last boat was being placed in its position when General Howard on the south and Sherman on the north end of the unfinished bridge, saluted each other and introduced themselves across the slight chasm which separated them. I could not but reflect on the romantic nature of this meeting of these two men, one coming from the most eastern the other from the most western army to the aid of the beleaguered army of the central military zone. I could not but notice, too, the contrast in the outward appearance of the two men. Sherman was dressed loosely and carelessly, as he always is; Howard carefully and precisely and elegantly, as he always is. Sherman's half-uniform, half-citizen's dress looked positively threadbare, while the worn gum overcoat which he wore to protect him from the drizzling rain which was falling gave him a bronzed and rusty look. Howard, on the contrary, was dressed in his full uniform, with every insignia of his office fully displayed, and looked, as he always does, elegant and princely.

Speaking of contrasts, has the military reader ever noticed how differently Generals of different peculiarities and talents fight their commands? Some accomplish every thing by marches; others by hard knocks and desperate fighting; but this is not the only difference.

Some men naturally fight offensively, others defensively. General Thomas, for instance, is a defensive fighter, even when taking the offensive. He decides upon an attack, he forms his line, throws out his skirmishers, and moves his whole line forward in search of the enemy. He pushes him as far as possible, engaging him strongly though not in full force, and picks his ground upon which to fight. He selects his positions with his skirmishers, picking out his battle-field on the ground over which they have fought, and occupying the most favorable points with his main force; and then, while still pushing the enemy, is always prepared to retire his skirmishers, if necessary, to his chosen position. In other words, he fights back on his line. Hooker, who is of the opposite nature and temperament, on the contrary fights *up* on his ground. His most advanced skirmishers are always his body-guard and staff, and he commands them in person. When an advance is ordered Hooker goes ahead of his line, keeping often a mile to the front of the main body, deploying his body-guard as skirmishers, and pushing the enemy back as rapidly as possible. His staff are employed constantly in various directions, examining positions and roads, and reporting to the General the "lay of the land." In the meantime his troops, deployed in line of battle, are advancing behind him. When the enemy's skirmishers are forced back on their reserves and the reserves on the line, Hooker orders his troops forward, seizes and holds the positions which he has selected, and whose advantages he has calculated, thus fighting forward to his chosen ground instead of backward as does Thomas. Both systems result in exactly the same thing—the peculiar and noticeable feature being the very different mode of executing the movement adopted by men of different temperament.

The war developed no counterpart for Sherman—even Stonewall Jackson was his inferior; but the most worthy of those who deserved to be compared to him was General Ormsby M'Knight Mitchel. Mitchel was quick, nervous, and restless, like Sherman, and as much so, perhaps; though I do not incline to believe that he could grasp subjects as large or execute plans as extensive as Sherman did. Both were lax disciplinarians, and both great mobilizers of armies. Mitchel's division was at once the disgrace and glory of Buell's army; his men committed more excesses and did more hard and rapid marching than those of any other division of that command, and were not inferior in battle, though they never fought much under Mitchel; for, like Sherman, he avoided and rendered battles unnecessary by rapid, strategic marches. I do not mean to say that Mitchel could not have fought, and fought well; but, singularly enough, he never, during three years' service, ever saw the enemy in force. His command in Buell's army was transferred in 1862 to General Lovell H. Rousseau, and under him

"Mitchel's men" saw their first battle at Perryville, Kentucky, where they fought with all the coolness and courage of veterans. Under Mitchel they made the North Alabama campaign in April, 1862, capturing Huntsville, Decatur, and Bridgeport, and redeeming the beautiful country of North Alabama from rebel rule. This campaign was at the time considered a remarkably daring and brilliant inroad into the enemy's country, and Mitchel received great praise for the energy with which he acted, and the rapidity with which he moved.

In spite of his lax enforcement of discipline Mitchel was very exact in his ideas of discipline, and would have had a very perfect command if he had possessed the executive power as clearly as he did the theoretic. He wanted his command perfect, but did not know how to go about it properly. He took it into his head one day at Huntsville that he would improve the habits of his men with regard to *reveille*; and, as a first step, determined that throughout the length and breadth of his camp the *reveille* should be sounded by drummers and buglers simultaneously. A general order to that effect, ordering *reveille* to be sounded *exactly* at six o'clock, failed, for the reason that no two of his officers carried the same time. Mitchel then hit on another plan; he summoned Captain W. P. Edgerton, who commanded one of his batteries, and instructed him to fire a gun each morning at precisely six o'clock, and directed his regimental officers to sound the *reveille* when they heard that gun. Edgerton's watch was regulated and carefully set to agree with Mitchel's. The next morning Edgerton was aroused by his orderly half an hour before the hour for sounding the call, and he leisurely dressed himself, at the same time ordering his lieutenant to have the gun manned. He had failed, however, to catch the spirit of Mitchel's order, and at a minute or two of six o'clock, instead of the precise moment, he ordered the gun to be fired. Five minutes later one of Mitchel's aids dashed up and informed the Captain that he had "fired the gun a minute and a half too soon, and that the General was very much dissatisfied." Edgerton apologized by saying he thought it was near enough for practical purposes. "Near enough" would not suit Mitchel, and he arranged with Edgerton that he (Mitchel) would himself, from his headquarters, give the signal for firing the gun by dropping a handkerchief. The next morning all was ready at the proper time; the gun and Edgerton were posted on one hill, while Mitchel stood on another eminence in front of his headquarters. Exactly at six o'clock Mitchel's handkerchief fell, Edgerton gave the order to fire; the gun belched forth the signal; and throughout the camp, with admirable promptitude, the bugles and drums sounded the call, and for a minute or two the hills and valleys about Huntsville resounded to that most exquisite of martial music, the bugle in camp. Mitchel was delighted.

"Beautiful, Captain, beautiful!" he cried, in his enthusiastic manner. "That's the way to do it. We'll have it so every morning. Be prompt to a minute—exact to a second. Bless me, my dear Sir, I've been used to calculating time to the tenth of a second!"

And so he had; for before the war Mitchel had been a Professor of Astronomy; and precision and exactness he had found necessary in calculating eclipses.

If ever a general was justified in permitting his troops to commit excesses in the enemy's country, as Mitchel certainly did, it was this same General Mitchel. Before the war began he was what was called a conservative; that is, he believed the extremists of both parties in the wrong, and condemned abolitionists and secessionists alike. During the presidential canvass of 1860 he was traveling from Montgomery, Alabama, to Vicksburg, Mississippi, and on the train found himself seated beside a Mississippi conservative. The two began conversation, and agreed admirably. The Mississippian deprecated the bad blood roused by the "extremists of both sections," declared the secessionists were very foolish, and the abolitionists very criminal, and thought a little hanging would do good. The two agreed very well until the Mississippi gentleman suggested that certain prominent abolitionists of Mitchel's acquaintance were "nigger thieves," and in a very offensive manner repeated a string of that peculiar slang which our Southern brethren generally indulged in a few years ago—a bad habit unfortunately not yet abandoned. Mitchel rushed to the rescue of his friends, informed the Mississippi gentleman that they were his personal acquaintances, that he had entirely mistaken their characters, that they were gentlemen of the very first standing, and though wrong, perhaps, certainly honest in their convictions and belief, etc., etc. Instantly the Mississippi conservative became a raving radical, denounced Mitchel in a loud voice as "an abolitionist—an apologist for abolitionists—a nigger-stealer:" a crowd gathered around; the cry "Hang him!" was raised in an incredibly short space of time; and only the interference of the conductor saved Mitchel from serious indignities, if not injury. He was advised to get off the cars at Jackson, and take the train northward, the conductor volunteering the suggestion that "Mississippi warn't the place for men of Mitchel's kidney." When Mitchel got back to Boston, his residence at that time, he had developed into a thorough radical, and ever after had a just and sovereign contempt for "conservatives."

The instance which I have related of Mitchel's exactness reminds me of another illustrating military promptitude of a character not to be found any too frequently. When Sherman moved on Atlanta in 1864 General James B. Steedman was left in the rear at Chattanooga to protect the trains and railroad, his department, called the "District of the Etowah," extending as far south as the river of that name. Among his

subordinate officers was a Colonel Laibold of Missouri, who commanded the garrison at Dalton. One day the Colonel's troops captured a rebel citizen engaged in the work of tearing up the railroad track with the praiseworthy intention (in rebel eyes) of throwing a passenger train from the track. He was taken to headquarters and examined. Colonel Laibold, on hearing the statements of the men who had captured him, telegraphed the facts to General Steedman, and requested to know his instructions. Steedman telegraphed in reply to Laibold "to try the man, and if he was found guilty to hang him." Knowing, however, that Laibold had no authority to organize a court to try the case, Steedman made out, under date of his own head-quarters, an order for the court, leaving the detail in blank to be filled up by Colonel Laibold from among his officers, and dispatched it by a special messenger and special express train to Dalton. Dalton was about thirty miles distant; in those days military railroads "ran express" at the rate of about ten miles an hour, and it was three hours before the order for the court reached Colonel Laibold. He opened his eyes in astonishment when he read it. When he had recovered from his surprise he sent Steedman's messenger back with his apologies, saying:

"Tell de General I ish berry sorry, but de rascal has been dead dis hour and halb."

Laibold was never called to account for the irregularity of the proceedings of his court; the court was never decided to be informal, nor was there ever any complaint of the law's delay in this instance.

General Steedman, to whom I have alluded above, was one of the most singular and positive characters developed by the war. He possessed decision and individuality enough for half a dozen men. A Texas editor once described him as "physically and mentally a square man, full of sharp corners." Mathematically incorrect, the description is perfectly true as to fact; for Steedman is agreeable with all his gruff candor, polite with all his bluntness, and (with an uncommon virtue in these days) goes straight forward in all his undertakings without regard to expediences. When President Johnson, some time since, contemplated a change in his cabinet he told Steedman that he proposed to make him his Secretary of War. Soon after making this promise the President suggested to General Steedman to make a trip to Pennsylvania and deliver a few speeches in favor of Heister Clymer, the Democratic candidate for Governor; but Steedman declined abruptly, on the ground that "he didn't support, much less electioneer for Copperheads," prefixing an adjective before "Copperheads" which was more emphatic than polite. There was no open breach between the offended President and the blunt General, but there was also never any further talk of Steedman for Secretary of war.

Steedman is full of appropriate and applicable anecdotes, which he is as fond of telling when

opportunity offers, or occasion gives them point and pith, as ever President Lincoln was of drawing on his inexhaustible fund of fun. General Absalom Baird also has the same failing, and isn't bad at relating a story; and when Steedman was in New Orleans in 1866, on his famous Freedman's Bureau inspection, Baird gave a dinner to which General Phil Sheridan and Steedman were invited, in order that he might have a good audience to listen to the several new stories which he proposed to relate. The wine had hardly begun to flow before Baird began to tell his funny stories. He was a little put out when Steedman was reminded by Baird's first of a funnier one which he related in funnier style. Baird told his second, a better one related in better style; but he was much chagrined to hear Steedman again carry the louder laughter with him by relating a more capital anecdote of which he had "just been reminded." A third time Baird came to the charge and told a still wittier story. Steedman was reminded of a third, and told it with irresistible effect. Baird was completely silenced, and blushing declined to relate any more. The table roared at discovering that Baird had been foiled at his own tactics, and was reduced to a listener where he had designed being the talker. When Sheridan and Steedman had left their host's headquarters, the former, still laughing heartily at Baird's discomfiture, said to Steedman:

"General, you were too cruel on Baird. You trumped every trick that time."

Talking of trumps and Sheridan and Steedman, reminds me of another story in which the latter "took a hand." His soldiers were in the habit of facetiously calling General Sheridan the "jack of clubs," in allusion to his short, dumpy figure and "plentiful lack" of beauty of features. John A. Logan, for some of the same reasons, though he is handsomer in the face than Sheridan, was frequently known as the "jack of spades." Steedman and Rousseau of Kentucky got into the same category of court cards in the following manner, and have since frequently been alluded to as "the right and left bowers." Both Steedman and Rousseau are great gallants; and during a raid which they once made through Tennessee and North Alabama pretty well established their reputations in that way throughout the district traversed. General John T. Croxton some months subsequently made a march through the same district, and every where he went heard the praises of Rousseau and Steedman sung by all sorts of people, particularly the female portion of the population (there wasn't much else to be found at home at that time). While at Florence, Alabama, General Croxton was called upon by a very beautiful young widow, who earnestly beseeched him to place a guard over her house, as she was afraid the soldiers would disturb her and destroy her garden, fences, etc. General Croxton tried to persuade her that a guard was unnecessary; but she persisted in her request, and at last brought forward the names

of Generals Rousseau and Steedman to influence Croxton.

"General," she said, in her most bewitching manner, "do you know General Rousseau?"

Oh yes! the General knew him well.

"When *he* passed through Florence," continued the charming widow, convincingly, "he furnished me a guard, and was very kind to me indeed. Do you know General Steedman, General?"

Oh yes! General Croxton had served under General Steedman.

"Oh, indeed? I am so glad to hear that!" exclaimed the widow. "I am sure you won't deny me now, General, for General Rousseau and General Steedman are very dear friends of mine—they are my 'right and left bowers.'"

"Ah, Madam," replied Croxton, with a merry twinkle of his eye, "I find that every pretty woman in Alabama holds that same hand."

Not less gallant to the ladies, but much ruder and gruffer and blunter than Steedman, was General William Nelson of Kentucky. He was familiar to the army at first as "Bill Nelson;" but when his rough manners had made him less popular, this name was changed into "Bull Nelson," a descriptive cognomen not inapplicable to the man who bore it. Nelson had been schooled in the navy, and made the mistake, when he entered the volunteer army, of supposing that volunteer soldiers could be treated and disciplined in the same manner that the jack tars of his man-of-war had been. He drilled and disciplined his men in camp constantly, marched them when campaigning almost beyond endurance, and in personal intercourse cuffed and cursed and court-martialed them at a fearful rate. The natural consequence was that the men of his division cordially detested him; and hundreds of them were sworn to shoot him in the first battle which afforded them a safe opportunity. I have myself heard his men make these threats, but they were men who at the time were lying in hospitals from the effects of being overmarched. Nelson's men were a long time in finding their first chance at shooting their hated commander. It was at Shiloh; and six or seven months of hard disciplining had taught them by this time that, though cruel in the practice, Nelson was very nearly right in his theory of discipline; and going into battle, they felt all the more confident for Nelson's previous drilling, although it had been accompanied by insane cursings. His division of Buell's army was the first to cross the Tennessee River and go into battle, and he was at its head. When the foremost detachments of his men had got over they found "Bull Nelson," in a style perfectly familiar to *them*, but awful to his new hearers, cursing a vast horde of stragglers from Grant's ranks who were huddled together under the bluff at Pittsburg Landing. Nelson raved up and down the landing blaspheming and blackguarding the stragglers like a maniac, denouncing them as cowards, and then in turn begging them to fol-

low him back to the field. Finding threats, curses, and entreaties alike unavailing, Nelson begged permission of General Buell to fire on the crowd, but was denied. Nelson did not blush to mention this fact in his report of the battle—in fact he rather prided himself on it, and thought it rather a reflection on Buell's generalship that he refused to drive the stragglers back at the point of the bayonet. Nelson's men, when they had here found their "first chance" to shoot their hated leader, forgot all about it, or rather postponed executing the threat. They were only too glad to know and to feel that "Old Bull" was directing them, for in his courage, his skill, and his generalship they had the firmest faith, and felt that all was right as long as Nelson was. In fact, his division came out of the battle of Shiloh with something of love for as well as confidence in Nelson. In the heat of the tumult he had lost all his crustiness, and was all gallantry; he forgot to be gruff, and displayed only his daring; and his curses gave way to words of encouragement and commendation. More than this, he had the comfort of his men in his mind, and they found that day at Shiloh that he had, along his entire line of reserves, not merely full supplies of ammunition but food also; and no man suffered for want of "hard tack" and water—a very grave consideration in battle. For a long time after the battle of Shiloh Nelson's men were very proud and fond of him; but after a time his harsh personal manner and strict discipline made him new enemies, and great battles—the opportunities to heal these difficulties—occurring but seldom, his unpopularity grew until I very much doubt if a single man of Buell's army regretted to hear, as all did in September, 1862, that Nelson was ordered to Kentucky.

Arriving there, he took command of an army of raw recruits, and soon became more unpopular with the "Army of Kentucky" than he had been with the Fourth Division of the "Army of the Ohio." He *was* wounded in his first battle with that army, and many believed by one of his own men. I do not know how true are the statements about this affair which I have heard, but certain it is that there were many men of Nelson's army who were disposed to shoot him. He did finally meet his death at the hands of a fellow-officer whom he had outraged by his rude manner.

And yet with all his rudeness and overbearing, insolent manner, there were few men of tenderer heart or more affectionate disposition than "Bull Nelson." He was the firmest of friends—as strong in his attachments as any man I ever knew, but he recognized few as friends. With all his insolence he never failed, when he found himself in the wrong and when unexcited by his passion, over which he possessed not the slightest control, to make amends, not in formal apologies merely, but in deeds as well. He was a great loss to the Army of the Ohio, for he was among the ablest officers it possessed.

THE LAMP ON THE PRAIRIE.

The grass lies flat beneath the wind
That is loosed in its angry might,
Where a man is wandering, faint and blind,
On the prairie, lost at night.

No soft, sweet light of moon or star,
No sound but the tempest's tramp;
When suddenly he sees afar
The flame of a friendly lamp!

And hope revives his failing strength,
He struggles on, succeeds—
He nears a humble roof at length,
And loud for its shelter pleads.

And a voice replies, "Whoever you be
That knock so loud at my door,
Come in, come in! and bide with me
Till this dreadful storm is o'er.

"And no wilder, fiercer time in March
Have I seen since I was born;
If a wolf for shelter sought my porch
To-night, he might lie till morn."

As he enters there meets the stranger's gaze
One bowed by many a year—
A woman, alone by the hearth's bright blaze,
Tending her lamp anear.

"Right glad will I come," he said, "for the sweep
Of the wind is keen and strong;
But tell me, good neighbor, why you keep
Your fire ablaze so long?

"You dwell so far from the beaten way
It might burn for many a night;
And only belated men, astray,
Would ever see the light."

"Ay, ay, 'tis true as you have said,
But few this way have crossed;
But why should not fires be lit and fed
For the sake of men who are lost?

"There are women enough to smile when they come,
Enough to watch and pray
For those who never were lost from home,
And never were out of the way.

"And hard it were if there were not some
To love and welcome back
The poor misguided souls who have gone
Aside from the beaten track.

"And if a clear and steady light
In my home had always shone,
My own good boy had sat to-night
By the hearth, where I sit alone.

"But alas! there was no faintest spark
The night when he should have come;
And what had he, when the pane was dark,
To guide his footsteps home?

"But since, each night that comes and goes,
My beacon fires I burn;
For no one knows but he lives, nor knows
The time when he may return!"

"And a lonesome life you must have had,
Good neighbor, but tell me, pray,
How old when he went was your little lad?
And how long has he been away?"

"'Tis twenty years, by my reckoning,
Since he sat here last with me;
And he was but twenty in the spring—
He was only a boy, you see!

"And though never yet has my fire been low,
Nor my lamp in the window dim,
It seems not long to be waiting so,
Nor much to do for him!

"And if mine eyes may see the lad
But in death 'tis enough of joy;
What mother on earth would not be glad
To wait for such a boy!

"You think 'tis long to watch at home,
Talking with fear and doubt;
But long is the time that a son may roam
Ere he tire his mother out!

"And if you had seen my good boy go,
As I saw him go from home,
With a promise to come at night, you would know
That, some good night, he will come."

"But suppose he perished where never pass
E'en the feet of the hunter bold,
His bones might bleach in the prairie grass
Unseen till the world is old!"

"Ay, he might have died; you answer well
And truly, friend, he might;
And this good old earth on which we dwell
Might come to an end to-night!

"But I know that here in its place, instead,
It will firm and fast remain;
And I know that my son, alive or dead,
Will return to me again!

"So your idle fancies have no power
To move me or appall;
He is likelier now to come in an hour
Than never to come at all!

"And he shall find me watching yet,
Return whenever he may;
My house has been in order set
For his coming many a day.

"You were rightly shamed if his young feet crossed
That threshold stone to-night,
For your foolish words, that he might be lost,
And his bones be hid from sight!

"And oh, if I heard his light step fall,
If I saw him at night or morn
Far off, I should know my son from all
The sons that ever were born.

"And, hark! there is something strange about,
For my dull old blood is stirred;
That wasn't the feet of the storm without,
Nor the voice of the storm I heard!

"It was but the wind! nay, friend, be still,
Do you think that the night wind's breath
Through my very soul could send a thrill
Like the blast of the angel, death?

"'Tis my boy! he is coming home, he is near,
Or I could not hear him pass;
For his step is as light as the step of the deer
On the velvet prairie grass.

"How the tempest roars! how my cabin rocks!
Yet I hear him through the din;
Lo! he stands without the door—he knocks—
I must rise and let him in!"

She rose—she stood erect, serene;
She swiftly crossed the floor;
And the hand of the wind, or a hand unseen,
Threw open wide the door.

Through the portal rushed the cruel blast,
With a wail on its awful swell;
As she cried, "My boy, you have come at last!"
And prone o'er the threshold fell.

And the stranger heard no other sound,
And saw no form appear;
But whoever came at the midnight found
Her lamp was burning clear!

INDEPENDENCE HALL AND INDEPENDENCE DAY.



INDEPENDENCE HALL IN 1776.

TO a student who not only ponders on the history of the American Revolution, but contemplates with an almost religious zeal the causes and follows the results of those great epochs in the world's history which mark the struggles and progress of freedom of opinion and civilization, the city of Philadelphia is full of deep, suggestive, and exciting interest.

I had been hurried through the Quaker City three or four times in as many years, as one might be pushed through the American department of an historical library, without being able to avail himself of the surrounding treasures. At last I was *in* it, on the somewhat appropriate mission of seeing a volume of American Biography through the press; and being in it was just as if I were, as I often have been, in the middle of Peter Force's collection of American Antiquities and History, and scarcely knew what to look at first. It is so thoroughly associated with the greatest event of modern times—the cradle, if not the birth-home, of the sublime idea which liberated a continent—which not only conferred upon the New World an individuality and history, but gave the Old World an impetus which has not yet ceased to be felt from the Volga to the Shannon.

Whether we cast ourselves back into the period of the Revolution, or walk open-eyed through the streets to-day, contemplating the fruit of the seeds then sown, it is impossible

but that the thoughtful and philosophic mind must be exalted into a sort of bewilderment: the glory and virtue of the past are so fully illustrated by the progress of the present; the power and commerce of the United States so magnificently excuse and ratify what the *Annual Register* used to call the “Rebellion in the Colonies” in '76.

As I pondered on the memories suggested by the locality, before starting out on a tour of observation, the loud and measured tones of a bell sounding the hour—seven in the morning—burst in through the opened window of the room in which I had slept my first night in the Revolutionary City. The name of the city and the striking of that bell were instantaneously suggestive; they clung together in my mind and affected my feelings with an exaltation almost ecstatic. The Bell of Philadelphia! I started out to see the old State House.

The long, old-fashioned fabric of red brick, with its white marble facings and thick window-sashes, stretched out before me like a living thing—a mass of life, every brick of which, from step to steeple, had a tongue. History is written not less eloquently on stone and bricks and mortar than on paper. Great men make immortal the things they touch: the rooms that give the first echoes to their words; the roofs that shelter them, equally with the pages and books that record their deeds and words. The

books congregate in stately libraries, and form valued archives for review by isolated historians and searching students. The buildings where the national benefactors acted and spoke are the archives of the people. They stand on highways or by-ways where crowds may contemplate. At a glance they call to mind the history which makes them noteworthy. Unquestioned, they elevate the man who looks as he passes, and knows the associations which make the mass of stone worth looking at. The novelty of the sensation may be dulled or wear out by constant passing and repassing, but the potency of the great fact of which the building has been the real witness and is the lasting monument can not be effaced. It is thus such structures force an elevation of spirit upon men. It is thus they become teachers. It is thus there are sermons in stones.

Strolling observantly round the building and through the square behind it I became possessed with the spirit of the place. Veneration, anxiety, and delight were moulding the imagination. Here gathered picturesque groups of querulous and excited Whigs, with a slight admixture of dogged and irascible but plucky Tories, on the memorable days and still more memorable night when within those walls, with closed doors, the delegates of thirteen colonies were debating themselves into unanimity. How wise this family secrecy of the people's leaders! They went into session with different opinions; they came out as one man. They had passed the ordeal. They went in iron and came out steel. Here, where I stood, what anxious eyes watched the light gleaming through the chinks of the shutters, waiting and looking for the greater light that was to flash out upon humanity, and shine down the centuries!

With a feeling bordering on timidity I entered the vestibule of the Old House from the square. What men had left their footprints here, and leaned against those pillars and panelings in earnest or confidential discussion! It is a mighty and a dread thing to make one's way through such haunted places, pushing the ghosts of the immortals about with our material frames! I somehow fancied that the old Hall of Congress was up stairs, and consequently was much startled when, turning suddenly, I found myself directly opposite a door over which was the inscription—"Independence Hall." I will honestly confess my first sensation was one of weakness. I felt the desire of exclamation, but a painful oppression of mingled joy and awe completely filled me into silence. The quiet of the place, there being but few passers-by outside and no person in the vestibule, contributed to heighten the effect. Silence becomes sacred places. Presently a figure entered from the front door on Chestnut Street. It comparatively dispelled my vision; and proceeding apparently with my examination of the pillars and mouldings, but at the same time peopling the spaces around with the faces and figures of the past, I thought—sensitive people will think

such things—that the new-comer took a more than ordinary glance at me: I accosted him:

"Is the bell which tolls the hours the same that—"

"No, Sir," said the interrogated, interrupting and anticipating my question as one with which he was rather familiar. "No—you are a stranger in the city?"

"Yes."

"You are from—"

"New York—Washington."

"Never here before?"

"Passed through, but never remained long enough to see any thing."

"Ah! there are many interesting things to see. No, the old bell is in the Hall," quoth my new friend, recurring to the point of my query. "You can see it"—here he consulted his watch—"in a moment; the Hall opens at eight."

And in a moment the low-sized person with the fresh-colored face, gray-blue eyes, and somewhat frosted hair, who was no other than the superintendent, opened the door, and I, uncovering, crossed the threshold of Independence Hall.

The crowding sensations which possessed me and conjured up such historical resources as memory furnished to illustrate the struggles for popular rights could not be conveyed with any approach to the electric vividness inspired by the scene. But from the panoramic reminiscences which sped through my brain two figures stood out in conspicuous prominence, naturally leading to a personal contrast as well as to the circumstances of which they were the respective centres. Independence Hall at once suggests Independence Day, and the latter date is intimately connected with the fortunes of two men, famous among men, and over whose career the student bends with still increasing assiduity. Both were central figures in great revolutions, and from the uses to which they put their position a deep lesson is written in history. The reckless perversity of a cavalier king kindled one of these revolutions, the flabby stupidity of an imbecile monarch incited the other. The former was Charles I., the latter George III. The revolutionists were Oliver Cromwell and George Washington.

Upon the Fourth of July, 1653, the famous Barebones Parliament assembled at Whitehall. Having dissolved the "Long Parliament," and beholding the indignation with which the people viewed this audacious act, Cromwell convened one hundred and twenty-eight persons from England, six from Ireland, and five from Scotland, who, meeting on this memorable Fourth of July, voted themselves, with his approval, a Parliament. How this Parliament was finally dissolved by Cromwell is told in all our histories. The closing scene reads like a farce. Cromwell sent Colonel White, with a party of soldiers, to the Parliament House.

"What do you here?" cried the Colonel.

"We are seeking the Lord!"

"Then you may go elsewhere," answered

White; "for to my certain knowledge he has not been here these many years."

A Legislative Assembly having thus been made ridiculous in the eyes of the people, Cromwell had himself installed as Protector, with absolute executive power; and thus that gathering on the Fourth of July, 1653, in Whitehall, planted the most autocratic "Republican" the world has yet seen upon the throne of kings.

The Lord Protector died. The English Republic fled, like a ghost at cock-crow, on the appearance of Charles II. The "Regicides," as the accusers and judges of his father were called, were executed; and upon the ruins of the obdurate Puritans beautiful courtesans—the ungodly goddesses of the Merrie Monarch—fluttered, like the standards of a victorious army of occupation, while the inhabitants were made the prey of licentious wit and gay lewdness.

Yet from the era something survived which, it would seem, Providence ordained should help the retaliation kept in store for England. The lives and writings of such pure Republicans as Algernon Sydney, John Milton, Sir John Elliot, John Hampden, and others, survived to infuse many broad thoughts and healthy desires into the minds of the men who stood sponsors for American independence.

We now overleap almost a century and a quarter, and approach our own Fourth of July:

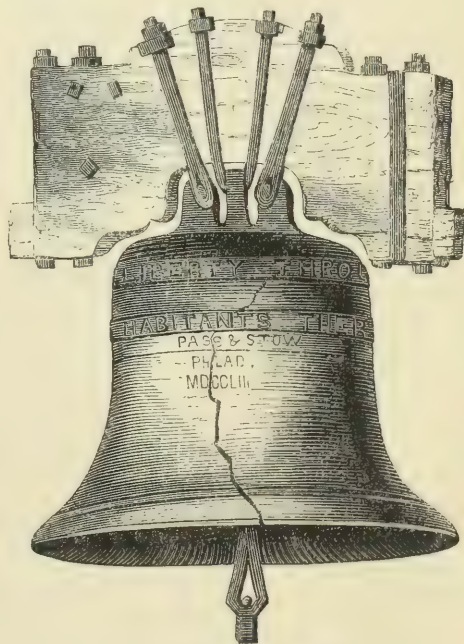
For more than a twelvemonth the Americans had been in open arms against the British. The latter, by a series of uncalled-for barbarities, put reconciliation out of the question. The best offices of the colonists to wounded soldiers were returned by the unrelenting exercise of fire and sword—a Cromwellian policy. A system of desolation was pursued which kindled passions of resentment and revenge, which, says Sanderson, "the blood of many wars shall not expiate, and the revolution of many ages shall not extinguish."

Concord, Lexington, Bunker Hill, the burning of Charlestown, swept by like a red panorama. Ethan Allen, like a flash of lightning, sent "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," had broken upon Ticonderoga. Crown Point had fallen. Arnold, Morgan, Burr, and men not less vigorous had forced their way through the dangers of the Dead River, through the untracked forests of Maine into Canada. Montgomery's blood had fallen in frozen fragments upon the ice-defenses of Quebec. Washington, fortifying Dorchester heights, had driven the British in Boston into such extremities that on St. Patrick's day, 1776, they were forced to evacuate that patriotic town. Instigated by the English, the Indians in Virginia and the Carolinas had plundered, burned out, and murdered the Colonists. Success to some extent, however, kept alive the patriotic fire. The Royalist General, M'Donald, was captured after engaging the "rebels" at Morris Creek in North Carolina. General Lee's activity in Charleston, and Moul-

trie's gallant defense of Sullivan's Island, vivified the South.

These scenes and achievements had passed to occupy and illustrate the "Rebellion in the Colonies." In May Congress had recommended the Colonies to adopt such government as was deemed best for their respective liberties. The Provincial Assemblies, with few exceptions, and such as had already abolished monarchism, echoed the Congress; but still discussion, delay, and some irresolution followed.

It was the Fourth of July, 1776! and, in the Quaker City of Philadelphia, in the Old State House, Jefferson's immortal document was still under discussion. The popular excitement was intense; and thousands thronged around the cradle of American Freedom. In the room in which I stood the Continental Congress deliberated a question not alone for the benefit of the Colonies, but for humanity. Outside of the barred doors and closed window-shutters the people with dreadful anxiety, for they knew the dissentient causes which excluded them, awaited the signal which was to announce the fate of the bill. With eager ears, and eyes leaping from thoughtful doubt to hearty anticipation, the faces of the multitude are turned upward to the steeple of the State House; for there hangs a bell brought from London nearly a quarter of a century previous, bearing this prophetic inscription from Leviticus xxv., "Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."



THE LIBERTY BELL.

The multitude heaves, like the ocean under the premonitory throb and shiver of the storm. A murmurous buzz breaks through the red-brick walls and barred doors. What, *what* does it portend? Tongueless and breathless the crowd gaze inquiringly at the Old State House. What is the noise? Ah! it is the first spasm of the infant Hercules just born to the world. A creaking noise, a swinging noise; keep breath,

ye newly-baptized freemen, and ye slumbering democrats of Europe awake—

The bell tolls!

And then the enchantment was broken. The United States had no past, for the Republic was born; and the thirteen Colonial sponsors rose with becoming dignity into nations, and prepared to fight for the birth-right proclaimed to the world.

The bell rung immortality to Washington not less than disaster, defeat, and death to British rule in America. The course of Washington is beyond parallel. Jefferson was the greatest mind, purely the grandest intellect of the era, above all in devising and accomplishing the philosophic means by which a nation lives. But no mortal in America could have so carried the arms of the young Republic through such an accumulation of impending and actual dangers, through such knots of jealous friends and such hosts of mad enemies, as George Washington. He above all others had the strength of character, the carefully and practically analytical brain, the thorough abnegation of self in every sense where personal respect is not sacrificed, to do it.

What a contrast is presented in the characters of these leaders, whose heroic fortune and fame are so linked with the fourth of July! Cromwell was a great ruler; Washington a great patriot; and both, in the general acceptance, great heroes. Sometimes characters which afford striking contrasts yet present some leading feature in common; but there is no more likeness between these heroes than can be instituted between a pious butcher and a philosophic victor, saving, indeed, that each was best suited to his time. If, however, the disinterested nobility of Washington commands our loftiest gaze, we can not lower our eyes to the rugged brazenness of the sturdy psalm-brawler without regarding him with certain feelings of appreciation. Cromwell's was the philosophy of the iron arm. He was a thorough despot; a man of distinct and self-interested purposes; at once fearless, reckless, energetic, and self-willed. He was an impromptu character, pondering little, but acting much. No better evidence at once of his power and the distracted weakness of the nation which he held alone for himself could be instanced than the fact that after his death monarchy was embraced with a delight characteristic of a long-separated love, and that the populace allowed the bones of its "Protector" to be disinterred and dangled from a gibbet.

Is there not a deep suggestiveness in these facts when taken in comparison with the universal devotion to Washington, whose very name is invoked to calm the heat and still the turbulence that rages and roars in the wild conflicts that political frenzies inspire? Cromwell fought and led to advance himself not less than his country. Washington fought and led to advance his country much more than himself. Cromwell won, and was feared even by his

friends. Washington won, was loved by his friends and respected by his enemies. Cromwell longed to be King, but dared not accept it when his tools made the offer of a crown. Washington could have been King, but repelled the intimation. Cromwell felt proud of the offer. Washington felt insulted by it. Cromwell had not courage to be King. Washington had courage not to be King. Cromwell was a revolutionist against monarchy, and then usurped in the name of a republic functions which the King never possessed. Washington was a revolutionist against a bad government, and when it was overthrown he was a wise and retiring citizen—not the grasping tyrant of that which he had helped to create. In a word, England belonged to Cromwell; Washington belonged to the United States.

To spring from the English to the American Republic affords no great exercise to the imagination. There is a natural bridge of intellect and purpose connecting them, and in the Hall where the latter was determined upon, and the determination justified before the world and for all time, it is but natural that the historical student should contrast the evanescence of the one—toppling down and flung into the grave of its chief—with the prosperity of the other. From the fate of the former we learn the potent lesson that engrossing personal ambition, not permitting the fibres of the heart to take root in and nourishment from the interests of the people, is futile for lasting good, does not fructify into national beneficence. The era of the English republic was productive of great and some beneficial changes, especially in the foreign policy and relations of England; but there was more blood on Cromwell's hands than in his heart. He ruled but did not sway the nation, consequently when he died the government he fought for and founded also expired.

How different the lesson taught by the memories which fill the old State House! Washington lived to see the principles promulgated from this Hall which he fought for, and the government he founded perpetuated, with increasing strength and undiminished honor, in the hands of a successor who had been the original means of placing him in chief command of the army. The success of the government was such an accomplished fact, and its future so thoroughly assured as to permit Washington, in the sublime fulfillment of his mission, to retire with the blessing of the people, and prove to the world that no one-man power kept the Republic together. He died, but his labors lived. Cromwell, haunted by fears which even a coat of mail worn next his person could not ameliorate against the warnings which on all sides assailed him, died wielding the regnant power of the realm, and his labors fell like "ashes to ashes" on his coffin lid. Washington died after the plenitude of the first Presidency, in the serenity of citizenship, a grateful people proclaiming that he was first in their affections as he had been first in the camp and in the council, and receiving an

impetus from the contemplation of his virtues handed down their faith to succeeding generations, and thereby expanded and preserved the legacy he left them, defending it nobly against the assaults of foreign jealousy and the wicked turbulence of internal ambition.

The American citizen can not but feel strengthened in his republican faith by the thoughts and contrasts evoked by the memories of Independence Hall.

To my mind the associations connected with this place exalt it above any other room or locality in the world, in which immortal mortals were the actors. What variously solemn, wild, exultant, hushed, and ennobling sensations visit us at Faneuil Hall, Bunker Hill, Mount Vernon! What effects do not earth, air, and ocean produce and leave upon the mind—the eloquent beauty of Trenton Falls, the impassioned frenzy of the Great Falls of the Potomac, the fairy picturesqueness of Lake George, the worship-full splendor of a sunset in the Gulf of Mexico, the grandeur of a thunder-storm in the Catskills, the majesty of Niagara, the simple and endless sublimity of the ocean! What tremors and nervous sobs of passion have thrilled me thousands of miles away across the Atlantic, while wandering and pondering over battle-fields, where men have died for freedom against mighty odds; and where, as gray tradition—that people's history of the people—tells us, the crimson-bladed grass is a perennial memento of the blood there shed for liberty. Yet not these scenes and sights, any of them, or all together, produced the feelings I experienced upon finding myself in the Hall in which the Declaration of Independence was discussed and adopted.

Here no physically magnificent scenery stretched before the vision; but in the mind's eye the grandeur of a continent through the instrument of its destiny was revealed. On this spot no man died for freedom; but here men determined and made a solemn compact to live, while they lived, for freedom, and to die, if need be, that freedom live. Glory to the ashes of the brave! glory to the memory of those who consummated what the dead died to effect!

One can not well analyze the feelings created in such a locality, the causes are so various, and being experienced through the results which are endless and bewildering. The effect remains on the mind forever, though it is scarcely possible that the same sensations can be conjured up again. In the contemplation of natural scenery or atmospheric illusions or grandeurs the effect may not be so overpowering at the time; but it is ever changing and ever various in its attractions from the influence of season, sun, morn, noon, or night upon the objects beheld, and consequently ever variously fresh in the sensations produced. In a Hall such as this—why *such* as this, when there is no other such in the world?—the effect is more electric. The spirits of the past, the radiance

of intellect, the force of human courage, the suavity of personal greatness, the disinterestedness of a glorious Faith crown the brain until it becomes dizzy with the honors conferred upon it in the first spasm of comprehension; and is continued in the tongueless homage which as rapidly succeeds like a heart echo to the thankfulness of the head. I never experienced such a sensation before. It can never in the same fullness come again. It was worth a thirty years' life to experience.

Having recovered myself I became immediately occupied by the many objects of interest contained in the Hall. Some of these are especially suggestive. Still hanging from the ceiling is the antique glass chandelier which shed light upon the momentous and prolonged proceedings during the night of the Third of July; and here, too, is the old bell which, truly in the significant words of the Scriptural mandate upon it, did “proclaim liberty throughout the land and to all the inhabitants thereof.” The bell occupies the place of the men whose determination it sent echoing over the land. Its tongue is quiet beside the statue of Washington, whom it commanded to go forth and take up its theme. Very appropriately in front of the same statue is a piece of the step from which, in the State House yard, “in presence,” quoth Christopher Marshall in his diary, “of a great concourse of people, the Declaration of Independence was read by John Nixon” on the 8th July. These are precious relics because pieces of history. Speaking of relics there is a chair here which is noteworthy, as being in itself quite an aggregation of antique and historical curiosities. It was constructed in 1838, and among the materials used are a portion of a mahogany beam from a house built in 1496—the first by European hands in America—for the use of Christopher Columbus, near the present city of St. Domingo; fragments of the Treaty Elm, and of William Penn's cottage in Letitia Court; of the frigate *Constitution*, of the ship of the line *Pennsylvania*; and of one of a group of noted walnut-trees which in the olden times served as a landmark to persons going from the city to the State House, then out of town, and in front of which the trees stood. Among the other relics invested in this piece of furniture are portions of cane-seating from a chair which belonged to Penn, and a lock of hair of Chief-Justice Marshall. Franklin's desk and a portion of the pew used by Washington in Christ Church happily link the truths and wonders of science and the blessings of revealed religion through two of our most loved names.

The walls are hung with portraits of historical characters from Hernando Cortéz to William Penn, from Thomas Jefferson to Andrew Jackson—including so far as attainable correct likenesses of the signers of the Declaration and the leading soldiers who carried out the doctrines of that document, and forced them through the privations, battles, cabals, and vic-

tories of seven years to the very throne of England from which George III. had to acknowledge their supremacy, if not their wisdom.

A gallery of portraits of public men is a workshop in which the mind's eye may manufacture history. Memory is unwritten history, and a glance at the portrait awakens the memories we possess or incites us to lay the memories, written or unwritten, of others under tribute. Every portrait conveys a biography, and a group of such biographies give the character and costume, the personal and political history of the age. Hence the historic panorama that passes through the mind in this Hall is of a character to sustain the sublimity of the sensations inspired by the place itself. The portraits extend back in historical significance to the chivalric era, when the plumed knights of Estremadura and Castile carried the cross to the high places of Mexicana, as well as present to us the lineaments of some who have, within the memory of man, gone to sleep on the bosom of this North American Republic, which was so justly proud of them.

Some portraits make the painters of them famous, some painters make the portraits valuable. Who would care for the portrait of Charles I. only that Vandyke painted it? Who would not desire to have a *bona fide* Cromwell, no matter by whom painted? The portraits surrounding us here, each one claiming almost equal attention, defy, to a very great extent, any criticism as works of art. We are not in a gallery of nobodies—of "Gentlemen," as the catalogue-makers have it, where the vanity of the "gentleman" is surfeited, much to the disgust of the beholder, and where the only purpose we can have is to judge, not the good looks or fashion of the sitter, but the manner in which he has been treated by the artist. We are in a gallery containing such effigies of heroes and statesmen, beloved of the Republic, as might be had, thankful that we have them at all, be they good, bad, and indifferent—and in truth they are of all kinds—and only sorry that contemporaneous pencils did not furnish a still greater number.

The painter of the large majority of the heads in the Hall was Charles Wilson Peale. Like Trumbull, who also transferred the great men of the Revolution to the canvas, he had followed them in the field. He had seen them in their heroic moods, and, indeed, filled up many hours of camp life in his artist labor of love—painting to-day and fighting to-morrow; now commencing a full-length at Valley Forge, then at the head of his company laying the enemy out in full length at Monmouth; to-day flesh-tinting the head of his General—to-morrow putting in dead color with his sword instead of his brush. Thus then and after the painter-patriot obtained his materials; and albeit there is a good deal of the hardness of the sword in the manipulation, we ought to be—and I certainly am—grateful that he was enabled to use the weapon of the artist at all. If Peale dis-

played vigor at the head of a company at Trenton, Brandywine, and Monmouth, he was not less vigorous in the preservation of the company of heads which were also there. All honor, then, to the memory of the gallant fellow who lived to fight the enemies of his country, and fought to paint its heroes! All of the portraits here collected, save eleven, are from his pencil, and, with few exceptions, are originals. But I must close the Catalogue that informs me of those facts. The greater history looming out from the canvas forces the easel and the pallet out of sight.

Here are pictures, as I have said, of Cortéz and Penn, of Jefferson and Jackson, and of many filling up historical links between them, especially of the eras and men represented by the great leaders last named. I confess to the glowing influence the career of Cortéz inspires. Surely the policy, if not the daring, of the invader who would destroy his ships to prevent the possibility of retreat startles us into an admiring recognition of its boldness.

Hernando Cortéz was a model adventurer. With the enthusiasm of the churchman and the gallantry of the soldier, he was well fitted for the mission on which he went, and the church-militant times he has helped to make immortal. An able politician always, he betimes must be regarded as a statesman. Full of resources in himself, he was quick to perceive the uses to which he might apply others. While thoughtful in his enterprises, he went at them with an audacity that, to shallow minds, conveyed a character more reckless than strategical. Fond of the pomp and circumstance of war no less than the luxury which flings its gold and purple mantle over ease, he was equally a courtier and commander; whether in court or camp, he was made to be a conqueror. He was peculiarly the child of his country; and by virtue of the strange and powerful combinations of audacity and craft, gallantry and superstition, policy and pride, artifice, passion, affection, and ambition in him, he lives in connection with this continent as the representative European of his time, the hero and cavalier of the South American conquest. His black banner, bearing a colored cross enrobed in blue and white flames, vividly indicates the career of the man who bore it. It was a programme of the work he laid himself out to accomplish, and remains the significant symbol of the manner in which he performed it. It is the key to his history.

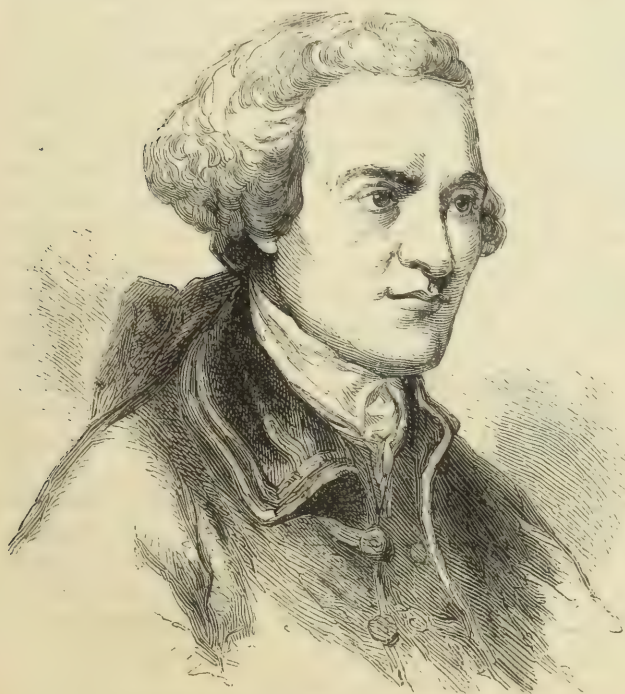
In striking yet peaceful contrast with the Cavalier—a contrast in time of nearly a century and a half—is the placid solidity and satisfied ease shown in Inman's full-length of William Penn. Yet the best Penn seems to me to be that shown in an old English print. Penn, although twice kicked out of his father's house for the freedom of his opinions, and only gaining entrance to it on the final exit of his irate parent the Admiral therefrom—though he was a preacher of the non-conformist class, and



WILLIAM PENN.

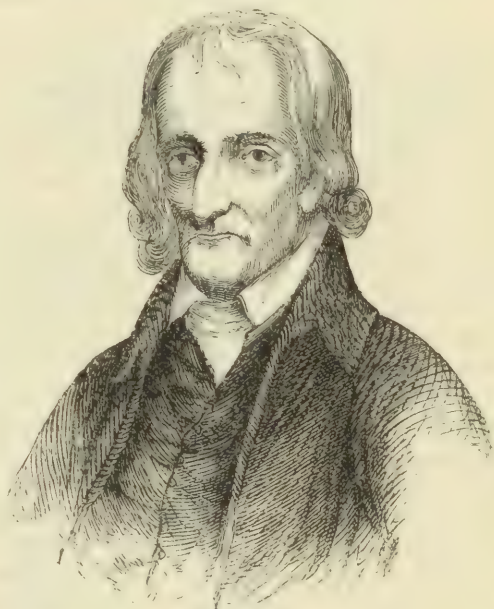
would sooner leave the country than remove his hat in respect to any prince of the blood royal—yet had the reputation of having learned with considerable proficiency the arts of the courtier during his exile in France. To my mind his picture conveys the impression of a courtier by nature, who got into a wrong suit of clothes by accident.

I should like to have had John Hancock's opinion, although I doubt if it would change my own one way or the other. What a straightforward, manly look has that same John Hancock! It is as clear and forcible, though scarcely as ornate—even though he was given largely to fine clothes, and gold and silver lace, and all the best of the good things of life—as that dashing and emphatic signature with which he



JOHN HANCOCK.

headed the list on the Declaration of Independence, and which, as he said, "The British Minister could read without spectacles." By-the-way, when the great document was first sent forth after its adoption only the names of John Hancock, as President of the Continental Congress, and Charles Thomson, its Secretary, were appended to it. Look at Thomson's face—in either picture—the one in manhood, or that in age. Conviction presides over that brow, determination closes those lips, and a luminous thoughtfulness beams from the full eyes. One of the most forcible illustrations which might be adduced to exhibit purity of nature and devotion to the moral effect of a cause is furnished by the life of Charles Thomson. Intimate with all the great actors of the Revolution, Secretary of



CHARLES THOMSON.

the Continental Congress for fifteen years, aware of the under-currents, of which the people only saw the results, he had kept copious records, and had prepared an elaborate history, which the severe but fervid judgment of a philosophic old age condemned to oblivion. Sooner than mar the grandeur of the Revolution as a whole by an exposition of men who acted unworthily during its progress, leavened also with a regard for the feelings of their surviving relatives, he destroyed the manuscript. Much as his Stoic devotion to a patriotic idea is to be admired, it must be a matter of regret that the ablest and best chronicle of those days and men is lost forever. To a man of less unselfish integrity the temptation to be the historian of such men and days would doubtless have overcome any consideration for less worthy contemporaries or their relatives.

There is the ruddy face and sandy hair



THE COMMITTEE OF FIVE.

of Thomas Jefferson, author—in his own words for his tomb—"Author of the Declaration of American Independence; of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom; and Father of the University of Virginia." Is not that a record? How typical of the best purposes of the best men of the Republic! Independence, Religious Freedom, Civilization! Civil and religious liberty feeding the torch, and guarding as well as inciting the labors of education. As I gaze on Jefferson, pictured in the flush of manhood, the buzz of assembling lawyers and law officers around this old Hall of Congress, calls to mind his opinion of that erudite fraternity for the purposes of legislation. Speaking of the Congress that was to have ratified the definitive treaty of peace of 1783, he well said, if it erred by too much talking: "How could it be otherwise, in a body to which the people send one hundred and fifty lawyers, whose trade it is to question every thing, yield nothing, and talk by the hour?"—adding, with satirical emphasis, "that one hundred and fifty lawyers should do business ought *not* to be expected." This head of Jefferson fails to convey the philosophic force of his maturer years. It is that of a sanguine more than a sagacious man. The erect position adds to its impulsive character, and I can well imagine how the dramatic fire of Patrick Henry's speech against the Stamp Act must have set the young red head of Jefferson in flames.

Standing on the spot on which he stood in this Hall—or rather retiring reverentially to an observant distance from it—there arises before us the immortal Committee of Five, or actually of four, for Robert R. Livingston, though appointed, was called home by domestic duties. There is John Adams, in his forty-second year, solid as a rock; who had balanced by his strength, if not guided by his ability, the agitation in Massachusetts; who had served the two previous years in the Continental Congress; nominated George Washington to the Chief Com-

mand; who but two months before (May 6) had offered a resolution which was virtually a Declaration of Independence; and whom the American Tories and refugees in England dreaded more than any. There is Roger Sherman, with more than half a century of life's sunshine and shower upon his strong head. Observe the full eye, the serious mouth, the solid chin, and you need not wonder that this man, from being an humble shoemaker, has walked and worked his way into prominence; you will not wonder that the application of manhood made up for the parsimonious advantages of youth. Honors have fallen upon him. Yale has made him, the whilom man of the lapstone, a Master of Arts; he has the confidence of Connecticut, has inveighed against the Stamp Act, and now is one of the sponsors of the young giant just born. And behold Benjamin Franklin—in form and feature so well known the wide world over—great in his days, but never so great as on that day. Seventy years have added a solemnity to his intelligence. His "Poor Richard" has been a hard mentor for years to people in Europe and America. Nearly a quarter of a century has gone by since he brought down the lightning. Royal Societies have conferred membership upon him. Edinburgh and Oxford have conferred the Doctorate. Yet see, the character of "rebel" does not detract from that of the sage and philosopher; and yet behold again, tallest and youngest and most important of that important group is Thomas Jefferson, in his thirty-third year. What can or could be said to more fitly illustrate the power his brains, his energy, and style had achieved? The men who surround him afford the best gauge of the character of that tall, sanguine-complexioned young man. In point of age he might have been the pupil of Adams, the son of Sherman, the grandson of Franklin; yet to him was intrusted the drawing up of the Declaration of Independence.

The reward of mediocrity is generally a harm-



ROBERT MORRIS.

less and sometimes an insincere respect, but the penalty of greatness is the extreme of adulation on the one hand or abuse on the other. No man has been more persistently abused and vilified than Jefferson. Men who could not reach his altitude with stupid cunning thought and sought to drag him down to their own. The talismanic effect of his teachings, as the father and philosopher of American democracy, is a remarkable commentary on the labors of his revilers; and it is well remarked by his biographer, Mr. Randall, that the influence of Jefferson's very name increases every year. His great career was a justificatory proof of the wisdom which made him by ballot in Congress Chairman of the Great Committee.

Note that earnest full face, with the expansive round forehead atop, and the fat double chin under it, the bright gray eyes and unpowdered gray hair loosely setting off the clear and rather florid complexion. That is Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution, and who, though he could and did raise money for Congress in its direst exigencies, could not save his own last days from the bitterness of poverty. At one time his personal credit was involved to the amount of a million and a half to sustain Congress.

"I want money for the use of the army," said Morris once to a Quaker friend.

"What security canst thou give?"

"My note and my honor," was the response of Morris.

"Robert, thou shalt have it," was the prompt reply.

Such is an evidence of his position during the Revolution and after, when, in the height of his pros-

perity, he lived in magnificence at the corner of Sixth and Market streets, and the best and greatest partook of his cordial hospitality. It is saddening to think on his latter-day poverty; but it is some comfort to know that under the severest trials his mind sustained its elastic geniality—that melancholy was not his fellow well met with his misfortune. He seemed to have appreciated the care-dispelling motive of the Italian proverb which says, "A hundred years of melancholy will not pay a farthing of debt."



HENRY KNOX.

And here is a group of soldiers.

Nathaniel Greene, certainly one of the best, if not the very best, of Washington's Generals! In his youth a blacksmith, he was all things that a Quaker's son should not be. In time his father whipped him, the Quakers turned him out of meeting, and he turned in to the Rhode Island Legislature. He had a passion for mil-



HENRY LEE.



NATHANIEL GREENE.



itary affairs ; so it is not to be wondered at that the news from Concord and Lexington put him into a passion. He was soon in the field—left his mark at Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine, Germantown, Monmouth ; and, taking command of the forlorn hope of the Southern Army in the fall of 1780, swept the British out of the South by 1782, and was received as a deliverer by the bright eyes of Charleston. Washington well hit off the character of Greene when he said : “ Could he but promote the interests of his country in the character of a corporal, he would exchange without a murmur his epaulets for the knot.” And yet who can tell where his ashes may be found ?—There is Henry Lee, who at the age of twenty was appointed, on Patrick Henry’s nomination, to a cavalry command, was intrusted with many important missions, and was of the first efficiency under Greene in the Carolinas. Famous is he in history as

“ Light-horse Harry.” From the Yadkin to the Dan was he known, and Guildford, Augusta, Ninety-Six, and Eutaw have heard of him, for he was ever in the front.—Here is another Lee (General Charles), surnamed “ *Boiling Water*” by the Mohawks, to distinguish his restless temperament, which led him over Europe, through courts and camps, before he found a final residence in America, which he did in 1773. Settling in Virginia, he became an ardent Republican, and was one of the original Major-Generals of the Revolutionary Army. A wild, reckless, un-God-fearing fellow was this Welshman—a man of parts withal, and humor. Washington rebuked him on the field of Monmouth, which led to his leaving the army. In his will he requested not to be buried within a mile of a Presbyterian or Anabaptist meeting-house, “ having kept so much bad company in life that he did not wish to continue the con-



CHARLES LEE.



DANIEL MORGAN.



Rich^d Montgomery

nection when dead." He sleeps in Christ Church, Philadelphia.

At Princeton the American artillery created great havoc on the English; at Monmouth the precision of that arm was deadly; at Yorktown it equaled the practiced science of France. There is the founder and officer of it, Henry Knox, a bookseller of Boston, who was but twenty-five at the beginning of the war, and escaped from town to fight, his bright and blessed young wife, Lucy, carrying his sword, sewed in the lining of her mantle. Glory to Lucy! She ripped it out and gave it to him at Bunker Hill. Glory to Henry! He did not return it until the war was over. He was a dear friend of Washington, and suggested the order of the Cincinnati.



LAFAYETTE IN 1777.

Joseph Reed, Adjutant-General on Washington's Staff, looks the gallant and good man he was. To the offer of money and position if he would join the Tory standard, Reed made himself glorious by replying: "I am not worth purchasing; but such as I am, the King of Great Britain is not rich enough to do it."

What a sturdy face and sturdy figure also—you may see it in the fore-ground of Trumbull's picture of the surrender of Burgoyne—has General Daniel Morgan of the rifles, the right arm of the service, the whilom wagoner, but who, as the hero of the Cowpens, won the gold medal from Congress. He was one of the put-your-trust-in-God-and-keep-your-powder-dry kind of men. Before the assault on Quebec he knelt and prayed earnestly beside a cannon; and at the Cowpens, where Tarleton had such a superior force, Morgan knelt and prayed fervently for the country, for his army, and himself; and then, strengthened with belief in the succor he invoked, dashed on cheering his men.



DE KALB.

Up in the corner yonder, side by side, see Richard Montgomery and Paul Jones, heroes both, worthy of the lands of their birth, and of the land they served. Montgomery's head is peculiarly handsome; it has an almost Grecian contour, the bright dark eye that used to flash in battle lighting up with a commendable and brave humanity the classical regularity of the features. Jones has a dashing self-opinionated look, characteristic of the terrible energy displayed in carrying out his projects. When the liberty of his adopted country—the country of his wife—called Montgomery from his dear and happy fireside, and Congress made him a Brigadier-General, he said: "It is an event which must put an end for a while, perhaps forever, to the quiet scheme of life I had prescribed for myself; for although entirely unexpected and undesired by me, the will of an oppressed people, compelled to choose between liberty and slavery, must be obeyed." It was not for a while but forever that his happy home was invaded. Jones, in the same spirit, writing to the King of France in 1778 said, "When the American banners were first displayed, I drew



STEUBEN.

my sword in support of the violated dignity and rights of human nature; and both honor and duty prompt me steadfastly to continue the righteous pursuit, and to sacrifice to it not only my private enjoyments, but my life, if necessary." No doubt Paul's famous cruise in the Irish Channel after the British Jack was his idea of a "righteous pursuit," and he certainly did continue it with a steadfast will.

And there is Lafayette—not as he tendered his youth and material aid to Congress in this very Hall—but as he appeared on his fourth visit to America, in 1824. And there is De Kalb, who introduced Lafayette to the American Commissioners in Paris, accompanied him early in 1777, and over whom Lafayette placed the corner-stone of a monument in 1825. He fell near Camden, bearing eleven wounds for American Independence and "striving to rally the scattering Americans."

And there is fine old Frederick de Steuben, who, flushed with European military honors, offered the experience they indicated to the Continental army at Valley Forge. There, too, is Du Portail and De Cambray, able French engineers in the service of the Revolution. And Rochambeau who added to the glory of Minden, Corbach, and other fields of Europe, the nobler glory of assisting at the capture of Cornwallis. Many others are there, noble contributions from almost every country of Europe to the cause of liberty in this.

It is a beautiful consideration, and one which ought to have lessons of dignifying import, to see those men of all nations, exhibiting a Babel of tongues, all joining at the one altar and giving, by their acts, expression to the one thought. Not unworthily do they stand here, as they do

in history, with the Greenes, Waynes, Schuylers, Lees, Marions, and Putnams of the soil.

We are surrounded by the shades of heroes—men of the sword. A wielder of the pen attracts our attention. Notice the sharp, rather petite features and elevated eyebrow of Francis Hopkinson. The characteristics of the head are keenness and good-nature, quick perception, and the gift of as suitable expression. If he was not a fighter he was a ready writer, doing good work; and in satire and humor so impressing some of his contemporaries as to be named in the same breath with Lucian, Swift, and Rabelais. However exorbitant this valuation of friendship may have been, it is certain that the subject of it rendered great service to the cause of freedom by the quickness and vivacity of his satire. As you may see, his nature while genial was not slavish, and he could not long restrain himself from letting the people know his mind. From 1765 to 1781 Hopkinson contributed largely to correct the misrepresentations of the press. His "Pretty Story" in 1774, in which by an allegory he exhibited the many griev-

ances of the Colonies, conveyed in a pithy and pleasant form, was sought after with great avidity; and his "New Roof," embodying the arguments of the Pennsylvanian Convention to consider the frame of government for the United States, was so effective that Rush said it must last as long as the citizens were happy under the National Government. After the peace, when party spirit was rampant in Pennsylvania, Hopkinson came out with his "Full and True Account of a Violent Uproar which lately happened in a very Eminent Family." Innumerable were the pieces with which he helped to make war upon the common enemy or allay the dissensions of patriotic friends. He deserves to be well remembered. Let us bless his pen, and himself too; for it is recorded of him that his heart was elevated as his brain was bright—that he never debased the exuber-



ROCHAMBEAU.



MARTHA WASHINGTON.

ance of either in a profanity, nor uttered a word to make a woman blush.

Apropos of woman, there is Martha Washington and Mistress Robert Morris—the former in advanced age, her yet fresh and luminous face framed in the cap-frills of her time; the latter gay and fashionable, with feathery head-dress, as in the days of her prosperity, when her husband was the Washington of financiers.

These portraits call up many memories. It were vain, however, to attempt a transcript of them, or the extending chain of thrilling facts which they indicate. Looking from one to another, the quick remembrance of some good deed performed by each, and the anxiety to give utterance to each incident rising almost simultaneously, distracts the brain with pleasure and pride, until one can only find full enjoyment in silent admiration of the pageant evoked by the glory of the past. But this great joy is broken in upon. I am no longer alone with the past. Other visitors pour in, and, forgetful of the solemnity of the place, shuffle noisily about, give their tongues full rein, and break with the jargon of vulgar, although it may be well-intentioned and irrepressible curiosity, the serene significance of the place. We want a little more veneration among us. The present can not be appreciated without having respect for the past. To see a man who no doubt boasts of and loves his country, and walks unexceptionably the decent path of life, stalking noisily, with hat on head, and a manner altogether which compels sorrow more than anger in such a place, is a sight I do not like to contemplate. Our young and successful blood is too apt to think license liberty, and a violation of etiquette an illustration of self-reliant manhood. It may be unthinkingly done; but we must learn to think in such hallowed spots, and to feel that it is more respectful in ourselves to acknowledge as well as feel what we owe to those who make nations and peoples great and respected.

THE MARKETS OF NEW YORK.

BEEF, pork, mutton; won't you buy, buy, buy?" Juicy steaks and tender-loin; "spare-ribs," and trim, dainty legs; cold shoulders and mutton-chops; whate'er you will. Just name your choice, for each and all lie before you.

In Molière's comedy *L'Avare* an eloquent sybarite grows discursive on the theme whether "one lives to eat" or "eats merely in order to live." Without favoring the disciples of Brillat Savarin, that philosophic gastronome, or becoming a partisan of the ascetic school, none can dispute the point that it is necessary to eat if we wish to exist, whether we believe in the infallibility of good cookery or not. Considering the matter only in this light, the food supply of any large city appears an interesting subject for reflection, alike to the student of men and manners and dilettante reader. Over a million souls rise in New York every morning and require food for their sustenance during the day. Over a million breakfasts have to be procured and cooked and eaten—a million dinners—a million suppers; and nearly three hundred thousand dollars' worth of provisions are thus consumed every day in the "Empire City." When, therefore, this large expenditure is inquired into, taken in connection with the immense amount of machinery it consequently calls into play, the "Markets of New York" supply as ample food for thought as they actually do food for the inner man. From what quarters does all this provision come? Where is meat procured, fish caught, vegetables cultivated? And fruit too—rare, luscious, tempting fruit, so cooling in summer, so appetizing at all times—where is the garden large enough to furnish the gigantic supply required? How are all these articles brought to market, and how retailed? Do you know, reader? Perhaps not; perhaps yes. But in any case you will not mind reading and hearing a little about the food supply of New York, and the various entrepôts and quarters from whence it is procured, retailed, and parceled out unto the inhabitants thereof.

Altogether there are eleven markets in this city, but only two call for especial description. These are named respectively Washington and Fulton markets, of which the first is devoted principally to meat, fruit, and vegetables, and the second to fish and poultry. The nine other markets, which are located mostly on the quays of the East River, are small in size, and obtain their supplies chiefly from the first-named emporium. Washington Market is about the largest food dépôt in the world, on account of its being generally devoted to the sale of meat, vegetables, poultry, fruit, and other things, instead of there being separate markets, as in London and other large towns, for each distinct article. The corner-stone of the building was laid in the year 1808, but the edifice was not completed until four years later, in conse-

quence of the stoppage caused to enterprise by war being declared between Great Britain and America. When the structure was first erected it was thought to be quite a handsome addition to the architecture of the city; but at the present time, when handsome buildings are the rule and ugly ones the exception in New York, its battered, dingy exterior and dirty stone columns speak more of utility and age and hard-working service than of the beautiful. It is appropriately named after the great Liberator—the honored Washington; for there seems to be some connection between the provider of a nation and a nation's founder. The actual market-place lies in a block between Vesey and Fulton streets, along Washington, and consists of a series of rectangular buildings—one within the other, we might say—centred by a circular building with a small cupola on top; but the many little stalls, besides stores and extensive warehouses, which really belong to the structure, cause the “food repository” to extend to a very great distance beyond its legitimate limits—from Liberty Street, in fact, down to North Moore Street—in one straight line. About three thousand persons hold stalls in Washington Market, and about thirty thousand may be said to earn their livelihood through its means; while the mass of buyers who flock thither is immense—over a hundred thousand often coming there during the course of a day in the busy Christmas season. Here business is transacted, we might say, almost every hour of the day and night, and there seems to be no cessation at any time to the buying and selling that goes on. “Will you buy, buy, buy?”—or similar words like those with which the present paper opened—strike one's ear on entering within the charmed limits. “Will you buy? will you buy?” are the last words you hear on leaving, and they ring in your ear, as aforesaid, like a vanishing chime.

The first glance at Washington Market is, on the whole, “beefy.” One sees at every side tremendous sides of oxen, vast quarters of beef, huge sirloins, gigantic ribs, and long legs, like those of the Paphian bull, hanging from the low ceiling in front of and around the stalls; while your olfactory organs are saluted with the ever-increasing effluvia of raw meat, which, although the butchers appear to grow fat upon it, is not exactly qualified to give one an appetite should you wander through the market just before dinner-time. After a little time, however, you find out that other descriptions of meat besides beef are also present. Mutton, juicy and well clothed with a superstratum of pure white fat, hangs around in profusion. Our friend piggy too—“the gentleman wot pays the rint,” according to Fenian philosophers—is not forgotten. And haunches of venison from the Far West, besides pens of cackling fowls, may be spied out in odd corners, in addition to piles of butter and mounds of cheese—the whole presenting to the aston-

ished vision of the observer a regular hecatomb of food, which will be all consumed by the masticatory process. Plump and portly butchers meet you on every side, anxious to promote custom, and affable in imparting information as to the state of the market; and you are jostled and turned about, if you stop in your progress for a moment, by the motley throng of buyers, who wish to get some tid-bit cheap, and who will inform a passing dealer that “So-and-so round the corner will let them have that article for half the price.” The butcher advises them to go to “So-and-so” and purchase there, though all the while he is not averse at the same time to inform them of the particular excellence of his especial articles.

Bread is usually considered the “staff” of life, but still meat is one of its most convenient crutches, and is indeed regarded as of such an importance in one's daily bill of fare that it calls aloud for notice. It may be stated at first start that nearly three hundred and sixty tons of meat are daily consumed in New York city alone—a truly alarming amount to contemplate if one considers for a moment what a ton of meat is! This provision for the wants of Broadway and the Bowery is supplied from the great wholesale markets up town at One Hundredth Street and the “Bull's Head,” a butchers' rendezvous in Forty-fourth Street, at which places all animals coming into the city are slaughtered at the abattoirs provided for the purpose. There is another large dépôt, too, for meat at the Communipaw abattoirs in New Jersey, which has recently been opened, and which promises shortly to relieve the over-crowded markets “up town.” The principal quarters from which the meat supply comes are the States of Illinois, Ohio, New York, Kentucky, Indiana, Kansas, and Michigan, placing them in order according to the proportionate number of animals each State sends to the New York markets. The wholesale butchers buy their meat at an estimated net weight which is supposed, as it is termed, to “sink the offal.” Thus an ordinary well-fed ox will give about 850 pounds of dressed meat; a sheep 45; a calf 60; and a pig about 120 pounds. Taking an average from the winter results of the past year, the sales of livestock every week are: oxen, 6500; sheep, 2500; calves, 1200; and pigs 20,000—which numbers represent an aggregate weekly amount of 8,109,500 pounds of animal food. The Empire City has a good digestion. The only sensible alteration effected in the sales of meat during the year is between the months of March and April, when the great shad supply comes into the fish market and causes the meat quotations to fluctuate. In summer, of course, during the very hot weather, there is a proportionate diminution in the consumption of meat according to the rise of the thermometer, but this is not nearly so great as that which affects the supply during the shad season.

At a very early hour in the morning the meat comes in. From 3 o'clock, and often from 2,

especially on Saturday mornings, the supplies begin to pour in, and continue doing so from the various dépôts up town and from the river until 7 or 8 o'clock; heavy loaded wagons block up the whole length of Washington Street; and there is hardly room for a small calf to wedge himself in among the crush of vehicles which bring in the produce to this great entrepôt. The stream of wagons appears to be ever augmented. No sooner are the first cars cleared out than a fresh relay is turned on; and they drag on their course, are unloaded, and wend their way back to the great dépôt at the Bull's Head, and the other dépôt up town at One Hundredth Street, while the market continues to get fuller and fuller with the meat required for the consumption of the city. The market is now stocked, and the retail buyers come on the scene. It is not to be wondered at that such an immense business should be transacted at Washington Market, when we consider that not only does it supply the million inhabitants of this city, but it has also to provide for the wants of Brooklyn, Staten Island, and many towns on the Jersey shore, and for others for a long distance up the Hudson. On an average statement, Washington Market provides food for about two millions of persons every day; and, consequently, about half or more of the supply brought into it every morning is sent away in bulk again shortly afterward, apart from the vast retail trade done for the actual wants of New York. Housekeepers and the butchers of the town and its suburbs commence their business early too. The supplies continue coming in long after they have also set to work at buying out, and thus for about a couple of hours the wholesale and retail dealers carry on their respective trades at the same time. It is estimated that over \$180,000 are daily disbursed for animal food alone in the market. The inhabitants of this city are the largest meat-eaters, one might say, in the world. London ranks second in the list of the anti-vegetarians, while Paris stands lowest in the list; the last-named capital, however, makes up for this falling off in animal food by being the largest consumer of bread. The reason of this great meat expenditure of New York is, without doubt, owing to waste, under which term may be comprised bad household management and bad cookery. An old proverb holds good that God sent meat and the devil sent cooks; but his Satanic Majesty must have made a most unfair distribution of his servants, if cooks be considered under that category, as some towns seem to be more cursed by bad cooks—such as would make Brillat Savarin gnash his teeth in impotent rage—than others. Another reason for this in New York is, that a very large portion of the population live in boarding-houses, and have no homes of their own to practice economy even if they had the mind to do it. They pay a fixed sum which includes the rent of their room, the use of furniture, and their board of two or three meals per diem. The proprietor, or landlady

of the house, furnishes the board, calculating for the gross number of boarders that she has. She usually lays in a larger amount of food than is required for the actual wants of the establishment, in order to be certain to "have enough." The best meat is bought in large pieces; for perhaps eight boarders she buys a piece of roasting beef weighing some thirteen or fourteen pounds for dinner or supper. This is wastefully cooked, most likely, before a large fire, and as a necessary consequence a large percentage is absorbed and wasted through bad management. Then, when it comes on the table, as it has no dressing or any little *sauce piquante* to give it a relish and help it out, it is eaten up *in toto* without leaving any residue save the bones, which are thrown away on the morrow. It is the same way all the year round; beef-steak, mutton-chops, boiled beef, roast beef, and occasionally veal and pork, dressed in a similar manner, are wasted, and without any attempt at economizing through the portals of Soyer's Cookery Book. It is not so with our Gallic friends. In Paris, by dint of good cooks, the people eat far less meat, and we venture to say dine far better, and certainly far less extravagantly and without any uneasy after-thought about their digestive organs, than they do here in the Empire City, with all its wealth and its "European plan" of eating. This is a digression, however. *Revenons à nos moutons!*

Washington Market must not be judged merely from a "meaty" point of view. Its chief pride consists in its fruit and vegetables, and on these it can well afford to take its stand. The amount of fruit alone consumed in the city of New York during the year, most of which goes through this market, is something nearly incredible to realize. Every one seems to eat it, or dispose of it in some way or other, and it is bought not only by the rich and well-to-do but also by the poorest urchin in the metropolis. Italy is considered a fruit-eating country, where the *lazaroni* loll about all day under the burning sun of that southern clime luxuriating on grapes and water-melons, but the supply which New York consumes would really put the Land of the Madonna to the blush. From early spring until the depth of winter fruit of every description is bought and sold in the markets and the streets, and imported and exported from New York. It is a trade in which thousands, who rise while the rest of the city is buried in sleep, and go to bed when the metropolis is just wide awake, are engaged in, and in which many fortunes are made and as many often lost, as it is a somewhat hazardous speculation in the hot months. The trade employs a perfect fleet of small boats and coasting vessels to itself. It regulates the departure and arrival of the various goods trains on the different lines of railways—nay, it has a special express carriage of its own. In fact, fruit is all-important in our city; and its supply and consumption exceed in their magnitude every other article in the great food quarter. Fruit

and vegetables are all in all to Washington Market; and this must not be wondered at when it is considered that in the height of the season nearly six hundred market wagons from New Jersey and Long Island daily bring in these articles, besides what comes by water. We are great devourers of market produce, as figures show.

To commence at the beginning of the fruit and vegetable supply, the reader ought most properly to inspect the market garden regions of Long Island, New Jersey, and the western portion of New York, from whence the supplies are brought to Washington Market. Here acres upon acres are devoted to the cultivation of potatoes, cabbages, and all sorts of vegetables, besides the many which are laid under contribution for the fruiterer's trade. Over on the Long Island shore, where the vegetables principally come from, there are miles upon miles of farm ground devoted to this purpose; and these are most commonly looked after by the Dutch Fraus, who see to the house and garden work while their husbands are abroad in the city working at their various trades. In America as in Holland the Dutch are particularly neat in their agricultural work, and many a Knickerbocker sketch of Washington Irving might be selected to give one a picture of their orderly gardens and mathematical cabbage fields. Rows of trim gardens may be seen in the summer time, beyond Brooklyn, laid out in what housewives term "apple-pie order," with their motley contents of potatoes, cabbages, and turnips, besides the lesser vegetables, arranged with a precision which would have gladdened the heart of Euclid and made Newton ecstatic. It is said that no less than five thousand women thus employ themselves in garden work on the Long Island shore alone; and this number can not be far out when the amount of vegetables exported from thence is taken into consideration. When the vegetables have grown up sufficiently, and have arrived at the era to be "brought out," as enterprising mammas speak of their daughters in the matrimonial market, they are carefully packed in a species of long, low, narrow wagon—rows of which can be seen any morning passing through Fulton Street—and wend their way to town to be cooked and eaten, as it is the fate of vegetables to be. If the reader will take his stand on the Fulton Ferry slip in the early morning of a summer or autumn day, he will have a faint idea of what a vast amount of fruit and vegetables come into New York to be eaten by the population thereof, from the Brooklyn side alone, without taking into question what comes from New Jersey and other places.

The scene opens early, and the ferry-boat is supposed to have left the Brooklyn dock and to be slowly paddling across the river as the reader watches for it from the Fulton slip on the New York side. It is just "two o'clock in the morning," according to Barney Branaghan, but in reality it is as dark as night. There is

no moon, and the dark shadows of indistinct ships throw a gloom over the water, while spectre masts and spars seem to hover just above your head. As the observer stands on the ferry slip he hears the sobbing splash of the ripples against the timbers of the dock, and the occasional wash of a loose plank as it is swayed to and fro by the tide. Across the river he can see the long lines of twinkling street lights, while behind him all is dark and gloomy and shadowy save the lighted up ferry-house. No distinct sound is perceptible for a moment; but after a time he hears the "beat," "beat" of the steamer's paddles in the distance. Then a bright white light, like a star descended below its proper height, flashes upon his vision, and seems to grow larger and larger every minute as it draws nearer. Now there are two lights—a red and a white—first wide apart, and then closing in on a line as the boat heads up toward the slip; and the beat of the paddles becomes more distinct and flurried, as if they were anxious to have their work done. Then a dark mass is seen looming up from the shade beyond, and the shape of the boat can be made out. Then voices are heard raised in laughter and fun and "chaff"—and then the unwieldy vessel surges into the ferry slip, knocking first the timbers on one side, then those on the other, and amidst a creaking of long suffering wood and a wash of water as she backs her paddles, she slowly glides up to the gangway. Then there is the rattle of the chains—the "clink," "clink," "clink" of the stopper—and then all is made fast, and the first market produce for the day reaches New York for Washington Market. A continuous stream of heavy loaded wagons come forth out of the dock upon the gloomy street, now deadened with the sleep of night. Long drays piled up sky-high with cabbages and turnips and apples, and all sorts of the product of Mother Earth come forth, and form themselves into an endless line up Fulton Street. Step by step they wend their way, like a long funeral procession, across Broadway and down into the purlieus of the market on the north side, where, following them up, you arrive in time to see Washington Market in all its glory.

Although night seems still existent, night is unknighthed, as it were, from his habitation in the market. Jets of flaring gas light up the vista as far as the eye can see, and the whole place seems as bright as day; while the noise and bustle around you would make you fain believe yourself to be in Pandemonium did not the drawl of a Long Islander remind you that you were still in the land of Columbus. The shouts of the wagon-drivers, the chatter of the by-standers, the interference of the guardians of the peace in the various squabbles which arise as to which wagon shall give way to the other, all form a *tout ensemble* which is conflicting, vehement, and uproarious beyond description. "Git oop, John!" you hear a guttural Teuton voice exclaim, in accents of unsup-

pressed fervor; and "If you don't git out o' thar, I'll sarve you as I did the other man," from a slim-built "Down-Easter," is answered by a witty Paddy with an inquiry, couched in none of the most polite terms, as to "how that other man was sarved." Then, too, you hear the different dealers calling out their own produce. Here potatoes may be obtained "dirt cheap," and at "no price at all." There cabbages are "dead beat," and presented to the by-standers gratuitously; and, in fact, the many who go thither are firmly persuaded by dint of the most superhuman eloquence that they had never had such bargains in their lives before as they can obtain on any especial morning that they select for their visit.

The meat supply may be said to occupy the interior of the market; while fruit and vegetables reign without it, as the supplies of these articles occupy every little lane and alley in front of the quays, along the aisles, and in and at passages of the building all around the entire market-place and for hundreds of yards beyond. Fruit and vegetables meet your eye every where; and to judge by the amount of these presented to your gaze, you would think it just right that the inhabitants of New York were all strict vegetarians, and never consumed any other food than the verdant cabbage, the respectable russet potato, and the chubby-faced apple, as those especially appeal to your attention.

The potato supply, which product, of course, is in the largest demand among vegetables, comes principally from Long Island, Western New York, and New Jersey. In addition to which light irregular supplies come in shipments from nearly every Eastern port. New potatoes commence to arrive about the first of May from Charleston and Bermuda, and they command a price of about \$6 per bushel. The daily consumption of potatoes in New York is about thirty-five hundred barrels, each barrel containing one hundred and sixty-five pounds, and measuring two and one-half bushels. The value of these, estimated at \$2 per barrel, will be \$7000 per day. The sales of potatoes vary greatly according to their especial quality—some running as high as \$3 per barrel, while others go as low as \$1 or \$1 25. The sweet-potato is brought principally from Delaware and New Jersey. A large supply comes from the Carolinas; but the greater quantity of the total consumption is supplied by New Jersey and part of Long Island. The amount of business transacted by the wholesale potato merchants of Washington Market is immense. One merchant alone reports that his sales in the year amount to upward of one million dollars, while the annual sales of several others vary from \$500,000 to \$800,000. The trade can be judged by its appearances. Long rows of ships from Eastern sea-ports, and heavy barges from up the river, loaded with this vegetable, constantly throng the piers in the vicinity of the market, and the cargoes are unladen into the vast store-houses which front the quays. From these

store-houses supplies are constantly being drawn which are again shipped up the country and abroad. California is largely supplied from Washington Market, and from seventy-five to one hundred thousand barrels of potatoes are forwarded each month to Europe.

The times and seasons of the different species of vegetable produce naturally vary considerably. In summer tomatoes, cucumbers, and such like articles, have a gigantic sale, not to speak of the great "lentil" crop of beans and pease. Once upon a time, not very long ago, and well within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant," tomatoes were never eaten as they are now, for their various excellences were unknown, and they had not been rendered appetizing by custom. Now they are consumed in immense quantities, and tons weight of tomatoes are brought into Washington Market and retailed from thence each week. They do not fall far short of onions in their eminent diuretic and stimulating qualities, and nearly supersede that vegetable in their summer sale. Next to the potato the cabbage is entitled to the *premier place* in order of the supply. It is estimated that over thirty thousand heads of cabbages are sold and eaten daily in New York. Thirty thousand cabbages! What a conjuration of corned beef does not the fact stir up in one's imagination! The finest of these come from Norfolk, Virginia, and are the earliest arrivals in the market, as they come in about the latter end of June. The main supply, however, does not make its appearance until the autumn, and it is drawn forth chiefly from Long Island, where it is produced by the Dutch farmers, as before stated. Besides the vegetables already mentioned there are many others which do much to swell the trade at the Washington entrepôt. Turnips should not be forgotten, while pumpkins and squash are certainly deserving of mention. But it would be a work of some magnitude to treat upon them all. Sufficient has been said to give the reader an idea of the importance of the country-produce trade; it is time to give a glance at the fruit supply, which is nearly as great, and is, in fact, considered superior to the food which literally comes out of "mother earth."

The apple, the symbol of evil, and the most prolific of all fruits, is entitled to the first mention. There are nearly two hundred varieties of this fruit, according to botanists, and all these have originated, it is said, from the old "crab" apple of the parent stock. The best varieties which we have in America are what are respectively termed the Newtown Pippin, Baldwin Spitzenberg, the Swan, Roxbury Russet, Greening, Nonsuch, Seek-no-further, Northern Spy, and Ladies Sweet. Of these we believe the Greening, Seek-no-further, and Ladies Sweet, are the most highly esteemed; but the trade in all the varieties is very great, and thousands upon thousands of barrels of them are sold every year in New York alone for "home consumption" besides what is exported abroad.

About five hundred thousand barrels are eaten every year alone in New York, it is said, on very good estimates; and, if it be supposed that each barrel contains two hundred and twenty-five apples (a fair average), it follows that one hundred and twelve millions of apples are consumed by the inhabitants of the Empire City each year—a fair allowance, certainly—and open to some deductions. The apple season commences about the first week in October, and the market supplies of the fruit gradually increase until November, when they die off and wholly cease at the end of the latter month. According to the census returns of 1860, there were upward of seven hundred thousand acres of orchard land in cultivation in the United States, and this estimate is much increased at the present time, as millions of young trees are planted every year, as emigration gradually swells the population out West. It is found that the principal supply of Washington Market comes from the State of New York, where the apple is largely cultivated from Rochester Valley up to Buffalo. A proportionately small supply comes, it is true, from Michigan and the Western States; but New York State eclipses that supply by far. The apple-tree grows better on limestone ridges than any where else, and thus crops of apples can be cultivated on hilly lands where, perhaps, no other fruit or vegetable could be produced. An apple orchard in bloom in the early summer is a very pretty sight. The trees are arranged generally in parallel rows at a distance of from twenty-five to forty feet apart, and the whole presents the aspect of a gigantic bouquet whose blossomy odor can be smelled for miles off in districts especially devoted to the cultivation of the fruit.

Peaches are supplied in New York nearly as largely as apples. They come principally from Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland. The trade is a very heavy one, and one train comes by the Camden and Amboy Railway every day in the season laden with peaches alone. Very often two and three special trains are devoted entirely to the same fruit. "No admittance" even on business is allowed to them by either vegetable or human affairs, and so they are occupied by peaches who don't 'peach about the matter to any one, save to inquiring busy-bodies like the writer. About twenty thousand bushels are sold every day during the season at an average price of \$3 per bushel. This continues for nearly two months; consequently, if this daily sale be estimated for two months, or say fifty days, it will be seen that the value of the peaches consumed every year in New York exceeds the sum of three million dollars. In some parts of the States, of course owing to the colder temperature, peaches do not ripen so rapidly as in those that are placed nearer the tropics, and in these quarters, as in Western New York for instance, they are ripened by artificial heat, the stones being first taken out. The fruit is also dried in the sun, and thus made into a marketable commodity, otherwise the cold atmosphere

of the Northern States where they often are cultivated, would be insufficient to render them ripe and sweet, and they would be thus lost to the producers. Last season, on account of the great heat during the summer months, the peach crop was extremely large, and exceeded the usual yield considerably. On one day in August it may be mentioned that over sixty thousand baskets were brought to market and sold in the early morning. A good day's work that for an enterprising dealer!

To continue the description of the fruit supply: Pears, which one would think ought to come next to apples in the regular order of sales, are disposed of only to one-thirtieth their extent. They are chiefly used in New York for preserving; in Europe, however, the fruit is more largely used than the apple for dessert. Massachusetts is the best pear-producing State, and next to that learned "star" comes Western New York. Grapes exceed pears in the market supply. Of these over two million pounds go through the Washington dépôt from July up to November, besides what come into the city through outside sources. There are eight or nine merchants in the market who regularly deal in this fruit and make it their specialty. These all declare that over a ton of grapes are eaten every day during the season of a hundred days in New York. What an amount of wine they would produce to be sure! and fancy what they would be worth if converted into the best brand of the Widow Cliquot and sold under the heading "Champagne!" It would occupy too much of our space to describe all the varieties of the fruit supply separately; so, merely alluding to the prodigious quantity of watermelons, and the piles of berries of all descriptions that go through Washington Market, we will bid adieu to meat, and fruit, and vegetables, and turn to fish and poultry, which we will eat along with our dessert. Fish! the name at once conjures up a vision of Fulton Market before us!

If it were necessary to defend fish from the attack of any gastronomist it would not be a very difficult task to those who like it, as, from antiquity alone, it is entitled to a high place in the history of the dinner-table. Among all nations on the face of the globe fish forms a large proportion of the staple diet. Its production and capture require no expense to speak of, no outlay, no capital, and very little trouble; and thus, if even for the last reason alone, it is more largely consumed among savage tribes than even meat. The Esquimaux live on fish, the South Sea Islanders depend on it as equally as they look to their plantain-tree; and no civilized nation could do without it. Fish is reckoned one of the great, nay, greatest food supplies of the world; although it is not esteemed one of the absolute necessities of life, as meat and bread are generally designated, still it fills the place of meat to a great many; and fish is really an important subject to talk about, as governments have fallen, and wars been occasioned often by

some breach of fishery law, to say nothing of its actual value to the community of any country. Casting a retrospective glance at the history of Europe and America for the last three or four hundred years, we see that fisheries have been protected always by government, and every measure likely to promote their welfare adopted, of such high importance have they been esteemed. The fisheries of America are well known as the largest in the world—it would puzzle one to calculate how much fish has been taken off the Banks of Newfoundland and along the coast of Columbus's land since it was discovered in the Middle Ages. Much of this is exported to Europe; but the pick of the American fisheries comes to Fulton Market—and Fulton Market, where is it? Not far off now: it calls aloud for description.

Fulton Market is the great fish dépôt, and Fulton is only second to Washington Market in the amount of business that is daily transacted there, and the thousands whom it diurnally supplies with food. This great market-place, stretching along the river quay, presents a motley view to the gazer who may happen to look in upon it at any hour of the day.

If you should only have walked round the market, and then passed judgment on the place, you would certainly be of the opinion that it was devoted entirely to the buying and selling of the piscine tribes; should you cross through it by one of its parallel sections you would imagine it to be one vast butcher's store; and should you form your opinion of it by its corners only you would be positive that it was merely one gigantic oyster-room or a tea and coffee stand of herculean proportions. Fulton Market is nearly omnigenous. It is a butcher's store, a fruiterer's stall, an oyster-counter, a coffee-shop, a poultry-yard, and a fish-monger's establishment. It is every thing in one—a *magnum* not in *parvo*, but a *magnum* in *magno*. It is one vast repository for the sale of every article of diet you could fancy from a lamb-chop up to a "steak for two," from a shrimp up to a lobster, from a cup of coffee up to the largest table d'hôte fare you could pick out. Fish, however, is its staple article. Fish is as natural in Fulton Market as they are in their own briny element. On fish does Fulton Market especially pride itself with very just reason, and it should be judged by fish alone—its natural belonging, as before observed.

There are about two hundred fishing smacks and schooners which trade to and from the East River bringing in the large fish supply which is required by the inhabitants of New York; and in addition to these there are a number of other boats which are especially devoted to the oyster trade. The fish brought into Fulton Market are of nearly every edible variety. There are the cod, halibut, haddock, herring, mackerel, blackfish, bluefish, smelt, weak fish, and white fish, eels, porgees, sea bass, striped bass, trout, sturgeon, sheep's head, flounders, and many others too numerous to mention. Of these those

principally consumed are the cod, halibut, haddock, bluefish, and eel; but of course some fish are preferred at different seasons to others. The fish-dealers of Fulton Market give a rough estimate that about fifty tons of fish are daily consumed by the inhabitants, taking all the year through; and although it is a hard matter to arrive at a correct opinion on the subject, this estimate can not be far wrong when the immense amount of fish consumed in the numerous hotels is taken into account; then there is little doubt that this margin is even exceeded. The great fishing quarters from whence this supply comes are up the East River, the North River, and down the Sound along Long Island; besides which fish comes from the Delaware, Potomac, Connecticut, and other rivers which fall into the Atlantic for many miles along the entire sea-board of the States. The Lake fisheries of the interior also send a large supply to market; and the entire stock of Fulton Market is gathered from a circle of more than five hundred miles radius from the city. Codfish and halibut, which are now very largely consumed, although some few years back both were esteemed at a very low reputation and hardly if ever eaten, are caught on the Banks principally. The weight of the cod varies considerably. One specimen from Green Bank will weigh perhaps over thirty pounds, while another will only send up the scale at three pounds. Eels are generally taken near Boston. The bluefish and whitefish are consumed in immense quantities in New York during the season. The former of these is caught principally in Long Island Sound and off Sandy Hook. The shad is a very large customer in Fulton Market; and this fishery is somewhat in its extent like the herring fisheries of Great Britain. When that comes into season there is a perceptible diminution observed in the meat demand in Washington Market; consequently the fish must be largely eaten here. Porgees, another favorite fish, are taken all down the coast from Boston to South Carolina. With regard to the different times and seasons of these varieties of the piscine tribes, it may be mentioned that the cod and halibut are taken all the year round. The haddock is in season from October to April; porgees from May to October. The shad from March until August (it is only caught in New York Bay until April, but supplies of it are obtained from Connecticut up to the latter month).

With regard to oysters, about 250,000 are daily eaten in New York during the "R" months; about 25,000 per diem during the remaining months of the year. These are of the value of from \$2 to \$5 per hundred; and taking them at the lower rate of \$2, the amount of oysters eaten each day in the Empire City represents a value of \$3500, estimating their consumption at an average rate for the year.

It would increase the length of the present article too far beyond the limits allowed it were we to describe at length the various other supplies of food that pass through Fulton Market.

Poultry of all descriptions is to be found there. Eggs and butter are represented by the ton weight. Cigars and literature, too, are not neglected. Poultry generally finds its way into the emporium from New York State, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and even from far out West, in the winter months. Eggs are derived from the same sources. The tobacco supply comes principally from the neighboring State of Connecticut; and the literature—well, the Editor can tell where that comes from better than the writer. Such are a few of the salient points of the two great "Markets of New York."

SAINT PAUL'S, NEW YORK.

NO one can view the grand *façade* of Saint Paul's, with its graceful and lofty columns and its statued niche, bearing the form of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, without conceding its claim to architectural superiority. Trinity Church is exalted in the splendor of medieval architecture, but for quaint simplicity and historical interest Saint Paul's is unequalled. In its early days it was the wonder of America. Ten years before the Revolution, while Washington was planting tobacco in Virginia, and when Albany was the limit of civilization, the Crown Church designed this magnificent structure, and far up in the suburbs opposite the Park, and fronting the highway to Boston, its enormous dimensions gradually arose into shape and beauty. Here Church and State had a brief union; and no doubt many a saddened eye was fixed on this reverend pile by the exiled Tories as they left the city on the fated day of Evacuation.

A walk through Saint Paul's burial-ground revives the associations of Anglican rule, and presents the names and the arms of many English families in all the pride of the ancient time. Among these, however, are mingled other monuments of humbler rank, but suggesting a higher degree of affection. It is a pleasant as well as a most impressive contrast to turn away from the crowds of Broadway, and exchange the turmoil of life for this quiet spot, where Death holds perpetual sway—to pass at one step from the great battle of life to a place where that battle is finished forever. Here one may in a moment find the soul, which but a moment before was fired by the excitement of the great city, touched and even overcome by a class of sentiments as tender as those awakened by the reading of Gray's *Elegy*.

Among the great variety of epitaphs whose perusal has occupied many an hour of leisure, there are a few of which we take note for the benefit of our readers. Here, for instance, is one which recalls the name of the first tragedian of his day. A man of voice and action—a liver of many lives, all rendered before crowded boxes, pit, and gallery—a hero, a poet, a king, each in its turn during the brief honors of a night. How strange to think of cheers and of encores, of music, tinsel, mock crowns,

and triumphs in connection with the grave! With such thoughts we read the following inscription, which marks a graceful but crumbling monument, on which even the lapse of only forty years has done a destructive work:

Erected to the Memory of George Frederick Cooke by Edmund Kean of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, London. 1821.

Cooke and Kean were rivals, and played against each other night after night on the London boards. Cooke's fame extended to America, and he accepted an engagement at the Park Theatre, where he played with great éclat until sudden death terminated his career. The funeral cortège passed down Broadway, and the Park Theatre beheld the great star which once graced its stage setting forever in the grave. Kean was subsequently invited to visit America, and on his arrival, forgetting old contests, he inquired for the grave of his former rival. He found it neglected and unhonored. A simple mound marked the spot where all that was mortal of the man of tempestuous passion and tragic fire reposed, and Kean, with a sympathy which speaks well for his better nature, ordered this once stately monument. A quarter of a century afterward the son of Edmund Kean appeared on the same boards which had witnessed the performances of the two great tragedians. Both of them had laid aside the mask, and put off the sock and buskin forever. And now that death had silenced their rivalries, the son visited Cooke's grave and renewed his father's generosity. This we learn from this inscription on the reverse side of the monument:

"Repaired by Charles Kean. 1846."

At a short distance from this spot stands a half-sunken mass of discolored stone, marking the grave of Colonel Oswald, a man of some note in the days immediately succeeding the Revolution, and whose duel with Matthew Carey, the Philadelphia bookseller, is still remembered—a duel which both survived no doubt to regret.

Near the southeast corner of the inclosure we observe the name of Colonel Beverly Robinson, whom the historic reader will remember as the owner of the house in which Arnold met André in order to perfect his plan of treachery and treason. This famous edifice stood near the banks of the Hudson, between West Point and Tappan; its owner died young, and not many years after the "Robinson House" had acquired so unfortunate a name.

Among other inscriptions which perpetuate the stormy days of '76, we note one whose Parisian grandiloquence is in striking contrast with American simplicity. It is in memory of the *Sieur de Rochefontaine*, one of our early French allies, and is as theatrical as passion could dictate:

"This monument, which Madame Catharine Gentil has erected to the memory of a worthy and virtuous Father, is by no means the proud labor of an earthly vanity. It is a monument of Filial Piety. O that the vows of a pious daughter could be elevated to the throne of the Almighty

and draw down the divine pity upon the respectable object of these sad regrets."

Such at least is our translation of the half-effaced French. On the other hand, we have a testimony of female worth whose quaint simplicity reminds us of primitive times:

"In memory of Elizabeth, wife of Nicholas Kortright, who departed this life the 20th December, 1789, aged 46.

"The remains that lie beneath this tomb
Had Rachel's face and Leah's fruitful womb,
Abigail's prudence and Sarah's faithful heart,
Martha's care and Mary's better part."

There is something ludicrous but at the same time disgusting in the audacity of the bill-sticker who invades this sacred precinct with his placards—not done in paste and paper, but in a manner more tenacious still. We regret to say that the central walk stares us in the face with utterances such as these done in stencil on the flagging: "Jenkins's Salve cures Bunions;" "Old Clothes bought at — Bowery;" "Sam Shinbone, Butcher, Washington Market." We substitute fictitious names, as we do not care to encourage this style of advertising. Hardened indeed must be the man who, with stealthy tread at midnight's weird and witching hour, creeps along the silent walk, thus leaving his trail behind. We wonder that he was not afraid of the revenge of some indignant ghost as he outraged the sanctity of mortal repose.

There is a pair of slabs laid side by side on flat foundations of masonry which excited in our breast peculiar emotions. As our nation has just terminated a fratricidal war of unparalleled bloodshed, we have here an allusion to a once common cause which suggests the inquiry why that unity should ever have been broken?

"This Tomb is erected to the Memory of Major John Lucas of the Georgia Line of the Army of the Revolution, who died in this city, August 18th, 1789, aged 38.

"And this Tomb contains the remains of Major Job Sumner of the Massachusetts Line of the same Army, who died in this city, September 16, 1789, aged 33.

"Alike in arms they ranged the glorious field,
Alike in turn to death the conquerors yield."

Alas! to think that the time came when the Georgia Line and the Massachusetts Line greeted each other with shot and shell in all the madness of deadly conflict.

Another record of the old war, and the most striking one in the city, is that wrought into the front wall of the church, and hence well known to the Broadway pedestrian. To those whose eyes have not met this memorial we may describe it as a sculpture composed of helmet, shield, and sword, partially covered with laurel. The inscription in the quaint letters of the day is as follows:

"This Monument is erected by order of Congress January 25, 1776, to transmit to posterity a grateful remembrance of the Patriotism, Conduct, Enterprise, and Perseverance of Major General Richard Montgomery, who after a series of successes in the midst of the most discouraging difficulties, fell in the attack on Quebec, 31st December, 1775."

Although this monument was ordered within

a month after Montgomery's death, yet its erection was a matter of long delay. As no competent artist could be found in America, it was executed in Paris two years afterward, no doubt under the direction of Benjamin Franklin, who then represented the young Republic at the Bourbon Court. It is peculiarly French in its workmanship, and we believe it to be the only one of its kind in America. Having been brought over in some ship which escaped the blockading fleet, the completion of the work was delayed by the presence in New York of British troops, who held the city. After the evacuation the monument was placed in its present commanding position, and the hero of the second great battle of the Revolution in point of time was thus honored eight years after his death. Montgomery's body rested at that time in the old burial-ground of Quebec, and there it remained more than forty years, when it was removed and re-interred beneath this monument with all the honors of war. This event is recorded by the following inscription under the memorial:

"The State of New York caused the remains of Major General Montgomery to be conveyed from Quebec, and deposited beneath this Monument, the 8th July, 1818."

The reader of history will recall the fact that the ill-success of this first invasion of Canada by our troops has never been retrieved in any subsequent attempt. Harrison, Scott, and Van Rensselaer failed to establish a foothold during the war of 1812, while General Pike fell at Toronto. It is not generally known that the rescue of Montgomery's remains is due to the bravery of Aaron Burr, then a young lieutenant, who bore off the dying form of his commander upon his shoulders.

Continuing this record of necrology, we now enter the church and contemplate the tablets which adorn the chancel. Before doing so, however, we may gaze a moment at the antique style of architecture, which has thus far escaped the present rage for modernizing. After catching the spirit of quiet worship which fills the whole interior, we turn once more to the tablets, finding some of them elegant in point of art, and touching in their testimony of affection. Such is that erected by Bishop Inglis (once pastor of this church) to his wife and son. He refers to the former with exquisite pathos, and speaks of her "certain hope of a resurrection to glory through Jesus Christ." Nor is it less touching to read a father's testimony to his first-born, snatched from him in his eighth year, "who, though in years a child, was yet in understanding a man, in piety a saint, and in devotion an angel." On the same side of the chancel is another tablet, that recalls the separations which marked our recent civil war, and if in many instances husbands and wives were cruelly parted, and sometimes died of broken hearts, they but repeated the sad experiences of an earlier tribulation. We thus copy its affecting inscription:

"Beneath the altar of this church are deposited the re-

mains of Elizabeth Franklin, wife of his Excellency William Franklin, Esq., late Governor, under His Britannic Majesty, of the Province of New Jersey. Compelled by the adverse circumstances of the times to part from the husband she loved, and at length deprived of the soothing hope of a speedy return, she sank under accumulated distress, and departed this life on 28th July, 1778, in the 47th year of her age. Sincerity and sensibility, politeness and affability, goodness and charity, were with sense-refined and person-elegant in her united. From a grateful remembrance of her affectionate tenderness and constant performance of all the duties of a Good Wife, this monument is erected in the year 1787 by one who knew her worth and still laments her loss."

Those who read this exquisite tribute to departed excellence will, if versed in history, identify its author with the somewhat noted child of the patriot philosopher of America. William Temple Franklin was an only son, and in him his father met a keen disappointment. He went to England at an early age, and while there was so much the object of the flattery and attention of the aristocracy, that he became a convert to Toryism. His subsequent attachment to the Crown was as strong as that of his father to the Colonies. He accepted the office of Governor of New Jersey under the king, and at the very beginning of the troubles of the day was driven by the insurgent colonists into an exile which proved perpetual. The wife remained behind, and sought refuge in New York, the only city held by the British during the war. She was an English lady, accustomed to all the ministrations of refinement and luxury, but she now found herself in poverty and distress in a foreign land. No way of return or of restoration to her husband opened a door of hope; and after pining a long time in sorrow and desolation, she afforded a sad illustration of Pope's touching lines:

"By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honored and by strangers mourned."

The father and son had a brief interview about the same time, and then parted to meet no more on earth. It is a curious circumstance that in the above-mentioned epitaph the middle name, "Temple," is omitted.

Among other memorials of the honored dead is a bust of one who once ranked high, if not highest, in the legal practice of his day, and whose reputation as a jurist is still part of the glory of the New York bar. The epitaph reads thus:

"Erected by the members of the bar of this city, as a testimony of their respect for the memory of John Wells, who elevated and adorned their profession by his integrity, eloquence, and learning. Born, A.D. MDCCLXX. Died Sept. vii. A.D. MDCCCXXIII."

Passing out of the church we note that noble shaft which commands the attention of all who pass the Broadway front—the cenotaph bearing the name of that gifted attorney by whose exile Ireland enriched American jurisprudence, Thomas Addis Emmet. And yet far more eloquent in its utterance was a broken head-stone, with a reference to which we close our sketch. It was old and ill-shapen from fracture, and

the inscription had been effaced by time, but some affectionate hand had attempted to resist the march of oblivion by the letters, coarsely done in black with a painter's brush, "My Mother." To us it was the most powerful utterance in that storied abode of death.

THE GREAT SHOW AT PARIS.

AN English poet said all the world's a stage; but it was necessarily left to the French to actually put the world upon the stage, and set the nations to acting their several parts. Necessarily; for no other nation has the theatrical instinct and artistic genius requisite to manage such a performance. That which leads the Parisian butcher to arrange his sirloins into a scenic tapestry; which inspires yon hag to build her tomatoes into architectural forms that would win praise from Ruskin; that it is which flowers at length into this spectacle on the Champ de Mars. And this it is which, working through ages, has made Paris the only city on earth where the slides, the machinery, the footlights necessary for such a performance could be found. Paris is a big theatre, whose property-room holds machinery that has served for every variety of drama, be it spectacle, farce, or tragedy. It was therefore with a feeling of certainty that this new piece would be a grand success that the writer hereof toward the close of March packed up his opera-glass and opera-dress, and left dismal London to secure an *avant-scenes* at the world-play. But bear with me, dear reader, during a little prelude in celebration of the theatre itself, the proscenium, and the spectators.

The chief delight in Paris is, perhaps, the feeling of being there. With what an experience of gentle ecstasy does one wander through these fascinating streets and boulevards, these parks whose trees are singing fountains, where earth, sky, and human life are a romance into which each new-comer feels himself easily woven! Just now the splendor of Paris would almost appear climacteric. Even within the last few years the city has undergone startling transformations. As on the day of my arrival I was walking along the Rue de Rivoli, thinking on the changes that had come over Paris even within five or six years past, I began to be haunted by a feeling that I had somewhere long ago seen or read of these new splendors; and as I passed a glove-shop I remembered that it must have been in Elizabeth Shepard's strange romance, "Rumor," in which she was wild enough to bring together Beethoven and Louis Napoleon! It was to a little room over a glove-shop that Rodomant (Beethoven) was conducted; and there he met Porphyro, the present Emperor, then a wanderer. The passage is worth quoting here, for it has been partially proved a prophecy. Rodomant scrutinized the room into which he had been brought:

"He beheld simply a small iron bedstead, very rusty; a table and two chairs; a small high window, af-

fording a peep of blue sky. On the table at one end—for it was a long one—were an inkstand with pens, the usual implements of a draughtsman, and a color-box with brushes but no easel. The other end of the table was occupied with a mysterious sheet of the thickest card-board, covered with what looked like either a large microscopic picture, or a tinted map lettered infinitesimally. It startled Rodomant out of his slight natural propriety; and, without greeting, he said, solemnly:

“‘Is that a horoscope? Are you, then, a fate-caster?’”

“The other smiled a smile peculiar to his countenance—a dim, quaint smile, as of one who had secrets with his own inner man.

“‘A little of a fore-taster, perhaps.’”

“Then he took from his pocket a strong magnifying glass, and put it gently into Rodomant’s hand. Rodomant grasped it, and through it gazed long and eagerly. And from that hieroglyphic mist there started, sudden and distinct as morn without a cloud, a brilliant birds-eye view of a superb and stupendous city—a dream of imaginative architecture, almost in itself a poem. Each house of each street, each lamp and fountain, each line of road and pavement marked as vividly as the glorious domes, the pointing pillars, grand gates and arches, proud palaces in inclosures of solemn leafage, the bridges traced with webs of shadow, the stately terraces and dim cathedrals. Green groves and avenues, and vivid gardens interlaced and divided the city within the walls; and without masses of delicate shrubbery, as perfectly defined, were studded with fair villas of every varied form, melting gradually and peacefully, as it seemed, to a bright champaign embroidered with fence and hedge-row. To Rodomant it seemed a sort of visionary pageant unrolled to him, partly memorial, in part prophetic.

“‘That poor plan,’ said Porphyro, ‘is the design of Parisinia as it will be—as I shall make it if I live.’”

No longer dreams Porphyro on his rusty iron bedstead over the little glove-shop: he has power to draw his Parisinia in stone instead of paper: old buildings fall, new and superb ones arise; gardens replace filthy court-yards; pillars, statues, fountains spring up as by magic. The Louvre, like some gorgeous flower, expands to twice its former size. The Bois de Boulogne has been changed from the haunt of thieves to a realm fit for fairy frolics. There is another side to all this: the wretched have been driven out of sight, but have been so multiplied by the increase of luxury among the rich, and the consequent increase of the expensiveness of life, that now every sixteenth person—as some estimate—is in some form a beggar! The poor mothers can not maintain their babes, but send them out into the provinces, where they perish by thousands. And yet each beggar, each bereft mother living or perishing in Paris, lives or perishes in a palace. Alas, that in so sweet a chateau should be skeleton-closets, and beneath the gay saloon dungeons where Reason and Right lie chained! But then no one spot must have every thing. When Saint Denis petitioned the Virgin Mary to give France good government she replied: “Is Paradise, then, to have no advantage?”

A large crowd waited in Paris during the week preceding the rising of the curtain at the Champ de Mars; but there was enough to make the week brilliant. Mazeppa—advertised in large style as The Great American Artist—was

riding up the rocks at the *Gaieté*;* Neillsen—the Sky-lark—and Carvalho—the Nightingale—were singing in the Magic Flute at the *Lyrique*, and Patti at the Grand Opera; a dashing ballet was going on at the *Port St. Martin*; and at the *Folies St. Germain* a grand medley was lingering, the chief tableau of which was America waving the stars and stripes over the sable and decidedly pretty form of Africa. But that which attracted the foreigners was a magnificent *feerie* at the “Châtelet,” a queer but splendid travesty of Cinderella, on which, by-the-way, I found the following quatrain floating about the cafés, the point of which refuses to be translated:

L'EXPOSITION.

Entre autres choses incongrues,
On prétend que le Châtelet,
Pour faire concurrence aux grues,
Expose son corps de ballet.

At the *Folies Dramatiques* MM. Thiéry and Busnach had anticipated the Emperor by four days, and opened the “Exposition” with a play full of wit. In this fine piece a rich tea-merchant of Pekin comes with his son and servant to visit the Exposition. They are accompanied by a tea-merchant of Paris, who hopes to marry off a daughter to the son of the Chinaman, with the idea of getting his tea cheaper thereafter. On the excessively droll adventures of this Chinese party the chief interest of the piece depends; but the fun mainly comes of a scene in which a battalion of pretty French shop-girls are seen manipulating parties of Americans and Englishmen, who buy quantities of things at what the girls declare to be ruinous rates, and which the explosive laughter of the audience shows to be indeed ruinous to the buyers. On the whole, it will not be an error if the voyager from America goes to see this play on the evening of his arrival; for in Paris, though time passes swiftly, francs pass swiftest; and the little dames behind the counters are created by “natural selection” for the purpose of tempting susceptible and pecunious John and Jonathan.

But that which made us feel most of all our distance from Anglo-Saxondom was the *Mi-Carême*, which *fête*—as Fate would have it—came on the Thursday preceding the opening of the Exposition. The *Mi-Carême*, your non-Catholic readers may need to be informed, is a sort of relapse-day in the middle of Lent, when for a single day and night the usual festivities of the city which Lent interrupts may be resumed. It is a sort of carnival exasperated by the score or more of days in which the gayeties of the city have been suppressed, and in Paris is a livelier occasion than *Mardi gras* itself. It was excessively amusing to see En-

* At this theatre there is let down occasionally the most unique curtain I have ever seen. It is a memorial to the founder of the *Gaieté*, M. Nicolle, whose life-size figure on it is surrounded by the portraits (in character) of the actors and actresses employed there in 1760, 1835, and 1862. There could not be a finer *entr’acte*.

lish and American eyes and mouths gaping as they saw ballet-dancers, girls dressed as pages, Apollos, Venuses, and so on, crowding along the boulevards in open day, and cutting up all manner of antics. How the police-stations in London or New York would have been crowded had such scenes been attempted in either city! In the neighborhood of the theatres, where grand masked balls were to occur in the evening, the streets from four o'clock P.M. were transformed into an open-air masquerade, and the cafés presented the oddest medleys of all imaginable costumes. The balls at the Châtelet Theatre and the Grand Opera opened at midnight, and continued from that hour until daybreak, were both—for I visited both—scenes of wilder orgies than I could have imagined possible in the present age.

Victor Hugo somewhere boasts of the fondness of the French for nudity, and intimates that they have derived it from their classic ancestry. They surely indulged their classic tastes to the utmost on this evening of the *Mi-Carême*. It seemed to be a grand competition as to which should outstrip the other; few of the women had more than "fleshes," with loose sashes bound about their waists, and rising but little higher. The dancing was a kind of ecstasy, the girls and young men leaping wildly into the air, bending backward until their heads nearly touched the floor. One girl came in with nothing over her "fleshes" but a transparent lace apron, brilliant with the costliest jewels, and seemed actually to float about the room like a fairy cloud of laughter and splendor. It seemed wonderful that such a sight should be witnessed within ten hours of cold, decorous England. But at no time in either of the balls did there occur any thing brutal or violent; there were no insults, no fights, no drunkenness or clamor. At the Grand Opera there was a saloon apart from the grand auditorium where the aristocracy, who would not mingle with the more popular revelries, carried on their dances and flirtations. In this saloon all the ladies kept their faces closely masked, although some of their costumes were hardly less extravagant than those of the girls in the larger room—who laid aside their masks very soon after entering. At half past five in the morning a small troop of armed soldiers entered and took their places in front of the band which occupied the stage, and thence with slow, inevitable tread marched—an ever-encroaching iron cord—driving the motley crowd before it to the door. It takes an hour of remonstrance to clear a large ball-room in England; in France it is done in a given number of minutes by a military engine. It was strange to see the contrast of the absolute vacancy behind these soldiers with the dancing, leaping, laughing crowd moving before them. A few more wild jumps, arms flung about, nymphs and goddesses triumphally borne aloft on young men's shoulders, and the wonderful scene becomes a thing of memory. No, not that yet, for they go out just as they are

into the streets, under the bright moon, and for hours their laughter echoes through the gay capital, until the imperial sun sends its troop of beams to clear that larger theatre also.

There were nearly three hundred of these *Bals Masques* in Paris that same evening. On the next day, and the next, and the next, those who mingled in them could be seen counting their beads in *Nôtre Dame* or the *Madeleine*, and listening with rapture and tears to the fiery words of *le père Felix* or *le père Hyacinthe*—the two pulpit orators of Paris—who would as soon think of denouncing the vintages of France as the gayeties of her children.

"Her life and soul does laughing France
Shed in each drop of wine."

Despite the rigor of the officials—who are not in France as in England to be mollified and swerved by golden sops—I managed to get into the great "*Palais d'Industrie*" a few days before the opening, and I then felt quite sure that the public would not be admitted on the 1st of April. It was a wilderness of unopened boxes, of paint-pots and brushes, populated by a motley swarm of workmen from every clime, who seemed to have assembled for the express purpose of swearing all the oaths known to their respective languages. If those from other lands mixed up their own languages with French in the same style as the English, I can imagine that Max Müller, or some one who understands all tongues, might have realized there the distinct reappearance of the tower of Babel. "*Je suis dam*," exclaimed an Englishman, red in the face. "*Voilà!*" cries a French workman, pointing his fellows to Mr. Bull, "*un dame*." "*Un joli dame!*" shouted another, amidst the uproarious laughter of his comrades. "*Garson*," cried another son of Albion, whose words I translate just as they were spoken, "*Garson*—last night I was a large roll of crape, and I must have been left down stairs." Hardly less amusing were the polyglott efforts of the sellers of notions about the doors, who, flourishing their wares, would cry out to the stranger of doubtful nationality: "*Voulez-vous, wollen Sie, buy quelque-chose, something or other, Herr Monsieur? Bon marché—sheep, Sir!*" Nevertheless, with all this swearing and laughing, there was, during the three days before the day appointed for the opening, an amount of work done in that building equal to any, I venture to say, ever known. Especially on Sunday, when, from daybreak until late at night, the sound of the hammer kept time to the Methodist and Baptist hymns with which workmen from England, who never labored on that day before, sweetened their toil. Somehow the Channel acts on the English as a *Lethe*, so far as Sunday is concerned; and though a host of *colporteurs* are here distributing tracts and placarding the streets with texts against Sabbath-breaking, I never heard of an Englishman who was not glad to leave behind him the Sabbath, which is in Europe a purely British institution. And thus it was that in-

stead of the chaos of the preceding week the curtain of the great Show rose on Monday upon a scene of order and beauty which it is hard to describe.

It was understood that there would be no ceremony at the inauguration, but that the Emperor and his suite would simply visit the Exhibition of April 1, after which it would be open to the public. About thirty thousand people entered the building that morning, fourteen thousand of whom paid their Napoleon at the door, ten thousand entering by season-tickets, the rest being exhibitors and invited guests. Barriers had been erected all along the avenues through which the royal party was to pass, over which only those with cards of invitation were admitted. These barriers were guarded by the police. Now a Frenchman has a superstitious regard for a policeman, and would stand where one ordered him to stand until doomsday. The English and Americans having no such superstition coolly stepped over the barriers under the eyes of the police, who imagined they must have tickets of invitation. Thus the crowd which received the Emperor was chiefly an Anglo-Saxon crowd. He arrived on the appointed instant, as the clock struck two, attended by the members of his cabinet and of the Corps Legislatif—not, I am bound to say, a refined or noble set of men in appearance, with a few exceptions. Thiers, with the historic halo about him, was the most intellectual man in appearance whom I saw. The most prominent figure near the Emperor was that of M. Drouyn de Lhuys, a handsome, broad-faced, audacious sort of man, about fifty years of age, who wore his insignia with evident pride.

Many who then for the first time saw the Empress must have been sadly disenchanted. Instead of the refined and stately lady which the portraits of her have given us to believe, here was an awkward little woman with a thick and unrefined lower face, an unclear complexion, and an expression far from pleasant, certainly as little like the Saint Eugénie of the popular imagination as possible. The Emperor's face is a physiognomical study. It is a face one would like to dart an eye upon at an unexpected moment, for his society-face is evidently a mask. A few feet from the Emperor, as he stood in the French picture-gallery receiving the invited guests, was a piece of sculpture of remarkable beauty. As one entered it seemed to represent a half-draped girl, life-sized, with a laughing, happy face, with fresh curls clustering about it, resting on her hand. At the next step one discovered that this plump laughing face was a mask which the hand had just removed, disclosing behind it a face of exceeding beauty but one whose thin, care-worn expression is in strangely pathetic contrast with the mask. The marble and the catalogue both refused to reveal the artist who had made this exquisite work; and so I beg leave to conclude that Destiny had placed it just behind that crowned man who smiled so blandly on those

about him on the very morning when—as we now know—his great Prussian rival had finally refused to remove the bitter cup of humiliation from his lips. The dead white eyes revealed nothing of the pain within, and the Dutch forehead, the hooked Jewish nose propping it, and the feeble under-lip and sharp chin, telling of fear and shrewdness, might have been carved wood for all the indication of present feeling to be found upon them.

Any enthusiasm for a man with such a face, borne about on such a low, blocked-out form, is out of the question; and although the newspapers had many fine stories to tell of the tremendous cheers in many languages which attended him on that promenade, it is certain that such cheers were known to those who were actually present only when they read the said newspapers in the evening. A score of Frenchmen cried “Vive l'Empereur!” a half dozen Englishmen cried “Hooray!” a general laugh following; and this is the sum of the enthusiasm that greeted Napoleon III. in the fifteenth year since, anointed with blood, he became “Emperor of the French by the Grace of God and the will of the People.” Two legislators stood near as he passed, their faces flushed, their eyes sparkling with delight at the apathy of the people; the Emperor raised his head and looked them in the eye, but gave no sign and passed on through the silent throng. The Empress, however, seemed restless and discomposed. The swart representatives of barbarous tribes seemed to look upon him with more admiration, and as he passed by an Oriental section a Siamese native, much to the amusement of the white company, prostrated himself on face and stomach on the floor, from which he presently arose covered with saw-dust. At that moment a fearful crash was heard, sounding as if all the French and Bohemian glass had fallen. It proved to be the Japanese band which struck up a national march as the Emperor passed.

The scene at the outer gate through which the royal cortège passed when the visit was over can be only described as magnificent. A great green canopy, studded with golden butterflies, had been stretched from the main building almost to this outer portal, a distance of over two hundred yards. On each side of the avenue were the lofty poles which sustained the canopy and floated their tri-color rainbows in the brilliant sunshine; every where the arms of the Emperor and Empress and of France shone like stars; and as his superb carriage drove out it was in the presence of a multitude that no man could number, covering the vast open plain across the river for a mile in every direction, covering the bridges, the house-tops, the walls; and though this crowd gave more applause than that inside, their cheers were certainly not general, and did not sound, to my ears, hearty. The police surrounding the Emperor were as a small army; and there was among them such an absolute sameness in size, look, cut of beard, and dress, that, as they filed down the river, it

was easy to imagine that the gilded coach, the Emperor, and all his attendants, were made of painted tin and had just escaped from the control of Monsieur Bontemps, toy exhibitor, class 39.

And now all American flesh—of which there is an astonishing quantity present—rushes to the American Department. To reach it we pass through the already dazzling French galleries, skirt the rich and large displays of England, and the wondrous decorations of Morocco; one step beyond the Oriental must, we say, come the Occidental splendors. Angels and ministers of grace defend us, what have we here! A small edition of the Stars and Stripes waving over an empty wilderness! No, not quite empty; a microscopic inspection shows a number of little boxes on the floor, from which we try faintly to imagine genii unsealed hereafter. Also the broad prairie which America seems to have devoted herself to representing is broken by a few tubes of petroleum got up after the similitude of the Baltimore monument; a case of plate from Tiffany's; a billiard-table of Phelan's; a few bronze gas fixtures! On making further explorations in the Department of the United States I discovered a table of eighteen photographed beauties of Philadelphia turned upside down and covered with dust, and twenty ditto of Brooklyn, in the same unhappy plight. Ah, could my lovely countrywomen, when they put on their sweetest dresses and smiles, and sat before the photographer, already conscious of the million-eyed admiration of the world, have only seen themselves as I saw them during the first week of the Exhibition! Seeing what appeared to be a pile of dust in a curiously architectural form, I suspected something beneath it, and after diligent effort exhumed two little glass cases, mounted with much pains, covering two little crystal skeleton trees and vines. These were marked: "From Caroline Hawshurst, Rahway, New Jersey. Do not allow them to stand in the sun. To be presented to the Empress Eugénie." It was sad to think of the amount of work, art, and taste that had gone to rear these little snow-white beauties, which I fear can never be dusted enough to reach Eugénie; but Caroline's pretty work had at least not been smashed.

The leading features of the American Department on the first day were the sombre and occasionally distorted features of exhibitors, Marius-like, meditating amidst the ruins of smashed boxes and cases; and around these a fringe of red, indignant Americans, a set of sovereigns looking as if each had suffered the snubs of a Bismarck. The dead pink walls of the American section would seem to have been committed for decoration to an intensely economical Committee of Quakers, and closely contrasted with the magnificence of several Oriental departments adjacent are simply contemptible. It would seem that our display has been ordered not to appear in "Court costume." Never before have I seen so many angry Amer-

icans as on that day. The whole thing was felt to be a failure beyond repair, and there were bitter declarations that it was caused by an ingenious co-operation between jobbery and incompetence.

In the course of the two or three weeks succeeding the opening the American section did indeed improve a little; and as I write there are in it an admirable mantle-piece of rich Californian marble; several of Chickering's pianos, which have a range and force beyond the best European work; a fine planetarium; ambulances rivaled only by those of Prussia; and decidedly the best railway car, with break, to be found in the Exhibition. There is, too, a general disposition among critics to make the most of these. But these scattered objects can hardly do more than break the fall of pride among those Americans who had counted upon seeing their country here in her glory. The American section is a failure.

For one, however, I could not feel the chagrin with which other Americans looked upon this poor display or no display. It really could have been only ignorance or vanity that could induce Americans to believe that our national infancy could, in industrial arts, rival the works of Europe, which represent the accumulated skill and appointments of ages. I was not unwilling that we should also learn a deep lesson inscribed upon these vacant spaces, though at the cost of some humiliation. That lesson is, that it is not in the power of Protection to change the order of Nature, and to make America excel in the production of things that can be better and more cheaply produced in Europe. The world is not meant to repeat itself industrially more than otherwise. Why should we wish fac-similes of Sheffield, of Birmingham, and the Black Country in America? Let Europe make our clothes, our knives and forks, our pins, and welcome; all the more shall our hands be left free to unfold resources purely American, to develop new forms of labor, to contribute to the world what can not be found elsewhere. As yet the starry flag waves over too little that is distinctively American at home, for the emptiness under it at Paris to be considered simply a misfortune, unless indeed we could have sent our free schools and our free and happy homes. And after all, we are in one respect nobly represented. Church's "Niagara," and Bierstadt's "Rocky Mountains"—admittedly the finest landscapes in the Exhibition—are there, and near them is a portrait of Ralph Waldo Emerson; we may well be contented for the present to have our country represented by these physical grandeurs, and the man to match them, and the possession of artists who can interpret them.

There is something very impressive in seeing the nations of the world gathered together, each with the aim of doing its very best, of presenting its selectest works, of making its most attractive appearance. Ordinarily what we know of other nations is their worst. In the great

Exposition (or Exposure, shall we call it?) of history Spain exhibits her Inquisition, Russia her oppression of Poland, and Austria shows as a bandit the spoils seized on the highway of nationalities. When we name these countries it is generally to remember the crimes of their rulers; and we rarely think of the domestic life, the common employments of their people. The first impression on the mind of one who traverses these rich avenues is the sentiment of the essential unity of the peoples whom they represent; how alike are their needs and their aims; how plainly traceable are the threads that run back from these fine fabrics to the hands of men and women, their hearth-stones, their children, their sorrows! This Palace of Art is also a Temple of Peace; and in it one perceives that all war is fratricide. The next impression is that of the endless variety of national gifts. If each stands in politics and history for some wrong or weakness, each here recalls a several strength and character. There is a grand distribution of tasks among mankind, and of the genius necessary for those tasks. And these varieties of ability are not alone observable among those nations which we distinguish—sometimes inaccurately—as “civilized;” those remote Oriental countries—Egypt, Tunis, Morocco, and others—have their peculiar force, and arts that the West can not rival. The vast extent to which the remoter countries are represented in Paris—the distinctive superiority of this over previous exhibitions—may play havoc with some of the generalizations of our Western half culture. One of these is the idea, so common in Europe and America, that there is but a single type of what we term “civilization,” and that this type is represented by France, England, and America; that the variations of those far-off regions from ourselves denote variation from civilization itself, and that in whatever proportion they shall make progress that progress will inevitably be toward the manners and usages of the advanced societies of Western Europe and America. Now there are indeed some of those “barbarous” and “half-civilized” countries which are related to the great system of Northern civilization, and whose progress must be upon the track of Christendom; but there is a large section of the world, comprising a half of its inhabitants, which is making definite progress toward an entirely different kind of civilization.

In wandering through the zones of the Exhibition occupied by that vast range of peoples of which India is the leader, one has a sense of being in a new planet. Nature's patterns here are different from those of our northern countries; the fruits—of which only two or three varieties seem to have become articles of trade—remind one of the fringed cups of snow-white flowers, of little painted horns, or the parts of certain animals. These people have also hundreds of musical instruments, of rare and sometimes beautiful shapes, which occasionally correspond to our own, but can by no

means be regarded as the rudiments of our own; indeed, it struck me that some of these might be improved into instruments that would be important contributions to our orchestra. There are, too, in the department of India, little figures representing all the personages, officials, laborers in that country; and, though British rule has so long prevailed there, the only character they seem to have borrowed from England is the policeman, who wears the uniform of the London police, and is called by the English name. Perhaps they did not require a policeman until the Englishman came to bring them British civilization.

At a later stage of the Exposition, when the various nations have completed their departments, and when there shall be a Catalogue, instead of the advertising pamphlet now sold as such, I shall hope to lay before the readers of this Magazine in more detail the comparative condition and genius of each nation as it shall be then illustrated. At present I need only add to the general view above taken that both the Indian and the European types of progress—so far as they can be indicated by products of labor and art—seem susceptible of large divisions as to character. The range of great northern (Christian) nations, beginning with Russia and ending with Great Britain, excel in all the strictly useful branches of industry. The southern countries excel in all that is beautiful. The English glass is perfect; but the chandeliers and other glass-works of England can not be compared with the glass-gallery of France—a blaze of many-tinted light. Prussia furnishes marvelous metals; but Vienna and Milan send the wonderful bronzes. The utilitarianism of the northern nations is so strongly marked that the very complexion of their departments is sombre, especially in contrast with the splendors of the Parisian display. The Russian work, particularly, while it can not be too much praised for its solid character, seems to gain touches of beauty only where it produces military accoutrements and dresses for its innumerable princes, who would seem to be in perpetual fancy-ball costumes. Thus, side by side, the kingdom of Use and the kingdom of Beauty run through the Old World, and one can only hope that in the future they will blend, and every useful thing be beautiful, every beautiful thing useful.

Indeed, as we survey the department of Machinery, it becomes plain that these two kingdoms have already, to a great extent, become blended in France. Her engines are magnificent—light, thorough, graceful. England has been for some time uneasy on account of the recent importation of French locomotives for her railways to the extent of more than fifty. But amidst all this beautiful work there stands a grand Stephenson engine from England, that merely dropped in to rest on its way to Egypt, which must, one would say, bear away the prize; and in agricultural machinery all other nations are ten years behind England. The

contrast between England and France in every respect has many illustrations here. I once heard Emerson, in a lecture on the French, remark that "the Frenchman invented the dicky; the Englishman added the shirt," and the pregnant sentence has recurred to me often in visiting this Exposition. The stuffs from English looms are of surpassing richness and strength, but they never have such figures on them as those of Lyons and other French factories. One London house (S. Courtauld and Co.) has some crapes on exhibition of unusually fine surface, over which was the significant announcement that these crapes were manufactured particularly for the French and American markets. But there was a further fact that the envious French manufacturers who examined the curious crapes did not know: Mr. Courtauld is the son of a French weaver, a Huguenot, who was brought over from France concealed in a pannier, in the time of persecution. England must, however, be credited with having almost reached the perfect marriage of use and beauty in the exquisite "Wedgewood" manufacture. There can be nothing more beautiful in its way than an alabaster mantle-piece exhibited by that house, with panels of majolica, on which are represented, with the nicety of the finest sculptured reliefs, various figures by Flaxman, among others his dancing nymphs and the twelve labors of Hercules.

By-the-way, may I ask, as I leave this point, whether the Americans deserve the reputation they seem to be obtaining in England and France for surpassing all nations in their passion for fine and costly raiment? Passing one morning through one of the avenues I beheld this inscription on a fine display of goods: "*Qualité extra-sublime, fabriquée spécialement pour l'Amerique.*" I paused and asked the exhibitor whether he thought that America required "extra-sublime" goods generally. He replied: "I do. We can hardly produce goods splendid enough for the American market, and expense seems to them no consideration at all. The aristocracy of England and France in all their glory are not, I should imagine, arrayed like the American ladies." Another exhibitor, who stood near, pointed out to me some silks made for the American market, and then a splendid one which his house had just designed and manufactured for Queen Victoria, on the approaching occasion of her laying off mourning, and certainly the silks for America were finer and costlier than that which Her Majesty had ordered, and requested should be shown at the Exhibition.

There is a story that one hears now and then in London that a man, struck by the perfect make of a pair of child's shoes which he saw in a French shop, asked the maker how he came to make them? "I made them," replied the Frenchman, solemnly, "in a moment of enthusiasm!" The story is characteristic. At every turn one meets here with the evidence that the French workman is given to putting enthu-

siasm into the smallest things; and there is nothing that one sees in the French department, which occupies nearly one half of the Exhibition, that does not repay careful notice. Here, for instance, are artificial eyes, which look upon you with every variety of expression and true feeling; and such teeth! A whole romance is written in the show-case of M. Jagowski, dentist (Paris), wherein we have the picture in wax of the face of a young girl on whose mouth he once operated. The mouth plainly needed it, for all of its front teeth stuck outward and overlapped the under-lip in a way quite melancholy. Just beneath is presented the face of the same girl after this disturbance of the dental balance of power had been redressed by the skill of Monsieur Jagowski, and a prettier girl, a sweeter mouth, it would be hard to find. M. Debray, as the next case reports, was not less fortunate in restoring the mangled mouth of a soldier whose teeth had come into collision with a bullet at Puebla, "in the Mexican war of 1864;" and one can only hope that Maximilian, who is now somewhat "down in the mouth," will find some way of gaining as serene an expression on his return as his poor soldier. And so we go on, through a lane of waxen folk, here on crutches, there buoyant with artificial legs; and of people who, from being disfigured by ears and noses eaten away by scrofula, have by French enthusiasm been rendered not only presentable but attractive.

The French surpass other nations in the art of exhibiting things. The English have the largest and richest precious stones; but the French put smaller ones into such exquisite settings as to make them more valuable as ornaments. Hancock, of London, has a diamond coronet in which every stone is nearly as large as the Koh-i-noor, and a set of opals valued at five thousand five hundred pounds, consisting of brooch, ear-drops, and bracelet, in which every opal is little short of two-thirds of an inch in diameter; but the setting is dull compared with that of the smaller ones of his French neighbor. Other nations show their rich marbles in blocks and slabs; but the French Algerian Onyx Company have built theirs into a great flashing temple. And hardly less imposing are the statues and temples built out of marbleized soap. Every where art, every where "enthusiasm." In works in glass and plate the designs of other countries seem to have been left to comparatively inferior artists, but with the French the highest genius would seem to have been employed for every work. Each pitcher, each lamp-shade, reproduces some rare flower with absolute fidelity to nature, and the antique figures have an accuracy and spirit which only much study in the art-galleries of Europe could have secured. Here is a centre-piece of silver and gold, lately made for the banquet-hall of the Hôtel de Ville. It is an elongated oval lake of silver, fifteen feet long by five of width in the middle. In the centre of this is a Roman ship with classic figures re-

clining in easy attitudes on its deck, while in various parts of the sheeny pool float golden mermaids and water-nymphs. I must not omit to mention also the French artificial flowers, which are so supernaturally natural that it requires considerable effort on the part of the beholder to convince his eyes that they are not gazing upon a little conservatory of real growths. There is a legend that the Queen of Sheba tested the wisdom of Solomon by placing an artificial rose by the side of a real one, and challenged him to say which was the real one. The king, observing a bee at the window, opened it and waited until it had alighted on one of the flowers; that he pronounced to be the real one. I fancy, however, that the bee, if admitted among those waxen parterres at the Exhibition, would be cheated into trying to extract honey from them. Nothing, I observed, seemed so much to fascinate the Empress as these wonderful imitations of the entire floral world.

The educational and literary features of the Exhibition promise to be more extensive at a later period, but are already interesting. It is in these that the truest gauge of the relative progress of nations is to be found. It is impossible, for example, to see the antediluvian maps and tables for schools which Spain has thought fit for her display, without feeling that it is a country yet in its *a b c*'s. "Brother Philemon Purmont," who was chosen to teach the first free-school that was set up at Plymouth, nearly two hundred and forty years ago, probably had such on his cabin-walls. Spain sticks to infancy. The best thing she shows is a cradle, ornamented with shells and suspended from "a tree-top." How different the splendid models and charts brought from Prussia and Switzerland, where the education of children has become the most serious interest of society! All of the countries that are progressive in this direction furnish admirable raised maps—or rather, exact superficial models of the countries whose geography they would teach. The boy thus sees every road and mountain-path, the place and elevation of every town, the course of every river, the exact forms of glacier, peak, lake, as if he were looking from a balloon. I was much struck with something made in Stuttgart for the purpose of combining amusement and instruction in nurseries. It was a kind of high altar, on which are represented nearly all of the animals and plants in the world. There is much of literary interest about the scrolls and parchments of India, Arabia, and China, on which the grand old poems and prophecies, just now rising like a radiant dawn over our modern world, were originally written; for these nations have not withheld their most sacred books. But there are few things to be seen at the Champ de Mars so grand as the publications of Great Britain for the year 1866. It is almost pathetic to witness the solemn amazement of the people of all races as they gaze upon this great library of books, and learn that it only represents the

intellectual labors of a single year in that island in the north of Europe which a man can hide under his thumb on any map; nay that, besides all these great books, they throw off each week those twelve or fifteen hundred newspapers and magazines, one week's edition of which requires three large crowded alcoves here simply for the display of their titles. The weekly literary papers of England, which Richter described as "the greatest of British poems," alone form a pure flower, inscribed with the culture of ages, summing up the thought of the world—such as could be reared only where the brain and heart of man are free; and it was the freedom implied by it that made these printed leaves fill the great building with beauty and spiritual fragrance. "I would gladly," said a Frenchman, pointing down the dazzling avenues of his country's display—"I would gladly have all those things turned to ashes to produce in France those printed pages."

The present Napoleon has more than Bonaparte's fear of a newspaper; but he will, I think, soon find that newspapers in this age may prove most formidable when not printed. If he reigns a year from now it will, I predict, be because he shall have liberated the press. The heavy fines, the watchful censorship, overhanging every printing-press in France, have, moreover, not been able to cheat the Constitution of this epoch; the press of Paris can say less, but that little is more pregnant than much freer utterances in England and America. The people supply to each innuendo a full outline, and are trained to read between the lines in *La Liberté* that which it really means.

The English must be credited with knowing well that wherein their strength consists, and they have sent nothing which pretends to excel in other than English directions. They have hung up for curtains on the great windows of the outer wall—instead of the brilliant scenes and summer skies that adorn those that open on other lands—transparent linens with pictorial representations of the really great English triumphs. Chief of these is a memorial of the Penny Post, which is symbolized by a goddess, with a lion at her feet, sending off Mercuries to the four quarters of the globe, whose many-hued inhabitants crowd eagerly about them for intelligence. The inscription is: "Penny Post, invented by Sir Rowland Hill, K.C.B. Number of letters in 1839, before the Penny Post, 82,470,596. Number of letters in 1866—597,277,616." The inscription is repeated in the German and French languages. On the other curtains are severally given the names of the great English cities, and devices representing that for which each is historically or otherwise remarkable. Thus on the curtain of Darlington is represented the first railway-engine ever used—the same that Stephenson looked upon when he cried, "It is drawn by sunlight!" And these curtains will be found faithful advertisements of the entire English Section, in which there can hardly be found an

article that does not belong to the *habitat* of Great Britain.

Her great rival in the Exhibition is not France but Russia, whose display is much more in the direction of English work than that of France. There is about all that Russia is showing a thoroughness and simplicity which give an impression of grandeur. Strong linens and woolens, pure clean grain, rich carpets, do not report her whole rivalry with England: she has the finest porcelain in the building, the centre-piece of which is a magnificent vase six or seven feet high, with the figures of one of Ruben's paintings ornamenting it. Russia has also the finest mosaic exhibited. It is "the Twelve Apostles," after an original design, wrought in gigantic size by Messrs. Bourvaken, Mouravieff, and Agafonov. The entire picture is about twenty feet square, and the space is completely filled.

It is rather odd when one reaches the outer end of the Russian department to encounter a host of chemical smells, and to learn that they proceed from Turkey—that "sick man," whose will so many diplomatic doctors are just now anxious to have a hand in making, and who is actually more notable here for drugs than for any thing else unless, indeed, it be his rich carpets. As for the next neighbor—Austria—it really seemed for the first week that in that kingdom the final end of existence was held to be the making of meerschaum pipes. The pipes were, indeed, wonderful; huntsmen and hounds careered over them, man and maid made love, demons grinned on them; and they were in such numbers that it would seem that it had snowed meerschaums there. But the grand organs and pianos opened presently, the wonderful clocks and watches began to beat, and the ribbons to stream out. Nevertheless Austria has little that is great to show, and is in nearly every thing surpassed by petite Belgium, whose Brussels laces and silks, with the bloom of ripe plums, make up one of the most brilliant sections.

For works of scientific interest we are thus far mainly dependent on France, Switzerland, Wurtemberg, and Northern Italy, and of these mainly on the former two. Dr. Crisp of England has contributed, indeed, something rare in the shape of exact representations of the eyes of six hundred species of animals. The comparatively new science of embryology seems to have been explored by the *savans* of Switzerland with a completeness beyond praise; and one may trace here the development, from the primal germ-cell, of every animal, and every part of the animal, from a fish up to man. One may have the satisfaction of seeing one's own heart when it is exactly like an unshelled snail; of discovering that all our lips were at one stage hare-lips; of seeing how uncertain it was once whether we should turn out man or woman! But there is one case in the French section to see which alone is surely worth a trip across the Atlantic—this is the case of Dr. Auzoux's

Clastic Anatomy. "Clastic" is from the Greek verb *κλάω*, and means to break to pieces; and these are specimens of the animal and vegetable world which can be taken to pieces, revealing every detail of the organism which it is desirable to explore, and then put together again. In this department one sees first a full-sized horse, and next, on the surrounding shelves, exact representations of the leading animal and vegetable types. They are not made of wax nor *papier maché*, but of a composition known only to Auzoux, which in a liquid state runs into the finest moulds and takes the most delicate impressions, cooling then into extraordinary hardness and lightness. Here is a man who comes down, peel after peel, and lies in 2000 details before you; and the steed near him yields yet a thousand more pieces than man. So perfect are these representations that there is not the finest nerve of the brain but can be traced.

The Doctor was yet arranging his specimens behind a veil when the Exhibition opened; and, venturing to raise an edge of it, I could not restrain myself from going further, and soon was listening to one of the most intelligent and learned men it has been my fortune to meet, who explored for me the mysterious convolutions of the human brain and its senses. Slide after slide, lens after lens, of that little telescope which connects the brain with distant worlds were traced; the palate where a troop of nerves stand waiting, more watchful than custom-house officers, to see that nothing passes the throat contrary to the constitution; the nose with its fine filter for subtle vapors that would get into man by the window instead of the door; and then that organ pipe—the outer human ear—with the drum beneath, under that the sounding crystals, and, deepest of all, the vibrating hair-strings of a divine harp; these were traced through the nerves—the twin nerves—of sensation and motion; by the former to the gray, spiritual brain, where reports are lodged and conclusions formed; by the latter *from* the reddish, executive brain, which having received these decisions of the higher one, sets in motion the nerves which act—seizing this, refusing that, according to the mandate of the great White Throne! It was an awful lesson of the majestic nature of that consummate flower of the world which each of us bears on his shoulders—more thrilling perhaps than all of Channing's sermons on the dignity of man; and I fancy few could see that brain without a resolution never to wrong it. But none the less would one who explored these tulips, daisies, with their strange organs of sensation and sex, and the snail—whose dainty, internal mechanism for smoothing with mucus its lowly and hard pilgrimage, is enough to bring a man to his knees!—none the less, I aver, would one who explored these things hesitate to bruise the humblest animal or moss.

In this room of Auzoux there is a wooden figure made by Fontana, a Florentinian, in 1799.

for which he received from Napoleon I. eighty thousand francs by way of reward. This was the first piece of elastic anatomy; and it comes to pieces very creditably yet. Auzoux keeps it to show the advance that has been made since then. This figure was, however, only recently discovered; it was entirely unknown to Auzoux when it occurred to him in 1819, then a medical student, that representations of this kind could be made. After three years of devotion to his idea he produced some figures which attracted the attention of the Academy of Medicine. It was, however, only after many years of experiment that he discovered this fine, vitreous (as I should think) material with which he has been able to reach such perfection in his work. The demand for elastic figures for colleges, and especially the demand for elastic horses—one of which is possessed by every cavalry regiment in France—has led to the establishment of the large manufactory at St. Aubin d'Ecrouville, where the specimens are now made. Here are seventy workmen constantly employed, and St. Aubin has become a flourishing village. Auzoux began life in poverty, but has long been a member of the Legion of Honor, and enjoys the homage of the faculties of his country. Among other good things that he has done he hopes soon to abolish, by the perfection of his elastic horses, the cruelties of vivisection, which are now almost confined to the veterinary schools of France.

And here I may say, that next to the illustrations of the genius and spirit of races and nations to be found in the Palace of Industry, the highest interest is excited by the many achievements of individual genius, of which the figures of Auzoux are a capital instance. Here we come in contact with men unknown to fame who, in remote nooks and various lands, have been for years silently laboring to bring some one thing to perfection, or to realize some idea that has taken possession of them. They come perhaps from attics, from cloisters, from decaying cities from which the currents of commerce have long been diverted, bringing their talent with its usury. Sometimes it is only an ingenious toy that we find—an automaton, as this singing bird, or the silver swan that plunges its bill into the silver stream, and raises a fish, which it swallows—or a toy-ornament, as this breast-pin, a death's-head which rolls about terribly, or a dog that barks in obedience to a little telegraph wire which runs down secretly to an apparatus worked in the wearer's pocket. More often it is a peculiar clock, which does all manner of things. Entering at one end of the Russian section my eye was arrested by what seemed to be a large and brilliant flower waving to and fro in the wind: on approaching, I found that it was a curious clock represented as a sun-flower hanging on its stalk, which arose from a bed of mosses and flowers, the whole of porcelain. The face of the sun-flower is the dial of the clock, and the waving of the whole clock serves for the oscillation of a pendulum. Be-

side it stood an old Jew, with threadbare dress and hungry face, and I learned that he had put into this clock twenty-four years of his life and all that he possessed, and brought it from Odesa in his arms to show at the Exhibition, where he now stood and saw it admired—a happy pauper.

In the same section was a grand photograph of a *danseuse*, almost the size of life, which had been taken just as it was—that is, had not been subsequently magnified. In the Norwegian department, distinguished for all manner of skins and furs, there was an enormous rug, which some individual had resolved to make superior to all other rugs. It was about twenty feet by ten in size, and there was wrought into it the skins—including the heads, with appropriate glass eyes—of all the animals of Norway whose furs are valuable, a splendid bear being in the centre. Herr Welt, of Baden, had brought a great church organ, which played itself, stops and all, without even demanding human assistance to the extent of a bellows-blower; the pieces it played were of the best—the works of Bach, Mozart, and others—and were performed with sentiment as well as accuracy.

But, next to the brain which Auzoux showed me, the finest thing I saw was a wonderful clock made by a Jesuit friar of Rome, and used with entire success in the Observatory at Rome, which is now under the superintendence of this friar, Father Seccha. This clock not only records the progress of time and the periods of planets, but—incredible as it may seem—records on a chart, with pencils, the direction of the wind, the velocity of the wind, the exact condition of the thermometer in sun and in shade, and the state of the barometer during every instant of the twenty-four hours! From its works telegraphic wires are stretched to the barometers, thermometers, and weather-vanes, which telegraph their slightest alterations to the clock, which then sets in motion the fingers and pencils that record them on the chart. Thus the friar compelled the winds of heaven and the fitful elements to write their diary in their own strange autograph, whether he slept or was absent. The great clocks which one sees in old German and Italian towns are but toys beside this, which, with its paper and pencil and its electric nerves, is more like a thinking being than any other mechanism the world can show. I could but feel a profound veneration for the friar, with his noble brow, his unworldly face, and lowly mien, who came each day to place in his clock a new chart for the universe to record itself upon. And this came from Rome, whence I supposed ideas had long ago been expelled! It is hard for Czars and Popes to crush out thought, which will make its way beyond all bars more subtly than sunlight. The populations of Continental cities, swarming through streets and mumbling under domes, have often seemed to me but ants around ant-hills; but this Exhibition has shown me not only what exquisite works they are achieving,

but, which is far more, what noble individual minds they are producing; for such men as Father Seccha can not grow from barren human soils, and without a congenial constituency.

But although it is true that one may learn here that each people has a distinct gift and character, and though it be also true that there are examples in nearly every department that freedom manages to some extent to slip beneath the hardest forms, and individual genius to breathe and live in the dungeons of superstition, it is none the less true the fullness of national expression is found only with the freest nations. At times the entire building seems to me a vast dial analogous to that floral dial of Linnaeus, which told the hours by the closing up of some flowers and the opening of others. One can tell what hour of the day is shining over France by noting the closed printing-press and the petals of display and *vertu* expanded to the utmost. The Emperor of the French must have recognized what time of day it is in Germany when, on his first promenade through the building, he paused at the "Temple of Universal Peace," which Berlin workmen were just completing, and saw in it a single block of steel weighing 38,000 kilogrammes, with 180,000 cannon-balls of 500 kilos each, ready for 1000-pound guns.

Crossing the ever-crowded gallery of Photographs—in which Pesth shines out even beyond Paris—in which the democratic sun has enabled us to come face to face with every human being of any kind of ability from forehead to toe (and the number of dancers would seem to show that toe talent preponderates on our planet just now)—we come to the grand gallery of Painting and Sculpture. And here one feels that the *ne plus ultra* of arrangement has been reached. The pictures are arranged on the walls and on central screens in rooms which are as the expansions of the one large avenue by which one walks the charmed circle, returning to the spot from which he started. On all of these the open roof admits a flood of light, the rooms being windowless, so that every picture, except a few perverse ones, has a good light, while the observer's eye is never dazzled. The galleries of the various nations run gently into each other, and at the ends of the rooms and flowing into the halls between them are the Sculptures. A gentleman who has seen all the great exhibitions has assured me that none of their fine-art collections were worthy for a moment to be compared in extent or importance to this.

To one who walks swiftly through these rooms, giving only a cursory glance at the walls, the varied characteristics of the different national schools are felt as plainly as the shifting shadow and light of an April sky. In landscapes England and America easily lead, the only difference between the two being that those of the former lack that vastness and loneliness which are continually impressing the imagination of the American artist; the Italian pictures

have a pervading play of light, with dreamy skies blending imperceptibly with purple horizons or sea-edges, and gipsies in the fore-ground; the Southern Germans deal much with everyday life and with grotesquerie; all the northern countries of the continent, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, and more than all Russia, have a prevailing sombreness, a sentiment of man grappling with Nature, in their paintings, in Russia amounting to tragedy; but when one enters a French gallery he will find evermore war and women.

The pictures sent from America are naturally few in number, and hardly the best that could have been selected from the recent works of our artists. It is not much for a gentleman of Europe to send his choicest property to Paris; but the owner of a picture will think several times before he commits it to the hold of a ship about to cross the Atlantic. Nevertheless one rejoices to find here Bierstadt's and Church's great works, and to witness the groups that perpetually surround them, especially the "Niagara," to see which people have to take their turns as at the theatre door. There is not imagination in that picture, nor in "the rainbow," but patient work, steadiness of treatment, and loyalty to the royal subject, have raised the artist to the level of a truly great theme. He has done his best and has deserved his reward. Next to the group surrounding the "Niagara" is that which gazes on the Silver Pillars of the West, which Bierstadt has the good fortune to have exhibited here in the most perfect of lights.

There are some distinctive characters of American scenery which one could have wished represented here, and some that should have been more adequately represented. There should have been a prairie, a sierra, and some views of New England home life and pioneer life. One of the most attractive pictures here is that quiet scene of domestic life in Virginia, so admirably giving the old rickety mansion, with the fowls on the roof, and the negroes having their dance in the yard below. There should have been similar sketches of every variety of American life; and above all, there should have been an adequate representation of our autumnal foliage which is not paralleled any where in the world. There are, indeed, several good pictures here in which the autumn tints enter incidentally—one by M'Entee, another by Richards (which contains also some exquisite effects of sunlight glancing through foliage). We have, however, Gignoux's New Hampshire, which the critics praise, and a fine landscape, with cattle, by Kensett. There is something novel and American, also, in the Western forest with no sign of life but an old Indian canoe, and in Weir's picture of the iron forge. Mr. Whistler's "Sunset on the Pacific" excites some astonishment that the Pacific had no finer sunset to show the clever artist. Kittredge's long, soft beach under the mild sunset gives a better report concerning our sky. Homer Winslow's "Prisoners from the Front" is much admired. The atten-

tion bestowed upon the portraits of Lincoln, Emerson, and Lowell, makes one wish that the best American heads were more generally to be seen. On the whole, the American gallery though small is good, and contains very few poor works.

The English gallery comprises many of the best paintings that have been exhibited at the Royal Academy during the last five years. With notable exceptions, however, for Holman Hunt, Millais, and Sir E. Landseer have only sent one work apiece, and those, with the exception of that of Millais, by no means their best. Next to the objection of pictures to crossing the ocean is their dislike of crossing the Channel. Holman Hunt's "After-glow in Egypt" is one of those paintings which can not be put in a good light. It also has a bad frame, presenting, as one of its critics has said, the appearance of a somewhat narrow window through which the woman, who is its chief figure, is about to pass. The painting represents a beautiful Egyptian woman, with a sheaf of wheat on her head, standing on the field from which she has been gleaning it. She is almost of the size of life, and is in the immediate fore-ground. Under her arms, on each side, open out vistas of an Oriental landscape, with cities faintly seen in the distance, at the verge of the wide and long plain on which she stands. Over this is spread, like a gold-tinted canopy, the glow of a sunset, as fine and pure, perhaps, as mortal artist ever yet threw upon canvas. The face of the woman has that aerial delicacy and innocence which can rarely be found except among the angels whom Fra Angelico evoked, with their violins, on his altar-pieces. As the eye turns away—possibly with some moisture in it—from this scene of sacred repose, it is immediately caught by the last work of Millais, "The Enemy Sowing Tares." One may fancy that the after-glow had faded from that same field and sky; that the woman has gone home; and now, with the deepening night, the Enemy has come forth to the spot where she stood, bringing with him a horrible shifting of the scenery. There is a dark cloud overhanging, broken at intervals with a dead yellow sky; and there alone, with a smile of fiendish cunning on his hard, unredeemed face, the Enemy scatters his tares. No, not alone; near his feet are two vipers with terrible eyes, and, at a little distance, a wolf with an ingeniously diabolical expression, glaring with kindred satisfaction on the performance.

This powerful painting fascinates people like a serpent. It is in curious contrast with a picture of the devil painted by Cabanel last year, which is in the French gallery. Cabanel's work represents Eve asleep, just after she has eaten the fruit, with Adam sitting moodily near her head. The angel of the sword of flame, attended by other angels, approaches through the air, and the devil is escaping. But this same devil is one who would have been as powerless to frighten Cuvier as that famous one which

came with horns and hoof and threatened to eat him—receiving from the naturalist, who saw his horns and hoof, the reply, "Graminivorous; can't be done!" Cabanel's devil is a man—a daring, yet (but for his dead, blood-shot eyes) handsome man—who has small horns, and, albeit the point of attachment is concealed by shrubbery, *a serpent's tail!* That imaginary medley animal whom Mr. Darwin imagines may have been the ancestor of us all, could hardly have contained in his one form such contrarious characters as this ingenious monster of M. Cabanel. Now Millais has put into his work all the variety of diabolism, suggesting the utmost human or animal depravity; yet he has, with a scientific caution, distributed it into the serpent, the wolf, the portentous sky, and the man. The result is, that the person freest from superstition will feel the fearful depth and truth of his picture; while the most superstitious, looking upon that of the Frenchman, will "smile at Satan's darts," and be mainly impressed by the ripe beauty of Eve.

But I must linger a little in the English gallery. The notorious niggardliness of English collectors has made the representation of English art at the Exhibition very poor, especially as regards the works of the most distinguished artists. It is hardly less than shameful that Sir Edwin Landseer should have here only one picture, and that his poorest—"The Shrew Tamed"—wherein a young lady, in riding-habit, is seen with her head pillowed on the fore-quarter of an also reclining horse, both seemingly fast asleep. The horse is well enough, but he has a look of deep humiliation at having been tamed by such a vulgar girl, and even looks as if he might have lain down from an exhaustion consequent on a refusal to eat such wretched straw as that which surrounds him in the stable. Mr. Leighton, who has produced some felicitous work, exhibits only his large picture—"A procession of Brides of Syracuse"—which has the demerit that the eight or ten women in the procession, whether brides or bridemaids, are the same lady in various costumes and various complexions. Mr. R. B. Martineau (how genius runs in families in these old countries!) is more fortunate in his one picture here—"The last Day in the old Home." A sad-faced old lady is settling with an agent the papers necessary for the transfer of the old home; while in another part of the room her son, whose extravagance has made the change necessary, is drinking Champagne and singing with his little boy, his young wife sitting gloomily between the groups. It would be hard to find a work with more various expression both as to faces and environment. Of the late John Phillip's productions two are here, the most important being "La Gloria, a Spanish Wake," a work of surpassing power. The eye is at first caught by the dancing revelers, and the table loaded with rich viands of wines; it then wanders to a lovely child who gazes admiringly upon them; then it shudderingly pauses on the beautiful

widow within, whose cloud of despair an aged friend is vainly trying to lift with words that are not heard; while, still farther within the house, through a half-open door, the face and shoulders of the pallid corpse is seen. Delicacy and grace are finely blended in "Her Most High, Noble, and Puissant Grace," by Mr. Calderon. Her Highness is a child of about ten or twelve, newly crowned, who is the centre of a procession of courtiers and ladies whose efforts at sustaining a dignity and gravity in keeping with the occasion, and the stately mien of the queen, with her long train, who lifts her head and feels every inch a queen, are admirably rendered. Mr. Millais is the only English artist of great eminence who is fairly represented in Paris. I have already mentioned his "Sowing Tares." There are two other paintings of his which illustrate his faults and his powers: "The Eve of St. Agnes"—a woman in the lonely room of a castle undraping in a square of moonlight falling from an unseen window—shows that he can not deal with tender subjects; neither the saint nor the moonlight suit the legend illustrated; they would better suit the story of Lady Macbeth. On the other hand, "The Romans leaving Britain" is a painting which tells its story grandly. The Roman kneels with his face hidden in the British girl's lap; the girl has her arms grasped tightly around him, every muscle in those arms being in keeping with the wild agony of her passionate face, as she looks over the sea, on the beach of which the preparations are going on which will soon bear away her lover.

It may be said for the English gallery that there is less bad work in it than in any other. Every picture has such a good degree of merit that people take longer to go through this hall than others containing more, and more striking pictures. One finds here works by artists comparatively little known which it is hard to leave, so much study has gone into and consequently so much is required by them. Such are "The Valleys stand thick with Corn," by Redgrave; "Peg Woffington's Visit to Triplet," by Rebecca Solomon; "Paying the Rent"—squire, clerk, and tenants, with their dresses and attitudes, all done to perfection—by Nicol; and Mr. Archer's "Buying an Indulgence," in which cunning old Tetzels on horseback sell an indulgence for sins to be committed to a still more cunning bandit, who means in the security of the indulgence to rob the priest of all he has, including the indulgence-money. These, and a score that might be named with them, show how strong the English school is as a school, and how much can be done for art by a free competition undisturbed by royal partialities. But having said so much for the English pictures, truth compels me to remark the monotony of them. Only two or three of these artists seem to have invention either as to subject or treatment. They paint as their fathers did before them; and one who has much to do with English pictures is absolutely forced to find refuge with those who, with

all their faults, furnish the only relief from their conservatism—the pre-Raphaelites.

In passing now to the French gallery the difficulty I find is to keep from running off into rhapsody. The Imperial Commission arranged that there should be exhibited only the pictures executed since 1855, the object being to give a view of contemporary art. There is little doubt that all European nations are, so far as these last twelve years are concerned, fairly represented, unless it be in England; but in my comparative estimates I shall bear in mind the greatest modern English works not on exhibition, nearly all of which I have seen. And bearing these in mind, and with full respect to the great works of other nations, I am confident of predicting the verdict of the world in affirming that the modern French school is not only eminent above all others, but is overpowering all others. In England the splendors of the French school have thus far been rarely caught, and then mainly by the water-color artists; and it is only now and then that its star-lit azure breaks through the sombre shadows of Russian and Scandinavian art. But at every step through these halls one sees how it shines like a dawn over Germany—northern and southern—over Spain, Italy, Belgium, until one feels as if they are in the kingdom of art all provinces of France. One must, however, trust that though they all become French they will never be Napoleonized; for concerning the thirty or forty pictures on these walls marked "Donné par l'Empereur," I can only say with an Academician critic that they prove incontestably either that his Majesty has kept his good pictures, or that he doesn't know what is a good picture. And, indeed, it must be admitted that wherever the Emperor appears in the gallery either personally, or by gift, or influence, he has left unpleasant traces. There is not, indeed, to be seen anything so remarkable as in the Exposition of 1855, where—as chance or some workman's fancy would have it—the astonished visitors looked upon a full-length portrait of the Emperor crowned with laurels, side by side with a picture of Christ crowned with thorns!

But the great blotches on the walls of the French gallery are pictures painted by imperial commission. Meissonier paints the Emperor at Solferino, a huge picture full of gaudy slovenliness. Pils paints a fête given to the Emperor and Empress in Algeria, composed of huge masses of dead paint that would be offensive on wall-paper. Cabanel paints a portrait of the Emperor, and Winterhalter one of the Empress, both of which suggest how the two might be got up by a *costumier* for a fancy ball. But now I have found nearly all the fault possible. The first picture that strikes the eye on entering the French pictorial court is Dubufe's great picture of the "Prodigal Son." It is in three compartments, which together cover a space of about 20 feet by 12. The great central compartment occupies about two-thirds of the entire painting, and shows the handsome and eager young prodigal

in the midst of his revels, which are made as seductive as possible. He is caressed by beautiful sirens, there is gaming near him, and rich wines and fruits; but his eye turns at the moment from all, and is riveted on three dancing-girls. The English critics may think that they have summed up the qualities of this picture by saying that it is like the drop-scene of a theatre; but it is of high importance whether a drop-scene is made by an upholsterer or an artist. Dubufe's picture has, indeed, a certain theatrical air about it, but it has a fineness of elaboration, a vastness of perspective, a transparency of color, which are fascinating. The back of the central dancing-girl may be safely pronounced as fine a piece of flesh as ever grew beneath the brush of an artist. The contrast between this brilliant scene and that in brown and white in the left compartment shows imagination; the prodigal's gay raiment has here been changed to rags, and the dancing-girls are transformed now to swine. On the right of the central scene is the prodigal clasping the knees of his father. There are thirteen works of Gérôme here, all showing that he is one of the greatest living masters, and, perhaps, the ablest to see at once both form and color. At the first glance on any one of his pictures the heart leaps. His men and women are alive. Here is a boat-scene on the Nile; the central figure in the boat is a captive, sad, crushed, but dignified, and with a touch of scorn in his face for a man at the helm who jeers, and plays on a lute; at the prow of the boat is an old chief whose hardy face is softened by the merest shade of respect and pity for the prisoner; and over this group arches a sky which is the very best sky I ever saw in a picture. The "Duel after a Masquerade"—the name tells the story, puts a combination of feelings and expressions into two faces and two attitudes which one could hardly have imagined attainable by art.

I have said that in the English and American Courts there is a prevailing show of good landscapes. Yet there is no single landscape painter in England who can equal the landscapes of Daubigny, who is indeed not inferior, except in subjects, to Bierstadt and Church. Daubigny's "Evening" is, indeed, a work in the same direction as Church's "Twilight"—unfortunately not on exhibition here—so far as the effects of light and shadow are concerned. In color he is second only to Turner; while he has no obscurity. Lanoue has here two quiet landscapes representing with the most consummate truth country scenes, and especially the reflections of sky in pools and streamlets. His is a pencil one might choose to illustrate Clough's "Bothie of Toper-na-vuslich;" while Thoreau's "Walden" might be safely intrusted to J. L. Hamon, whose Girl feeding Birds—her face and hair woven of sunshine—brings tears to the eyes. Rosa Bonheur rather seems to me to have been of late years relying too much on her laurels. She has here a picture of sheep on a boat; another of a shepherd and his flock; an-

other of reclining stags; and although the animals are excellent, the water, sky, earth, all bear marks of haste. One congratulates himself that it is not he but the sheep in Rosa's boat, and surmises that it was only their notorious readiness to follow a leader however rash that ever got them into it. One of the same family—F. Bonheur—has an excellent landscape in the Exhibition. There is every where scattered over these walls those pictures which denote by their very peacefulness and strangeness the feverishness of our crowded life in Europe, and the pining of poetic minds for a simpler and more serene existence.

Just a century ago it was that Rousseau turned his back upon the world and took up his abode on the little Isle de Saint Pierre, the fairest gem on the breast of Lake Bienne, where the world heard of him only by the scorn he hurled from his refuge upon it; and since that how far have his echoes reached in the world of thought! The same spirit that led him to his solitude wrote also for our modern world Tennyson's "Locksley Hall" and "Lotos-Eaters," Browning's "Waring" and "The Flight of the Duchess," Emerson's "Good-by;" and it was made flesh in Thoreau. It entered the pictorial art later, perhaps, but is now dominant therein, as these hundreds of pure Arcadian scenes and tinted earthly Edens attest. Amidst the fashion of Paris, through London's canopy of smoke, the young eyes of genius are looking over the roofs of the world to catch some gleam of the land where it seems "always afternoon." One of these—who oddly enough bears the name "Rousseau"—has placed here soft vales full of divine repose; and these women hoeing on their knees in the light of the sinking sun, "Les Sarebenses" by Jules Breton, these "Gleaners" by Millet, Lecomte's "Fellah dancing," and the crowds that gaze with glowing eyes upon them, show that Mephistophelian Society has not yet induced his Faustus to say to Hyde Park or Boulevard: "Stay, thou art fair!"

I pass over the battle-pieces—in which the French delight—because I hate them. If battles have any beauty or sublimity it is in their movement, and in the cause for which men die: apart from these a butcher's shop is as romantic as a battle. With reference to the flesh-painting which so abounds in the French pictures, the English, recognizing how far beyond any thing of the kind elsewhere it is, have given moral instead of æsthetic criticism. "The spirit of the age," writes Henry O'Neil, A.R.A., of London, "directs the particular form that art shall take; and as in Paris the 'demi-monde' is in the ascendant, it finds art a slave willing to pander to its luxury, and to sink its intelligence to an intelligible level." Now I doubt not that what made the vexed Academician say this is the fact that, while the English flesh is painted after models taken from the coarsest class, and so can only be artificially refined, it is plain that the traditions of French society still enable eminent artists to find models in

the highest ranks. The English bodies are often crowned with heads not at all related to them; the French forms are evidently interpretations of real persons. London society would be revolutionized by a sight which I witnessed at the Exhibition—a lovely and refined lady standing with her admiring friends before a picture for the principal figure of which—a nude nymph—she herself had evidently sat for face as well as form. The whole family was as far as possible removed from the “demi-monde.” The fact is, the nudity of the French School is the only nudity that is *not* coarse; it is not that vicious art that really displays that which it affects to conceal, but the unconscious freedom of childhood, that we see in these exquisite forms. This may be said of nearly every French artist except Cabanel, whose women in “Paradise Lost” and “Birth of Venus” seem to me unredeemed by delicacy of expression. But none can look upon the maiden flesh represented in the works of Hamon—one of the youngest, and certainly the most promising, painters in Europe—Giraud, Blin, and a dozen others that I might name, without feeling that there is a profound truth in the faith that represents innocence as without other investiture than its own purity, and which wrote that old phrase, “naked and not ashamed.” I am convinced that a thoughtful man, who can discern the significance of a work of art as connected with the heart of a nation, will have his entire idea of the French people raised by seeing these pictures.

Much has been said of the differences between Muscovite and Slavonian; but viewed with reference to their art-contributions all the regions connected with Russia are of the same school, and of that the dominant tone is tragedy. Entering this gallery one starts back at the very door before a great and wonderfully painted picture by Flavitsky, in which, far down in some cell or cellar, a woman stands on a bed swooning, supported by the wall, while an angry flood pours into the room, and has already covered every thing save the bed. Out through the iron-grated window nothing is to be seen but water; there is no gleam of hope any where; nothing but horrible death reigns over the picture, and the rats climbing on the bed carry the mind to horrors beyond death. The woman's face is so natural and so attractive that after one has looked on the painting he must needs run out and look at some other show in order to keep her from haunting him. Then there is a large picture, with power in every line of it, by Reimer. Through a shadowy archway of stone, leading, one may suppose, from a church to a vault, some priests are bearing the coffin of a child. A candle burns at each corner of the little bier, into which they are stuck, and their light gives some sympathy to the stone, so that it makes a fit frame for an aged mourning woman. It seemed to me, by-the-way, that the Russian and Polish artists are rather fond of representing aged women. (The

French, who are all children, whether grown up or not, evidently regard it as a matter to be concealed that people get old; and in France a woman, particularly, should not become aged, for she is sure to become yellow.) In this court there is a grand painting of an old woman—“only that, and nothing more”—by Horavsky. She is a skinny old woman of the lower class; every superficial hundredth of an inch of her face is marked with a wrinkle; she is evidently a hundred years of age at least; and yet there is always a crowd of spectators gazing upon this picture, which recalled to me what I once heard an American portrait-painter say, that there is no face to be seen on Broadway that had not lines of beauty beyond the power of any artist to portray. Another large painting which seemed to me to have a certain beauty interfusing the fatal shadow, from which no important picture of this department is released, is one by Péroff, of three children—one, a girl, drawing a sledge, with a half-hogshead of something on it, while a man pushes it behind. The children draw against a fierce snow-storm, and their look of intensity, their thick peasant dress, their appearance of being used to and superior to the storm that beats upon them and dogs their feet, as they hurry in the dim light across the moor—all together make this picture sublime. Jacoby has a picture, of which I have not yet met any one who could give an explanation. The First Napoleon is in one corner, with his hand pressed over his face in pain, by his side a French General with averted face. A little behind these a wounded and dying man is stretched, over whom half a dozen or more officers are laughing heartily; one or two of them are pointing jeeringly also to Napoleon. Gué exhibits a painting of the Last Supper, in which the Judas—who is in the act of leaving—is very forcibly conceived.

These are the most characteristic pictures of the Russian school, which has sometimes a Niagara force, but omits the rainbow and the green island of Niagara. It is the school also, as I have said, of the Scandinavian regions; and indeed the most fearfully tragical painting in the entire exhibition is a great Norwegian picture of a tragedy in a room where there has just been a rustic, friendly gathering. A fight has occurred between two men, and one lies dead; the other is terribly wounded in the forehead. The widow and her child kneel over the dead man, whose aged mother lifts her arm and curses him by whom her son has been slain. In the horror-stricken groups, in the lurid fire-light, the acme of the terrible seems to have been reached in this picture.

The country which seems to have, next to Russia and England, most preserved its art from the general annexation to France is Spain; and although at the time of this writing Spain has not made much of an appearance otherwise, she must be credited with some of the finest paintings here. It would be unjust to attempt any critical account of these Spanish produc-

tions at the close of an article which has already grown sufficiently long; but I must at least mention one or two very original works, and chiefly the "Sermon in the Sistine Chapel," by Palmorali. The great circle of cardinals in their red dresses is in splendid contrast with the dim religious light that is shed on every thing. From behind a baldaquin there are here and there gleams of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment." The preaching monk is a figure full of action and meaning, and every cardinal's face is a study of character, there being great variety in their faces and in the emotions depicted in them. Another picture of grand and solemn beauty is Rosale's "Isabella the Catholic dictating her Will." The calm Queen is in bed, the councilors stand around, and a monk writes down the words of the dying woman. Gisbert's "Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth" is an admirable work. The pilgrims kneel in an earnest and real way, and there are none of the pietistic or sentimental effects which so often find their way into such pictures, either in him who implores the divine blessing upon their expedition, or in those who kneel around him.

The paintings of Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and Italy, and the sculptures of the Exhibition, comprise a field so vast that it must be reserved for future exploration. This is the more necessary as their galleries are gaining daily very important additions, and are, indeed, overflowing into new galleries in the Park, of which there are now no fewer than four. The Catalogue also, while it is faulty enough with regard to English and French courts, hardly pretends to give any account of those which I reserve.

In conclusion, I would give two warnings to my American readers. It is reported widely that many persons, especially Americans, have given up intended visits to Paris at this time on account of the exorbitant charges to which it is alleged people are being subjected. It is entirely untrue that the charges are exorbitant; they are rarely even abnormal. If Americans will come to Paris under the impression that the Grand Hotel, the Hôtel du Louvre, and Mauricy's are the only hotels in the city, they will, of course, continue to overcrowd those hotels, and be charged accordingly; but there is no difficulty whatever in getting a comfortable, clean room in Paris, with attendance and light, for a dollar per day, or of getting a table d'hôte dinner as good as that of the Grand Hotel for eighty cents, including wine. Such hotels as the Louvois, Buckingham, Bergen, Plat-Etain, and many others whose names may be found in Bradshaw's Continental Guide and in the English papers, are far more moderate in their charges than the city hotels in America at present; and very few of them have thus far raised their prices at all on account of the Exhibition. It is natural that they should raise them as the summer travel comes on, but I do not believe—speaking from my own experience and that of

many others whom I have consulted—that the charges are at any time likely to be exorbitant.

My second warning is this: Do not be guided, in respect to this Exhibition, by the English press. England has had, since the presentation of the bill for preparing her section of the Exhibition, one hundred and fifty thousand sterling reasons for hating it and vilifying it. Moreover, England has never recovered the smart of the heavy pecuniary failure which her Exhibition of 1862 proved to be. At any rate, whatever be the motive for it, nothing can be more certain than that the tone of the Paris correspondents of the London papers would convey the most false impression both as to the character of the Fair and its degree of completeness. Even at this stage it is immeasurably superior to all similar shows that the world has seen, and its daily expansion indicates that it will contain and consummate all that have preceded it. The Park that surrounds the main building is daily showing new contrivances and preparations for scenes of beauty and pleasure beyond all that the world has witnessed; here the nations are to show their dramas, their dances, their amusements, as their industries are shown within. A masquerade of zones; tableaux vivants of climes and colors; Cairo, Constantinople, Venice, transported as on magic carpets to Paris; with these and a thousand other enchantments does Paris intend to dazzle the world—as they who have eyes to peep behind the scenes well know. But even were this the whole flower instead of the first start of the bud from its sheath, it is amply worth a trip across the ocean to see; for it has gathered already into one beautiful spot glories and characteristics of many lands beyond what one may see in many years of travel in those lands. Here are the peasants plying their work as one sees them at their doors in far-off lands; here is the roar of the many-voiced world; and there is emerging from the vast concourse the lineaments of the great face of Humanity. It must be a rare University—certainly not the Oxford or Cambridge—on either side of the Atlantic that can do so much for an intelligent youth as a month's residence in Paris during this Exposition: and this would be the case were it only because of the discovery which young men too rarely make—one hardly to be missed here—that beyond their town or country there is a World.

OUR EYES.

THERE is a line in an old psalm: "The Lord hath eyes to give the blind." A quick, large-eyed friend of mine discovered it one day, and forthwith it was reduced to a symbol. It was transferred from the religious sphere, and in our cipher communications respecting the people we meet every day to "have eyes" means to see things that should be seen, and in the right time. The whole line, recited with emphasis, expresses our despairing con-

templation of the persons who never see any thing—far less two things at once.

Why didn't the "Country Parson" write an appendix to his essay "Concerning People of whom more might have been made," and call it "Concerning People of whom more couldn't have been made, because they hadn't any Eyes."

From that everlasting apple of Isaac Newton's down to the last pine-tree blossom, or the West India orchid, whose wonderful fructification an observing German physician discovered, because he opened his eyes and looked at it, there has been no end of great results in science from the accident of Eyes and Things brought into connection.

Thoreau was certainly an incomplete sort of man, at least in our thinking. He went all to eyes. He simply stared straight at the Walden novels all his life, till the lids fell, and the flowers, the mosses, the odd birds and beetles, were left alone again. That such a man—without philosophy or invention or philanthropy, without human love or common interest, should have made a name and written books that are read—is simply an example of what it is worth only to observe. Cambridge, with its smoothest sentences, will not make him great. It is enough to write on his stone

"Here lies a man who saw."

The pine-tree blossom we were speaking of is rather a special example. Probably every body from Walter Raleigh down had observed the peculiar sweetness of the pines at certain seasons of the year. Possibly some may have noticed the purple tint of the little cones for a very few weeks; but to call them blossoms, or to understand the law of their blossoming, escaped the wisest botanists till one day Mr. Darwin opened his eyes and looked at a pine-tree, in the right place and at the right time. The right place chanced to be the tip-top. There was the part of the flower without which what had been noticed before was insufficient: the pistil and the pollen—and the mystery was explained. However, all this is an external kind of seeing—a cool, indifferent kind. It has nothing to do with nerves and comfort. It is just a matter of abstract truth.

Nobody gets exasperated with his next-door neighbor because he doesn't make a new botany or complete electric science. My friend of the Psalm never has internal convulsions or fever-fits because her acquaintance fail to see how wings can be adapted to the human form, though we all believe it is only waiting to be seen. But isn't there a kind of blindness fit to drive one mad:

Consider this scene:

A garden arbor, in a perfect June twilight; the young lawyer in the village, of whom Annette has been noticed to say nothing at all for some time, though mysterious bouquets and books have appeared on her table every few days: he sits here with Annette—her face flushed pink as the damask rose-bud she holds in her hand; both rather still. Enters cousin

Sophia, of uncertain age and the best disposition in the world:

"Oh, good-evening, Mr. Barnes—so glad to see you! Why, it's pleasant out here—guess I'll sit down."

She sees nothing. Annie in the house, who has eyes, appears with an unconscious air, and—

"Cousin Sophy, could you as well as not show me about that pattern to-night?"

Or this:

Major Stearns boards at the Minturn House. It is ascertained that he was in the same regiment with the son of Mrs. Carter, a fellow-boarder, and that they were friends. He is introduced to the mother, and an evening set when poor Mrs. Carter can bear to hear some items and ask some questions about the last scenes. She sits by the fire, pale with grief and the effort to speak the sacred name to a stranger. The Major delicately brings up every soothing circumstance. Enter Mrs. Caruth, who knows the whole situation, and thinks it will be interesting to hear the story. She sees nothing, even when the Major leaves quite abruptly, and Mrs. Carter turns the conversation to the Freedmen's Fair.

How delightful if all the losses and griefs could fall to such natures! The sum total of pain would be so lessened that we should have the Millennium coming on in such a hurry that the Millerite dress-makers would be driven insane, and the Jews wouldn't be half ready to leave their "wares for wars." The sanguine friend of mine who is always expecting to make his fortune by engineering the Palestine pontoon-bridges on that occasion would come to his wealth suddenly.

But about the eyes: It isn't all to see where one isn't wanted; once in a while it is good to know where one *is* wanted.

"My dear," says Mr. Monson, coming into the room where Mrs. M. sits embroidering her baby's cloak, and telling her a story to quiet her—"my dear, has baby had her dinner? It is past time; that's what makes her so fretful?"

"Oh, well—yes—it is about time. Dear me, the arrow-root is out; I'll make some more right away. There! there! baby be patient."

Exit Mr. M. in a fever of vexation, slamming the door because he can't help it. Mrs. M. flushes—she is so tried with James's quick temper. Baby meanwhile passes from fretting to screaming—suffering the pangs of hunger and incipient dyspepsia—and this for the twentieth time, all because the most loving, patient, self-denying of mothers has no eyes. Mrs. Monson can not see how much might be prevented by having the arrow-root ready, and giving it to the baby in season. When the arrow-root stage is past there will be a succession of scenes quite as trying.

Mr. Monson will come in some night exhausted, his head on fire, and every way in want of immediate care. Mrs. M. will look up. "You are very still to-night, James! Why,

you really look sick! Don't you want to take something? Here's that book Mrs. Hoyt lent us; don't you believe it would make you feel brighter to read aloud from it? Besides, you know we planned to have reading every night. But, Nellie, it is very near your bedtime. You'd better go now before father begins to read. And blow your lamp out to-night. It's silly to be afraid of the dark—the dark can't hurt you. There, kiss mother good-night."

Nellie departs in bitterness of spirit on account of the reading, which is her special delight, and need not have been mentioned until she had gone; and she lies awake an hour in mortal terror of robbers and ghosts—the fearful phantoms of the darkness. Mrs. Monson breathes a silent prayer for the repose of her dear daughter, and is glad she succeeds in being so systematic with her. Mr. M. frowns, and sits in moody silence by the fire. Warm water at the feet and cold water on the head, with a little wifely soothing, would have been a rather better prescription at this particular time than even Motley's Netherlands. Ah, well, if I were to write Mrs. Monson's epitaph it would be, "The blind receive their sight;" for in that heaven to which such saintly and tormenting souls are transported the absence of all these annoyances must imply some such miracle.

Somehow this want of perception is more noticeable and exasperating in women than in men. If a man lacks it, the wife or daughter, or some one else, can come to the rescue with her ready tact. She can interrupt the story of a hanging which the unconscious gentleman is relating with emphasis to the grand-daughter of the unfortunate victim by a dextrous question, a turning remark, and slip the conversation into another channel.

But if there is any class of men whose success depends on "Eyes," it is clergymen. How many there are who never know that they are driving all the young people over to the church on the corner by persistently reading the long chapters of Jewish history on beautiful summer Sundays, when all nature puts melody and perfume into the heart, and a sense of fitness would suggest a psalm, or some peaceful passage from the words of the Saviour! How many give out a prosaic, disconnected hymn at the close of a sermon that needed only to have its strain prolonged by the subtle response of adapted poetry to sink without recall into the hearts of the congregation!

In conducting funerals and other such services, it is to be hoped most ministers have better use of their eyes than the one who blundered on to this text for his senior deacon's funeral: "The rich man also died, and was buried." The suggestion of the rest of the verse being hardly consoling. Or the one who, in the missionary concert, called on the brother who was to be married the next Wednesday to report on the "Home Field." Or the excellent man, who, on first going into a new parish,

went to a tea-party where the family consisted of a widow and an only daughter—the daughter's face white and rigid with speechless mourning, with dark eyes whose covered fire would have warned back most persons. Mr. Baker after tea notices a portrait on the wall:

"Oh, who is this, Miss Avery?"

"My father."

"Ah—and when did he die?"

Steps on and notices another: "And who is this?"

"My brother."

"Ah—and when did *he* die? This is a fine picture. Where was it done? How long was he in the army? He looks young. What a pity that so many of our soldiers were so young! The marches and all were so hard for them. I suppose we can hardly conceive what they suffered in those prisons. Seems to me, Miss Avery, your brother looked like you." The room meanwhile so still that all could be distinctly heard.

This might have been the brother of the man who, while his third wife was dying with consumption, would calmly reach by her chair to get a copy of the funeral sermons preached on the death of the other two to lend to parishioners. Then the wedding where the bride was the pastor's daughter and was married in church, and at the close "Naomi" was given out, and sung quite through to the journey's end; or the other one, where the desponding voices quavered through "China"—"Why do we mourn departing friends?" Why, surely; and why should it be spoken of just at that time?

There is no end to instances of this distressing want of eyesight. To recollect all one has known appears as hopeless as it did to a certain humorous Englishman to erect an asylum for the insane. "For all the insane!" he exclaimed in despair; "I would much sooner undertake to build one to hold all the sane." The greater number of the "de-ranged" being to his mind those who never were "ranged."

One can tell from the atmosphere if he is in the presence of thoroughly perceptive persons. They have as fine and pervading an influence as the jars of preserved rose leaves which our grandmothers used to perfume their winter parlors. Visit such a person, and you are directly aware of feeling extremely comfortable. You are understood. You are gently made aware of your best position in the new relations of things.

In fact, there is nothing that loosens nervous tension, and gives a chance for a long, restful breath, like the consciousness of "Eyes" that see separate things and combinations, contingencies and loop-holes, and are ever to be relied on.

Don't be grateful for intellect, or beauty, or any other of the desirable things we hear most about; but if you have the smallest suspicion of possessing the gift of sight, hang up shields in every temple, and build a perpetual altar to the Good Genius.

Editor's Easy Chair.

CHARLES LAMB made a quaint, half-imaginary complaint of the decay of beggars in the metropolis; and it is with a similar feeling of half-unreal regret that a New Yorker perceives that the Anniversary season has lost its splendor. It is not that he was especially interested in any of the societies, nor that he mourns a lost opportunity of loosening his purse for large subscriptions. That still remains. It is possible still to spend money in New York, either for charitable and religious or for other purposes. But his regard for the Anniversary season was for one of the traditions of the city, one of its appanages. Its decline is a robbery. It steals something from the associations of the past. And it is with no sinister or secret application of the words that he repeats the opening of Lamb's Essay: "The all-sweeping besom of societarian reformation—your only modern Alcides's Club to rid the time of its abuses—is uplift with many-handed sway to extirpate the last fluttering tatters of the bugbear Mendicity from the metropolis. Scrips, wallets, bags, staves, dogs, and crutches—the whole mendicant fraternity with all their baggage are fast posting out of the purlieus of this eleventh persecution. From the crowded crossing, from the corners of streets and turnings of alleys, the parting Genius of Beggary is 'with sighing sent.'"

Does the Easy Chair malign the Anniversary oratory as mendicity? Far from it. If the platform asks charity, it is for great ideas, for noble purposes. Will you please drop a generous wish into this hat? Will you kindly step out strengthened and cheered for a good deed? Or why complain if the appeal to the conscience and the heart ends with a prayer to the pocket? Even the best of men, even missionaries must be clothed and fed. If we would lead the Ashantees—either of Congo or New York—to the true light we must pay the way. . Considering that we are all hard at work accumulating as much money as we possibly can, it seems an unnecessary stretch of delicacy to be unwilling to allude to it; and it was pleasant to see that Miss Anthony, in one of the most interesting of all the anniversary meetings, did not hesitate in the pauses of eloquence to remind the audience that if mankind were to be started upon the road of equal rights the toll must be paid.

The spring speeches belonged to New York. Elia said he could no more spare the mendicants than he could spare the cries of London. But it is questionable whether he were really called to spare them, whether, in fact, there were not as many beggars as ever, while, haply, some change had befallen their laureate and mourner. Had the beggars really lessened in numbers, or had his interest and observation become less acute? We often bewail in others a loss which is solely in ourselves. A man who danced at Saratoga with the reigning belles A.D. 1830, if he went this summer would doubtless lament the decay of enjoyment at the great watering-place. How many a grandfather will wonder in this soft June as he plucks the ox-hearts and the sugar-hearts from the trees why the cherries are so much smaller than they used to be! Are they

smaller? The Easy Chair saw the other day a field which was a play-ground when this old Chair was new and at school. It seemed then, and has always remained in memory, of a prairie-like vastness. Was it memory or imagination? The field is not an acre. So when the city loiterer sighs, "The first of May returns, but not with it returns the crowded church, the white cravat, the vast subscription," is it any thing more than a wail over the dwindling cherries?

Yet even the mourner will confess that the Reform Conventions, as they are technically called—as if Christianity truly preached and practiced were not the most radical of reforms—were the most interesting of all the anniversary meetings. They are indeed "the modern Alcides's Club to rid the time of its abuses." Twenty years ago they were held at the Tabernacle upon Broadway, below Leonard Street. They were the targets of the wit and ribaldry of the reporters, who recklessly ridiculed the speeches and the speakers, their appearance, their names, their eccentricities, and did their little all to laugh Niagara up the precipice. Public opinion then permitted Isaiah Rynders, the Boanerges of New York conservatism, grossly to insult Lucretia Mott upon the platform; and gentlemen, blushing for the indignity, tried to appease their consciences, truer than their tongues, by angrily sputtering: "Well, what business has a woman at such places? If she doesn't wish to be insulted, let her stay at home." How little those gentlemen thought, as they read in the *Herald* the ludicrous and contemptuous reports of the Anti-slavery meetings at the old Tabernacle, that not out of the orderly and dignified technically religious Anniversary meetings, which were respectfully reported and respectably attended, but out of the despised and derided meeting of "crazy fanatics" the great movement of the time and country was to proceed. And yet in any of the missionary, or biblical, or charitable meetings they might have heard the preacher read that the son of the carpenter called fishers from their nets to do his work. It is so hard to understand that they were only fishermen after all: bare-legged, perhaps; smelling of fish, ignorant, poor; in truth, nobodies, at whom Syrian reporters might wing their darts of ridicule with impunity, and gentlemanly Pharisees and Sadducees smile lofty disregard. Yet by-and-by the haughtiest potentate upon the globe, of whose frown kings were afraid, and who put his foot upon the neck of emperors, was proud to call himself the fisherman's successor. Ah, if we only knew the angels when we are entertaining them! If we only did not thrust them out of the house as likely to steal the spoons! Mr. Everett used to praise James Otis and Samuel Adams with his most polished rhetoric; but it sometimes seemed as if he might live in Boston with them and shrink from their acquaintance.

There is some unwillingness to allow the Anti-slavery men and women of that time the sole honor of the work of emancipation. We eleventh-hour men want a little ray of the aureole. It is true that the pioneers could not have accomplished the work alone. There could be no

emancipation until a vast public opinion ordained it. So there could be no great Christian church until there were numbers enough to maintain and defend as well as convert and organize. But the brethren who lived in catacombs and were hunted and outlawed and tortured and crucified must still be called the seed. There might have been a Reformation if Luther had not thrown his inkstand at the devil and his theses at the Romish dogmas. But with the facts as they are we must allow Luther to be the father of the Reformation.

Slavery is gone, and so is the Tabernacle, but the Anniversary meeting of the Society is still held. Its interest, however, is the eloquence of one man. Take Mr. Phillips from the platform and the audience would take itself from the hall. But not even he can justify the existence of an Anti-Slavery Society when slavery is abolished. The further work of educating and enfranchising the emancipated class is not to be accomplished by an Anti-Slavery Society any more than by a Temperance Society, or a society for the education of deaf mutes. The special aim of the Society having become the policy of the great dominant party in the country, it will be accomplished by that party. To spur that party onward is a worthy work, but there is no need of stepping outside to do it. Even the lash of Mr. Phillips's eloquence is not so persuasive to the party from a separate platform as it would be in the party caucus. For the difference between him and those whom he so sharply denounces and ridicules is not one of purpose but of method.

However, a man must work as he will, and it makes, after all, not much difference what he calls his way of working. If he chooses to keep clear of all party obligations—or rather, if he feels that he assumes any formal obligations by acting with a party, let him stand outside and welcome. Mr. Phillips is a critic: "an endless experimenter, with no past at my back," as Emerson says of himself. There is a very foolish fashion of calling him a scold. But as Mr. Lincoln said, when told that a certain victorious General was addicted to whisky, "I wish you would tell me what brand he drinks, and I will send some to all the Generals." So, if this is scolding, what a pity that all the orators can not learn to be scolds! An agitator—yes, that he certainly is. He holds, with that fanatic Edmund Burke, "I am not of the opinion of those gentlemen who are against disturbing the public repose; I like a clamor whenever there is an abuse. The fire-bell at midnight disturbs your sleep, but it keeps you from being burned in your bed. The hue and cry alarms the country, but preserves all the property of the province." So our orator's tongue is the most musical of alarm-bells. It chimes with Patrick Henry's and James Otis's. May liberty never want such melodious alarms!

Few lives have ever been so symmetrical and satisfactory to others as that of the poet who has now translated Dante's great work. Genius, temperament, and opportunity have all combined, and in the summer of his life he walks before the world unharmed by that most terrible ordeal, universal admiration. The genius of Longfellow is neither epic nor dramatic. It is

not a power that astonishes or appalls, and of course it has not escaped sharp criticism. From the unhappy Poe down to the priggish *Saturday Review*, there have been occasional voices that demurred to the chorus of sympathy and pleasure, and insisted that the world was all astray in its admiration of the singer; that he was neither Shakespeare nor Homer, and that it was high time to have done with the praise of pretty verses. And even while they protest and complain the peaceful voice of the bard is heard like a wood-thrush amidst the chattering of jays:

"Beautiful lily, dwelling by still rivers,
Or solitary mere,
Or where the sluggish meadow-brook delivers
Its waters to the weir!"

"Thou laughest at the mill, the whir and worry
Of spindle and of loom,
And the great wheel that toils amid the hurry
And rushing of the flume.

"Born to the purple, born to joy and pleasance,
Thou dost not toil nor spin,
But makest glad and radiant with thy presence
The meadow and the lin.

* * * * *

"O flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let the river
Linger to kiss thy feet!
O flower of song, bloom on, and make forever
The world more fair and sweet!"

So stands the poet with the flower of song in his hand; an ideal minnesinger, touching our hurrying, noisy American life with the romance of a troubadour.

Yet while the sweetness and grace of Longfellow's muse give an air of extreme facility to his poetry, and although a poet is supposed to sing as naturally as a bird, there is no more faithful and thorough worker in his vocation than he. If any youth, enchanted by the pensive melody of the line that flows as smoothly as the blossom-scented breeze of May, thinks that he can warble likewise—or lost in the soft reverie which, like a delicate summer haze upon tranquil hills, is the atmosphere of his verse, supposes that the poet is an idle dreamer, it is well for him to know that such works are the result not only of original perception and sympathy, but of the most careful, scholarly training. That indefinable air of familiarity with all poetic legend and romantic tradition, which is implied rather than expressed, springs from the fact of familiarity. Patient, long, diligent, and sympathetic study has given the poet the secrets of all poetic literature. This flower of song is not tied to the stalk—it grows in the richest garden-mould.

And now, as a crown to his literary life, Longfellow combines his exquisite scholarship and his poetic skill and experience in the translation of one of the great poems of the world, and of all those poems the most difficult to render in a foreign language and the most difficult for the foreign mind of a later age to understand. The work is so well done that it seems to be finally done. And why not well done, since it is the result not alone of the poet's scholarship and skill but of the most competent assistance which the country, or perhaps any country, can furnish? Every Wednesday evening, for many a happy month, in the pleasant study of the Cragie House, the poet read the canto he had translated to his friends Norton and Lowell, who with him are the three best Danteans among our scholars; and they fell upon the translation with all their mo-

ther-wit, with all their knowledge, with all their critical skill, with all their poetic instinct and faculty, and intent only upon a faithful and poetic rendering of the exact meaning of Dante, they spared no felicity of phrase which did not seem to them wholly accurate, and no melody nor picturesque epithet which was not perfectly justified by the poem. The translator heard, weighed, rejected, or approved, accepting a correction or reasonably clinging to his own conviction. Never was a poem so studied and so transfused into another tongue. It is a monument of the most beautiful literary friendship as well as of scholarship.

Some authors are respected merely. We have a distant, awful acquaintance with them, appalled by their remote grandeur, and losing our breath in their actual presence. They are traditionally revered, and we make up for their towering impression by not reading them, by taking them on trust. They stand only as signs of human power, and excite no affectionate emotion. No man's nerves tingle when he hears of Zoroaster and Confucius, of Plato and Aristotle. We mention them with respect, and entertain them with ceremony as guests of state. When the king passes in the state-carriage the girl at the window looks listlessly at his Majesty and hums an idle tune. But with what loyal and sole and sweet attention her eyes cling to her lover marching in the ranks of the soldiers! So we reverence some names traditionally. We have not their personal acquaintance, as the girl does not know the king. But we know others intimately, they are loved and honored like household friends, and mankind look after them down the long centuries which they illuminate, as the girl's eyes follow her lover down the street.

To the one class belongs Dante, to the other his translator. Among all American authors none is or ever has been recorded with more personal affection than Longfellow. It is because his heart is a harp touched to melody by the breezes that sweep over all our hearts. His verse expresses a universal sentiment. It sings to the common soul of humanity. His brother poet and friend and neighbor James Russell Lowell, in his late birthday poem, spoke for all of us:

"I need not praise the sweetness of his song,
Where limpid verse to limpid verse succeeds,
Smooth as our Charles, when, fearing lest he wrong
The new moon's mirrored skiff, he slides along,
Full without noise, and whispers in his reeds.

"With loving breath of all the winds his name
Is blown about the world, but to his friends
A sweeter secret hides behind his fame,
And love steals shyly through the loud acclaim
To murmur a God bless you! and there ends.

* * * * *

"Surely if skill in song the shears may stay
And of its purpose cheat the charmed abyss,
If our poor life be lengthened by a lay,
He shall not go, although his presence may,
And the next age in praise shall double this.

"Long days be his, and each as lusty-sweet
As gracious natures find his song to be;
May age steal on with softly-cadenced feet
Falling in music, as for him were meet,
Whose choicest verse is not so rare as he."

MR. BANCROFT'S ninth volume has produced more vehement discussion than any recent book. It has been the occasion of an array of pamphlets in reply, many of which are full of ability, and

all of which are interesting and valuable reading. They all show how ceaselessly vigilant an historian must be, or he will find his statements disputed, his epithets challenged, his interpretations and conclusions questioned or denied. Sometimes palpable errors are exposed by the *ex parte* feeling of families and descendants—errors which are not necessarily intentional, and which do not require malice as their sole explanation. An historian must, of course, often express opinions for which he can not furnish detailed evidence which is sure to persuade others. In studying the contemporary correspondence and memoirs of the persons he is describing he acquires insensibly a certain impression of their characters, which is the result of his whole research. It is like the opinion of the characteristics of a country which a man acquires by travel. If you challenge him to justify his opinion by special instances, he may find it very difficult or even impossible to do so to your satisfaction. But his own view will remain unchanged unless you can show him that he has reasoned wrongly, and that his conclusions do not follow from his premises. If you can not do this, and he declares his opinion to be unchanged, you will either pity his stupidity or accuse his honesty.

We are not surprised that the descendants of some of the chief Generals of the Revolution should be troubled by the ninth volume of Bancroft. As we said when it appeared, it has no respect of persons, and does not hesitate to destroy what the historian regards as illusions. It presents those Generals to us in new lights, and utterly scatters the glamour with which tradition has fondly invested them in the imaginations of the present generation. Every Rhode Islander, for instance, could contemplate what was said of General Greene, whom he had always regarded as only next to Washington and his bosom friend, only with extreme surprise and dismay. So the New Yorker read with amazement that General Schuyler was suspected of cowardice. That General Putnam was not the wisest of men was indeed no new suggestion; and the fidelity of General Reed had been already publicly questioned. But mad Anthony Wayne and General Sullivan had hitherto escaped any popular or general reproach of any kind.

Many of these famous soldiers have immediate descendants living—grandchildren who could not allow the fidelity, the capacity, or the heroism of their ancestors to be impugned without appeal; and they have accused the historian before the country of misrepresentation and misinterpretation. With what effect upon Mr. Bancroft these arguments have been urged we must await his next volume to ascertain. He has, indeed, written to the *North American Review* a reply to some of the strictures of Mr. G. W. Greene, in which he opens some new matter; and in the correspondence with Mr. G. L. Schuyler Mr. Bancroft says that he will carefully and impartially consider all the documents and reasoning which may be submitted to him, but he tenaciously refuses to say whether he will or will not state the result of his consideration. Assuming such a refusal to be intolerable under the circumstances, Mr. Schuyler does not hesitate to express himself in a manner most unfavorable to the personal character of the historian. Indeed, it is plain throughout the pamphlets of Mr.

Greene, Mr. Schuyler, and Mr. Reed, that they suspect the honest intention of Mr. Bancroft. The debate has not the character of a literary discussion, but shows the asperity of a personal difference.

It is a difficulty which we most sincerely regret. But the truth of history must be vindicated. We must know whether our admiration is wrongly bestowed. Properly speaking, such a discussion should be free from personal feeling. If the historian makes statements upon insufficient authority, or expresses opinions which the evidence does not justify, or misuses his material, the facts should be laid before the public. They are eloquent enough, and the public can and will measure them.

WE were speaking recently of the disappearance of much of the romance of history in the crucible of modern critical investigation. The Germans stole Romulus and Remus from the nursing wolf, an English scholar plucks the apple from the head of William Tell's son, and Mr. Charles Deane has deprived us of the pretty poem of Pocahontas. Now comes Mr. W. L. Stone, and corrects the popular version of the story of Jane M'Crea, although without destroying the tale itself. Mr. Stone has inherited not only the taste of historical investigation, but much material illustrative of the local history of New York, which he has turned to account in the *Life and Times of Sir William Johnson*, which was begun by his father, and which he has finished and published. He gives us the story of Jane M'Crea as it was told by Mrs. M'Neal to General Burgoyne on the 28th of July, 1777, in the tent of her cousin, General Frazer, corroborated by several persons who knew Jane M'Crea, and who repeated it to Judge Hay of Saratoga Springs, who took it down from their lips, and from whom Mr. Stone obtains it.

As usually told the story is, that, as Jane M'Crea was going under the care of two Indians from Fort Edward to the British camp to meet her lover, David Jones, the Indians quarreled about the reward which they were to receive for bringing her, and one of them, to end the dispute, murdered her with his tomahawk. As Mr. Stone says, the murder of Jane M'Crea was to the people of New York what the battle of Lexington was to the New England colonies. Her name became the slogan of the patriots of New York and of the Green Mountains, and helped to inspire the indomitable resolution which defeated Burgoyne. But the true story is this:

On the morning of the 27th of July, 1777, Jane M'Crea was at Mrs. M'Neal's house in Fort Edward preparing to go with her to the fort for protection against an apprehended attack of the Indians. While thus engaged they heard fire-arms, and Mrs. M'Neal saw a soldier, pursued by several Indians, running toward the fort, and waving his hat as a sign of danger. Seeing the women, the Indians left the soldier and made for the house. As they approached Mrs. M'Neal exclaimed, "Get down cellar for your lives!" Jane M'Crea and a colored woman and child escaped into the cellar, but Mrs. M'Neal was caught upon the stairs by a stalwart Indian called the Wyandot Panther. Searching the cellar the savages found Jane M'Crea, and

as she was brought to the light the Wyandot Panther exclaimed, "My squaw! Me find um agin; me keep um fast now foreber! Ugh!" Meanwhile the soldier had alarmed the fort, and a party of soldiers was sent out in pursuit of the Indians. Hearing the drum the savages mounted the women upon the two horses which were ready to carry them to the fort, and started upon the gallop. Mrs. M'Neal slipped from her horse and was borne along in the arms of an Indian. She then lost sight of Jane M'Crea, who was before her upon the other horse, guarded by several Indians, the Wyandot Panther pulling the horse along by the bridle. When half-way up the hill the soldiers nearly overtook the savages, and began to fire. At every discharge those who were with Mrs. M'Neal fell flat in the road, and sneered at the soldiers for firing too high. They fired low enough, however, to hit Jane M'Crea, who, struck by three bullets, fell from the horse, and at the moment the Wyandot Panther tore off her scalp in revenge for the loss of the reward given by Burgoyne for any white prisoner. Her body was buried by the soldiers, under the direction of Colonel Morgan Lewis, on the bank of the creek three miles south of Fort Edward.

Colonel Lewis told Judge Hay that there were three gun-shot wounds upon the body, which seems to be conclusive that she was not killed by the Indians. A few years since, also, when her bones were removed to the old Fort Edward burial-ground, no cut or gash was found upon her skull—a fact which confirms the opinion expressed by General Frazer at the time that she was unintentionally killed by the American soldiers pursuing the Indians.

Mr. Stone is surprised that Mr. Bancroft has repeated the common version of the story without examining the later material. But it must be remembered that the tale as told by Mr. Stone is originally derived from the British camp, and that Burgoyne's employment of the Indians as allies had been so severely attacked not only in this country but in England, that he would certainly spare no pains to avert the odium of so shocking a murder as that of Jane M'Crea, which would be justly attributed to the savage ferocity with which he had deliberately allied himself. The testimony of Colonel Lewis that there were gun-shot wounds in her body, and of Dr. Norton who examined her remains when they were removed, that there was no gash in the skull, certainly confirm, on the other hand, the tale which is attributed to Mrs. M'Neal.

A CORRESPONDENT, who signs herself "A Weak-minded Woman," and who has sent two or three articles to this Magazine, which have not seemed to the editor exactly suitable for his purpose, writes to the Easy Chair of her bitter disappointment. The story which she tells will interest many, and perhaps speaks for many:

"Think of raising your head from your pillow on the dawn of a midsummer morning, startled by the sleepless consciousness that there is ever so much work to be done, and you must be up and about it. But your head aches, you have not slept and rested long enough; you are tired yet, for you were up till after ten o'clock mending your child's dress; your hands feel nerveless and very unfit to begin another round of toil. But you must stop thinking how good it would seem just to rest an hour longer. The work must be done, and you must do it alone; there is no

body to help. Why do you linger? You will be sorry when the heat comes down for every minute lost of this cool hour. Impelled by stern resolve the unwilling body moves. You are up and dressed, and run first to skim the milk. Then the fire must be made. Where is the wood? There's none in the yard, and you have already picked up all the old pieces round the fences near by. True, a man with an axe would have plenty in three minutes, but it was forgotten. Breakfast is expected at half past six; you must have some wood. Here is an old board which was 'shaky' in its prime, being now very much decayed it will break by stepping on it; draw it along, and here in the barn-yard are some pieces which the cattle have broken, quite an armful in all. It has taken many minutes of precious time to get the wood, and now do you pause in going back to drink in the beauty of the morning? to look, while your soul grows larger, on the blue sky dotted and ribboned with clouds? on the wide, dewy fields and the circling woods, robed in the glory of summer? You pause not. Your eyes are fixed on the kitchen door, toward which you move rapidly in a right line. You might almost as well be an engine running through a tunnel, as far as looking on the outer world is concerned.

"Your fire is made, breakfast is cooking, and very warm it grows around the stove, and very faint you grow bending over it. Your flat-irons are heating, your birds are up crying for bread-and-butter. You sink down on the door-step, and slip their clothes on them swallowing the cool air; but there's something burning on the stove, you must breathe the hot steam again, while the cry for bread-and-butter grows more fervent. Hurry now, move your hands fast; you may get the coarse ironing done before time to set the table.

"Well, it is done, and the family are down to breakfast, but you can not eat—indeed you don't have time to eat. You know how things should be done, but you could not get every thing on the table in time; there's a spoon wanted, then water, and maybe something else. It is not a family reunion; it is to some a time to eat; to one a time to wonder if things will ever be any different; to you a time to think how they can be different; why there must be so much warm food in warm weather; and to try—vain attempt!—to simplify the day's work. But there it is, a great fact; victuals to be cooked in variety, to be placed on the table; the inevitable dish-washing, knife-scouring, sweeping, and so much besides, that no one who has not gone through it can understand it. With all your dropping and transposing you can not change the relations of things. It is as hopeless as the trials you used to make to bring out values by forming three equations of two unknown quantities.

"You keep your mouth close shut, and don't mean to complain; but after the man goes out you say to your husband, from sheer hopelessness perhaps, 'If I only had somebody to help me to-day!' Ah, you might better have kept still. He is in debt, is working hard, and he knows that you are, and it irritates him, because he can not tell how to help it; but he doesn't know that your very life is being worked in to help along. He can not know, with his strength, how utterly hopeless you feel in your weakness; so he says, 'I don't know what to do; I might as well give up one time as another; you'll have to have help, but I can hardly keep my head above water now.' How much better if you had kept still; you have taken all heart out of him for the day. So you sit with your head in your hands, while he goes to his work, and the children are out bareheaded, shouting in the sunshine.

"I must try," you resolve, breaking away from your thoughts and going to work—"I must try writing again, and not give up till I succeed." You have long been thinking of this, but could not get time. Now it is plain you must help yourself in some way; the time must be taken from the making and mending; there will be more rags; but let that pass. So through the hot summer days you hasten the day's work and the week's work; the washing, baking, ironing, and churning to get space to carry out your resolve, and just the hope and the effort help to take off the savageness of toil. Sometimes pen and paper lie on the pantry shelf, and you drop down in a chair there to rest five minutes and write; and sometimes, as you sit for an hour in the afternoon in your muslin dress in 'the other room,' a habit of old days that you can not get over, you write a little when no one is by. So your piece is finished after a long time and sent away, and you try not to think of it, but a small bright hope will live, hidden away in your heart, till crushed out by the truth.

"Another and another is sent to share the same fate. Yes, more than I will tell you of; and now, dear Easy Chair, would you keep trying or would you give up?"

"A WEAK-MINDED WOMAN."

Where the feeling is so strong, yield to it. Write, since writing is so great a solace. But do not suppose that what you write will of course be published, and—if you can—try to think that it may not be worth publishing, much as it may have cost you.

There are thousands of women in this country like our correspondent. They have a constant yearning, for it seems to be more than a desire, not to write only but to print. They are like all the shrubs and trees and plants in spring, sprouting and budding and putting out leaves, but only now and then a flower so fine that the passer stops to remark it. The daphne, the forsythia, the Japan quince, the periwinkle, with the hyacinth, and the narcissus, and the lilac are fair to see, and every body must at least praise if they do not pause. But the grass in the pastures and upon the hills, although it springs freshly and revives its green and heightens the universal beauty, is a matter of course, and we do not stop for that. Now most of us are blades of grass. We feel the start of our new life as much as the dielytra or the rose-tree, but it does not come to the same result. The worth of a literary work is not measured by the absorbing desire to produce it.

Then our friend makes a common mistake in appealing to editorial sympathy instead of judgment. What is an editor's duty? To provide such a repast of reading for those who buy his Magazine as shall please them and tempt them to come again. But what have the private circumstances of the writers to do with the interest of the articles they may send? If you inclose a great epic or a perfect lyric to the editor of this Magazine, what is it to him or to the reader that you are short or tall, poor or rich, maid or bachelor, widowed or married? Would you have him accept contributions because the authors had neuralgia, or fever and ague, or the measles, or because they were utterly destitute and exhausted? Those are the best reasons in the world for sending them doctors and medicines, or money and wine-and-hey. But how can such suffering make their stories desirable for the Magazine, unless they weave their griefs into story or song with such eloquence and power that they command the world? The acceptance of an article by an editor is neither a favor nor a charity. He does not accept it to gratify a friend, nor to comfort a toothache, but to make his paper or his magazine more attractive to the public. Therefore it merely embarrasses and pains him to confide to him the details of your private life. Whenever you send an article to an editor—and it is a good rule never to send when you can possibly help it—it is only necessary to say, "Sir, I inclose a story called the Cat with Fourteen Kittens. My address is Tinpot, Walrussia."

Yet the Easy Chair knows—for he has been an editor—how hard it is not to like an article upon whose acceptance the writer has set his heart. "A Weak-minded Woman" may be very sure that her little story which was not printed made the Easy Chair like-minded with her. But had he been the editor, her letter would merely have made his duty more difficult.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 31st of May. The chief points of domestic interest are involved in the condition of the South, and the operation of the military government there established, and the threatened Indian warfare on the borders. The principal topics of foreign interest are the final overthrow of the Imperial Government in Mexico; the settlement of the Luxemburg question in Europe; and the Reform agitation in England.

THE CONDITION OF THE SOUTH.

The various military commanders have in the main interfered as little as possible with the action of the local authorities; although in several cases they have displaced those whose action was objectionable. They have, however, in some cases taken direct action in local affairs. Thus, in Mobile, the city councils directed that the police should wear a gray uniform. General Swayne, by order of General Pope, forbade this, saying that no uniform copying that of the late Confederate army would be permitted.—In New Orleans that of General Mower, declaring that all vessels would be held responsible for the payment to freedmen for labor in loading and unloading them, whether this was done under the immediate direction of the officers of the vessels or of contractors employed by them.—In South Carolina, May 20, General Sickles issued an order prohibiting the distillation of grain. This was based upon the allegations that the supply of food was greatly diminished by the use of grain for distillation; that frauds were practiced by distillers, whereby the revenue was greatly defrauded; that the revenue officers were abused and maltreated while endeavoring to collect the whisky tax; and that the practice of distillation tended to increase poverty, disorder, and crime.—In Georgia, May 24, General Pope put forth an order districting that State and Alabama for purposes of registration, placing a freedman on every board of registration; directing the registers to take the "iron-clad" oath, and ordering them to explain to all their political rights and duties; ordering arrest by the military authorities of all persons who endeavor to prevent others from registering or voting; disallowing any contract with laborers depriving them of wages for any longer time than is actually consumed in registering or voting; and directing that the civil authorities be called upon to afford protection at places of registry and voting, and if they fail to do so they are to be arrested by the military authorities, who are to see that adequate protection is afforded.

One of the most important orders was issued in Virginia, May 28, by General Schofield. It provides that in order to give protection to all in their rights of person and property, in cases where the civil authorities fail so to do, and in order to insure protection against insurrection and violence, Military Commissioners, to be selected from the officers of the army and the Freedmen's Bureau, will be appointed, with sufficient military force to secure the execution of

their orders. To these Commissioners is given the command of all local police or other forces. They are clothed with all the powers of magistrates. When they hold a person for trial they are to make a report of the case to the Commanding General, who will decide whether the trial shall be by a military commission or by a civil court; the latter to be always preferred whenever it appears that substantial justice will be done; but until the decision of the Commanding General is announced, in any case, the orders of the Military Commissioners will be paramount. This order, it is said, in conclusion, "will not be construed to excuse civil officers in any degree from the faithful discharge of their duties. It is intended to aid the civil authorities in the discharge of their duties, and not to supersede them except in cases of necessity."

OPINION OF THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

The United States Attorney-General, Mr. Stansberry, has, at the request of the President, furnished an elaborate opinion upon the interpretation of the "Military Bills," so far as they relate to the registration of voters, and consequently of the right of voting. The principal points are as follows: (1.) All who are registered, and none others, have the right to vote.—(2.) No one who is not a citizen of the United States, and of the special State, can properly take the oath; but if an alien not naturalized chooses, he can take it, and must be registered; but "he takes it at his peril, and is liable to prosecution for perjury."—(3.) The person who applies for registry must be of the age of twenty-one years when he applies; but the requirement for a residence of one year applies to the time of voting, not of registration.

He next proceeds to consider the various grounds of disfranchisement provided for in the bills. In his opinion (4.) the sections which "deny the right to vote to such as may be disfranchised for participation in the rebellion or felony at common law," must be interpreted to mean that "the mere fact of such participation, or the commission of the felonious act, does not of itself work as a disfranchisement. It must be ascertained by the judgment of a court, or by a Legislative Act, passed by competent authority." But the applicant for registration must swear that "I have never been a member of any State Legislature, nor held any executive or judicial office, and afterward engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the United States; that I have never taken an oath as a member of the Congress of the United States, or as an officer of the United States, or as a member of any State Legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any State, to support the Constitution of the United States, and afterward engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the United States." This provision, in the opinion of the Attorney-General, certainly excludes (5.) members of Congress, of State Legislatures, and of Conventions which passed ordinances of secession. Then as to who are to be considered as intended by executive and judicial officers of the

State, he gives his opinion that (6.) officers of the militia of a State are not as such intended; that (7.) Governors, State Treasurers, and others, commonly designated as "State Officers," who "exercise executive functions at the seat of Government," and also judicial officers whose jurisdiction extends through the State, are included; but that (8.) those functionaries commonly known as "County, Township, and Precinct Officers," sheriffs, county judges, commissioners of public works and improvements, and the like, are not included.

Under the provision working disfranchisement on account of the person having taken an oath to support the Constitution, and afterward engaged in insurrection, he holds that (9.) the two things must concur, and "in the order of time mentioned: First, the office and the oath; and afterward engaging in the rebellion or giving aid and comfort." Hence (10.), "A person who has held an office, within the meaning of this law, and taken the official oath, and who has not afterward participated in the rebellion; and so too the person who has fully participated in the rebellion, but has not prior thereto held an office and taken the official oath, may with safety take the oath" required for registration.

The Attorney-General then proceeds to consider "what acts, within the meaning of the law, make a party guilty of engaging in insurrection or rebellion against the United States, or of giving aid and comfort to the enemies thereof?" As to official acts he thinks that the phrase "enemies," to whom "aid and comfort" has been given, should in strict law be limited to mean only "foreign enemies;" but he adds (11.), "I am not quite prepared to say that Congress may not have used it as applicable to the late rebellion;" and therefore he goes on to inquire "What is meant by engaging in insurrection or rebellion against the United States?" It implies, he thinks (12.), "active rather than passive conduct, voluntary rather than compulsory action." Hence it does not include (13.) such cases as that of a person who has been forced into the ranks by conscription, or a slave who, by command of his master, or by military order, has been engaged upon military works or served in the ranks of the army. But (14.) it does include many who, without having actually been in arms, were engaged in the furtherance of the common unlawful purpose; such as "members of Congress and rebel Conventions, diplomatic agents of the rebel Confederacy, or such other officials whose duties more especially appertained to the support of the rebel cause. Yet, on the other hand, it does not (15.) include "officers in the rebel States who, during the rebellion, discharged duties not incident to the war. The interests of humanity," the Attorney-General argues, "require such officers for the performance of such official duties in time of war or insurrection as well as in time of peace, and the performance of such duties can never be considered as criminal."

From official participation the Attorney-General goes on to discuss what constitutes, in the view of this law, individual participation in the rebellion, premising that in the case of a great insurrection, which for a time excluded the people from the protection of the lawful Government, the "obligations of allegiance are neces-

sarily modified," and that many things should be considered as "rightfully done which in the case of a mere local insurrection would have no color of legality." He concludes, therefore (16.), that "some direct overt act, done with the intent to further the rebellion, is necessary to bring the party within the purview and meaning of the law." The expression of disloyal sentiments, the performance of acts of ordinary charity and humanity, the payment of taxes or forced contributions and the like, are not sufficient. But (17.) "Voluntary contributions in furtherance of the rebellion, or subscriptions to the rebel loan, and even organized contributions of food and clothing or necessary supplies, except of a strictly sanitary character, are to be classed with acts which disqualify."

In respect to the functions of the Boards of Registration and Election, the Attorney-General holds (18.) that they can impose no oath other than that prescribed by this law; that (19.) they must administer the oath to all who will take it, "the oath being the only and sole test of the qualification of the applicant;" that (20.) if a person takes the oath his name must go upon the register; and that (21.) his name being on the register, he must be allowed to vote. "There is no provision," adds the Attorney-General, "to surcharge or falsify, or add a single name to the registration, or to erase a single name which appears upon it."

If this opinion of the Attorney-General is accepted as the interpretation of the law, the number disfranchised by the Military bills will be much less than has been supposed. The number of male whites over twenty-one in the military districts may be estimated at a million. Those disfranchised by reason of having held high executive, legislative, or judicial office, or by having taken the official oath, or by having contributed to the Confederate loan, can not well exceed 50,000. The different persons who actually served in the Confederate army was probably not far from 500,000; of these it may be assumed that not more than half are now living; of these probably 100,000 might, under this opinion, take the registration oath on the ground that they were forced into the ranks by conscription; this would make 300,000 in all who are disfranchised, leaving 700,000 white voters. The freedmen entitled to vote are about as many; so that the political attitude of the South, when reconstructed, will depend upon their vote. In view of this, strenuous efforts are made by both parties to secure this freedmen's vote. Prominent Southern men earnestly urge them to act with their late masters, who, it is alleged, have always been and still are their best friends. On the other hand several Northern men have traversed considerable parts of the South, addressing large meetings, composed mainly of freedmen, urging them to act with the Republican party. Prominent among these are Mr. Wilson, Senator from Massachusetts; and Mr. Kelley, Representative from Pennsylvania. Their speeches were mainly extremely moderate in tone, and their general advice to the freedmen sound and sensible, inculcating especially the necessity of industry, temperance, and education. Apart from the political recommendations the speeches were received with much favor by the whites, considerable numbers of whom were present at the meetings.

The only considerable breach of good order occurred at Mobile, May 15. Mr. Kelley was speaking when a sudden tumult arose; a rush was made for the platform; pistols were fired at those who occupied it, and then among the auditors. Four or five were killed, and a score or more wounded. This affair appears to have been a sudden emeute rather than a premeditated riot. At a meeting at New Orleans, addressed by Mr. Wilson, General Longstreet was one of the Vice-Presidents.

RELEASE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

On the 14th of May Mr. Davis was brought before the United States Court at Richmond, Judge Underwood presiding, to answer to the indictment for treason found against him long since. He was ready for trial, but the counsel for Government were not. He applied to be liberated on bail; this was acceded to, the sum being fixed at \$100,000; twenty persons being bound in the sum of \$5000 each for his appearance at the next term of the Court, to be holden in November. The list of bondsmen was headed by the name of Mr. Horace Greeley, editor of the *New York Tribune*; there were several other Northern men of political prominence; Mr. John M. Botts, a Virginian Unionist, was also among the bailors. Mr. Davis then went to Canada, stopping on the way for a few days at New York.

THE INDIAN WAR.

The movements, since our last Record, of the column of troops under General Hancock against the Indians of the Plains have been very important, though quietly made. The difficulties between the settlers of Colorado and Kansas and the Cheyennes and Arapahoes have been going on for over three years. The first breach of the peace occurred on April 11, 1864, and was precipitated by the whites. Peace had previously existed between the Indians and whites since 1857, in which year a peace had been made with them, and a reservation in the southeast corner of Colorado assigned them, with certain annuities and the right to fish and hunt on the Smoky Hill and Arkansas rivers. The Indians were very weak after the war which closed in 1857, and were glad to accept and observe peace. Colorado and Kansas were rapidly settled during this era of peace, railroads were extended toward the plains, and telegraph and express lines were established across them. At last, having two or three regiments of Territorial troops organized and in the service of the Government, doing garrison duty at the various forts in the Territory, the people of Colorado, anxious to possess the land on which the Indians were located, began hostilities against them. On April 11, 1864, a band of friendly Cheyennes were accused of stealing cattle, and though they denied the charge and explained that the Kiowas had committed the outrage, the Colorado troops attempted, in obedience to orders from their Captain, to disarm the Indians. The latter resisted, and in the fight which ensued the Colorado men were worsted. Colonel Chivington, then commanding, as an officer of United States Volunteers, the District of Colorado, gave orders to his various subordinates to commence a regular series of operations against the Indians. In

obedience to these orders Major Downing attacked and destroyed an Indian camp near Fort Dodge, killing forty men, women, and children. The Indians at once attempted to bring about an understanding, expressing themselves anxious for peace, and making efforts to secure it. Left-Hand, a chief of the Cheyennes, and Little Raven, a chief of the Arapahoes, with their bands, made their appearance simultaneously before Fort Larned and Fort Lyon, and made overtures of peace. Little Raven was kindly received at Fort Lyon by Major Wynkoop, commanding at that point, who told him that Colonel Chivington was at Fort Dodge, and would settle the terms of peace with Left-Hand. But that chief, on approaching Fort Larned, was fired upon by orders of Colonel Chivington and compelled to fly for safety. When Little Raven heard of this affair he abandoned his camp in front of Fort Lyon, and moving north on the Smoky Hill Overland Route began to depredate on the trains and committed several outrages, in which the rest of the Arapahoe and all the Cheyenne tribes refused to engage, and which all condemned. Subsequently Lieutenant Ayres encountered a band of peaceful Indians near Fort Larned; invited their chief into his camp, shot him, and then attacked the band, killing many. The Indians did not abandon their attempts at securing a peace, though they seemed to have lost all hope of success. They had confidence in Major Wynkoop and Colonel Colley, their agent; these officers had been steadfastly friendly to them, and two thousand of the two tribes under the principal chief of the Cheyennes, Black Kettle, made application on September 10, 1864, to them to bring about a council at which peace might be concluded. Major Wynkoop met the Indians near Fort Lyon; told them he had no power to conclude a peace; but promised the tribe the protection of the United States while the principal Chiefs went with him to Denver City and conferred with Governor Evans. This protection the tribes finally accepted; they pitched their camp near Fort Lyon, while Black Kettle and other Chiefs called on the Governor. They were referred by him to Colonel Chivington, who decided that he could not make peace without consulting his superiors. He advised the Indians to return to Fort Lyon, remain there under Major Wynkoop's protection, while he consulted with the Commander of the Department. Accepting his assurances of safety they returned to Fort Lyon, and remained in camp under the care of Major Wynkoop. This officer was soon relieved by Major Anthony, under orders from Colonel Chivington, and he repeated every assurance of protection. Here the Indians remained in camp for two months, protected and fed by Major Anthony. In the mean time Colonel Chivington had collected about a thousand men from various forts in the territory, and on November 28, 1864, made his appearance at Fort Lyon. At daylight on the next morning, against the entreaties and protests of Major Anthony, he marched out of Fort Lyon, attacked the Indian camp, and put (as he claims) over five hundred men, women, and children to the sword under circumstances of great cruelty. From this time forward all efforts at conciliation were abandoned. The Indians began their depredations

in earnest; an alliance of the five principal tribes of the Plains, the Comanches and Kiowas of Arkansas, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes of Colorado, and the Sioux and their numerous adherents of Nebraska and Dakota, was formed; and the war began in earnest. The routes to the west were continually interrupted, and hundreds of emigrants fell victims to the vengeance of the Indians. At last the "Chivington massacre" was avenged by the slaughter, on December 21, 1866, of a portion of the garrison of Fort Philip Kearney. Then the Government began to take steps for the protection of its troops and the Overland routes and railroads; and the present expeditions of Generals Hancock and Sully were planned. Our previous Record gave a summary of their movements up to April 19. General Hancock has since that time been engaged in holding councils with the Indians, but while doing so has gradually placed his forces on the upper Arkansas River, and thus interposed between and separated the Comanches and Kiowas from their allies, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. The forces moving along the Platte River have succeeded in interposing in the same manner between the Sioux and Cheyennes and Arapahoes; and thus the allied Indians are debarred from concentration, and indeed from co-operative action. But while the presence of these troops has had the effect of keeping the Indians along the railroads quiet, the Sioux to the north and their allies in Dacotah and Montana have engaged in a regular campaign against the forts in those Territories and along the Upper Platte River.

THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

On the 23d of May the Queen issued her Proclamation declaring that the union of the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick was complete, under one Government to be called "The Dominion of Canada." The Proclamation contains the names of the Members of the Upper House of the Canadian Legislature, appointed by the Queen in accordance with the provisions of the Bill of Confederation passed by the British Parliament. We have as yet only the telegraphic synopsis of this Proclamation, the full text not having arrived by steamer.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

The announcement of the fall of Queretaro, made by the public press on May 1, and incorporated in our Record for June last, proves to have been premature; the city finally fell into the hands of the Liberals on May 15. The siege of Queretaro was begun on March 4, and was prosecuted by the Liberals with great vigor and perseverance. The latest details from the place, anterior to the announcement of its fall, were dated May 7, and reported that the garrison was suffering terribly for food. On May 6 Maximilian attempted to cut his way through the Liberal lines, but was beaten back with heavy loss. The final struggle on May 15 is thus officially reported by General Escobedo, the Commander-in-Chief of the Liberal Army of the North:

"At 3 o'clock on the morning of the 15th La Cruz was taken by our forces, who surprised the enemy. Shortly after the garrison were made prisoners and our troops occupied the Plaza. Meanwhile the enemy retreated toward the Cerro de la Campana, where our artillery caused him to surrender at 8 o'clock A.M.

Maximilian and his Generals, Mejia and Castello, surrendered unconditionally."

EUROPE.

The Peace Conference, relating to the Luxemburg question, assembled in London on the 6th of May, a week earlier than was originally proposed. Great Britain, France, Prussia, Austria, Russia, and Italy were represented, as Great Powers; Holland, Belgium, and the Duchy as parties interested. It is to be noticed that here for the first time the Kingdom of Italy appears in European politics as one of the Great Powers. The question, which threatened to involve a general war, was settled in two days. Prussia is to withdraw her garrison from Luxemburg, and the strong fortress is to be demolished. The sovereignty of the Duchy is to remain with the King of Holland, not as such, but as Grand Duke of Luxemburg, and the neutrality of the Duchy is to be guaranteed by the Great Powers. The previous imminence of the prospect of immediate war is evinced by the fact that the Emperor of France purchased the American iron-clad *Dunderberg*. This vessel, acknowledged to be superior to any European armored vessel, was built by Mr. W. H. Webb of New York, for the American Government; but not being completed until after the close of the war, the builder retained her, repaying to the Government the sums advanced. The price for which the vessel was sold is said to be \$3,000,000.

In Great Britain the Reform movement takes precedence of every thing in and out of Parliament. The main features of the Bill have been agreed upon in the House of Commons, the Ministry making considerable concessions to the Liberals, and thus securing many votes of the less advanced members of that party. The main point upon which debates turned was the extent to which the right of suffrage should be extended. The essential points agreed upon are—that in towns persons who pay rent for lodgings to the amount of £10 a year may vote; in counties those permanently occupying tenements or lands worth £12 may vote. The Ministry wished the rates to be higher, and the Liberals lower; but these rates were fixed upon by compromise. This was bitterly opposed by Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone. Out of Parliament the agitation is great, carried on mainly by mass meetings. Such a one was called by the Reform League, to be held in Hyde Park May 6. The Government at first determined to prohibit this, but at the last recalled the determination, making great preparations to put down any riot, but the meeting was perfectly peaceable.—Several Fenian prisoners have been tried, convicted, and sentenced to death. Lord Derby officially announced that the sentence would be carried into effect in the case of Colonel Burke, the chief leader; but at the last moment, urged by general public sentiment, the Ministry recommended that the sentence should be commuted; and the Queen, of course, complied with the recommendation.

The war in Crete still continues; with what result is quite uncertain. Reports from Greece say the Turks have suffered several severe defeats; those from Constantinople claim for them decided victories. The Great Powers have joined in recommending the Sultan to cede the island to Greece, but he refused, declaring that he was quite able to put down the present insurrection.

Editor's Drawer.

JUDGE BRADY, of the Common Pleas of this city, will not blame us for reproducing, without his consent, the following, which he related a few evenings since:

An Irishman, who had doubtless been "blue mouldin' for want of a batin'," and could not resist the temptation to have a little exercise, was arraigned for an assault and battery. He listened with apparent rapt attention to the reading of the indictment. When that ceremony was ended Mr. Vandervoort, the clerk, asked him, in accordance to the form then in use: "Do you demand a trial on this indictment?" Pat, leaning forward in seeming utter ignorance of what had been asked him, said: "What's that?" Mr. Vandervoort, a little dashed by the manner of the man, repeated the question; and the response was: "The divil a thrial I want! Ye needn't give yourself the throuble of thryin' me! Ye may as well save the expinse of that and put me down innocent! Contint am I to lave this wid me blessin' on ye! Indade I'm anxious, for me boss is waitin' for me beyant! Oh no, no; the divil a thrial I want at all, at all!" All this was said so rapidly that Mr. Vandervoort could not interpose to stop it; and the prisoner having, as he supposed, settled the business, attempted to leave the court, but was of course prevented. Mr. Vandervoort, when the mirth had subsided, changed the question, and asked: "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"What's that?" said he again, leaning forward with his hand to his ear, as if he had not heard the question.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"The answer came at once: '*Arrah! how the divil can I tell till I hear the ividence?*'"

He was permitted to hear just the least taste of testimony, that eventuated in his being sent to quod for one calendar month.

ASSUMING that the following narrative from Plainfield, New Jersey, is to be relied upon, the idea that "Friends" have not correct taste in apparel is exploded, so far, at least, as the Hick-sites of that State are concerned:

A Quaker gentleman, riding in a carriage with a fashionable lady decked with a profusion of jewelry, heard her complain of the cold. Shivering in her lace bonnet and shawl as light as cobweb, she exclaimed:

"What *shall* I do to get warm?"

"I really don't know," replied the Quaker, solemnly, "unless thee should put on *another breast-pin!*"

THAT moderate reputation at the bar is not regarded in the West as an insurmountable barrier to vital piety or membership in the Church has been definitively settled at F——, a city of Illinois, where an interesting revival of religion has been in progress under the ministration of Presiding Elder B——, an able minister, and something of a wit. That church was a power in the city and country round about. A young lawyer, Hiram D——, had been a regular attendant at the meetings, had several times gone forward to the anxious seat, yet seemed to be in no hurry

to unite with the church. The sickle had been thrust in unsparingly for several weeks, and now they were gathering the sheaves. Brother Hiram was called upon to tell his experience and explain the difficulties in the way of his "coming out." He arose and said he felt the necessity of being a Christian, but the fact was he was just starting in the world, had no way of making a living but to practice law, and doubted whether a man could be a lawyer and a Christian too! At this point Elder B—— cried out: "Come along, Brother Hiram, *you are not lawyer enough to hurt!*" And the church had one lawyer less to care for.

A LAUDABLE spirit of economy and thrift pervades the town of Saybrook, Connecticut—the place where the first American "platform" was constructed—judging from the consolatory reflections of Uncle Baruck B——, who had been very sick in midsummer, but soon got about again. In reply to Colonel Higginbottom's inquiry as to his health he said: "Wa'al, now, Kurnel, sort o' middlin'; but I—tell—you" (lowering his voice and shaking his head), "if I'd a died in hayin' and harvestin' 'twould been more'n forty dullars damidge tu me!"

"OLD McCALLA," of Princeton, Indiana, is nearly ninety years of age. To take stock of him by the subjoined advertisement we should reckon him up as a retiring, abstemious, ascetic party, admirably adapted to boarding-house purposes in the noble State which generously forwards his announcement:

WANTED—Two or three boarders of a decent stripe, such as go to bed at nine o'clock without a pipe or cigar in their mouth. I wish them to rise in time to wash their faces and comb their heads before breakfast. When they put on their boots to draw down their pants over them, and not have them rumpled about their knees, which is a sure sign of a rowdy. When they sit down to rest or warm by the fire, not to put their feet on the mantle-piece or bureau, nor spit in the bread-tray. And to pay their board weekly, monthly, or quarterly—as may be agreed upon—with a smile upon their faces, and they will find me as pleasant as an opossum up a persimmon-tree.

OLD McCALLA.

It was in Trumansburg, New York, that an old scissors-grinder, calling on a minister, made the usual query: "Any scissors to grind?" Receiving a negative answer, it was the minister's turn, which he took by asking: "Are you a man of God?"

"I don't understand you."

"Are you prepared to die?"

The question struck home. Gathering up his kit and scrambling for the door, he exclaimed, terror-stricken: "O Lord! O Lord! you ain't going to kill me, are you?"

MICHAEL MULDOON was a tall, slim Irishman, with eyes full of humor and manners of the strictly private and confidential kind. In his interviews with you he desired to be in such close communion that the words he used would fall sooner upon your lips than ears. 'Twas a way he had, but it was an objectionable way. He came into the Court of Common Pleas one morning with a cloud of other men as a witness

for his friend Thomas O'Flaherty, who desired to become a citizen of the United States. He answered the questions put to him by the judge, but ever and anon endeavoring to get closer and closer to his interrogator, and, in his efforts; leaned over the rail which kept him from the sacred precincts of the bench until he ceased to be perpendicular. At length he was asked, "Is Thomas O'Flaherty a man of good moral character?" Drawing himself up to his full height, stepping back from the rail as he did so, and looking both astonished and indignant, he responded: "Do you mane to axe me if me friend Tom is a man of good karacter?" "I do," said the Judge. "Well, then," replied Michael, "av ye do (and it's jokin' I think ye are) I'll tell ye all about it. *He plays upon the fiddle. He rades the Boible. He doesn't whip the ould woman. An' he takes a dhrop of whisky now and thin. Will that plaze ye?*" The success of this defense of his friend was satisfactory to all parties concerned, and another defender of the Union walked gallantly away.

THE late John Van Buren was counsel in a case in the Supreme Court of New York while Greene C. Bronson was Chief Justice. He felt doubtful whether he could succeed even in getting the justices to take the case for consideration. The plaintiff had been nonsuited for a reason which was apparent—he had rested too soon—stopped short in his proof; whether from necessity or inadvertence was not disclosed by the testimony. Mr. Van Buren proceeded to state the facts, and, in commenting upon the incidents of the trial, said: "and hereupon the plaintiff rested."

"Rested, Sir," said the Chief Justice, who had been grasping the case, and saw the defect, which Mr. Van Buren had apprehended would be fatal—"Rested, Sir! Why did he rest?"

Mr. Van Buren, with that peculiar, involuntary movement, or hitch, which sometimes was the *avant courier* of a good thing, with great self-possession, but apparently feeling in his neckcloth for the lost Ple[aj]iad, said: "If your Honors please, that question has given me much anxiety. I have devoted nearly two weeks to discover the reason why, at so early and inconvenient a period in this controversy the plaintiff rested, and I have arrived at the conclusion—and it is in my judgment the only one that can be sustained on principle and authority—that *he must have been very much fatigued!*"

It is needless to say that the papers were not taken.

THE "fast" trait of the Yankee character was touchingly developed recently in this wise:

A loving father of a dutiful son died in one of our Western cities, and his body was brought East for interment. The son, in speaking of the deceased parent, remarked, with a most charming *naïveté*: "Father died at 11 o'clock A.M.; I had his body embalmed, funeral services at the house, and was in the cars, homeward-bound, before 4 o'clock P.M. with the body!" On the whole, that was very fair time!

THAT our colored brother proposes on all proper occasions to ignore difference in color was illustrated a short time since at the Old River ford,

near Natchitoches. The brother had a wagon and team of six mules, which he wished to drive across. The two "lead mules" took kindly to the water, but one of the hind ones, a *white* mule, obstinately refused to enter the stream. Jumping from his seat in a passion the teamster began beating the refractory one with might and main, exclaiming, "You tink you's white, does you? but I'll show you dum quick dat de cullud mules is jus' as good as you is! Gee up!"

THE Hon. Richard Riker, who, as Recorder, presided many years in the General Sessions of New York, was loved and respected by all who knew him. He was a kind-hearted gentleman, who leaned ever to the side of mercy, and saved many a trembling criminal from a life of infamy by treating him generously and counseling a better course of conduct. On one occasion a young negro was placed at the bar to be sentenced. He was not more than nineteen, and the Recorder, influenced by his youth, and assuming that he was a novice in crime, after commenting on the offense, and speaking kindly to the prisoner of its consequences to him, then upon the threshold of manhood, concluded by saying: "On account of your youth, and in the agreeable hope that you will never commit another offense, I sentence you to confinement in the Penitentiary for thirty days." The "dark-eyed one," looking up at the Recorder with a cheerful face, but manners very much devil-may-care, exclaimed, as he was leaving the dock: "*Is dat all for dis nigga, massa?—dat's only a breakfast spell! I gets de dinner de nex' time, I'sposin'—dat's so! Yah! yah!*" And he left the court amidst laughter that could not be instantly repressed. He was known afterward as the Epicurean cullud bred-ern of many "spells."

RITUALISM is not to be permitted to crush out, without a struggle, the noble spirit of Protestantism that pervades this country. The great West is coming up manfully to the contest. Illinois, through her city of Freeport, sends forth no uncertain sound. In that goodly city resides Mr. S——, a clever gentleman, brought up in the strictest rules of Presbyterianism—so much so that, until within a few years past, he had never listened to the Liturgy of "the Church." He is, besides, an active Radical politician. During the early part of Buchanan's administration Episcopal services were for the first time held in Freeport, in the Presbyterian Church, kindly tendered for that purpose by the trustees, one of whom was S——. In company with a friend he attended, deporting himself with becoming gravity until the prayer "For the President of the United States and all others in Authority" was read. This was too much for his Republicanism. Turning to his friend, he said: "Let's get out of this! that fellow's a Copperhead!"—and they left. Through the efforts of a Puseyite constable of the town he has since been induced to review his opinion, and is now regarded as "sound."

POOR Artemus Ward! Just as his life was ebbing away in London, a correspondent at Folsom, California, under date of February 28, tells us of a good old grandmother who was seated at a tea-table where they were speaking of Artemus's reception in England. After some of his clever

witticisms had been repeated, the good lady raised her specs and said: "What a funny man! Now do you r'ally s'pose *Artemus Ward Beecher* said all them things?"

MANY years since there lived in a village in Central New York a Mrs. F——, who belonged to the Methodist Church, was very zealous, often related her experience in public meetings, exhorting the brethren and sisters to the more active exercise of the Christian graces. She talked well, but her daily life was not always in accordance with her precepts. To the same church belonged Bill J——, an odd character, almost a simpleton, yet he would often say things in a way that would produce an unexpected effect and upset the gravity of the congregation. He was active in religious duties, took a prominent part in class-meetings, and was especially gifted in singing. Occasionally Sister F—— would be tempted and overcome by the enemy of souls. At one time, having a strong desire to replenish her feather-beds, and not being on the watch against the Evil One, she secretly drove a neighbor's flock of geese into her barn, and denuded them of feathers. Unluckily she was detected in this violation of the eighth commandment, and charged with the offense before the church. Conscience being awakened, she made confession of her sin, and after due reproof and admonition was restored to fellowship. For some time she was meek and humble, and maintained a discreet silence at the meetings. However, after the lapse of a year, she began to return to her old habit of speaking and exhorting as opportunity offered. On one of these occasions she was suddenly interrupted, and her remarks brought to an abrupt termination. In the midst of her exhortation, and at the height of her subject, "filled with joy," and indulging in her usual flow of loud-sounding words, much to the disgust of the more sensible portion of the congregation, Bill cried out, with stentorian voice, in good Methodist style: "Amen! Sister F——! Amen!—*let the feathers fly!*" The effect of which observation may be imagined. Sister F—— sank into her seat like a lump of lead. Bill, not appearing to notice that he had caused an explosion, immediately broke forth, singing in a clear and ringing voice "The good ship Zion;" thus affording the people an opportunity to regain their composure. It would be difficult to describe the sensations that this hit produced; but for a long time afterward, on all suitable occasions, might be heard the exclamation: "Sister, let the feathers fly!"

AN insurance man in Newburyport, Massachusetts, was speaking to a friend of some very fine bees he had, praising them highly, when an Irishman standing near said: "That's nothing; the bees in my country are large as sheep." "How large are the hives?" asked the man of fire. "About as large as yours," answered Pat. "But how do they get in?" "Well," said Pat, "*that's their hunt!*"

NOT far from Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, a clergyman, celebrated for his talent at making blunders, after having pronounced a happy couple man and wife, concluded the ceremony by "wishing them a happy and pleasant journey

through life, and hoped that they would be blessed in their marriage relation as were Abraham and Sarah in days of old." Before the company diffused themselves to their respective places of abode, a youth of Scriptural pursuits informed them that "Sarah was one hundred years old before she bare Isaac!" That was so! The clergyman acknowledged the corn, and—"then the band played."

CINCINNATI, Ohio, described by geographers as "a small city near Covington, Kentucky," has felt incited to contribute to the Drawer the ensuing specimen of phonetic composition. We copy from the original:

CINCINNATI O. June 17, 65

MY FRIEND SIR I. take my pen in hand to answer your Advertisement wich I seen in the City Commercial that you wanted an Traveling Clerk or Agent and I thought I woul Right to you and see if I could geet a change for it and I think that I can tend to it Right with the Germens & Amaricans for I Speek Both and am Wel a Quaindet to and if you woul Bee thousints of Blige to you and woul doo Right with you and evry Botey and you wil Plee Right to me and let me know a bout this and I wil com a see you or let me com and goo to work and Bisnis goo all Right So I hope that I will Suckseed in this and this is all for this tim So Right Soon and I remain for Ever yours Truley

VALENTINE SPONENBURGER

A CORRESPONDENT from Jasper, Tennessee, writes that during Bragg's retreat from Middle Tennessee two rebel soldiers stopped at the house of Mr. K——, and one of them proposed a trade for a very fine horse, but thought that a large white spot on the horse's forehead lessened his value somewhat.

"Why so?"

"Because," said the soldier, "the Yankees can see it a great way off."

"Never mind that," said his companion; "*t'other end* is always toward the Yankees!"

WHEN Fort Donelson fell General Floyd and most of his brigade managed to escape. As he retreated to Chattanooga, for the purpose of going back to Virginia, his army passed through Jasper, and the General made a speech at the court-house. He said, among other things, that he had done the Yankees more harm than any dozen men in the South; that they had a long account to settle with him, and that he was determined that, if settled at all, it should be settled in hell. When the Federal army came in, an Irish soldier was told what Floyd had said about the place of adjustment. "Very well," said Pat; "*we will be fully represented there!*"

THE blunders of illiterate people are proverbially droll. Pat usually comes in for the largest share of those which are genuine. Mrs. Partington is the principal manufacturer of those made to sell, and she gets a good price for them. But the blunders of the press—of clever people—whose business it is to be accurate, and in whom a blunder seems unpardonable, are frequently the most absurd of all. In a late number of the "London Publishers' Circular" it was announced that Mr. John Stuart Mill's inaugural address, lately delivered before the University of St. Andrews, had since been republished by him "in the form of a five-shilling *elephant!*" Even the most ardent believer in Mr. Mill's powers among our readers will probably have received this an-

nouncement with some incredulity. The fact is, that by an error of the press—or rather, of the writer of the paragraph—the word “elephant” had been substituted for “pamphlet,” and the mistake, although the proof was read and reread, unluckily escaped the corrector’s eye. There is a German book called “Paul Fixlein’s Errors of the Press.” If any English compiler be engaged on a work of the kind he will doubtless take note of the above; but his book would be more amusing if all the errors which do *not* escape the corrector’s eye could also be included. We heard only the other day of a leading article in one of our daily papers in which the printer, after the author had corrected it for press, discovered that a classical allusion to “Cato and Brutus” had been converted into an allusion to “cats and brutes;” but this is hardly so good as the blunder in an English Government blue-book containing documents relating to the Russian war, in one of which the intelligence that “our troops had marched across the Belbek, and drawn up in front of the north ports,” originally figured in the startling form of an announcement that they had “marched across the Baltic, and drawn up in front of the North Foreland!”

WHEN the History of Meanness comes to be written the historian will find himself compelled to credit the Drawer for some of the most remarkable instances of modern times. In fact, the material for such a work will be found to have been here first put upon record. A fresh incident has just been narrated to us by a gentleman connected with one of our leading Life Insurance Companies:

Mr. —, of Western New York, came to the United States General Hospital at Fortress Monroe, in search of the body of his son, which had been buried in the hospital cemetery. As was usual in such cases, the remains were exhumed and carefully removed from the coffin to a strong box suitable for transportation, all at Government expense. After getting safely home he wrote to the executive officer as follows: “The old coffin in which my son was buried was left in the dead-house. *I want to know how much Government is going to allow me for it?*”

A GENTLEMAN who for many years occupied a deservedly high position at the bar of Steuben County, in making his debut before a jury encountered the criticism of a witty practitioner, J— B—. In the midst of a long and animated address to the twelve good men and true, our advocate paused and asked the sheriff for a glass of water. “Yes, Mr. Sheriff,” said Lawyer B—, “give the gentleman a glass of water; but, for the life of me, it is the first time I ever knew a wind-mill to go by water!” The cachinnation that ensued affected the self-poise, as it were, of the pleader, who brought his remarks to an abrupt termination.

WHEN Willie J— had reached the mature age of three years he manifested much eagerness to learn to read. His favorite resort for knowledge was the sitting-room stove, with its large black letters ranged around the hearth thereof. Having learned S and O, B was latterly fixed upon his memory. Next day he came to his accustomed place for a new lesson. R seemed

next in order; and, pointing to it, his aunt asked if he could tell what letter it was? Looking at the R for a moment, meditatively, he exclaimed: “Well, auntie, I guess that’s B, with his foot up *taking a wittel walk!*”

NOT twenty miles from the western shore of Lake Michigan, in a rural district, where religious privileges were quite limited, a Mission Sabbath-school was not long since established by a few active Christians from a neighboring city. A very worthy, pious lady was one Sabbath in charge of a class of boys who were strangers to her. Judging from appearances that profanity might be the besetting sin of some of them, she commenced interrogating them individually on that subject. The lad upon her right having acknowledged the wickedness of the practice and disclaimed having yielded to it, she turned to the boy on her left and addressed him, but not receiving a prompt response, boy number one exclaimed to her: “Oh, he’s nothin’ but a little *Catholic cuss!*—he don’t know nothin’! ‘Tain’t no use jawin’ to *him!*” Mentally the lady felt rather inclined to withdraw from the school business, but having hopes of boy number one, she “didn’t give it up so,” and eventually had the gratification of winning them all to her way of thinking.

ONE of the most popular clergymen of San Francisco, Dr. A. L. Stone, recently from Boston, attended not long ago a public dinner in the former city, given in honor of the opening of steam communication with China. The Doctor sent a waiter for fish. The waiter soon returned with a very small quantity. The Doctor looked at it, and said to the serving-man: “*Yes, that is the kind!*” But whether he succeeded in obtaining a further supply is not set forth.

AT a meeting of the Dorcas Society, held in Hoboken a few evenings since, a young lady propounded to a learned Presbyterian divine the following interrogatory:

“Doctor, won’t you be so good as to explain to us the difference between ministers of the Roman Catholic and Baptist churches?”

“Oh, certainly! it’s very slight: one uses *wax* candles—the other *dips!*”

IN years gone by, when the Court of Chancery was in existence in this State, the office of Vice-Chancellor in the Eighth District was filled by Judge W—, a man of fine legal attainments and conceded ability as a jurist. There was no rule in his court prohibitory as to toddies. In point of fact, it was frequently his custom to suspend proceedings for a few moments, and retire to a side apartment for the purpose, it was supposed, of taking what is sometimes designated by the bar of Rochester as a “nip.” On one occasion an important case was before his Honor, and was being argued with great clearness and force by J. L. T—, one of the most distinguished counsel of Western New York. Twice during the argument the Judge had requested Mr. T— to suspend his remarks while he retired for a moment to the apartment aforesaid. Just as an important point in the chain of argument had been reached the Judge, for the third time, suggested a momentary suspension, and

retired; whereupon Mr. T—— looked around at several of his legal brethren who happened to be present, and said, with a look and tone of jollity: "Well, gentlemen, let's *all* go out and take a drink!"—which they were on the point of doing when his Honor reappeared, and wondered why there was such indecorum.

A most original and eccentric character was old Billy Burch, father of the celebrated "San Francisco Minstrel" of the same name. For many years he kept at Oswego a popular ale-house, and was much esteemed for the peculiar mellowness of his mixtures and dryness of his jokes. He was a man of generous impulses, and his proverbial liberality made him the subject of many solicitations and importunities. In the early days of the war for the Union we all remember the almost constant demands that were made upon the loyal people both for public and private charities. Of course Mr. Burch was never neglected. One day it happened that the calls for "material aid" came unusually thick and fast. Thrice, ay, four times was he asked, and four times did he cheerfully respond. Late in the afternoon a fifth applicant presented herself in the person of a fair damsel and agent of the local "Aid Society." This was too much for even Burch's patriotic spirit, and the maiden was repulsed in a most abrupt and heartless manner. After the fair solicitor had departed a shocked and sympathizing by-stander took occasion to remonstrate with Burch, remarking that he enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most loyal and true-hearted men in the community, and it was a pity thus to tarnish his fair fame.

"My friend," answered Burch, giving a peculiar downward stroke to his sandy goatee and an emphatic gesture with his fore-finger, "*I am loyal; but do the people of Oswego suppose I can carry on this war alone?*"

THERE lived some years ago in the city of New York a lady who used to say that whenever she was in need of any thing she would pray for it, and that her prayer would invariably be answered. For a long time she had been very anxious to own a camel's-hair shawl, and though she had prayed fervently that one might be granted to her, it had not yet made its appearance. Being about to sail for Europe, and already on board ship, one of her nephews came down to see her off, and at the same time presented her with a camel's-hair shawl. Her joy was so great that she could not refrain from sending a note back by her nephew to her most intimate friend announcing her good fortune. The note ran as follows:

"DEAR HANNAH,—The Lord has been *very merciful* to me. I have a camel's-hair shawl!"

FEW army officers have had more or better stories told of them than General A. J. Smith—or, as he was called among his men, "Guerrilla Smith." On one occasion he was sought out by a secesh farmer of Mississippi, who made grievous complaint of depredations the "Feds" had committed on his hen-roost. The General listened gravely to the recital, and asked:

"How do you know it was my boys who stole your chickens?"

"In course I knows it was them. Afore you

and your fellars came here I'd a hundred of the prettiest fowl you'd find in old Mississippi, and now there ain't more'n a dozen left."

"A dozen left!—that settles it! You must look somewhere else for your rogues; if my boys had been the thieves *they would have made a clean sweep!*"

At another time the General took it into his head to order that the wagons, etc., belonging to the different regiments of his command should have painted on them some emblem, or insignia, by which each regiment could distinguish its own. The Colonel of one of these regiments, a hard one, came to the General and said that, as his regiment had not adopted any badge, he hoped the General would be kind enough to suggest one. The General promptly complied, by saying: "If I were going to paint your wagons, and was anxious that there should be no doubt as to which regiment they belonged, the emblem I should select would be—a *soldier charging a hog!*"

A BROOKLYN friend, who has great faith in Catechism, and teaches it with a pertinacity that would challenge the admiration of a Luther or Calvin, was putting the youngest of four through a course one day when the question came up: "Who tempted Eve?" The little fellow, after a few moments' thought, with an air of confidence exclaimed: "It's the gentleman who lives in hell; I've forgotten his name!"

THE recent illustration in *Harper's Weekly* of the intellectual physiognomies assisting at a dog-fight reminds us that Lola Montes, the notorious Countess of Landsfelt, was the possessor of a famous bull-dog. The man who sold it to her stated that "the Countess was the loveliest thing he had ever seen *on two legs!*"—making pardonable reservations in favor of the bull-dog.

AN Albany correspondent, from whom we shall be pleased to hear again, mentions the following as one of her Wabash memories:

During the "Black Hawk war" the inhabitants of the little town of L—— were one morning alarmed by a messenger on horseback, in hot haste, bringing intelligence that the great chief and his warriors were encamped on the Kankakee, some thirty miles distant. The "milingtery" were ordered under arms, and due preparation made to receive him—or rather, to arrest his progress. Major P——, feeling himself not exactly posted respecting the enemy, sought information of one of his brother-officers in this wise: "Cap'en, which of the Injens are the most savage, the *hostile* ones or them that go on foot?" The "Cap'en" imparted the requisite information, and expressed the hope that the Major might not be caught and kept as a *hostage* by the much-deprecated "Hawk" before-mentioned.

DURING our recent "little unpleasantness" with the South, an officer of the One Hundred and Sixteenth United States Colored Infantry happened to be taking tea with Clay Davies at his residence in Rio Grand City, Texas. Mr. D. had been foreman of a petit jury, and, among other offenders, a man named Ross was indicted for keeping a gambling-house. He was known

as the most notorious liar in Texas. If convicted, a heavy fine was sure to be imposed. His lawyer, a shrewd old practitioner, advised him to plead guilty, which he did; but the jury soon coming into court with a verdict in another case, the Foreman arose in his place, and said:

"Judge, in that ere Ross case, where he pleaded guilty, *we find him not guilty*—we don't believe the cussed liar any how!"

It seems to be conceded that in Howard County, Iowa, Republicanism and true religion are inseparable. A deacon holding Democratic views was called upon to open the services at a prayer-meeting, which he did, and in the course of his supplications prayed that the Lord "would have mercy upon the Republicans and sinners of that county." As the Republicans have carried the day at every election since, the "Rads" attribute to Deacon B—— great power in prayer. So, at all events, the Recorder of Howard County writes us.

FOND parent keeps sending us droll gabble of funny little child. It is curious how much of this occurs in Sunday-schools and Bible-classes; seldom in places of amusement. Example: In Kankakee, Illinois, a teacher asked her class—"Who betrayed our Saviour?" The class being youthful—recently weaned—had not been thoroughly "coached" in theology, and failed to answer correctly. Finally, a little girl replied: "John—Peter—Paul—Job," but not receiving an affirmative nod from her teacher that she had named the right party, said: "Well, then, it must be *Johnson!*" Let the "Impeachment" or "Custom-house" Committee, who are clothed with power to send for persons and papers, summon this babe, and see if she has further disclosures to make. Somebody "betrayed" somebody on the "General Order" business—that's certain.

JUDGE INGRAHAM, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court, was presiding in the Oyer and Terminer, in the city of New York, when a prisoner was arraigned for stealing a quantity of flannel, alleged to be worth \$45, and the offense charged was, therefore, grand larceny. The prisoner listened attentively to the reading of the indictment, and when asked the usual question, "Guilty, or not guilty?" replied, "*Not guilty. The flannel wasn't worth half so much!*" He evidently knew the difference between grand larceny and the State prison, and petit larceny with a short residence on Blackwell's Island; though coarse flannel, we believe, is the material for toggery mainly in use at both places, the prevailing style being a neat stripe.

Nor a month passes but there comes to us from quiet parsonages all over the country anecdotes not only full of humor, but told in the neat and unctuous manner peculiar to clergymen, which they, according to our experience, possess in a higher degree than the members of any other class. The three following, for example, from a rectory in New Jersey:

Deacon S—— was an austere man who followed oystering, and was of the hard-shell persuasion. The Deacon "allus made it a pint" to tell his customers that the money which he

received for "isters" did not belong to him. "The good Father made the 'isters,'" said the Deacon, "and the money is his'n; I'm only a stooart." They do say the Deacon had a way of getting about ten cents more on a hundred by his peculiar method of doing business for somebody else. One Sunday morning the old fellow was tearing round from house to house with a suspicious bit of currency in his hand, and more than a suspicion of rage in his face. Some one had given him a bad fifty cents, and he "wasn't goin' to meetin' till that ar was fixed up." "Why, Deacon," said one of his customers, whom he had tackled about it, "what's the odds? what need you care? 'tisn't yours, you know; you are only a steward; it isn't your loss." The Deacon shifted his shoulder, walked to the door, unshipped his quid, and said: "Yaas, that's so; but if you think that I'm a-goin' to stand by and see the Lord cheated out of fifty cents you're mistaken. *I don't foster no such feelin'!*"

SQUIRE B—— was a good man, but somewhat hard on boys. Early in '62 he missed one of his sons, and heard nothing of his whereabouts until he found him on his back in the hospital at Annapolis. "Why, John," said he, "how came you here? Why did you leave home?" "Well, father, you allus used to say that I was in the way, and wasn't fit for nuthin'; so I came down here with the Twenty-first, and I *fit* here. At the last charge at Antietam our regiment was first. I went in. Somethin' hit my left hand. I looked, and the hand was gone: but I *fit*. Then somethin' stunned me and I fell. I lay there all night, and then they brought me here. Now kiss me, father! say good-by to mother! My hand is gone; my sight is going, I can't see you; I'm going; but I *fit*, father!—I *fit*!"

THEY had a character up country who used mostly to chop cord-wood for a living, but did like, occasionally, to "spell himself" with preaching. He was "preachin' a funeral" for a very worthy sister, when he felt drawn to speak of the virtues of the defunct; and while on the subject took occasion to say that "Sister O—— was born in 18—, married in '33, had five children, was converted in '41 by Elder B——, and now two of her children are in the fold, one ain't, and two have *gone to Nebraska!*" The statement was consolatory; the figures accurate.

THE praiseworthy custom of erecting cities on paper where more substantial material is wanting seems to have been revived in Kansas, as we are informed by a Wyandotte correspondent. That city is the eastern terminus of the Union Pacific Railway, and high expectations are entertained of its future greatness, especially by the original "City Company." On its map may be seen splendid avenues, intersected by magnificent streets, with here and there spacious parks, beautiful fountains, etc., etc. The other evening a couple of Eastern gentlemen had occasion to go in search of a person, on a dark night, and being unfamiliar with the "city" were accompanied by one of its original "fathers." With a lantern to throw light on their path they started. After walking a short distance their leader, with the view of communicating instruction as well as agreea-

ble information, stopped in the neighborhood of a house or two, and, swinging the lantern slowly around, said: "Gentlemen, we now stand on Minnesota Avenue, a fine street, one hundred feet wide." Proceeding a short distance further the guide said: "This, gentlemen, is Third Street, an excellent street for business purposes. And this is Kansas Avenue, on which are fine sites for private residences." The gentlemen began to look for these sites, but on account of the darkness were unable to distinguish them. After stumbling on, up and down ravines, over stumps and such Western "improvements," the leader again stopped, and said: "This, gentlemen, is—ah!—let me see—I—I—I believe, gentlemen, that I've *lost the trail!*"

UNDER the old *régime* of slavery in Missouri prosecutions were quite frequent in the courts against parties for trading with slaves without a permit from the master. At a term of the — Circuit Court, one S. M—— appeared and plead to an indictment for selling whisky to slaves. When his case was called for trial he was not ready, because, as he alleged, he had no attorney to defend him. The case was postponed until afternoon to enable him to employ counsel, but he was so penurious that nobody would undertake for him at the fee offered. The case was again called for final disposition, when M——, with an air of great magnanimity, said: "Judge, I can't get a lawyer to try my case, so I've concluded that, if you're willing, we'll just let the matter *drop*, and say *nothing more about it!*" The Judge, entertaining a notion that though this might be agreeable to the cheery M—— it might not exactly meet the requirements of justice, declined the proposition, and imposed the highest fine permitted by the statute.

THESE little people! these little people! What in the name of dogmatic theology puts such queer ideas into their little heads about things connected with the services of the Church? Instance: Last Sunday, in the Episcopal Church in Parkersburg, Virginia, as one of the wardens was carrying around the large silver plate, a young lady of four summers put in her mite, remarking as she did so, in a tone that was heard by those in several of the neighboring pews: "Mamma, I put my money in the pie-pan!"

Let us hope that this dear child may be properly instructed at her Sunday-school, and not grow up with those ideas of mince-piety that unhappily prevail in some portions of the Old Dominion.

IN the same locality whence the foregoing comes, a poor and illiterate but truly religious Methodist brother being dangerously ill, and conscious that he could survive but a short time, desired the consolations of the Church, and begged his wife to "send for the 'circus' preacher; or, if they couldn't find him, the 'locust' preacher. He much wanted to be prayed with and talked to."

CASEY on "Tactics," and "Butterfield on Picket Duty," admirable and interesting as they are to men of blood-thirsty tastes and habits, have nevertheless been made the subject of criticism by subalterns whose practical experience in

the field entitles their opinions to be received with respect. We are moved to say this by way of introducing an incident sent to us by a party who must be an excessive Quaker, as he signs himself "A Quaker Friend." This Friend says:

Before the Army of the Potomac moved on its grand march across the Rapidan, and thence to Petersburg, a board of officers was in session examining into the merits of many officers. General Gibbon was President. Captain M'Anally—"Little Mac," of the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania—was the "subject" under investigation, to whom General G. put this question:

"Captain, what think you of 'Casey on Tactics?'"

"Kaysay, did ye say, General?"

"Yes, Casey."

"Not General Kaysay?" said Mac, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Yes, General Casey."

"Well, General, all I've got to say is, that I don't think much of him, for *I shtopped him at Fair Oaks!*"—which was literally true, Mac being under Couch, who checked Casey's flying troops and encountered the General himself.

The General proceeded: "Well, Captain, what do you think of 'Butterfield on Picket?'"

"Not General Butterfield, sure?" said Mac.

"Yes, General Butterfield."

"Then I don't think much of him, for he says: 'Shtick your vidette fifty yards in front of your picket;' and if I had done that, sure me men would be in the bottom of the Rappahannock!"

Mac was passed, but as he left the room General G. quietly remarked to the Board: "I would like to have had the Captain's opinion of 'Gibbon on Artillery,' but I'm afraid he would be too many guns for me!"

BLEEDING Kansas, though at times absent-minded, is nevertheless affectionate and domestic. This is apparent from the following incident in the career of one of her representative men, the able editor of a county paper, whom his fellow-freemen familiarly designate as "Mac." Mac had been eight years married to an amiable lady who had blessed him with three pairs of "mild blues." Not long since he purchased a piece of property which he wished to have deeded to his wife; whereupon Mr. W——, the conveyancer, proceeded to draw the deed. When he came to the place where Mrs. "Mac's" name should be inserted, he turned to Mac and asked, "What is your wife's name?" Mac dropped his head, pondered a moment, walked across the room once or twice, and finally, after several moments' reflection, exclaimed: "Well, I'll be darned if I know! I've lived with her for the last eight years, and never knew her by any other name than 'Sis;'" and immediately posted home to get at the fact. He soon returned with the requisite memorandum, copied from the Family Bible, and the real estate was forthwith "deeded, released, remised, enfeoffed, and conveyed" unto the said "Sis," her heirs and assigns, forever.

A SEDATE young "theologue" of Princeton mentions the fact that several railroad companies of New Jersey have favored clergymen and theological students with "Clerical Half-Fare Tickets." The Camden and Amboy Company, however, is not of the number who have been guilty

of any such ridiculous benevolence to that grasping and proverbially-opulent class known as ministers. The kind of "clerical ticket" issued on that road, if we are to take as genuine the one inclosed to us, is as follows:

CAMDEN & AMBOY R. R.

CLERGYMAN'S TICKET.

Pass Rev. Eusebius Weatherwax,

On Payment of regular fare.

Or at forty miles an hour if found walking along the road.

A. Goodsell, Chief Brakesman.

If not A Good sell this is a fair hit, and might be conned over in private by the Superintendent of the State of Camden and Amboy—so called.

WE do greatly fear that the noble American game of Base Ball will in time sap the foundations of public morals if allowed to be persisted in on Sundays, under the very eaves of a theological seminary, and under the very noses of its professors. Something ought to be done at once to arouse the public conscience in this regard. One good citizen of Princeton, as a means of counteracting the influence of these Sabbath-breakers, proposes to start a Sunday-school in the "back lots of Princeton," as per following communication, which we copy verbatim from the original:

SUNDEY BALL PLAYERS

PRINCETON April the 14 67

Mr Editer pleas Copy this if you Got space to spare itt wold Be A good thought if you Cold Advise som Godd man to hold A sundey school in the Back lots of Princeton it wold Maby do som Good if in the plase of A ball play it is A every sundey Acarence, i will fur one go and help to Do it iff we can Git up one there let us try it next sundey and see iff we Can rais ten young men and som Girls fur there ware ten young men and Seven Girls this sundey at Ball play in the After noon At half pas one oclock in the Ater noon i hope the will sum one voleteer with me and Go Be there on the ouer Dont fail to com and try what we Can Doe and if it works well it will Bee A good harvest to Bring them to Regard the Lords day W P R

If there be any one thing more commendable than another in places of public worship it is decorum. Although Mr. Turveydrop is not a character often seen in rural life, something recalling that model of deportment occasionally occurs in the country. Such was recently the case in Warsaw, New York, where resides Deacon M——, a straightforward, honest old man, not generally accused of putting too fine a point on his expressions. But the other evening, at a prayer-meeting, he did attempt a refinement, and succeeded. Thanking the Lord for the "plainness of the way," he continued: "Yea, Lord, thou hast made it so plain that a way-faring man, though a—*a little—below—the—average—*—could not err therein!"

A perfectly accurate statement of the fact, though worded differently, perhaps, from what it would have been by Dr. Bellows, or that clever artist in words, Mr. Richard Grant White.

THE cultivation of "water, musk, and other melons" has been resumed in the Old Dominion, particularly near Richmond, where, judging from the observation of an advanced young woman of five years, the former variety attains to por-

portions approximating to hugeness. A correspondent went into his patch one morning, accompanied by the damsel spoken of, to select a few to be eaten at dinner. Espying an uncommonly fine-looking one, he remarked, more to himself than to the young lady: "There's a buster!" After picking it he went on to others of like proportions, when the little girl called out from a short distance: "Papa, come here! here's a *big buster!*" She had found the largest of the lot, and evidently ciphered out the precise notion of her governor as to "busters."

THIS from Omaha, Nebraska:

In the early days of this Territory we were blessed with an unusual number of itinerant preachers, mostly of the Methodist persuasion, who, in their zeal to dispense the word, neglected to give that variety so much desired; and, consequently, the same discourse was listened to three or four times each season. This, however, did not prevent a general attendance. One Sunday, at Decatur, a full house was gathered to hear the Rev. Mr. A——. All went well until he got to thirdly or fourthly, when, hearing an audible smile from some of the people, it suddenly occurred to him that perhaps he had preached the same sermon the last time he was there. Stopping short, he inquired: "Is there any body here who can inform me if I preached this sermon the last time I was here?" Cries of "Yes!" "No!" "Yes!" "No!" came from all parts of the house; but he was promptly reassured by Captain B——, who said: "*Go ahead, old hoss! you're all right! give us the sermon!*" And go ahead he did, to the amusement if not to the spiritual benefit of the unregenerate of that vicinage.

In one of the remote corners of Wisconsin resides a Justice of the Peace who is peremptory in his manner of dispensing justice. On one occasion a member of the bar who was defending an erring citizen, not being satisfied with some of the rulings of the Court, took exception, and said: "But, your Honor, you *can't* decide in that way, because it is—"

"The —— I can't!" interrupted the Judge; "haven't I just *done* it?"

The advocate concurred, and ceased to plead.

In Central City, Colorado, there lives a freed-man called Higginbotham. While prospecting last summer in the mountains he discovered a very promising quartz lode, which he sold to a New York Company for the snug sum of ten thousand dollars. Meeting him one day, an acquaintance said:

"Higginbotham, what are you going to do with all that money?"

"Dunno, dunno 'zackly; want to do sumfen to leave my name behind me. Da was Shakespeare, and Fred Douglass, and Massa George Peabody, dey lef' dar names behind 'em. Dunno 'zackly wat dey did, but dey lef' great names behind 'em, and dat's wat dis nigger's gwine to do, suah!"

Thus we see how great and good deeds are emulated by our colored brother, who, if he can not leave \$10,000 worth of Shakspeare behind him, may at least do a little in a Peabody way.

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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.
BY A VIRGINIAN.
[Eighth Paper.]



JULY 4.—THE FAITHFUL ONES.

CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

June 28.—Fair and hot. After General Fremont departed we assembled in the mess-tent to breakfast. While at table General Banks received a telegram, which he handed over to me. It was from General Pope, requesting me to come to Washington. I immediately started for Winchester in an ambulance.

We found Winchester occupied by Colonel Geary's command, on the way to join Banks. While standing at the Quarter-master's office I heard a pistol-shot in an adjoining cross-street. It was followed by loud outcries, a rushing of footsteps, and a rumbling of wagons in rapid motion. Anon several heavy wagons drawn by teams of mules came around the corner at speed, rushing against each other, running on the narrow sidewalks, crushing a private carriage, and breaking the running gear of several wagons.

Meanwhile the pistol-shots continued, and the noise and confusion increased until it cre-

ated a panic in the vicinity. I awaited the dénouement, while the motley crowds of citizens, negroes, and army followers rushed by. Presently I saw an organized squad of soldiers with fixed bayonets trotting down the street. They returned in a few minutes with a number of drunken soldiers in custody, whose fighting had caused the uproar.

While waiting at the railroad dépôt for the train I was accosted by an old acquaintance whom I knew to have been an original Union man. He was now in a terrible stew about the negroes, declaring that the army was systematically employed in running them off, and the war had degenerated into an abolition raid. I denied that the army meddled officially or directly with the negroes. That its presence would inevitably abolish slavery in the border States I did not doubt. No reasonable man can doubt that the negroes, when the opportunity offers, will leave their masters and change their state and condition, even if it may be for

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the worse. It is seldom that an educated and considerate white man will deny himself the luxury of a change when tempted by opportunity. How much less may we expect this philosophic self-denial from the illiterate and inconsiderate negro. To accuse the army of running them off is simply ridiculous. Its presence necessarily suspends the pressure of the local laws on the negro; he perceives the loosening of his bonds, and often, without feeling seriously discontented with his old place, packs his wallet and wanders off in search of something new—"that better land"—the imaginary goal of human hopes in all ages.

The train, loaded with sick and wounded from the Winchester hospitals, started about half past five P.M. Some of the passengers had been wounded at Kernstown, others at the last battle; all seemed to be doing well, and bore their sufferings with fortitude and even cheerfulness. Got to Charlestown at eight o'clock P.M., and surprised the family in the parlor.

June 29, Sunday.—I spent this morning visiting some friends, and heard through secessionists some vague rumors of disaster to the National army before Richmond. As such reports seem to be the pabulum upon which secession exists in this region they do not disturb me. In the afternoon I saw some officers on the way to Harper's Ferry in an ambulance, and begged a seat, which was politely accorded. At Harper's Ferry I called to see Colonel Miles, who showed me a dispatch from General Wool at Baltimore, saying that he could not visit Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg, as intended, "on account of the news from Richmond." This hints at some great military misfortune, and seems to give significance to the rumors I heard at Charlestown.

June 30.—I took the train at half past two this morning, and reached Washington at nine, and immediately thereafter reported to General Pope at the War Department. He received me politely, but, being deeply engaged at the time, requested me to meet him at Willard's at half past eight in the evening. During this short interview I was struck with the prepossessing manner and appearance of the General. He is of medium height, stoutly built, young and alert. My theory is, that the honors of this war will be gathered by the young.

On the street I hear there has been heavy fighting before Richmond. McClellan, it seems, has changed his base of operations from the York River to the James. Whether this is strategy or weakness I can not tell, but it certainly does not prove him to be master of the position. At the same time there may have been good reasons for making the move, and the incidental fighting is said to have been favorable to us.

At the appointed hour I reported at General Pope's room, and found him engaged in questioning an old Virginia loyalist in regard to the roads and topography of the country toward Gordonsville. The responses were correct, and

in the main satisfactory; but at every cross-road and stream our lower country gentleman would stop to expatiate on the character and genealogy of the residents, until the General, with some impatience, turned to me for a more brief and military description of the country. This I exhibited as clearly as possible, and so much to the General's satisfaction that he asked me to become a member of his Staff, saying that General Banks was in town, and he could arrange the transfer in the morning. I consented with alacrity, as I had already perceived from the direction of the questions asked that the campaign would be a most important one, if not decisive.

At this point we were interrupted by the entrance of General M'Dowell, who was limping from hurts received by a recent fall from his horse. M'Dowell's manner struck me as indicating a lack of vigor; but his conversation on military matters was beautifully clear and concise, showing thorough knowledge of the subjects handled. He advised Pope against taking the 30-pounder Parrotts with him, saying the 20-pounders would be found to answer every purpose and be more easily transported.

The question of the amount of artillery necessary was discussed, when General Pope expressed precisely the same views which I had done to the Secretary of War a short time before. He had observed that too great reliance on long-range guns weakened the morale of the infantry and cavalry. M'Dowell said we allowed four batteries of six pieces to a division of twelve thousand men—two guns per thousand men. He disapproved of mixed batteries, preferring to organize guns of the same weight and character in separate batteries. General Pope said a different system had prevailed in the West, where their batteries of six pieces were composed of two rifled sixes, two Parrott 10-pounders, and two 12-pounder howitzers. This, M'Dowell thought, was mixing with a vengeance. Yet, whatever theory prevails, it seems that the Western soldiers have thus far been most successful in practice.

After General M'Dowell took leave the subject of Virginia topography was resumed. General Pope asked, with some earnestness, why we had not advanced and covered the Valley by occupying Charlottesville. Was there any topographical or other reason for not doing what seemed so clear to any military man? I replied there was no topographical reason for it that I knew of; and the only military reason I could suggest was the lack of unity in the Army of Northern Virginia. The General then announced that he expected to have seventy-five or eighty thousand men under his command by concentrating the whole force available in Northern and Western Virginia. With this force he will occupy Charlottesville, and from thence menace Richmond, with all its most important feeders, at the same time effectually covering the Valley of the Shenandoah and checking any northward move on Washington.

July 1.—I met General Banks and Colonel Clark to-day just down from the Valley. I spent the evening with a number of officers in General Pope's room. The conversation was familiar and desultory, in which the General joined with great vivacity, exhibiting himself as a cool and clever man of the world, with a quick apprehension of motive and character, and a judgment penetrating but kindly withal.

July 2.—I am now satisfied that the operations before Richmond have resulted in a serious check to the National arms. McClellan is beaten back to Harrison's Landing, on the James, where, instead of besieging Richmond, he is himself besieged. Politicians and capitalists are evidently frightened, and the President has issued a fresh call for three hundred thousand men.

These are the headings of the situation, and the more I talk the less consolation I find. To turn my thoughts from this gloomy picture I have betaken myself to the study of the special geography and topography of Virginia, filling a skeleton map with all the minute local information that my own memory suggests, and that I can obtain by cross-questioning refugees, deserters, and prisoners.

July 3.—It is conclusive now that the news from McClellan may be considered disastrous. The siege of Richmond is raised, and the National army safe under the protection of the gun-boats. The fighting has not been creditable to us, however, and our losses are not over fifteen thousand men, while that of the enemy will exceed twenty thousand. His army has the field, however, and these results may change General Pope's programme to some extent.

July 4.—It is an evil omen that our national

anniversary comes this year on hangman's day. The Fourth is still observed, however, and I was kept awake all night by an unceasing rattle of squibs and crackers. The glory of the "ever glorious" seems obscured for the present, at least, and the rattle of fire-arms is not calculated to suggest the most pleasant dreams, so that I have been in a humor to consign to the hangman the untimely rioters and fizzle-mongers that made the night hideous.

I repaired to General Pope's quarters, and had some conversation with him on the subject of the approaching campaign. He asks if a position at Sperryville would not cover the Valley. I doubt it, and still recommend Gordonsville or Charlottesville. These points are more advanced and more exposed, and will not be yielded to us without a struggle. It is probable the situation on the James demands a modification of our plans.

I met Brigadier-General Prince, who has been assigned to Banks's command, and accompanied him to his room. We found here several other officers, and the conversation turned on military movements and army baggage. All agreed that the Romans had properly characterized baggage as "Impedimenta," and that individuals as well as armies should carry as little as possible. This is one of the advantages which the enemy has had over us in the field. Our troops have been overloaded with provisions and material, while the enemy have nothing except what is barely essential. The country through which we advance is enriched by the pickings of our camps and the reckless wastefulness of our soldiers; and when we retreat the enemy is supplied from our offcast superfluities. Yet the question may be viewed in other aspects. An army that is well and



LIVING ON THE COUNTRY.

regularly supplied is more amenable to discipline, and if less active on occasions, is more reliable in a protracted contest. It will continue to improve and strengthen. On the other hand, it is difficult if not impossible to maintain efficient discipline in an army which draws uncertain and meagre supplies from the country through which it campaigns, and the tendency of such a system is to resolve organized corps into undisciplined hordes of pillagers and skulkers. We have seen and felt the evils of both extremes, and may hit upon the golden mean. But actual war plays the devil with armies as well as theories.

July 5.—I feel a sense of relief that the Fourth of July with its crackers and drunkenness is over. Several long trains of ambulances filled with wounded from the James passed the hotel yesterday. To-day I see numerous wounded officers limping about the public rooms, assisted by their friends, or lying on the sofas lionizing and recounting their adventures to groups of earnest listeners.

I understand that the Army of the Valley moves over the Ridge toward Sperryville to-day.

I met an acquaintance on the street who asked me to visit a wounded officer with him. I consented, and on entering the room was surprised to find in the patient an acquaintance of my own, Lieutenant Arnold of the Regular Cavalry, whom I had seen with General Thomas in the Patterson campaign.

He was just from the Peninsula with a ball through his leg, received in a wild charge made by his regiment, which rode around and fired their revolvers in the faces of two divisions of the enemy. As gallant and useless a performance as the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. My young acquaintance seemed quite contented to have escaped with an honorable wound, and enjoyed the neat picture-hung chamber and the society of his friends. He says the army is in good spirits and by no means defeated. His manly and unpretending deportment contrasts somewhat with that of an officer who dined at the hotel ordinary yesterday. He entered the dining-hall supported by three attendants, attracting all eyes by the clatter of crutches and chairs. He still ostentatiously wore the powder-grimed and blood-stiffened garments of the battle-field, accompanied by the oaths and loud swaggering pertaining to the camp.

I met a number of officers at Willard's, where recent military events and future prospects were freely discussed. The campaign against Richmond is an accepted failure, for the present at least. Some are disposed to charge the result to feebleness and incapacity of the military commanders. Others insist that all our misfortunes are due to political jealousy and intermeddling. As both parties are able to show conclusive reasons for their respective opinions I believe they are both right. The patient died of a complication of diseases, either of

which would have been sufficient to kill him. But the nation is not dead. The good-natured giant gives a yawn or two, opens his eyes a little wider, and has begun to consider whether, after all, he will not be obliged to pull off his gloves. I think it will be better for all parties that he should do so immediately.

The only result of this feeble magnanimity on the part of the Government heretofore has been to increase the presumption of its enemies and weaken the confidence of its friends. The blatant rebel proclaims himself in the midst of our camps, carries on his brazen intrigues in the very capital of the nation and is safe. The Southern loyalist, persecuted and menaced on one hand, ignored or suspected on the other, remorselessly robbed by all parties, is the most unhappy of mankind. To him the future promises nothing but ruin and contempt. I hear on all sides that the Union sentiment in Virginia is giving way; I do not doubt it. Indeed, I know of hundreds who, after having courageously opposed secession, risking every thing in the contest, have at length succumbed in hopeless bitterness of heart, and forsaking a loyalty which their government seemed both unable and unwilling to protect, seek present safety by participating in a crime which that government dares not or cares not to punish. That they have grievously erred in yielding thus we must admit, yet who can withhold pity from men so unhappily circumstanced?

If it were really true that the Southern people had determined to separate themselves from the United States, and had thrown themselves heart and hand into the revolution, twice the power of this Government could not prevent it. In a military point of view it would be simply impossible. No army that the United States or any other country could set on foot and maintain would be sufficient to overrun, occupy, and hold in subjection an unwilling people, inhabiting a territory so extensive, so abundant in all the material of warlike maintenance, so difficult and complicated in its topography, so defended by impassable swamps, forests, rivers, and mountains, so unconquerable in its physical features. Most foreigners look at the contest by this light; and it is regarded from the same stand-point by many of our own officers and well-meaning citizens, all of whom insist that the Government can not succeed, and should, after an honorable struggle and a victory or two, accept a reasonable compromise and consent to separation. This counsel is doubtless well meant, coming from persons who have accepted in good faith the assertions of the rebel leaders, "that the Southern people have made war for the purpose of obtaining their independence."

We who know better, who are acquainted with the extent of the imposture thus put upon the country and the world—we who know that the rebellion was not a movement of the people, that it was not based upon any popular sentiment adverse to the National Government, nor

any essential diversity of character, interest, or opinion between the sections, nor upon any adequate cause nor respectable motive—we who know, on the contrary, that it was contrived by the unscrupulous ambition of a few, and is maintained by the willing and unwilling victims of their frauds and their treachery, that even the leaders themselves are the disappointed dupes of their own hopes and contrivances—that they are even now irreconcilably divided in opinion, and sustained only by excited passions and the desperate necessity of their position rather than by well-defined hopes and principles—we who know that a large proportion of the Southern people regard the whole affair with abhorrence, and will not support it under any circumstances—we laugh at the oft-repeated assumption “that the South can not be conquered.” Now I will risk my judgment on the assertion that the rebellion will fail because the Southern people can not be forced for any great length of time to uphold a cause which is sanctioned neither by their hearts nor their heads. They will abandon it before we can crush it.

Again. As soon as the despotic usurpation which now controls them shall be overthrown by the combined action of their desertion and our arms, the mass of the Southern people will return to their allegiance more rapidly and more willingly than they have appeared to abandon it. It is with these views that I cry out against the moral and political management of the war. The irritating violence and injustice of extreme party fanaticism at the North—the delays, indecisions, and seeming feebleness of purpose of our leaders, only serves to increase the number of victims which must in the end be sacrificed to the great necessity of national unity.

During the three succeeding weeks I remained in Washington, occupied in collecting geographical, topographical, and statistical information of Central Virginia, assisting in the correction and improvement of maps embracing the theatre of the proposed campaign. As our published maps are found too general and often incorrect, and my own knowledge of the Piedmont country wanting in detail, I undertook to supply these deficiencies as far as possible by examining all the refugees who could be found from that region. I observe that, while the whites are usually more comprehensive in their knowledge, the negroes are far more reliable for local details. They know nothing of maps, but a limited district, which they have traversed night and day visiting, hunting raccoons, and robbing hen-houses, they will describe with great accuracy, naming every house, blind path, bridge, and ford. When I got to the limit of one fellow's beat I engaged him to bring an acquaintance from the adjoining estate, or village, and in this manner I was enabled to get a very satisfactory description of a whole district into which our troops had not yet penetrated. Having had an opportunity of comparing this sketch with a map of the same region, afterward cap-

tured from the enemy, I was myself astonished at its accuracy.

The concentration of the different commands had meanwhile been going on. Banks had crossed the Ridge at Chester's Gap, and had taken position at Little Washington in Rappahannock County. Sigel, with Fremont's old command, by the same route had reached Sperryville. Several attempts had been made to destroy the Virginia Central Railroad by cavalry raids. One, ordered from Fredericksburg, had been indifferently successful. The other, against Gordonsville and Charlottesville, had failed entirely.

General Pope during this interval had issued several general orders which indicated that the war was assuming a darker aspect, and would no longer be waged with gloved hands. I had been aware that there was a good deal of politics in the army as well as in Congress. During my service with the Army of the Shenandoah I had forgotten this in a measure; but never passed a day in Washington without being reminded of it in some form or other. It could hardly be otherwise in a voluntary force composed of free citizens accustomed to the continual supervision and management of their own political affairs, and especially in that great army which was organized and nurtured within sight of the Federal Capitol. There it seemed also that the personal and military jealousies, common to the history of all great military organizations, were in a measure merged in the superior interests of national politics. The patriotism of the country had already begun to lose that uniformity of color and consistency which it had exhibited at the first sublime uprising of the people. The nation, like a bottle filled with a solution composed of varied ingredients, had been so thoroughly shaken that for a while all perception of diversity was lost. In time, however, the violently-mixed ingredients of opinion had begun to settle and crystallize; and the names of Conservative and Radical had already begun to divide the supporters of the National cause. The Chiefs of the Army of the Potomac, supported by a large and respectable party in the country, were Conservative.

The orders of General Pope indicated that he was about to carry on the war according to the Radical programme. The most unfriendly criticism that they might have elicited under ordinary circumstances was, that one was a harmless flourish, the other proposing many judicious and essential military measures, contained paragraphs that might have been considered injudiciously suggestive and needlessly severe. The whole order containing nothing contrary to the ordinary usages of war, and nothing exceeding the practice which some other commanders had found necessary in the field. They were, however, assailed with a tempest of ridicule and execration so exaggerated and uncalled for, that I was shocked and alarmed at the recklessness and malignity of a party-spirit which could seize upon so trivial a pretext to weaken the influence

and destroy the prestige of an officer just about entering upon a campaign, upon whose results the safety of the army, and perhaps that of the country, depended.

During this interval General Halleck was called to Washington and placed in chief command of the armies, which, in view of the political and military jealousies manifested, is a wise arrangement. Halleck is older than either of the Major-Generals in the field, and brings with him a reputation which would seem to fit him expressly for the responsible position he assumes.

July 29.—I received notice that we start for the field to-day, so I packed my kit, took leave of my wife, and reported promptly at headquarters. The General told me the enemy had drawn in their advanced posts, and were fortifying at Gordonsville and Charlottesville. He is much disgusted at the failure of the cavalry raid against these places, and believes their capture was entirely feasible at the time it was ordered.

At the appointed hour we took carriages and drove to the terminus of the Washington and Alexandria Railroad. Here we were detained some time awaiting the arrival of the train and ministering to the entertainment of a crowd of gapers and impertinent questioners. We got off at length, and passing through Alexandria with only a few minutes' delay, took the Orange and Alexandria road for Warrenton Junction.

The country through which we passed after leaving Alexandria is not very attractive at best, but at this time wears a most dismal and war-wasted aspect. There were neither fences nor cultivation to be seen, and no traces of former civilized occupation except the ruins of houses burned or gutted, standing in the midst of desolate weed-grown fields. The only visible inhabitants were half-naked and filthy negroes huddling in the partially-ruined tenements, or in temporary shanties constructed of the wrecks of farm-houses and outbuildings. Bull Run, where we crossed it, is a small sluggish stream, bordered by thickly-wooded bluffs; but all its features on a smaller scale than I expected.

From hence to the Junction the country is an open plain with gentle undulations, dotted over with camps, deserted cantonments built of poles and mud, and trifling, incomplete earth-works. In front of a group of shanties, occupied by a company of our troops, we saw a formidable piece of ordnance, made of a burned log mounted on cart-wheels, a stuffed artillerist with a pipe in his mouth leaning on the breech of his Quaker gun. As we neared the Junction the traces of long military occupation became more impressive, and the earth-works assumed a more formidable appearance. The best constructed of these were riveted with hurdles and barrels filled with earth, grown over with weeds, and much washed and weather-beaten. The rebel stronghold at Manassas, which has figured so extensively for a year past in people's imaginations and the newspapers, seems on sight to be

a very tame affair, exciting very general surprise and disappointment among those who saw the place for the first time. At the Junction are a number of hastily-constructed buildings occupied by sutlers, and numerous soldiers' shanties inhabited by negroes, who seem to make a living by keeping eating-houses.

From this Junction to Warrenton Junction the road runs in a direct line through a country gently undulating, generally covered with scrubby pine and oak timber, a very poor soil, and apparently without cultivation or inhabitants. Turning from the main road on to the Warrenton stem we immediately find ourselves in a more fertile region of bolder natural features, pleasantly improved and well populated. Arriving at the pretty village of Warrenton, we were welcomed by a shower of rain, and conducted through it to general headquarters, located in a handsome building on the outskirts of the town, lately occupied as a female seminary.

Major Meline and myself found more acceptable quarters in the village. Our host was resigned, sociable, and complaisant. He was a lawyer, had a wife and six children, had been ruined by the war, and was reasonably cheerful under it all. After establishing we walked out to see the place—a straggling village, with some well-built cottage residences, all pleasantly embowered in trees and adorned with shrubbery and flowers. The inhabitants were on the streets, mixing freely with the officers and soldiers.

I heard from our host the following account of the death of Robert Scott, which seems to have left a deep and unfavorable impression upon the people of Fauquier County: Scott was an eminent jurist, and, in point of influence and popularity, the man of the county. He was a decided Union man, utterly repudiating the assumed validity and denying the expediency of secession. When this region was first occupied by our troops two stragglers or deserters went ranging through the neighborhood, committing numerous robberies and outrages upon the peaceful inhabitants. Robert Scott, doubtless relying on the protection due to his loyalty, headed a party of citizens and followed these marauders for the purpose of bringing them to justice. They were caught in a vacant house, and one secured before he could reach his musket. The other retreated to a room where their arms were deposited, and stood on his defense. Scott boldly entered the room, and, ordering him to surrender, received a ball through his chest. As he fell he cried to his followers, "I am killed; now rush in and seize him!" The next man that entered received a ball through the head. The others were dismayed, and the marauder escaped. The man first captured then endeavored to escape, and was shot by the followers of Scott. At this juncture a company of Federal cavalry came up, and, on being informed of the circumstances, the officer went in pursuit of the fugitive soldier. He managed

to escape, however, and taking refuge with his regiment, lionized for several days as the hero of a great fight with guerrillas. He was ultimately arrested, but how disposed of I have never heard.

July 30.—Our mess-chest having arrived, I made my breakfast on corn-bread and an egg. Our cook's first attempt at biggin coffee is not a success. Joe is a Virginian, a native of these regions, and professes to have been a servant of General Longstreet. He also professes to be well acquainted with all the roads in this country, but he is so full of military conceit that I get but little information from him. He thinks we should "advance in three columns," and we will assuredly take Richmond. But as he does not indicate the routes or the strength of the columns necessary I am but little enlightened. After sifting Joe I am inclined to think that all the military knowledge he acquired while in the service of General Longstreet is comprised in the single phrase, "Advance in three columns," as he brings it in on all occasions, and with it foils all my attempts to get additional items for my map. I hope Joe's acquaintance with the culinary art may be more varied and definite.

To-day we had Colonel Beckwith, our Chief Commissary, to dine with us. The mess-chest was resplendent, but the dinner meagre enough for a devotee in Lent. Our cook had boiled a shin-bone of veal, consequently the soup was watery and tasteless, and the *bouill  * as dry as oak chips. Joe was informed if he served another such dinner we would advance on him in three columns. The menace had its effect, and supper was unexceptionable.

July 31.—I was aroused this morning by the drums of a brigade marching southward. Usually these martial sights and sounds excite me grandly. This morning the sight of the battered and thinned regiments was extremely saddening. I am, perhaps, not so confident now as formerly, but fife and drum ring out "Bully for us!" and "Bully for you!" with unction, and the men march with a firm step and well-closed ranks. Who knows, after all, but we may be marching to glory and unity?

I repaired to head-quarters and found every thing in motion. As one of my horses was with General Banks's command, and the other not yet arrived from Washington, I applied to Colonel Morgan, of the Staff, who kindly loaned me one of the extra horses, and in due time our cavalcade took the road. Passing through the village we stopped in front of a handsome house on the Sulphur Springs road, where General M'Dowell and Staff joined us. Thus reinforced, our cavalcade, numbering with officers and escorts about two hundred men, headed by the



A DUSTY RIDE.

two Major-Generals, started on the Sperryville turnpike, leaving in its train a cloud of dust as dense and suffocating as was ever swallowed by an A.D.C.

The country through which we passed was hilly and wooded, and but sparsely inhabited. The road was paved with knotty quartz, badly broken, and with no tendency to cement. Its surface was consequently covered with loose, angular flints, exceedingly destructive to the horses' feet. I am pleased to perceive that General Pope is an accomplished horseman, which he shows by the quiet pace at which he moves. There is to my mind no surer indication of a green-horn in the saddle than to see him staving recklessly through rocks, heat, mud, and dust.

Crossing Hedgeman's River at Waterloo by a temporary wooden bridge, we rode through forest for a mile, and then emerged into a charming grass-covered field surrounded by wood, where we found the head-quarters camp already pitched and the baggage unloaded. After a ride of eight miles through heat and dust the refreshment of this green and shaded spot was delicious.

August 1.—Before sunrise we mounted and were off with the General to review the troops of M'Dowell's Corps stationed in the vicinity. Recrossing Hedgeman's River by a ford we ascended a hill, on the summit of which stood a regiment of cavalry (First Maine) formed in single lines. The view from this summit was magnificent. The neighboring slopes and crests were all occupied by batteries and lines and masses of infantry standing grim and motionless, men and horses as if turned to stone by the imposing order of discipline. So absolute was the stillness that in the shadow the lines and masses might have been mistaken for inanimate hedge-rows or fields of standing corn; but as we advanced the slanting rays of the morning sun revealed the lines of glittering steel, and flashed on the polished surface of the brass guns and well-burnished equipments of the batteries.

On the moment, as if the charmed stillness had been broken by the first glance of sunlight, the bugles sounded, the drums rolled from hill and valley, columns of fire leaped from the brazen throats of the cannon, shaking the earth with reverberating thunder, and wrapping the hill-tops in a shroud of white smoke. Then came the brief, stern words of command, followed by the prompt clash of arms saluting, concluding with a stirring burst of music from the bands. It was a combination of sights and sounds calculated to thrill the meanest soul with a sense of martial glory. The troops reviewed were the brigades of Towers, Hartsuff, and Duryea, composing Ricketts's Division of McDowell's Corps. In appearance a most efficient and well-disciplined body of soldiers.

As soon as the review was ended we returned to our last night's camping ground. Our canvas village had already disappeared, and we lost no time in following the march. Our ride was hot and dusty in the extreme, but as we approached the Blue Ridge the roads improved and the country became more picturesque. The hills increased to mountains, and the cultivation in the valleys appeared fresher and more pleasing than in the region below. We passed through Amissville, a straggling village twelve miles from Warrenton, and six miles further on our road we passed Gaines's Cross Roads, a small collection of houses, made up of a farmhouse, negro quarters, a store, and a blacksmith-shop. Near here we made a long halt beside a fresh stream, which opportunity I improved by taking a comfortable siesta under a tree and gathering a fresh lunch of blackberries from an adjoining field.

Located in the edge of a wood, one mile from Little Washington, we found General Banks's head-quarters encampment. General Pope's encampment was located on the edge of the same wood, about five hundred yards distant from General Banks.

We have had since yesterday rumors of the evacuation of Richmond. I discussed the subject with Colonel Beckwith, who doubts its authenticity, and says, moreover, if true, it will not be to our advantage.

I was aroused from my slumbers by a message from General Pope. I armed my soul for a wearisome night-ride, but on reporting was relieved to hear that I had been called to receive my pony, which had been forwarded from Washington by the Quarter-master. This affair disposed of I returned to my enjoyable sleep.

August 2.—A sunbeam poked me in the eye this morning and roused me from a delightful night's sleep. General Banks and Staff, with many officers of his corps, have called on the commanding General to-day.

In the course of the day I revisited General Banks's camp, and was introduced to Major Pelouze, his Adjutant-General. While talking with Captain S——, a German aid-de-camp, I was astonished to perceive that after eight

months of army life he had not learned to swear. His servant having grossly misbehaved, the Captain addressed him as follows: "You rascal! dam'! you go immediately to the guard-house! dam'! You very bad fellow; dam'!" While the offended officer was struggling with the vernacular the reprobate snickered in his face, and only took to his heels in time to escape a sabre-cut.

General Buford, who has succeeded Hatch in command of the cavalry, has pushed to the front to-day to feel and strike any weak point on the enemy's railroad communications. The next few days will probably be anxious ones for our commander, who already seems sufficiently jaded and irascible.

August 3, Sunday.—General Banks's Corps is reviewed to-day, but as the General only takes half a dozen officers with him I am quite content to stay at home.

Around the mess-chest to-day I advanced the opinion that the people of the Southern States were, as a rule, more warlike in their tastes and habits than those of the North. Smith agreed with me, but the others took a purely partisan view of the question, and the discussion degenerated into a wrangle. After dinner Colonel Smith and myself discussed our prospects and the character of our commander. General Pope is a Kentuckian by birth, but removed to Illinois in early life. He has been educated at West Point, was distinguished in the Mexican War, and has been quite successful in the West. He was formerly attached to the corps of Topographical Engineers, and I have already remarked the readiness with which he receives and comprehends all topographical information. When I have once described to him a district of country with which I am familiar I am never called on to explain or reiterate.

This talent is the essential basis of a comprehensive soldier. Pope has always thought that the key of the rebellion lay in East Tennessee, and that region should have been occupied at all hazards in the beginning of the war. He believes in continued and determined aggression, and thinks that large bodies of cavalry should penetrate the enemy's lines from all quarters, their advance supported by masses of infantry in good positions to relieve the cavalry when pressed, or to take advantage of their successes. The National armies should never accept the defensive, except when driven by temporary necessity. I am the more pleased with these military views, as they have been my own from the beginning of the war.

We hear that General Crawford, who leads the advanced brigade, has had a skirmish with the enemy about Orange Court House, killing and capturing about sixty, with a loss of only five on our side.

August 4.—Breakfasted this morning on cornbread and cold pork. Some of our Sybarites begin to growl, and declare that the elegance of our mess-service only mocks the poverty of

our fare. To relieve our establishment from the opprobrium I got an ambulance, and, attended by John with an array of empty boxes, bags, and jugs, went in person to the Commissariat of Gordon's brigade to lay in supplies. By hard bargaining I managed to get a quart of beans and ten pounds of soap! This will serve at least to make our cups and platters shine.

In the evening I walked out alone upon the hills to enjoy the society of my own thoughts. Drum and bugle were sounding the retreat through the semicircle of camps. The thousand glimmering lights upon the hill-sides shone through the moonlit mist like the lamps of a great city. These disappeared, one after another, until the moon was left to reign alone over silence and sleep. I started to return to my quarters. After entering the wood I missed my way, and wandered for nearly an hour among cavalry camps and teamsters *en bivouac*, all within a circle of not over two hundred yards' radius. I at length returned to General Banks's camp, and taking my bearings thence got home without difficulty. I concealed this adventure lest it might injure my topographical reputation. Yet when a man goes out to snuff the moon, and lets his thoughts go wool-gathering among the stars, he is very apt to lose himself in the intricate by-ways of this dull earth.

August 5.—This promises to be a day hotter even than yesterday, which was boiling. I passed an hour in the tent of Colonel Cleary, our chief Quarter-master. We told snake and fish stories, and our host is responsible for the following:

Some years ago, while he was crossing the Mississippi in a boat rowed by some soldiers, he saw approaching them what appeared to be a large fish, bobbing up and down upon the surface of the water like a porpoise. He handed his sabre to one of the men, and told him to strike it as it passed. The soldier watched his opportunity and gave the fish a vigorous thrust, but the point glanced as if it had struck a bladder. Resolved not to let the creature escape, the man jumped into the stream, and seizing it by the gills managed, with assistance, to get it into the boat. It proved to be a large cat-fish, which had swallowed a musk-rat. The animal's tail still hung out of its mouth. In process of digestion the rat had swelled, and generated such an amount of gas in the fish's stomach that it puffed him up like a bladder, and rendered it impossible for him to sink in the water, doubtless giving him the heart-burn in addition. The soldiers ate the cat-fish, which they declared was savory, notwithstanding its disgusting condition.

A negro came into camp with a fine horse, and telling a romantic story about his maltreatment by guerrillas. He exhibited a rope with which he had been tied for some days, and said also that he had been chained to a tree and shot at for amusement by his master and friends. He finally broke loose, leaped upon the guerrilla

leader's horse, and escaped amidst a shower of bullets. He was ready to lead an expedition to capture his master and assistant guerrillas, and some of our officers determined to undertake it. I was requested to examine the refugee, and after a few questions had convincing proof of what I was sufficiently assured of before—that the whole story was a lie. There were no traces of gyves upon the negro's legs or arms, and the rope with which he had been bound for several days was evidently a new one which had never been tied in a knot of any kind. He had broken loose when thus tied, and riding furiously had got into our camp. The fragment of rope he exhibited had been cut clean at either end with a sharp knife—the negro had no knife. On presenting these points to the company they were satisfied, and our refugee went to the guard-house. An hour after an old and respectable citizen, living within sight of our camps, came in to claim the horse, which had been stolen from his stable.

August 6.—Banks's corps moves forward to-day ten miles; we follow to-morrow. I visited some old friends residing in this neighborhood, and passed the evening in delightful social intercourse, forgetting the war with all its bitterness and devastation, past, present, and to come.

August 7.—This morning I was aroused at four o'clock, and for the two hours following our camp presented a busy scene—hasty cooking, breakfasting, packing, striking tents, and loading wagons. To escape this most disagreeable phase of camp life I rode forward to Little Washington, a sorry village of three or four hundred inhabitants, and there occupied myself in getting topographical and other information from the citizens. When the Staff cavalcade passed through I joined it, and swallowed hot dust until we arrived at Sperryville, where Sigel's command lay.

Sperryville is even smaller than Little Washington—a mere cross-roads hamlet. We found Sigel's corps under arms, ready for service. The drums beat, the cannon sounded, and the bands played as usual. The turn-out was quite imposing, showing eleven regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and four batteries. General Sigel's head-quarters were located in a plain wooden house on a pretty bluff overlooking the village, and shaded by three majestic oaks worthy of an English park. The hospital tents were pitched under the shade of these trees, and numerous buckets of iced-water were set out to refresh us. While the juniors of the Staff lolled in the shade I was sent for by the Generals, who needed some topographical information. While there I remarked the entrance of a tall, slender, spectacled officer, with pale broad forehead, hazel eyes, and red mustache. His whole appearance struck me as indicating more of the poet and scholar than the soldier. He spoke English fluently, but with a marked German accent, and used the German language in addressing some of the officers present. This was Brigadier-General Carl Schurz.

From hence we rode forward six miles to Woodville, where we reviewed Schenks's, and afterward Milroy's brigade. This last-named brigade was composed chiefly of Western Virginians, the second, third, and fifth regiments of loyal Virginia infantry being present.

This ceremony concluded we pushed forward, and passed through a collection of the most wretchedly dilapidated buildings that I ever saw. Seeing a soldier wandering about and peeping through the crevices of the doors and weather-boarding, I asked him what place this was. "The natives call it Boston," said he. Then, winking facetiously, he said: "I am from the Old Bay State, and the *name* reminds me very much of Old Boston."

Late in the afternoon we reached the banks of Hazel River, and saw the encampment of Banks's corps covering the green meadows and gently-sloping hills that border that beautiful stream. The scene was one of animated cheerfulness. Thousands were grouped around the fires and camp-kettles preparing the evening meal. Thousands more were stretched upon the cool green carpet sleeping or enjoying the freshness after the hot and dusty march. The crystal stream was alive with joyous bathers, while horses and mules were sharing the enjoyment of grass and fresh water with their biped governors. To the westward, over hill and forest, rose the grand outline of the Blue Ridge, broken by lofty and fantastic peaks, beautifully contrasting in color and sentiment with the varied and animated fore-ground.

The sight of our martial host enjoying the coolness of the evening halt had for the moment thrilled me with pride and pleasure; but, as I raised my eyes, how quickly our pomp and power, our hopes and fears, our plans and purposes, shrunk into insignificance in presence of the blue serenity of those eternal hills.

Crossing Hazel River by a covered wooden bridge we shortly reached our head-quarters camp, already pitched, and occupied by a number of officers who had ridden in advance to avoid the dust. Having selected and secured a tent, I walked down a green lane to the river, where I had a delicious bath; and then, feeling giddy from hunger and doubtful of the ability of the mess-chest to afford relief, I resolved to forage a little in my own behalf. Seeing an humble dwelling near a mill, I called and asked for something to eat. A young matron received me cheerfully, but declared there was nothing eatable in the house. I tried persuasive arts, and finally induced her to exhibit a chunk of cold corn-bread, some fresh butter, and a bowl of bonny-clabber. "Now," said I, "this would be delightful if I only had a handful of sugar to season the bonny-clabber." The young woman hesitated—looking first at me, and then at the three tallow-faced children that clung to her skirts—then said she was very sorry, but she had no sugar. I did not press the question, but sat down to my meal; my hostess meanwhile moved about uneasily, looking at

the cupboard-door and then at the children; and then she opened the cupboard-door, and from behind some empty jars and cracked pitchers she took a tea-cup, and, with softening eyes and quivering lip, set it before me. It was half filled with brown sugar, evidently long hoarded and quite dry. "My good woman," I said, smiling, "I knew you had sugar from the first." She answered, blushing: "Indeed, Sir, that is all I have; and it is the only sweet thing I have about the house, or have had for a long time. A soldier gave me that in return for some milk, and I have kept it for my children. When the little ones are sick they cry for sweet things, and it grieves me when I have none to give them. When I went to the store, six months ago, sugar was a dollar and a half a pound, and I was too poor to buy any; and since that it is not to be had at any price."

While my hostess was talking I remorselessly devoured the last grain of her sugar, and rising to depart laid a silver quarter on the table. She declined accepting remuneration, saying it had pleased her to see me eat. I gave the piece to one of the children and hastily returned to camp.

I found the mess-chest open, and Joe standing by a fire over his empty pots and pans in a state of great perplexity. There was no meat. Calling my man John, I ordered a two-gallon jug to be filled with molasses, and several pounds of sugar in a box; loading him with these I bade him follow me, and returned directly to the cottage by the mill. At the sight of these treasures the eyes of mother and children sparkled with delight. She thanked me over and over, declaring she was prouder of the sugar than all she had in the house besides. On taking leave I said: "Now, my good woman, keep this carefully for your children, and don't give it away to every idle soldier that comes prowling around for food." "Bless you, Sir!" she exclaimed, "if the Lord always makes me as good a return as He has done for the handful I gave you, the children will never want!"

August 8.—By sunrise this morning we were on the road to Culpepper Court House. We lost several animals by the heat yesterday, and this morning several of the staff-horses, including one or two belonging to the General, are badly foundered.

Profiting by the experiences of yesterday, Colonel Beckwith and myself dropped behind the cavalcade far enough to avoid the dust, and in this way had an agreeable ride in defiance of the heat, pleasantly discussing great and little men, and matters of war and state policy. As we approached our destination the mountain spurs disappeared, and the country was more open and cultivated.

Seeking for General Pope we were directed to the head-quarters of General M'Dowell, established at the residence of Mr. Wallach, a loyal Virginian, and the well-known editor of the *Washington Star*, situated about three-

fourths of a mile north of the town. Here we found Generals Pope and M'Dowell, with their military families, grouped in front of their tents or stretched on the grass of the shaded lawn, talking, refreshing, writing, or sleeping, as circumstances and duty permitted. The maps were called for; routes, fords, and positions discussed; and orders sent here and there in accordance with the plans adopted.

Presently General Pope requested me to ride forward and ascertain where Colonel Butler had located his head-quarters encampment. I mounted and rode through the village, to the southern extremity, without being able to hear any thing of Colonel Butler or the camp. Seeing a signal-station some distance ahead, I rode up to it, and found an officer of my acquaintance in charge. He inquired earnestly the whereabouts of General Pope, and showed me a signal-message from the front, stating that the enemy were advancing by Robertson's River, and were already engaged with our advance. A few moments after I met a negro fugitive carrying a bundle and much blown with the heat. He had come from near Burnett's Ford, and said the rebels were across the Rapidan, and face to face with the Union troops.

I at length found our camp, pitched in a pleasant inclosure about a mile in front of Culpepper and the mass of M'Dowell's forces, with nothing between us and the enemy, that I was aware of, but our cavalry and a line of infantry pickets. As I judged this location would presently be abandoned I did not unpack, but ordered Joe to cook some dinner, and, pending that operation, sat down to write up my journal.

Lieutenant Brown, of Banks's Staff, called me out, and, with some mystery, informed me that he had arrested a rebel spy, and was taking him before General Pope. I walked down to the wagon to see the prisoner, and recognized a young man of our own secret-service, whom I had seen in General Banks's tent some evenings since. He recognized me also, and I privately signaled him to be quiet until carried before the General.

Before our dinner was served stragglers and fugitives, white and black, horse and foot, began to appear on the Orange Court House road, hastening back toward Culpepper. They came by ones and twos at first; then the stream thickened into squads and companies—all reporting the advance of the enemy in great force and immediate proximity. Presently a messenger came ordering us to strike tents and retire behind the town. This was executed in a manner which indicated an approaching stampede among teamsters and underlings.

Joe meanwhile brought in the dinner—a pair of stewed chickens, corn-bread, and coffee, flanked by a bottle of Catawba. Major Meline and myself sat down and finished our meal with a zest, in spite of the sword suspended over our heads. Turning the bottle bottom upward and pledging "the cause" to the last drop, we mounted and started for M'Dowell's head-

quarters—the riff-raff still straggling in from the front with most discouraging reports. I think at least two hundred have passed, looking unusually scared and jaded.

As we entered the street of the village, however, we met a superb dramatic contrast to this sniveling crowd. This was Crawford's brigade moving to the front, with drums beating and colors flying. I recognized the gallant commander and his adjutant, D'Hauteville, in the van. As they passed the General saluted me "Lieutenant-Colonel." I turned and rode with him a short distance, when he informed me that Governor Pierpont had forwarded me a commission of Lieutenant-Colonel of Cavalry, which was now with General Banks. Promotion is always agreeable to a soldier, and I was especially gratified to receive it from the Governor of my native State.

Returning to my companion we waited to see the brigade pass. It was the most inspiring sight I ever beheld. There were four regiments of infantry and two batteries. The regiments were the Forty-sixth Pennsylvania, Fifth Connecticut, Tenth Maine, and Twenty-eighth New York, with Roemer's and Knapp's batteries.

Riding on to Mr. Wallach's residence, we found the Generals there as usual. Our host presented me to some young ladies visiting at his house, who claimed kindred which I, of course, was delighted to acknowledge. While in Washington I had several lengthy interviews with a refugee from this vicinity from whom I obtained a great deal of valuable information of various kinds. On reporting the result of my examinations to the General one day, he said, abruptly, "I am told that your man is a scoundrel. When he calls again arrest him and turn him over to the Provost Marshal." I remonstrated warmly, insisting that the man was true and had furnished a deal of valuable information. The General then said, "Very well, if you have faith in him make what you can of him."

This afternoon my refugee appeared at headquarters and called me aside. He was just from Louisa Court House, and said there were no Confederates there. He suggested that the present was a favorable opportunity to direct a cavalry raid against the railroad at that point. He said Jackson was across the Rapidan with about thirty thousand men and seventy guns, some of them twenty or thirty pounders. My man had moved among the troops for half a day, and said, from the talk among them, it was Jackson's intention to toll Pope across the Rapidan. I immediately mentioned this information to General Pope, who said that King had already sent out an expedition from Fredericksburg and destroyed the railroad below Louisa. The estimate of Jackson's force he said accorded with his own opinions. I then mentioned the source from whence I had got the news, which I imagined may have dashed the Commander's faith in it, but he said nothing.

August 9.—Saturday. I slept well, disturbed only with the half-consciousness of hearing wagons moving on the road all night. This I understand was Banks's corps moving. The trains were all parked in the fields between us and town, but the troops had passed on to the front.

After breakfast I retired to my tent for the purpose of writing some letters of personal importance. In the midst of my occupation I was startled by the boom of artillery apparently about five miles distant to the southward. I immediately buckled on my equipments, ordered my horse to be saddled, and then returned to finish my letters. Meanwhile the cannonading continued from time to time with repeated intervals of silence. After dinner

"The war which for a space did fail
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale."

The thuds of the guns became more rapid and continuous, and seemed at times to be approaching Culpepper; but this might probably be from a change of the wind. I became very restless, feeling assured there was a battle going on, and called on my friend, Colonel Beckwith, who said that the sounds indicated it very clearly.

General Pope meanwhile sat quietly smoking and reading at his tent door. Concluding that he must have all the needful information on the subject I retired to my tent, and throwing myself on my bed endeavored to go to sleep, not the less convinced that a battle was in progress. About four o'clock p.m. the order was suddenly given for the Staff to mount. In a few minutes we were on the road. Passing through the village I observed the inhabitants thronging the doors and windows, their faces ghastly with anxiety and terror.

M'Dowell, who started with us, now gave orders to the divisions of his command lying around Culpepper to move forward without delay. The head of Sigel's column was not yet in from Sperryville, but the General and Staff had ridden forward to report. The troops of this command were said to be much jaded by the heat and fatigue, consequently General Pope allowed them one hour to halt and refresh, after which they were ordered to move immediately to the front.

As we rode forward toward the scene of action the pounding of the cannon became more and more furious. The regiments of M'Dowell's command were moving rapidly by the highway and through fields, cheering us heartily as we passed. Approaching still nearer the field we were met by a column of wounded on foot, on horseback, and in ambulances, with the usual accompaniment of assistants and non-combatants. The Staff and escort immediately drew sabres, and went in to drive back the stragglers. But the bloody bandages and stout countenances of the men, many of whom still carried their arms, showed there had been no stampede. Few were found who were not legitimately going to the rear.

Meanwhile the thunder of the cannon had been succeeded by rapid and continuous volleys of musketry. We had already entered the battle-cloud. The setting sun looked red through the dust and sulphurous smoke. The ghastly procession of bandaged and bloody soldiers and dripping ambulances still continued.

As messengers and staff-officers reported to the General our pace was quickened. Meanwhile the sounds of the combat had ceased, and we arrived on the field just about sunset, meeting General Banks attended by a single aid-de-camp. The General halted in an open field just behind the wood held by our troops. The roughly-handled brigades and batteries of Banks's command had fallen back to the position from which they had advanced in the morning. A further retrograde was checked by the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief and the fresh column of M'Dowell. As the troops passed to occupy the positions assigned them they rent the murky air with repeated and defiant cheers. The Commanders at length dismounted and seated themselves on the rocky ledges of a gentle eminence, while Staff and escort followed their example, glad to escape the weariness of the saddle.

In the mean time the full moon in her glory had risen on our left. We lay here for an hour, probably, during which time I heard at intervals a dropping fire of musketry in the wood in front, and an occasional volley apparently fired by a company. At the same time I had observed numerous stragglers and some organized companies issuing from the wood and moving to the rear by the main Culpepper road and across fields. At length we were startled by the screaming of a shell just over our position, exploding a hundred yards or more beyond. Another and another followed, and then they flew by half dozens, hurtling and crashing in nervous proximity to us. The word was given to shelter ourselves, and we crouched as near the ground as possible on the slope opposite the batteries, with no other advantage that I could perceive than that of avoiding the direct fire by exposing more surface to the fragments of shells, spherical, case, and other deadly missiles which showered around and among us, so close that we were frequently peppered with the dirt and gravel they scattered in their fall.

We lay here holding our horses by the bridles for a half or three-quarters of an hour, watching the fiery tracks of these death-dealing meteors athwart the sky, listening to the thuds of the falling fragments, and making neat calculations as to our chances of being missed. That is, I suppose other people were thus occupied, as there was little said beyond an occasional nervous attempt at a joke. Our respected Chief of Engineers had brought an umbrella to the field, which unmilitary utensil had excited some merriment. In the thickest of the storm a voice was heard desiring him to hoist it for the protection of the company. A stunning explosion near enough to make our ears sing was the only



A GENERAL SKEDADDLE.

response. Another got up sufficient nonchalance to observe, that the scene, with the glorious moon hanging on the verge of that mass of clouds contrasting with the red glare of the bursting shells, was sublime. Quoth a comrade at his elbow, "Yes, sublime as hell!" And the aptness of his illustration was verified by a chorus of demoniac howls that pierced the shuddering air. I had once or twice remarked in the pride of my heart that I would rather take a shot myself than have my mare hit. Yet when the faithful creature in her tremor put her nose close to my face, and stood over my prostrate body, I experienced a sentiment of involuntary gratitude for the slim protection thus afforded, even considering the probability of being crushed by her falling.

While the cannonade continued the dropping fire of musketry was occasionally resumed in the wood, and stragglers might still be seen dribbling to the rear in considerable numbers. Meanwhile the moon had become obscured by the rising clouds, and to the relief of all the firing from the batteries ceased. Stimulated by the excitement our party resumed their conversation, which sparkled with facetious cheerfulness.

In the partial darkness which enveloped the field I observed a body of cavalry emerging from the wood by the Culpepper road. They moved at a walk, and when the head of their column had passed our position they halted, the nearest part of their line being not over forty yards-distant. I remarked to an officer that I felt annoyed at seeing our troops continually retiring from the front in this manner. At the same moment there was a sharp fire of musketry opened from the wood which extended at right

angles across the Culpepper road, the balls hissing through the bushes under which we sat, and covering us with leaves and twigs. Immediately our whole company, officers and escort, numbering probably a hundred persons, sprang to their feet. As we rose I heard the words of command passing along the column of cavalry on the road, which instantly wheeled into line and opened fire with pistols and carbines, rattling like forty barrels of Chinese crackers ignited at once.

There was a general scrambling for horses and a mounting in hot haste. Perceiving that we were exposed to a concentrated fire from a long line on the Culpepper road and a cross-fire from the wood, I did not see the advantage of being on horseback, but concluded to wait and take my chances where I stood until the pistols were emptied and there was a slackening of the fusillade.

Near me stood Captain Menkin of the escort. Observing that a number of his troopers had leaped into their saddles at the first alarm, he shouted, authoritatively, "Who dares to mount without orders? Dismount!" Down came the abashed offenders. With a stern and brief rebuke for their unsoldierly haste he gave the order with studied deliberation, "Prepare to mount! Mount!"

It was executed with the cool precision of a field parade, although the very air was hot with the hissing lead, and the ground beneath and around sparkled with lines of fire where the balls struck and ricocheted over the surface of flinty gravel stones. I mounted at the same moment, seeing the Staff and escort moving off in a body and at a trot, which as they descended the little slope broke into a gallop. As

we moved obliquely out from the angle in which we had been enveloped, and across the open field, I perceived that the fire of the enemy increased in intensity, at the same moment a regiment of our own lying on a little elevation just across our route rose to its feet and opened fire in our faces, at forty yards distant.

This new danger stampeded and scattered our cavalcade. The body of the troop swerving to the left, bent over their saddle-bows and going it with bloody spurs and loose reins. I had hung back thus far curbing the wild excitement of my mare with considerable difficulty, and rather disdaining to bow my head in deference to the enemy's balls.

At the first crash of musketry in this new direction I drew rein firmly, and observing that the line of fire, delivered by companies from the right, was beautifully ranged, evidently passing over our heads and directed at the enemy's cavalry, I changed my course only enough to turn the right of the regiment, at the same time kissing my mare's mane to allow the friendly bullets a clear sweep. I presently overtook a squad composed of half a dozen juniors of our Staff going it handsomely and all together. Taking note of a worm fence a short distance ahead, and six or seven rails in height, I held back and let the youngsters strike it with a crash. The rails flew in every direction and two or three horses went down, but they quickly righted, leaving the fence demolished and nobody killed. Riding several hundred yards further, until we found ourselves entirely clear of the "echauffourée," we stopped in the middle of a field to rally and count noses.

Quite a number of officers and several riderless horses gathered at this point, but no one who could give any account of General Pope, Colonel Ruggles, or Major Meline. The last glimpse I had had of our Commander and his Adjutant, by the blaze of our own musketry, they were going with heads down and loose reins, inclining considerably to the left of the route we took. Major Meline was last seen as reported, afoot, streaking it across the flat between our position and the Federal regiment, his horse having escaped through the carelessness and trepidation of an orderly. Officers and orderlies were immediately dispatched in every direction to ascertain the fate or the whereabouts of the Commander-in-Chief.

While we speculated in anxious uncertainty as to the fate of our comrades the enemy opened fire from a battery planted on the spot we had just vacated. In response two batteries of ours quickly opened at short range, and for the next half hour the earth shook with their continuous and rapid discharges. Half a mile to the rear a third battery of ours, located on a summit, commenced firing; but as it was feared the shells might injure our own men, Colonel Marshall, of the Staff, rode back to stop it. Our Staff being scattered in all directions in search of the Commander, I determined to take my position on the Culpepper road, a short distance

behind our fighting batteries, assured that it afforded the best opportunity of obtaining current information and effecting a reunion with our Chief. Indeed, I was not without grave apprehensions that both General Pope and Colonel Ruggles had been killed or perhaps captured.

The moon, which had hitherto been obscured, now rolled her broad disk above the bank of clouds, illuminating a scene of terrific beauty. Over each of the batteries engaged was piled a mountain of smoke like the cumulus clouds after a storm, the summits lying white as driven snow in the moonlight. Below, these cloud mountains were of a glaring red from the incessant blaze of the guns, recalling descriptions of the snow-capped volcanoes of the Andes.

But apart from this pictorial splendor the scene on the Culpepper road was not encouraging. Regiments of infantry, troops of cavalry, batteries, and innumerable individual stragglers were passing to the rear in a continued stream. I was the more disturbed as I did not understand the reason of this retrograde myself, and knew that it must be unknown to the Commander-in-Chief.

I stopped an officer commanding a battery, who informed me he was retiring to replenish his stock of ammunition and to obtain a better position. Another whom I stopped told me General Pope had gone to Culpepper. I doubted this, and determined not to move. I afterward ascertained these were Banks's troops retiring by order to a position in the rear. Presently a foot straggler addressed me in a lachrymose tone, desiring to know if I had seen a drum lying any where along the road? I answered yes, I had seen a drum lying in a fence corner about a hundred yards distant, pointing to the spot. He then volunteered to tell me that he was drummer to such a regiment, and having been sick in the hospital and very weak and nervous, he had dropped his drum and run when the guns first opened; but he hated to go back to the regiment without it. I told him to get it then—it looked badly to see drums and equipments lying about; it looked as if the men were scared. "Well, Captain," said he, "it's no use to talk; I can't stand this sort of thing, specially since I had the typhoid so bad, it's left me nervous like." I determined that he should get his drum, however, and made him accompany me to the spot, where he found it and went to the rear rejoicing.

Captain Piatt of the Staff, who had been wandering, now joined me, and we determined to remain here until further information. The fire of the batteries at length ceased, and a few minutes after one of our Staff officers, carrying orders back to Culpepper, passed, and informed us that General Pope with the other Commanders was on this road some short distance ahead. Pushing forward we presently came upon the group of officers dismounted and sitting under a tree by the road-side. The Commander-in-Chief, with the three corps Commanders, Banks,

M'Dowell, and Sigel, were in consultation, while orderlies, officers, and attendants sat around.

It was now about twelve, midnight, and my own hunger, which I had nothing to satisfy, reminded me of the wants of my steed; so I got some corn from one of the orderlies, and, slipping the bit out of my mare's mouth, set her to feeding in the fence corner, and with the rein in my hand leaned against a rail, hoping to get a short nap. Fatigued as I was it was not long before the realities around me melted into dreams. From these I was suddenly aroused by the sound of musketry near at hand, the balls pattering against the trees and fence rails just over my head.

The Generals, it seems, had a second time been doing picket duty for the army. We got out of this speedily, but quietly retiring to an assured position in the midst of an open field behind our lines. We were ordered to remain here while Generals Pope and M'Dowell rode forward alone to reconnoitre the ground to our right.

I conversed with General Banks here, and found him suffering extremely from a contusion received early in the evening, in the *melée* with the unexpected advance of the enemy's column. The orderly standing by his side was killed; the horse, rearing, struck the General with his forefeet, inflicting a painful if not serious injury. We endeavored to persuade him to retire, but he would not leave the ground.

Two or three of our escort troopers were killed outright. General Crawford rode into the enemy's advance cavalry, receiving their fire in his face, which killed two of his orderlies. Colonel Clark, whose horse had escaped, lay close, and was run over by the rebel charge, but escaped unhurt. I could not hear that a single officer of our large party was hit, which, considering the proximity and intensity of the fire, seems almost incredible. It furnishes a striking example of the futility of fire-arms in the hands of mounted men. If these fellows had charged, sabre in hand, they might probably have killed and captured all the chiefs of the army at one haul. As it was, whatever may have been the motive of the enemy or the force engaged in that movement, it has met with a signal repulse.

Finding several sheafs of cut wheat I collected them and made a bed, upon which I lay down to sleep with bridle in hand. I was in time aroused by my mare, who was regaling herself upon my couch. The moon was sailing grandly through the quiet sky, edging with silver some dark cloud-mountains which rose in the western horizon. Orion with his belts of triple stars suggested the goal of a soldier's ambition—a Lieutenant-General's shoulder-straps, or a silver-studded coffin. An occasional meteor streaked the azure dome with its fiery trail, brilliant and evanescent as a warrior's fame. Even Mars, the ascendant planet, drowned in the prevailing flood of chilling light, burned with a pale and sickly red. The earth-

ly fires of death are quenched, and the opposing hosts lay face to face silent as nature. Tomorrow is Sunday—a day in Christian countries sacred to the God of Battles. The sanguinary combat just concluded is but the prelude to the bloodier and more decisive struggle that waits upon to-morrow's dawn.

The increasing coolness of the air warned me that the awful hour was already at hand, and I was thrilled with a sudden pang as I saw the morning-star glittering in the East. I remembered many a gallant and warm-hearted comrade who now slept chill and gory on yonder field, and thought, "Who of us shall see that star again? May God deal kindly with the widows and orphans!"

August 10, Sunday.—It was broad daylight before Generals Pope and M'Dowell returned. We then rode back to Colvin's Tavern, and there took our frugal breakfasts. Mine consisted of two cakes of hard-tack and a handful of red clover—not a bad meal when one can do no better.

Riding forward again we took position in the edge of a wood, anxiously awaiting the opening cannon. The approaching battle and its chances were discussed in undertones, and with serious countenances. At length about six o'clock the cannon sounded, but after half a dozen shots, delivered at intervals, it ceased, there being no response from the enemy. A line of skirmishers was then pushed forward, and, for a while, there was a scattering fire of musketry, but it presently became apparent that the enemy had withdrawn from our front during the night.

Some further information induced the General to think that they might be making an attempt to turn our right. I was sent forward with a message to M'Dowell advising him of this report, and requesting him to send out Colonel Bayard with the cavalry to ascertain the nature of the enemy's movement. On delivering my message to General M'Dowell I found the order had been anticipated. The cavalry had already gone out.

The General's quarters were in a handsome brick house belonging to a Mr. Nolle, late Purser in the United States Navy. This house had lately been the home of plenty and refinement. Its surroundings of handsome trees, lawn, shrubs, and flowers, indicated the presence of feminine taste and attention. On the immediate verge of the battle-field it had been converted into a hospital. The parlor more resembled a butcher's shambles than a gentleman's dwelling. Beside the piano stood the amputating table. Rich carpets, hurriedly torn up and huddled into corners, were replaced by bloody sheets and blankets. The remaining furniture dabbled with blood—cases of surgical instruments lay upon the tables and mantle-piece lately dedicated to elegant books, curious rarities, and flower-vases. Outside the tree-tops were riven by the cannon-shot, while the green lawn was covered with dead and dying men, with blood-soaked mattresses and gory



AMONG THE ROSES.

stretchers, and dabbled garments and equipments. Death among the roses. The surgeons spoke in glowing terms of the sympathy and assistance afforded by the ladies of the family, who showed that the cultivation of the tastes of elegant life is in nowise incompatible with the exalted courage necessary to fulfill the nobler duties of humanity.

Returning to our position in the wood we waited for some time longer, until it became evident that the enemy had no intention of attacking us.

Our troops had been disposed to meet the flank movement apprehended, but nothing came of it, and about mid-day we rode over to Vernon's, where we lunched from baskets sent forward by our servants from the head-quarters' train. We were caught here by a thunder-

shower, which cooled the air and afforded me an opportunity to get a nap on a mattress, vacated by a dead soldier just carried out for burial. When the rain ceased the General moved across to another wood occupied by Sigel's head-quarters. On the way the storm recommenced, the rain pouring down in a manner that rendered the shelter of trees and gum over-coats entirely nugatory. We took it in the open road with soldierly impassiveness.

After the visit to Sigel the General rode over to Nolle's house, and established himself there with General M'Dowell. The heat had become more insufferable since the rain, and the two Major-Generals sat beneath an apple-tree on a wagon-tongue, while several of the Staff officers occupied themselves watching the enemy's movements on Cedar Mountain, in full view



IN THE RAIN.

from this point. I saw several regiments moving from the vicinity of Slaughter's house, apparently descending the mountain by a road to the right. This I was satisfied was a retrograde march, and so reported to General Pope. As we were talking together a file of soldiers passed bearing the body of a man on a stretcher. The General asked:

"Is that man dead?"

"Dead, certainly," I replied. "Observe the ashen hue and rigid pose of that hand as it drops below the blanket."

He watched the party until they deposited the body in a grave beneath a tree in sight, and then remarked with a softened manner which I had not before remarked in him: "Well, poor fellow, there seems to be devilish little that is attractive about the life of a private soldier!"

"In fact, you might say, General," responded M'Dowell, "very little that is attractive in the life of a soldier of any grade."

Five bodies were carried by from Nolle's yard and buried under the same tree; but the chiefs had turned their thoughts in other channels, and no further comments were made.

August 11.—The dead of both armies are still lying on the field where they fell, blackening and putrefying under the sweltering sun. There are some badly wounded still lying on the ground. Ours, who are brought in from time to time, report that the rebel pickets had treated them kindly, bringing them water to drink and washing the clotted gore from their faces. One man, to escape the torment of the burning sun, had managed to build himself a shelter of green corn-stalks, into which he crept and died. The Stoic patience of our wounded is surprising, as among them all I have heard no cry nor complaint beyond an occasional stifled groan.

The late field being now neutral ground held by neither army, a sort of voluntary truce has been observed extending to those seeking to relieve the wounded still lying there. The enemy, I am told, have demanded a truce for burying the dead. It is accorded, although we all believe he will make use of it to retire behind the Rapidan.

General Buford, commanding the cavalry, arrived to-day, having retired from Madison Court House, through Sperryville, and thence to Culpepper. General King, with two fine brigades, has also arrived from Fredericksburg.

A number of our officers have been to the front, and have met under the truce with old friends and acquaintances on the other side. General J. E. B. Stuart, commanding their cavalry, was on the ground and talked with Colonel Marshall of our Staff in a cheerful, friendly manner. Marshall says, however, that they are very much down, and their gayety assumed.

About five o'clock in the afternoon General Pope went out to reconnoitre the front of our position. A dozen or more prisoners of the

enemy were brought in, good-looking fellows physically, but dirty and squalid. They seemed pleased with the chance of getting something to eat.

August 12.—We were afoot early this morning. The apprehended shelling had not taken place, and, moreover, the enemy had entirely disappeared from our front. This I had felt assured of when the truce was proposed. Since leaving our trains at Culpepper on the afternoon of the ninth the Staff had been existing without any visible means of support, leading a life which in civil circles would have been termed "genteel beggary."

We have positive intelligence that the enemy is in full retreat and crossing the Rapidan. Buford was immediately ordered to follow with his cavalry, and to the still greater satisfaction of many we hear the Staff train is *en route* for this place.

To-day we saw a copy of Jeff Davis's proclamation, declaring that General Pope and his officers *when captured* are to be treated as felons and not as prisoners of war. I do not perceive that the general joy at the prospect of rejoining our mess-chests is at all dampened by this tremendous manifesto. I was sent forward with an order to hasten Buford's advance. Having delivered my message I took the opportunity of riding over the late battle-field. On the spot where the evening's advance fell upon the Staff on Saturday night, afterward occupied by one of their batteries, I saw fourteen dead bodies of horses, swelled and corrupting, in close contiguity. There were also four dead bodies of the artillerists, supposed to be a captain, a lieutenant, and two privates. There were altogether twenty-seven horses lying in this vicinity, and the field and road were stained with blood and covered with scattered hats, equipments, broken wheels, and vehicles. The wood behind was terribly shattered by our artillery fire, not among the tree-tops, as is usually the case; but all our missiles seem to have struck near the ground, with an accuracy fatal to any body of infantry which may have occupied the wood as a support for the artillery. The effect of the fire was further indicated by the quantities of blood-stained rags, clothes, and equipments that lay in the wood. I here observed, in half a dozen instances, that our 12-pounder shells had penetrated the trunks of trees from 12 to 18 inches in diameter, and remained sticking there unexploded, which proves that a forest affords very good protection against the direct fire of artillery, and that the fuse of a shell is apt to be extinguished by penetrating a tree. Passing through this wood I crossed a brook, and observed the open ground beyond strewn with broken belts, cartridge-boxes, knapsacks, bayonet-scabbards, blood-stained blankets, overcoats, hats, and shoes. The shoes had apparently been left by the rebels who exchanged with our dead and wounded. There were a few graves here and there of our men and officers buried where they fell.



EFFECT OF BATTERIES.

By this time the intensity of the heat had overcome my curiosity and I returned to headquarters, stopping by the way to sketch the position of the rebel battery before described. At Nolle's house I proceeded to retouch my drawing, when I observed General M'Dowell looking over my shoulder with appreciative interest. When completed he took it and wrote under it with a pencil, "Effect of Hall and Thompson's Fifth and Second Maine Batteries, M'Dowell's Corps, on Enemy's Artillery."

August 13. — Buford is following Jackson closely, capturing stragglers and menacing his trains. In the afternoon I rode out with Major Meline to visit the battle-field. Reviewing the ground lately described we rode over the space where the bloodiest contest had occurred, and beyond to the lines occupied by the enemy. The dead men were all buried; but the bodies of at least a hundred horses lay scattered over the field, and the stench was insupportable. The ground was rutted in every direction with the wheels of the artillery, and thickly strewn with *débris*. The graves and trenches we saw did not seem to indicate the large number of dead reported. The enemy's graves were nearly all in the woods, and hidden among secluded thickets; while those of the Union troops were in the open fields.

August 14. — General Doubleday tells me that Burnside's forces are on their way to join us. While the General went out to review King's Division the officers in camp entertained themselves discussing the late battle.

The commanders at Cedar Mountain were

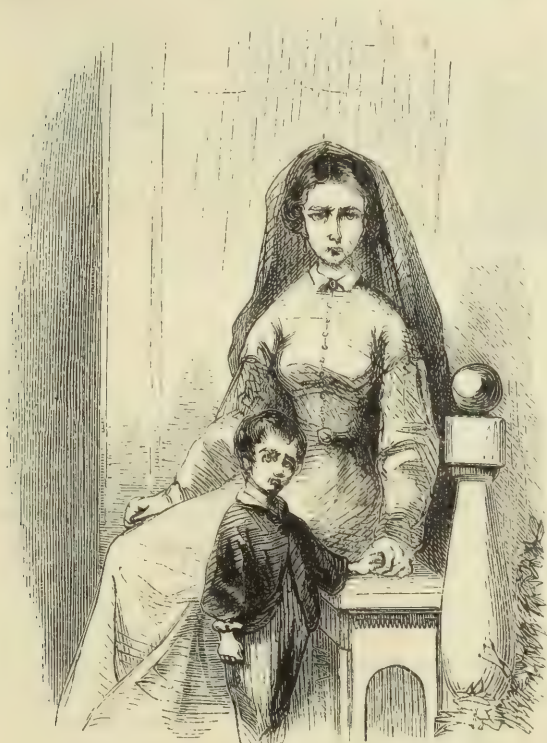
apparently in entire ignorance of each other's forces and intentions. The battle was fought without any adequate motive on either side, and was apparently the result of an accidental meeting, where they fell to fighting naturally like game-cocks. From the equality of the losses, the division of the burial honors, and the absence of all tactical or strategic advantage resulting to either party, it might be called a drawn battle; but Jackson's retreat gives the Federal Commander a right to claim the victory before the country; and, considered purely as a test of manhood, the honors are decidedly with the National troops.

Hearing that General Banks was confined to his bed, I rode back to Culpepper to visit him. On the way I turned aside to look at a burial-ground of rebel soldiers who died of wounds and sickness during their occupation of Manassas. There were about three hundred graves, arranged in straight lines, each headed by a decent board recording the name, regiment, and State of the deceased. The inclosure was gone, and some of our men, attracted by curiosity, were straggling over the ground reading the inscriptions. I overheard an officer warning them particularly to respect the place.

On an open common just outside the village I passed Banks's Corps, paraded for inspection review. General Williams, as the oldest Brigadier left standing, was in command. The regiments looked fuller and in better trim than I expected.

On entering the street I met General Crawford moving out at the head of his brigade; at

the same point I had met him on the afternoon of the eighth. After him followed Gordon's. The regiments looked thinner than when I last met them; but their gallant array and stern countenances gave promise of future victory. The march of this fine column was cadenced to the music of a superb brass band, belonging to one of Gordon's regiments, which made old Culpepper ring with the air of the Pilgrim Fathers, while from door and casement looked many a pale and anxious face, silently cursing them with their eyes. Here might be seen the elements of this irrepressible conflict brought face to face in dramatic contiguity. The sons of the old Puritans marching with the tread of remorseless fate, shaking the time-honored seats of the Ancient Dominion with the music of the grandest anthem that ever Genius has consecrated to freedom.



THE UNSPOKEN CURSE.

Turning from the scene with feelings of mingled pride and sadness I rode on to General Banks's quarters. I found the General in bed suffering considerably, and entirely disabled from bruises received on Saturday night. We discoursed confidentially on matters connected with the late battle and the general policy of the war; and I left him more than ever impressed with a sense of his firm and lofty patriotism.

While there an old gentleman of the neighborhood called to pay his respects. In him I recognized a personal acquaintance, and one not unknown to fame in former times. He talked with great volubility, declaring his property had been wasted to such an extent that he must get permission to leave the country, or see his family starve. When rising to take leave, with the irrepressible hospitality of his class he commiserated the General's bruises, and offered to send him any thing in his power

to render his condition more comfortable. Observing a smile upon my face he stopped abruptly, exclaiming: "Damn it, I've got nothing to send to any body!"

August 16.—I spent the day in writing, studying topography, and pleasant social intercourse.

August 17, Sunday.—Tents were struck at an early hour this morning, and head-quarters were moved to Hutson's House, situated in full view of Cedar Mountain, and in the midst of the late battle-field. Leaving the Staff cavalcade I rode over to the mountain and visited the house of the Reverend Dr. Slaughter, late rebel head-quarters, and commanding a beautiful and comprehensive view of the country from Culpepper to the Rapidan. This house has been completely gutted; and it was pitiable to see the fragments of a tastefully-selected library fluttering over the fields on the mountain side. Among these I recognized the torn leaves of a valuable Italian collection called "Il Vaticano." The plates illustrating the frescoes, paintings, and statuary of St. Peter's and the Vatican were all gone. The furniture of the establishment had received no better treatment. Our men charged this destruction on the rebels, who were outraged at finding among the reverend gentleman's papers some Abolition correspondence, as they characterized some letters on the subject of African colonization. Of this I know nothing.

At the corner of a wood I found a large party of our soldiers industriously engaged in exhuming something from under a mound of fresh earth, supposed to conceal silver plate and other treasures. The sun was broiling, and they sweltered considerably at their voluntary labor. They presently stirred up the putrid body of a horse. This instead of disenchanting them only served to create fresh hopes. What more adroit and natural way of concealing treasure than by burying it under this offensive body? Suffocated by the intolerable odor I left them, still in high hopes, declaring that every stroke of their mattocks gave forth a hollow sound. Doubtless their hopes proved as hollow as the sound.

Returning to head-quarters I found our tents pitched around a queer old-fashioned cuddy of a house which had been used as a temporary hospital during the fight. The yard was filled with blood-stained rags, clothes, and bedding, and the grass in and about our tents soaked with blood. In close proximity were three positions lately occupied by Augur's batteries, furnishing an aggregate of thirty slaughtered horses in various stages of decomposition; so every breeze that blew came richly laden with odors. I can not imagine that any strategic advantage could compensate for so filthy and unhealthy a location. At M'Dowell's suggestion an attempt was made to abate the nuisance by burning the bodies; but this being imperfectly executed only gives us roasted carrion instead of raw, which, I hereby certify on honor, is no improvement.



HUTSON'S HOUSE.

Walking out to view the extreme left of our position I stopped at a negro cabin and questioned a woman about the battle. She said she was at home when it commenced, but as it grew hotter she escaped with the children to a neighbor's house a mile distant. In describing the action she said: "Their cannons did not kill many of your men; the bombs all flew over their heads. But your cannons killed a great many of them, making lanes through them as they marched; one bomb killed fifteen men. The most of your men were slaughtered when they fit over the hill thar with the little guns." This account accorded precisely with what our officers had told me.

As these loose and somewhat disjointed notes of personal experiences give but an imperfect view of the operations about Cedar Mountain, it is essential that I should complete them by a brief but more comprehensive account, the additional material for which was obtained from officers on both sides who took part in the action, official reports carefully sifted and compared with what I saw on the ground and heard discussed at head-quarters.

It appears that Jackson was ordered to occupy and defend Gordonsville against the menaced attack of the Federal Commander. He moved with two divisions—Ewell's and Winder's—arriving at Gordonsville between the 16th and the 19th of July. He was subsequently reinforced by A. P. Hill's division, his cavalry under the command of General Robinson. On

the 2d of August a detachment of the rebel cavalry under Colonel Jones, moving to take position on the Rapidan, had a collision with Bayard's cavalry at Orange Court House, and was badly thrashed, Colonel Jones being wounded and Major Marshall captured, with a loss of fifty or sixty men.

Receiving information that only a portion of Pope's army had reached Culpepper Court House Jackson resolved to advance and attack it, hoping to crush the detachment before concentration could be effected; and with this view he moved from Gordonsville on the 7th.

On the 8th Robinson's cavalry crossed the Rapidan, Bayard slowly falling back, but at the same time exhibiting such dangerous activity that the rebel Commander became alarmed for the safety of his trains, and was obliged to detach a brigade of infantry to protect them. Simultaneously on the afternoon of the 8th General Crawford moved out on the Orange road to support Bayard, and met his retiring column at Colvin's Tavern. Turning about, the forces took a position facing the enemy on Cedar Run, about six miles from Culpepper.

On the forenoon of the 9th the enemy advanced some guns, and opened on the cavalry of Bayard displayed on a ridge. Four guns of Knapp's battery returned the fire, and about eleven o'clock A.M. the enemy withdrew. At this point General Crawford received orders from the General commanding to hold the enemy in check until the arrival of General Banks,

who was moving out to his support with the whole corps.

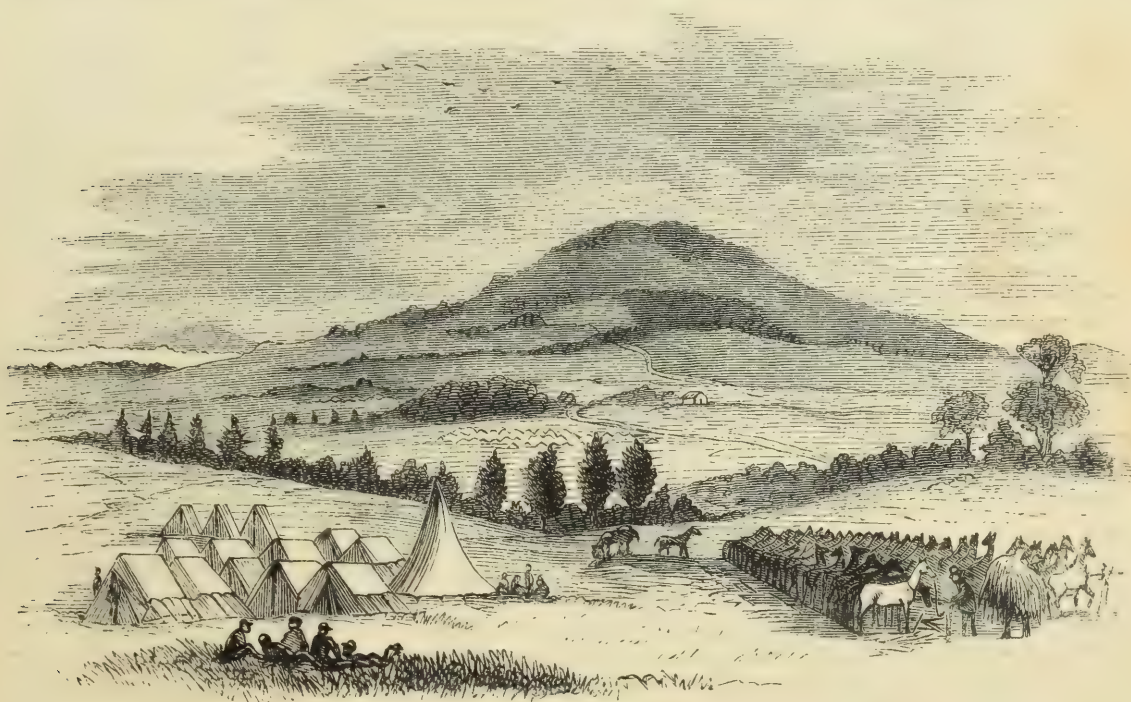
About noon General Williams, commanding the First Division, to which Crawford's brigade belonged, arrived on the field with Gordon's brigade and took command, posting Gordon on the right of Crawford, and subsequently drawing the whole of Crawford's brigade to the right of the Culpepper road. Between one and two o'clock General Banks arrived on the field, followed by Augur's Second Division, composed of three brigades—First, Second, and Third—commanded respectively by Brigadier-Generals Geary, Prince, and Green. This command took position on the left of the Orange road, Geary next to the road, and Prince on the left—Green's brigade, being reduced by detachments to the strength of a small regiment (457 men), was left to guard a battery posted to protect the left flank of the division.

While this was going on the enemy was equally active in bringing up his batteries, manœuvring his cavalry, and placing his infantry in position. Winder, commanding Jackson's old division, with three brigades, took position in the edge of a thick wood commanding open fields in front from three to five hundred yards across. These brigades faced Crawford and Gordon; Ewell, moving around Cedar Mountain, came in on Winder's right, confronting and outflanking Prince; Early's brigade confronted Geary. The division of A. P. Hill was on the road moving up. For several hours the fight was waged with artillery with occasional skirmishing as the day advanced. The National infantry, in position to support the batteries, and taking advantage of ground as far as possible to protect them from the adverse fire, sustained very little loss; while our artillery, although inferior in the number of guns, and less advantageously posted, maintained itself handsomely,

inflicting considerable loss on the enemy's masses concealed in the woods.

Augur, during the cannonade, had deployed as skirmishers a battalion of Prince's brigade, composed of the Eighth and Twelfth Regulars, who advanced gallantly to within thirty yards of the enemy's concealed line of battle, obliging him to discover his force and position, and to use his batteries with grape and canister on the skirmish line. The Regulars maintained their position, however, in spite of the artillery and the close volleys of musketry discharged against them, until Captain Pitcher, their commander, and nearly all their officers were *hors de combat*, and the general advance of the National lines placed them between two fires, when they retired slowly and in order, to resume the fight later in the evening.

About five o'clock in the afternoon General Crawford received orders to advance his brigade to a position in the woods preparatory to an attack upon the enemy's left flank. In executing this preliminary order he formed his brigade in line of battle directly opposite the enemy's left. Perceiving that he would be obliged to advance over open ground for three hundred yards before reaching the enemy, posted in the opposite wood, and that he would during this advance be exposed to a fire of infantry and artillery, front and flanks, he sent a Staff officer to the General commanding requesting a section of Napoleon guns to clear the woods before making his attack. Before this messenger could return an officer of the General Staff rode up and urged the immediate execution of the order. Leaving the Tenth Maine under the orders of the General Staff officer, General Crawford, with his three remaining regiments and six companies of the Third Wisconsin of Gordon's brigade, moved upon the enemy with fixed bayonets, crossing the open ground at a double-



CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

quick in face of a murderous fire front and flank. The battalion of the Third Wisconsin suffering most from the enemy's flank fire, and losing its gallant Lieutenant-Colonel, with many men and officers, broke and fell back to its original position, where it re-formed. The three regiments, under Colonels Knipe, Donnelly, and Chapman, gained the wood and overthrew the enemy in a hand-to-hand fight, driving several brigades of infantry and the batteries back pell-mell upon the reserves under A. P. Hill.

The vigor of this attack can only be properly appreciated by referring to the accounts which the enemy themselves give of it. They represent their left overwhelmed and broken by a furious attack of an enemy greatly superior in numbers. The brigades of Talliaferro, Campbell, and the left of Early's line, being driven back in confusion, their left turned, their artillery, and the rear of their position entirely exposed. The guns were hastily withdrawn, and for the moment the day appeared to be lost to the Confederates. So great was the tremor that Jackson hastened to the front in great excitement, as described by a Southern writer, "amidst the 'fire of hell' hurled against his broken and disordered lines now rapidly giving way before the onset of the enemy."

In brief, Crawford's three small regiments, aggregating about twelve hundred men in the outset, having wasted themselves by their superhuman effort, having lost every field-officer on the ground, and half their company officers and men, were at length faced by two fresh brigades of the enemy—Branch's, of Hill's division, and Winder's—and their shattered remnants driven back over the ground by which they had advanced. These two brigades of the enemy, following Crawford's retiring troops to the edge of the wood, found themselves confronted by Gordon's brigade and the Tenth Maine of Crawford's, advanced to the middle of the open ground, who engaged them in a sanguinary contest. Although the enemy was presently reinforced by Archer's and Pender's brigades—four fresh brigades against the same number of regiments already badly cut up—the National troops maintained their ground until dusk, when they fell back unpursued to the position from which they had advanced in the morning. Simultaneously with this advance of Crawford, General Geary on the centre and General Prince on the left moved against the enemy confronting them, pressing their respective attacks with great vigor, but hopeless of success against the masses opposed to them. Geary was wounded early in the attack, having an arm shattered. He had his wound dressed on the field, and remained to assist in the withdrawal of his command, which was done about 7.30 P.M. General Prince held his own against heavy odds until about the same hour, when observing that the fire in other parts of the field had ceased, and finding himself the only mounted man present (his Staff having all fallen), he rode toward Geary's position to ascertain something of the

fight. Passing through a field of tall corn his bridle was suddenly seized, and he was summoned to surrender. Looking up he saw he was surrounded by the enemy's cavalry, and resigned himself to his fate. He observed the enemy in force moving silently over the ground lately occupied by Geary and enveloping his own troops, whom he had left loading and firing with the coolness of veterans. The General not returning, the regimental officers presently discovered the danger of their position and fell back with but little disturbance.

After having put his division into action General Augur, about seven o'clock, received a severe wound, and was borne from the field. Knowing that Geary had been wounded previously he sent a messenger to inform General Prince that the command devolved upon him. Before the messenger reached General Prince he had been captured, and the command of the division devolved on Brigadier-General Green, the only general officer remaining out of four in the Second Division.

As the whole of Banks's shattered command fell back the enemy advanced to occupy the ground vacated, but so cautiously that it could hardly be called a pursuit; where a disposition to press was manifested by Talliaferro's brigade it was checked by a spirited charge of Bayard's cavalry. There was nothing like route or panic among them; and except those regiments which had been left almost entirely without officers, they retired in order, sullen and defiant, leaving nothing on the field but their dead, the graver cases of the wounded, a couple of empty caissons where the horses had been killed, and a disabled gun spiked and overthrown.

General Pope, at the head of Ricketts's division of M'Dowell's corps, met the retiring troops just emerging from the belt of wood lying across the Culpepper and Orange road, and immediately north of Cedar Run, the original position occupied by them in the morning. This, as before stated, was between sunset and dark. On the report of General Banks his weakened corps was ordered to contract its extended front, massing its right wing, which had suffered most, on the centre, while Ricketts's division was ordered to fill the space thus vacated. Pending the execution of these orders, the Generals, with their attendants, dismounted and seated themselves upon the rocks in the open field.

Jackson, imagining no doubt that he had beaten Pope's whole command, although his army was much jaded and cut up in the contest, determined to push on to Culpepper, and A. P. Hill's division, less used in the action than the others, headed the forward march. After battering our front for half an hour or more from a position on the rising ground south of Cedar Run, his column moved forward, preceded by cavalry on the Culpepper road, flanked by infantry, skirmishers advancing cautiously, exchanging shots with our pickets, and firing

an occasional volley, but without meeting any serious resistance, the broken and over-fought troops of Banks's command retiring so silently that it excited no comment from the commanders sitting within forty or fifty yards of the main road.

I had myself observed and commented on these suggestive sights and sounds; and, although at the time but imperfectly acquainted with the location of our forces, had serious apprehensions that we (the General and Staff) were in a false position. As it was, the head of the enemy's column—horse, foot, and artillery—had penetrated our lines for some distance before either party was aware of it. Then followed the strange "echauffourée" which has already been described—the volcanic combat of artillery, and the enemy's final and bloody repulse.

On the morning of the 10th, when Milroy's skirmishers advanced to open the battle, the field was found occupied only by the dead and dying. The enemy had retired during the night several miles to what was thought an unassailable position on Cedar Mountain.

The force under Jackson's command, according to our most authentic information, was twenty-seven thousand men of all arms, and sixty guns, of which about twenty-five thousand were present in the action. Banks's force in the field is officially stated at six thousand two hundred and eighty-nine men, with thirty guns—to which may be added a brigade of cavalry, whose strength is not reported, but may be approximately stated at a thousand or twelve hundred men, giving an aggregate of seven thousand five hundred men of all arms, less than one-third the force of the enemy. With this feeble column General Banks advanced upon an enemy twenty-five thousand strong, judiciously posted, and assailed him with a fury which for a brief moment seemed about to triumph over all odds and advantages, but which, without supports or reserves, presently expended itself, and fell back from the unequal contest exhausted and impotent. A Confederate officer, who was present, said to me, "Your attack came very near ruining us, yet, under the circumstances, it was rash and meaningless."

General Banks justifies the attack by the following order:

"CULPEPPER, 9.45 A.M., Aug. 9, '62.

"General Banks to move to the front immediately, to assume command of all forces in the front, deploy skirmishers if the enemy approaches, and attack him immediately as soon as he approaches, and be reinforced from here."

The explicit character of this message; the fact that Brigadier-General Roberts, an old and experienced soldier, General Pope's Chief of Cavalry, was, by orders, on the field assisting

and acquiescing in the operations; that the Commander-in-Chief himself, continually receiving information from the front, sat quiet and unconcerned in his tent until late in the afternoon; that the ample supports of McDowell's corps, lying around Culpepper and on the Orange road, were neither called for by the officers in the field, nor ordered forward by the Commander-in-Chief, would seem to afford unanswerable proof that neither General Pope, nor General Banks, nor General Roberts suspected the presence of a large force of the enemy in their front until the truth was developed by our attack.

This was decided before the supports could be brought upon the field. There was, however, in the case of General Banks, another motive underlying and perhaps controlling his judgment on this occasion. Neither he nor the gallant troops under his command were at all satisfied with the verdict of an exacting and ungenerous public upon their actions in the Valley of the Shenandoah. They felt the injustice of that judgment which, without regard to circumstances or contingencies, accepts success as the only test of merit, and were burning for an opportunity to wipe away unmerited opprobrium. They were consequently in no mood to discuss discretionary powers or prudential suggestions, and upon the first explicit order to attack they burst upon the foe with a valor so splendid and devoted that caviling criticism is silenced in admiration, and History will mark the day of Cedar Mountain as one of the proudest upon her illustrious record.

The losses of the National troops in the whole action are officially stated at 1661 killed and wounded, and 732 missing. Of those reported missing about one-half fell into the hands of the enemy as prisoners; the remainder were stragglers, many of whom rejoined their colors. This gives a total loss of about two thousand men and officers. The enemy unofficially acknowledges a loss of about 1300 killed and wounded without reporting the missing. We have nevertheless good reasons to estimate the total of his casualties as fully equal to if not exceeding ours.

We have always regarded the battle as one equally costly and unproductive to both parties. We are not aware that it had any influence, favorable or otherwise, on the plan or results of General Pope's campaign; and when Jackson, ascertaining himself confronted by our concentrated forces, went tumbling back across the Rapidan under cover of night, abandoning many wounded and stragglers by the way, and barely saving his baggage, calling for reinforcements, and thanking the Lord for the victory in the same breath, we are at a loss to imagine the grounds for his pious gratitude.

THE TURKS, THE GREEKS, AND THE SLAVONS.



SERBIAN BODY-GUARD.

TWO ladies, quitting England to spend a winter in Athens in order to secure the benefit of its warm yet bracing climate, traveled homeward through Bulgaria and Serbia, and visited the South Slavonic peoples occupying those geographical districts. From their narrative, and other sources, we propose to give some account of a people who have yet a part to play in the world's history.

The north of Turkey in Europe, and the south of the Austrian Empire, together with

Montenegro, which lies between them, are inhabited by races speaking the Slavonic tongue. Those in Austria inhabit the Slavene country, and the so-called "Triune Kingdom of Slavonia," Croatia, and Dalmatia, besides several districts in Hungary; those in Turkey are between Macedonia and the Danube, and are divided according to their dialects into Bulgarians and Serbs. Altogether they number from ten to twelve millions, and have occupied their present seat for more than a thousand years.

Until the end of the fourteenth century they mostly remained independent, and, in respect of civilization, stood fairly on a level with neighboring lands. Then came the Mohammedan deluge, wherein those parts of Europe lying nearest Asia had the ill luck to be overflowed, and when, except the rocks of Montenegro, almost every Slavonic district south of the Danube sank under the power of the Turk. Croatia, by alliances with Hungary and Austria—Dalmatia being taken by Venice—escaped subjection to the Mussulman yoke. As for their Eastern kinsmen it was not until the beginning of this century that a handful of Serbians dwelling on the south bank of the Danube succeeded in wringing from the Porte a recognition of their right to govern themselves. At present their chosen native ruler acknowledges the Sultan as Suzerain; in other respects their self-government is complete. But the number of free Serbians scarcely exceeds a million; the Danubian Principality is a portion of their land. The districts called Old Serbia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and the whole of Bulgaria—with a population of from six to eight millions—are still administered by Mohammedan officials.

It was these Turk-ruled provinces that our travelers were most anxious to visit; and while in their travels they omitted no portion of Greece or Turkey in Europe, their narrative more particularly applies to that part of their journey which extended from the Ægean to the Adriatic, taking old Serbia by the way. It was in May, 1863, that, taking a Greek steamer at the small Turkish sea-port of Volo, they arrived early in the day at Salonica. The deck of their steamer afforded them a fine view of this famous port. But though cities that rise in amphitheatre round a bay are always most favorably seen from the sea, a Turkish city has a charm of its own whatever its situation, and looked at from what point you please. True to the fostered instincts of his ancestors, the Turk ever seeks to absorb the prosaic town into the poetry of nature; he multiplies spires to atone for roofs, and wherever he builds a house he plants a tree. For the ground, indeed, he cares not, provided his home be good; so in roughness his street outdoes a quarry, and in filth exceeds a swine-yard. But potent is the magic of outward beauty. After a time one consents that nose and feet should suffer offense, if only, when the labors of the day are done, one may recline on the cool, flat house-roof, and feast one's eyes on masses of white and green, fringed by tapering cypresses and glistening minarets.

The antiquities of Salonica occupied two days' sight-seeing. Almost every street, every fountain shows fragments of colored marbles and sculptured stones; and on the Vardar Gate and Arch of Constantine may still be seen the processions of Roman triumph. Among the principal objects of interest we may enumerate the churches of the Twelve Apostles, of St. Sophia, and of St. Demetri; the

pulpit wherein St. Paul is supposed to have preached; the so-called Rotunda; and the five figures (called by the Jews "Incantados") which formed the Propylæum of the Hippodrome. Except the two latter relics, which though ruined are not transformed, all that is of the Pagan period has been Byzantinized, and all that was Byzantine has been Mohammedanized.

But the real curiosity of Salonica is its population, that strange medley of antipathetic races. The Therma of ancient history, and the Thessalonica of St. Paul's Epistles, yields at present the curious instance of a city historically Greek, politically Turkish, geographically Bulgarian, and ethnographically Jewish. Out of about 60,000 inhabitants some 40,000 are Hebrews. These came from Spain, whence they were expelled by the Inquisition. The Hebrews settled in Salonica are handsome, many of them auburn-haired, and their women often delicate and even fair.

Next in interest to the Hebrew comes the Greek community. Although it can not vie in number or wealth with the Jews it counts some rich merchants. Besides these there are certain families which, from intermarriage for generations, are to all intents Greek, yet claim Western descent, and enjoy the protection of foreign powers; this, by sheltering them from Turkish interference, gives them great advantage in trade.

Salonica is described as geographically Bulgarian; in other words, it is one of the ports of that country, with a Slavonic speaking population, which stretches from the Ægean to the Danube. By Bulgaria we understand not that insignificant portion of the province of Bulgaria, but the whole tract of country peopled by Bulgarians. The population is estimated as between five and six millions. The Bulgarians are distinguished in all essentials from their neighbors—the Greek, the Rouman, and the Turk—they differ in a few points of character from their own Western kindred, the Croato-Serbs. The chief of these latter points is a deficiency in what is called *esprit-politique*, and a corresponding superiority in the nature of material comfort. Unlike the Serb, the Bulgarian does not keep his self-respect alive with memories of national glory, nor even with aspirations of glory to come; on the other hand, no amount of oppression can render him indifferent to his field, his home, his flower-garden, nor to the scrupulous neatness of his dwelling. How strongly difference of race can tell under identical conditions of climate, religion, and government, is exemplified in towns where Greeks have been dwelling side by side with Bulgarians for centuries. The one is commercial, ingenious, and eloquent, but fraudulent, dirty, and immoral; the other is agricultural, stubborn, and slow-tongued, but honest, cleanly, and chaste.

The rural population of Bulgaria is Christian, and hereabout the rayah has a down-look and



BULGARIANS: MERCHANTS AND PEASANTS.

a dogged stolidity which give one the impression that heart and mind have been bullied out of him. Of late years, however, he has presented an unflagging resistance to the Porte's imposition of foreign bishops; and those who have instructed him, both in his own country and out of it, assert that he is of excellent understanding, zealous, and apt to learn. The Christian Bulgarian is reproached as timid, but at least his is the timidity of shrinking, not of servility; he hides from those he fears, he does not fawn on them. His country, lying as it does on the road of Turkish armies to the Danube, has been subject to unceasing spolia-

tion, and nothing is more melancholy than the tale told by its desolate highways, and by the carefulness with which villages are withdrawn from the notice of the passers-by.

Under the old East Roman Empire the people of Bulgaria appear both as subjects and as rulers. * Justinian's birth-place was, as it still is, a Slavonic village, in the neighborhood of Skopia, and his Latin name is a translation of the Slavonic Upravda. The great Belisarius is said to have been the Slavonic Velisar. The Emperor Basil and his line were Slavs.

A romantic incident is told concerning the Christianization of the Bulgarians. In the

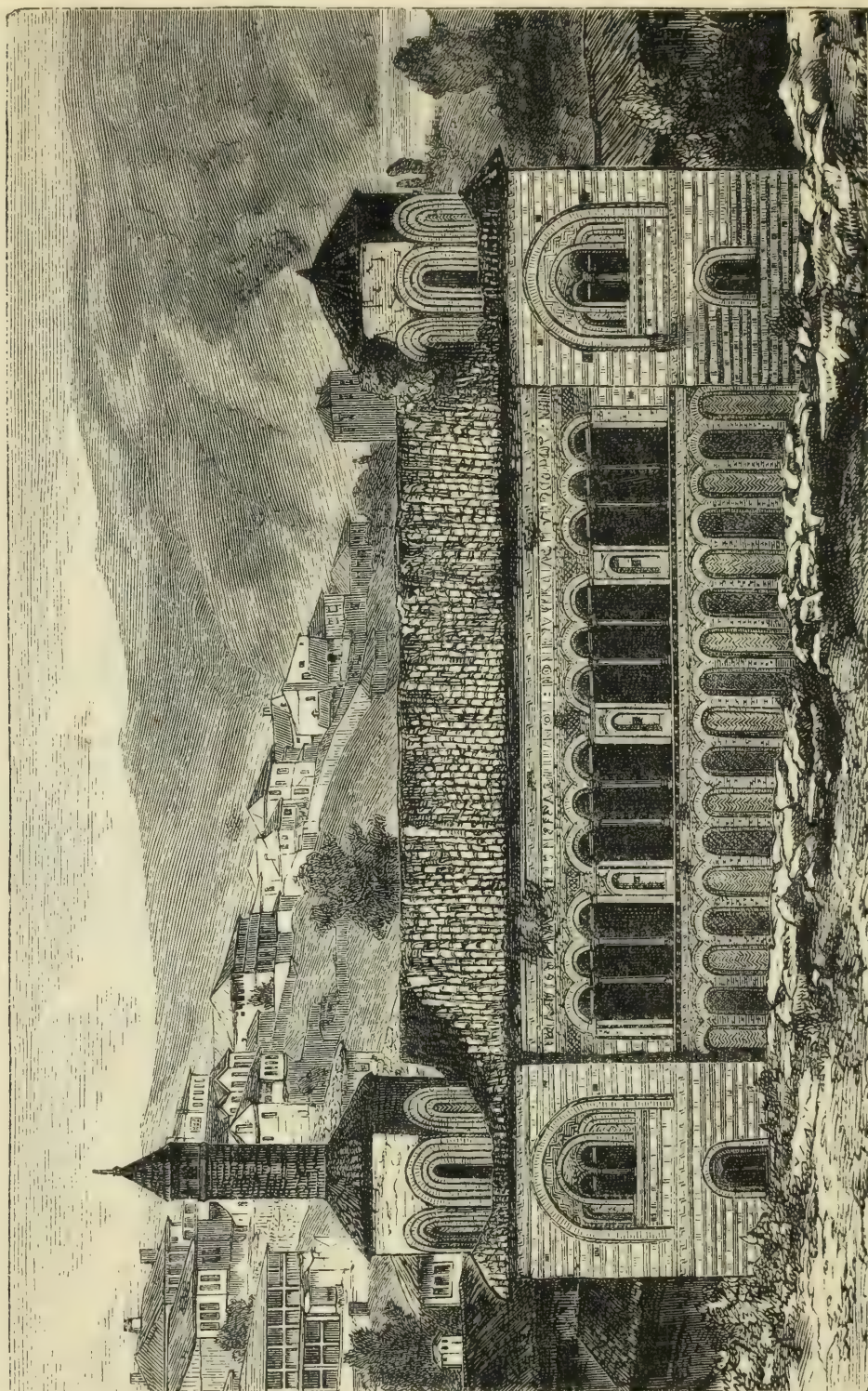
ninth century there lived in Salonica the brothers Cyril and Methodios. Cyril, the elder, was learned and studious; the younger, Methodios, enterprising and energetic. Both were inspired to make known the Gospel to the Slavonic population outside the walls, and while at home Cyril prepared himself by study and cultivation of the language, Methodios went forth as a missionary. The latter presented himself at the court of Boris, King of the Bulgarians, and—as the legend goes—caught the humor of the monarch by offering to paint the walls of a favorite hunting lodge. Boris came to examine the work, expecting to see wolves, bears, and regal huntsmen; instead, he beheld the picture of a Great Day of Judgment, such as are still customary among those peoples where justice is dispensed by the monarch in person. On the throne sat a King, not like Boris, frowning in wild pomp; but majestic and mild. His courtiers stood around him, but they did not flaunt Bulgarian horse-tails, nor flourish bloody weapons; they had soft waving hair, and gold circlets, and white wings dipped in rainbow hues. The approved servants were being received on the right hand, above them opened a golden gate; the condemned were dragged off on the left, and beneath them yawned a pit of fire. But the strangest part was, that among the honored and accepted were to be seen many frail and shrinking forms, the weak, the defenseless, the sick, the blind, and even figures in vile raiment; while among the reprobated was more than one fierce warrior, not altogether unlike to Boris and his lords. The King called the artist to give him the interpretation of this picture, and Methodios expounded it thus: “The Great King is the God of the Christians. He made the earth, and for a while dwelt on it in the likeness of man; but as He took on Him an humble form, and was holy and truthful, wicked men hated Him, and He suffered of them all that the evil still inflict on the truthful and the good. At the ‘Last Day’ He shall come again in His glorious majesty and shall judge both the living and the dead. He knows the sufferings of the oppressed, who Himself was once suffering and poor; He knows the cruel and violent deeds of great men, such men ill-treated Him and crucified Him on a tree.” Boris considered the judgment throne, the winged messengers, the golden light that played over the throne; he felt himself in the presence of power and glory, higher, other than his own. Then he considered the dress and countenances of the guilty, and the grisly monsters that were carrying them away, and his conscience gave him an uneasy twinge as to his own mode of treating the weak and defenseless. He turned to Methodios and said, “Canst thou teach me how I and my subjects may escape being sentenced to the pit of fire?” Methodios answered, “Send to Constantinople, and pray the Emperor that he give thee wise men who can instruct thee, and show thee how to tame thy wild people.” One year from this time King Boris and

his nobles bowed their proud heads in Christian baptism, and to this day the Bulgarians attribute their conversion to the picture-sermon of Methodios. Therefore he is represented in their schools and churches with his painting in his hand.

From Salonica our travelers proceeded on their inland journey, passing through Yenidjé, a small town half Bulgarian half Turk, and reached on the second day Vodena, the Bulgarian “City of Waters,” once Macedonian Edessa. Vodena is situated on a rock at the base of a series of cascades, its glittering minarets, as viewed from the valley below, seeming to rise besprayed out of the water. The town might be called a miniature Venice but for the difference between still canal water and rushing mountain streams. Straight out of the water rise the handsome houses of the wealthier citizens. Such is the steepness of the bank whereon the city stands that it cost less to wind up the stones for building with a windlass than to bring them thither by road. On each side of Vodena the mountains widen, and through gradual descents of glen and valley subside into the Vardar Plain, which in the purple distance melts into the sea. Such is a view to the left. On the right from the cascades and mulberry groves of Vodena rises a low range of wooded hills; above this a higher range, and a higher, till all culminate in the Mount Olympus, with its broad, snowy brow.

From Vodena to Monastir, and thence to Ochrida, the “hundred-bridged city” of ancient Bulgaria. Monastir is beautifully situated at the extremity of a great plain, flanked by a majestic range of mountains, amidst which the snow-clad crest of Peristeri attains a height of 7500 feet.

Ochrida was built in the tenth century by Samuel, Czar of the Bulgarians, who established here the capital of a really formidable monarchy in defiance of the Byzantine Empire. He pushed his conquest so far as to become involved in war with Vladimir, the young Serbian king. Vladimir was captured and carried to the prison at Prespa, near Ochrida, where ensued a pleasant love-story. Kosara, the daughter of Samuel, praying in the palace, was bidden by an angel to visit the prison, and humble herself by washing the captives’ feet. “In the process of this her good work she came on Vladimir, and was struck with his noble looks, his dignity, his calmness; she spoke to him, and was equally astonished with his wisdom and piety; then, hearing that he was of royal rank, and filled with pity for his misfortunes, she felt her heart move toward him, and bade him farewell, bowing herself before him. Resolved to free the noble captive, she hastened to the czar her father, threw herself at his feet, and besought him, saying: ‘My lord and father, I know that thou art thinking to provide me with a husband, as is the custom at my years; therefore I beseech thee of thy goodness give me thy captive the Serbian Vladimir, or know that rath-



CATHEDRAL OF OCHRIDA.

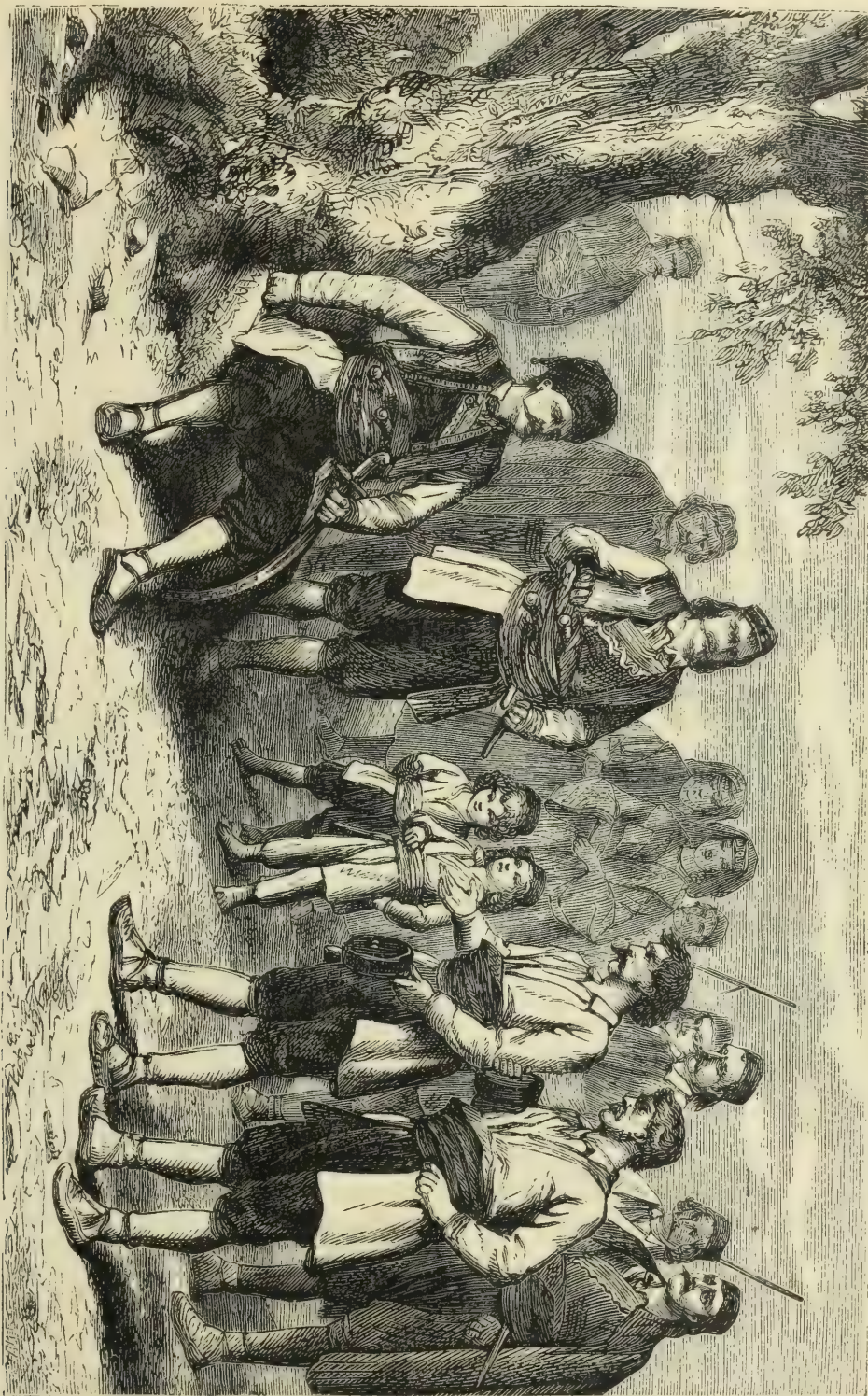
er than wed any other than he I will die.' The czar, who dearly loved his daughter, and knew that Vladimir was a king her equal, rejoiced at her saying, and resolved to fulfill her petition. He sent for Vladimir, and after he had been bathed and dressed in royal apparel he was brought before the czar, who looked on him favorably, and before all his great men received him with a kiss, and gave him to his daughter. After the marriage had been celebrated right royally Samuel restored Vladimir to his kingdom, and gave him, besides his patrimonial lands, Durazzo and the district thereof."

The Mohammedans of Monastir and Ochrida

are more numerous than the Christians. Wherever this is the case the state of the disarmed and disfranchised rayah is most pitiable, and open murder occurs frequently and unpunished. So long as the victims are rayahs the authorities take no notice; and even if they did the conviction of the assassin is hopeless, for a Christian can not give evidence in criminal cases. The Christians can not resist; they are unarmed; and if they should injure a Mussulman even in self-defense they are rigorously punished.

Notwithstanding the comfort and kindness experienced by our travelers at Monastir, it was

MUSLIMANS AND RAYAHs.



no unwelcome change for them from a modern Turkish town to that atmosphere of poetry and romance which surrounds the mediæval sites of Serbian power. Prilep, or Perlepé, is common ground for Bulgarians and Serbs; and near it stands the castle of Marko Kralievitch, *i. e.*, the king's son Marko, who has been described by some as the Serbian King Arthur. His name is interwoven with a world of Serbian myths and memories.

The history of Serbia is marked by four great epochs; and each epoch has its representative man. The first of these is Stephen Némania, who, in the middle of the twelfth century, weld-

ed several detached and vassal governments into an independent monarchy. The second is Czar Stephen Dūshan, who, in the middle of the fourteenth century, raised the monarchy into an empire, and aimed to defend the whole peninsula against the attacks of Turkish Musulmans by uniting its peoples in one strong realm. The third epoch is marked by the fall of Czar Lazār, who, in 1389, lost the decisive battle of Kússovo; after which Serbia became tributary to the Turks. The fourth epoch dates from the opening of the present century, and is identified with the name of Milosh Obrenovitch. An insurrection of Serbian rayahs had ended in dis-

aster, and its heroic leader, Kara George, worn-out and disheartened, fled into Austria. Then Milosh took up the lost game, tore from under the Turk a fragment of Serbian land on the south bank of the Danube, and made that fragment the germ of a European State.

From Velessa to Skopia our voyagers had traveled in a taktaravan, a sort of rude litter, without seats, unpadded sides, and too short to lie flat in. The supporting poles were fastened to each side of the wooden saddles of the horses, who went before and behind between the poles. The knots were ill-tied, and constantly slipped, so that now the equilibrium of the conveyance was overthrown on one side and now on the other. From Skopia to Katchanik they traveled in a litter-cart on four wheels, without springs or seats. Four poles supported its canopy, from which hung the curtains. The curtains were cut in strips, and devoid of buttons or strings, so that they kept out neither sun nor rain.

At Katchanik they were entertained by a Mussulman; and a description of the apartments they occupied may be interesting. The windows were supplied with paper panes. The ceiling was carved, and both it and the plaster walls were painted in the gayest hues. Near the windows was a divan covered with cushions, and in front of the divan a raised part of the floor, carpeted, upon which it would be ill-mannered to tread in shoes. Between the raised floor and the door intervened a lower gradation, uncarpeted; this subdivided into a standing-place for servants, a cupboard, and a stove. The Turks, even in good houses, are in the habit of sleeping in rooms where they also sit and eat, and by day hiding away their bed-clothes in cupboards. They also tolerate accumulated filth of one sort or another, under windows, under divans, in short, every where. Of the Slavons the least cleanly are the Montenegrines, who, however, are ashamed of it, excusing themselves from the fact that during a great part of the year their villages are ill-supplied with water. The Bulgarians are more cleanly than any people between them and the Dutch.

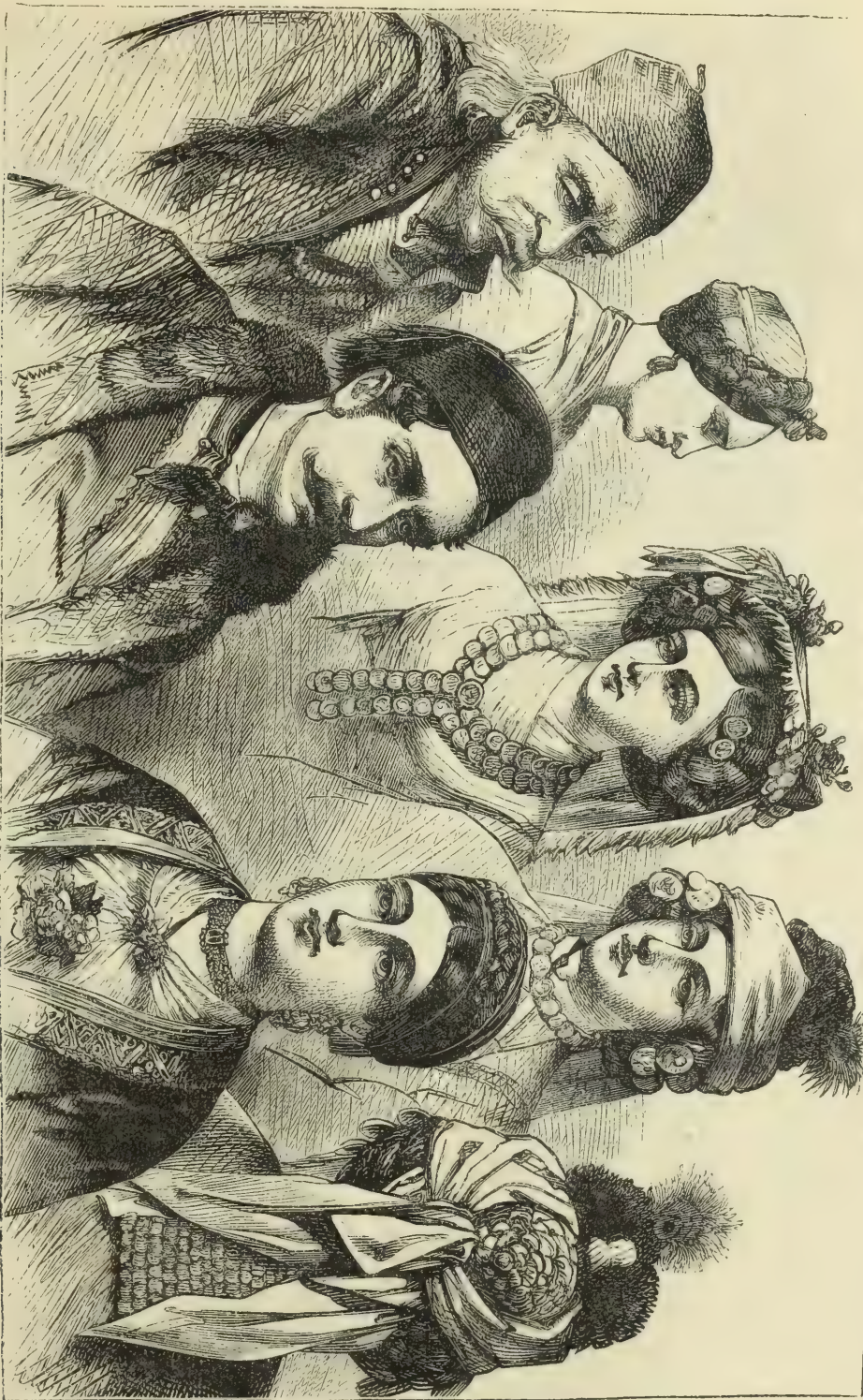
Our travelers are now at Prishtina, in the very heart of old Serbia. They here visited a Christian school. The school-room was large, airy, clean, properly fitted up, and embellished with texts from the Slavonic Bible written scroll-wise on doors and walls. The books were from Belgrade, but as they seemed adapted for young children, we asked if they had not some histories of Serbia. The master looked furtively around, and then said that he had some, but dared not to use them openly. "Why not?" "Because the officers of the Turkish regiments frequently come and loiter about in our school, and the cavalry officers are often Hungarians or Cossacks or Poles, and can read the Slavic books." "But these brief, dry histories contain nothing revolutionary, and surely the officers who are your fellow-Christians would not wish to calumniate you." "The rest would

not, but the Poles are more Turkish than the Turks themselves. One day a Polish officer looked over the shoulder of one of the children, and called out 'Halla, master, what do I see here? These books are different from those used in Bulgaria; they come from the Principality, and here is something about the history of Serbia. If I catch you at this again I shall report you to the authorities.' I trembled from head to foot, and knew not what I should say or do; but luckily there was also present a Cossack, a deserter from the Russian service, a good man who had always befriended us; he got the Pole out of the room, and said to him in displeasure that they were not sent to Prishtina to meddle with the Serb school. Since then all reading of our country's history has been in private." It need not be pointed out what ill service this Polish officer was doing the Sultan, in thus angering the Christians by suppressing the open school study of Serbian history, on a spot where its most exciting details are known to every man, woman, and child, through the medium of national song.

The name of Serbia is ordinarily limited to the free districts. Old, or Stara Serbia, is a term ignored by the Turks in the districts to which the Slavonic Christians apply it. The Turks give it the name of Arnaoutluk. Both names are used by the people themselves. If some act of lawlessness is spoken of, both Turks and Serbians alike reply, "What do you expect in Arnaoutluk?" If the traveler halt in admiration at the sight of an ancient church and exclaim, "Who would have thought to find such a building hereabouts!" the friend who acts as cicerone will remind you in a whisper that this is Stara Serbia.

At Vuchitern the travelers had an opportunity of visiting a Mohammedan girls' school, and also a harem. Having hinted their wish to see a display of the beauty and splendor of Albanian costume, of which they had heard much, a gratification of their wishes was promised. Arriving at the gate of the harem they were conducted through a court to the chardak, on which carpets and cushions lay prepared. In a few moments a troop of ladies crowded in, and squatting on the chardak stared at the visitors. Many of them were old and withered, and wore a heterogeneous costume; others were gayly coiffed with seed pearls, and coins, but enveloped in a black serge pelisse. These younger dames were painted to that degree that at first the travelers supposed they wore masks, and as their mask-like faces represent the ideal of beauty in this part of the world, it may be stated that this consists of cherry lips and cheeks, a very fair complexion, and jet black eyebrows strongly drawn. Among them all stood one unpainted, fresh-looking girl—a bride—and she it was who produced the fine clothes. Her trousseau was brought forth, bit by bit, and all wrapped in pretty handkerchiefs, for it is a coquetterie de toilette that the handkerchief should be handsome enough to correspond with the garment

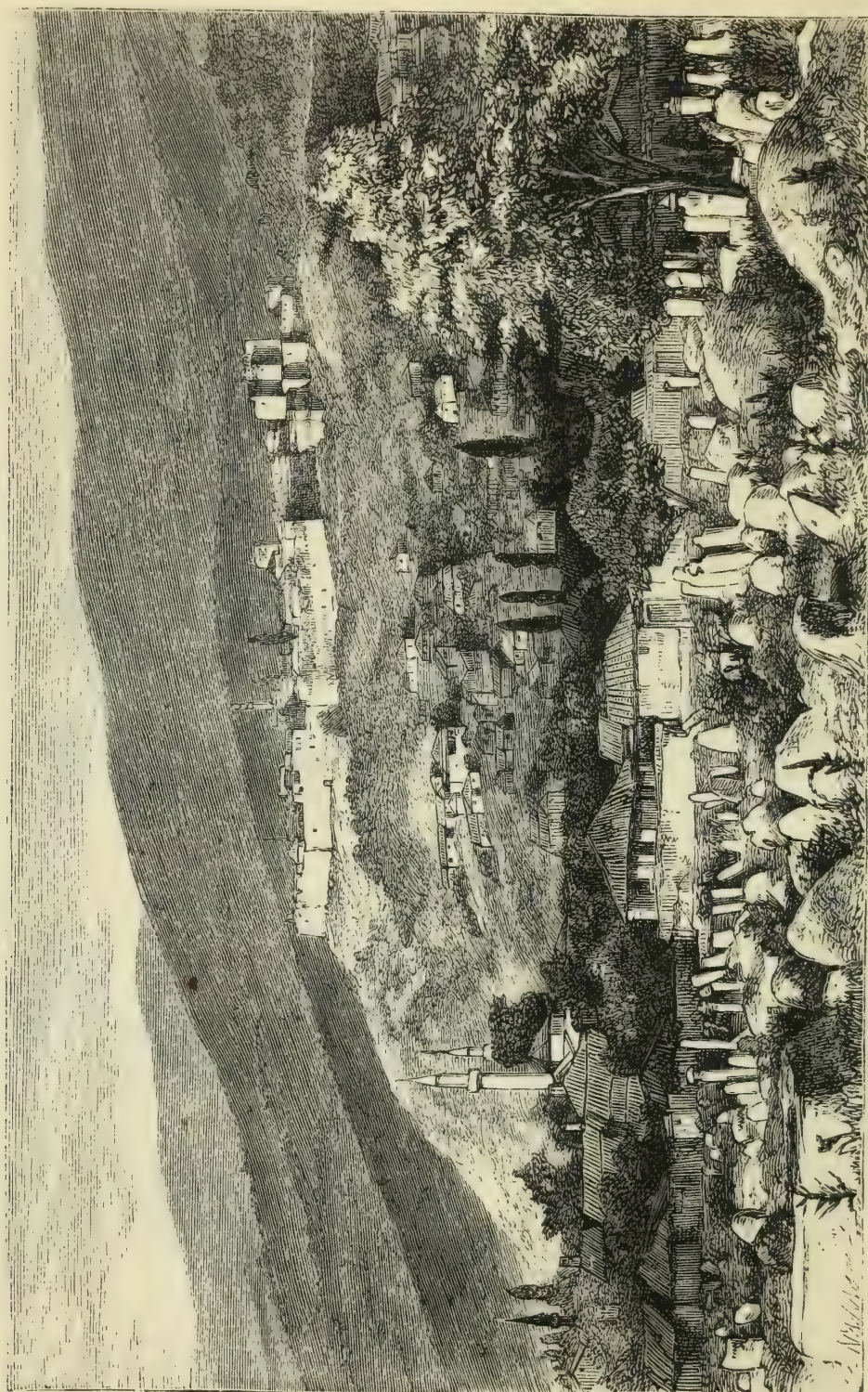
SERBIAN PEASANTS AND TOWNSPEOPLE.



it enfolds. After a little coaxing she went in and dressed, reappearing in a suit of rose-colored under-ropes, with the over-robe of dark green velvet; a charming ensemble of which the idea seems to be taken from a rose-bud half folded in its leaves.

The experience of the travelers convinced them that if Turkish women value their prestige as beauties they must oppose every attempt to draw them into public view, and for the following reasons: Most Oriental women have dark eyes, bright enough to look bewitching through the slit of the yoshmak, and all can paint well enough to produce a complexion

which seems roses and lilies when half seen through muslin folds. But alas for their charms should the veil be torn away, and the wearers be called on to show their faces honestly beside those of European women—the whole face, in broad daylight, exposed to sunshine, wind, and rain! Of course in the wealthy harem, where a high price is paid for beauty, and the faded rose is discarded or passed on, one sees exquisite forms arrayed with taste and splendor. But many of the officials in the European provinces can not afford polygamy, nor to buy Circassian slaves; or, as sometimes happens, they have inherited the favorite of some higher official—



CASTLE OF PRIZREN.

hence in this class, as a rule, the women are unpleasing to behold. Indeed it is hard to see how they could be otherwise. They destroy their teeth by smoking and eating bonbons, even when they do not blacken them on purpose. They dock their hair, they cultivate fatness, they bedaub their finger and toe nails with a coating that looks like red mud. Then, unless they have what is much admired, a broad, flat, featureless countenance, they exhibit the Turkish long nose, retreating brow, cut away chin, and sallow complexion. Absence of intellectual occupations, and exclusion from cultivated society, deprive plain faces of a redeeming expres-

sion of intelligence, while even fine features bear the stamp of sloth, triviality, and too often of unbridled passion.

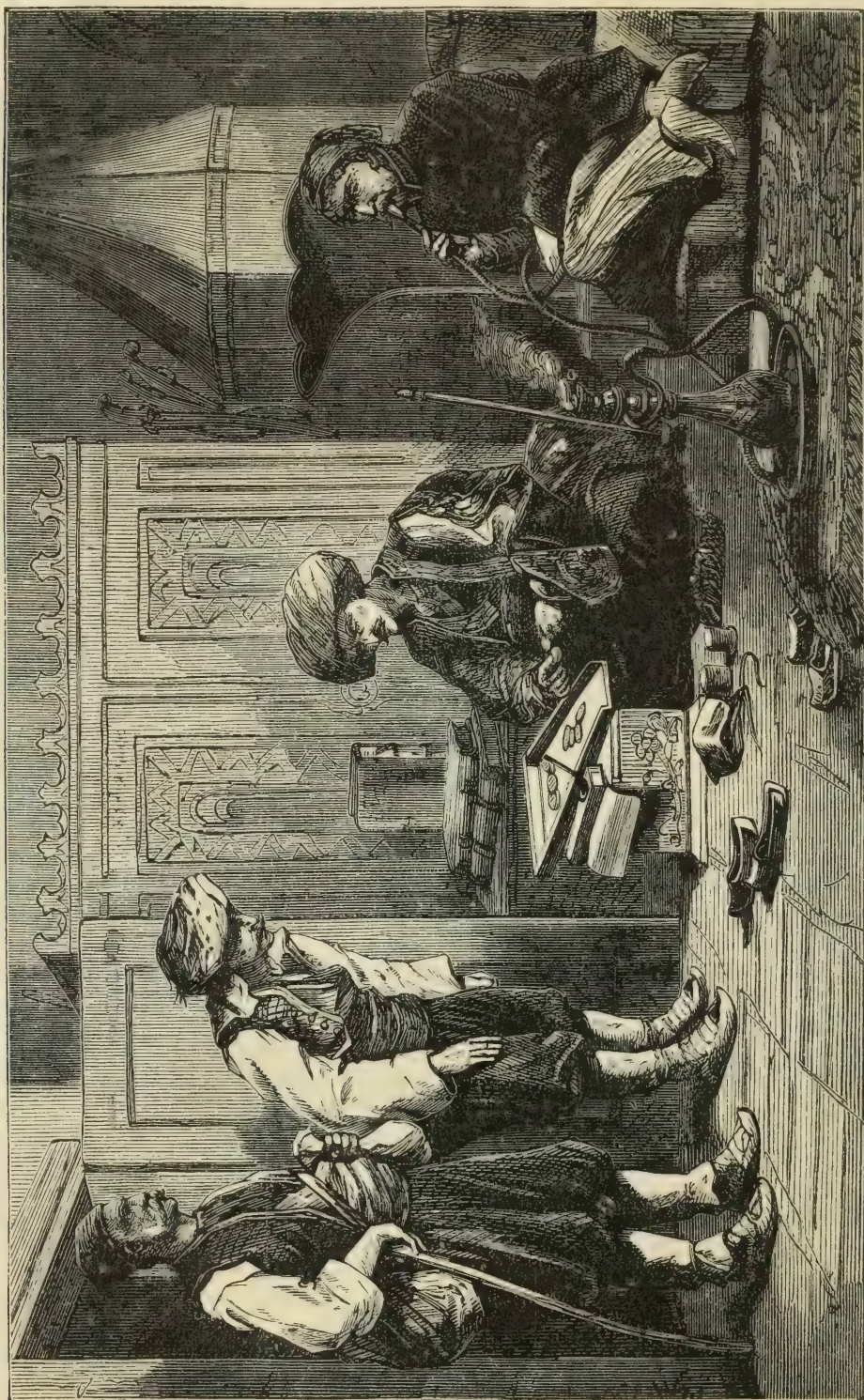
One of the most picturesque towns in Serbia is Prizren, its ancient capital. It now contains about four thousand inhabitants, and is without political or commercial importance. But for two hundred years it was the residence of the sovereign and the seat of government. During this period it was a prosperous city; Bulgaria and Serbia exchanged their products at its fairs; between it and Venice there was constant intercourse. Its strong frontier in the heart of the Serbian lands left it undisturbed

by wars on the frontier. Three hundred and sixty churches and monasteries stood in its neighborhood. Four centuries of Turkish rule have stripped it of architectural ornament; but it retains something of its ancient majesty of attitude and general effect. The traveler as he approaches it sees before him a great white city enthroned on the Slanina, with its skirts sweeping the plain. From a picturesque mass of white and green there stands out imposingly a broad platform. Does it support the "Dvor" of the Nemanides? No! a modern Turkish fortress, which, like Turkish fortresses in general, is more formidable to the town than to outward foe. Behind this castle a spear-like rock shoots upright, rearing on its summit the tatters of a tower. On entering the town each telling feature speaks of an Arnaout present and a Serbian past. The minaret of the principal mosque is a wooden pepper-box, but it has for base a broad stone tower; behind the tower rise the five cupolas of a church. The portico of another mosque rests on pillars torn from an adjacent monastery, and the stones still bear the sign of the cross. Then, if from the lower street you raise your eyes to the houses on the hill, which here seem to crowd one above another in perpendicular steepness; among them, too, stand out here and there the unmistakable arches and domes.

From old Serbia the travelers entered Bosnia, lying to the north and westward of Serbia, and, like that district, under the sway of Mohammedan officials. Their description of a guard of Arnaouts, sent to conduct them into Spek, is picturesque. The leader of the band was noted as one of the greatest villains in Arnaoutluk, and on that account was probably made answerable for their safety from the banditti and bands of semi-robbers that infested that region. Banditti, indeed, were common throughout Turkey in Europe, with the exception of Free Serbia. The red figure of the leader as they first saw him starting up in the green wilds might have done duty for that of Zamiel in the "Freischütz." Tall, weedy, and of a livid complexion, he had lank black hair, and black eyes hidden by the lids. He was quite young, but cruelty and pitiless greed had effaced every trace of youthful geniality; the nose was sharp, the under-lip protruding, the voice shrill. Among the Slavonic race, both Mussulman and Christian, we saw many a man famed for ferocity, but never one without some trace of human heart, some turn of countenance that suggested he might be kind to children, gentle in his own family, and—when his suspicions were not roused—hospitable. But in this Arnaout and other of his species, the smile is more hideous than the frown, the laugh more cruel than the threat, the whole instinct seems prey. Among beasts the Bosniac would answer to the bear—the Arnaout to the wolf or the hyena. So much for the man, but his dress was admirable: they were now entering the region of

Ghegga costumes, and one described for a specimen. Their guide rode a horse, which was splendidly accoutred. His tunic was of scarlet cloth, bordered with silver and reached to the knee; round the waist was girded with a shawl, hiding a leather belt, whence issued the usual complement of silver-mounted arms. His sleeves hung so long behind that, when riding, he had to draw them through his girdle, but in front they flew open, displaying to the shoulder a wide under-sleeve of silk gauze, white and gleaming in its richness, and bordered with a fine-wrought fringe. On his head he wore a scarlet fez, with a dark-blue tassel of enormous size; in addition to this a yellow silk handkerchief, which ought to have been wrapped around it as a turban, but in deference to new fashion was fastened under the fez, tying up the neck and jaws. This last addition to the toilet proved an unlucky one, for it gave the wearer, with his drawn and sallow features, the air of a corpse dressed out in its best clothes.

At Ipek they found the Christian schools, under the zealous care of a remarkable woman named Katerina, more advanced and prosperous than elsewhere. The subject of education, indeed, actively concerns all the Christian Slavs. They ask for schools, for books, for teachers, and lament continually the disadvantages under which they labor. Katerina, say our travelers, was one of the most remarkable persons they met in Turkey. She was a woman advanced in middle age, above middle height, with a pale, calm face and singularly refined expression. She has nothing saintish about her, still less any thing wheedling and sly; but, perfectly self-possessed and gentle, the authority of her presence makes itself felt. Her story is, that she was taught to read by a pope—whether her own husband or her sister's was not clear. She became a widow, and her only child died. Then, in her own words, "Having no children to bring up of my own, I began to teach the children of others. At last the bishop came from Prizren. It happened that he understood Serb, and he said to me, 'Would you not like to be a nun, and to give up the world, and dedicate yourself to God's work?' I answered, 'If I become a nun, can I go on teaching children?' He said, 'Assuredly you can; nay, you will teach them better.' So nun I became, and what he said proved true. My religious character gave me authority; the people listened, and sent their children, and other women joined themselves to me." Katerina was asked how she contrived to get her school-girls through the streets, since elsewhere this proved so great an obstacle. She answered it was at first a great difficulty; it could only be overcome by making up one's mind to put up with any thing rather than relinquish a good purpose, trusting that God would help at last. Of course the Arnaouts did all they could to oppose her, and twice they had broken into her school and carried off whatever they could find; luckily it



BAYAH PAYING TRIBUTE.

was so poor that they had little inducement to rob it often.

Leaving Ipek under an escort consisting of a red-tunicked Arnaout, with his bashi bazouks; an Uzbashi of nizam, with six troopers carrying flags; mounted citizens, among whom are a Latin elder and a Serb pope, the travelers drew up before the Mohammedan girls' school. A door in the garden wall was opened by its turbaned keeper, and as they entered it each was seized by a hodgia (teacher), more like a harpy. They were embraced, dragged, carried through the court into the house, and finally deposited on a low divan in the corner of a

small close room stuffed with women. The harpies began tearing off their riding things and fanning them. The first was enormously fat and red-faced; another, haggard and vulture-beaked, was coifed with a pale-green veil. The noise they made was stunning; and among their outcries could be distinguished, "Are you Mohammedans? are you Mohammedans?" At first, not feeling sure of consequences, no notice was taken of this query; but rendered desperate by their civilities they at last cried out, "No; we are Christians!" These words acted like a spell. The three "hodgias" fell back, the crowd closed on them, even the voices un-

derwent a lull; and profiting by this result they contemplated the tenants of the school-room. Except a few puzzled-looking children, all were grown up, and many past their prime, evidently an assembly of the Arnaout ladies of Ipek. Presently they asked, in Serbian, if they would kindly show them their books. Thereupon the harpies-in-chief reappeared. "What was wanted? Coffee was coming." Suddenly a voice sounded behind, and they perceived outside the low window a woman holding a baby, who looked into the room over their shoulders. She spoke Serbian, and said, "You wish them to read, do you not?" Then lifting up her voice she shouted into the room, "They want you to teach—*teach*, I say." General hubbub, every one with a different outcry. "What do you want?" "Books," "Coffee," "Teach." At this juncture the fat hodgia leaned over, and, with hospitable intent to make their seat more comfortable, began clawing up the fusty cushions behind and clapping them. Stified, the travelers sprang to their feet, and, as courteously as the crisis permitted, dived and waded through the squatting forms. At the door they met the coffee, but were not tempted to do more than put their lips to it. The turbaned keeper laughed good-naturedly at their suffering aspect, and hastened to undo the garden entrance. Once without, the red-coated Arnaout and the Uzbashi, the nizam, the Serbs, and the Latins, all appeared saints and angels after the crew within the school.

We can not follow our travelers in their long

and slow journey to the Adriatic. The incidents of the road were not striking, and in no instance does their narrative become intense or thrilling. The scenery of their route was picturesque; the towns and villages often romantically situated; the habits of the people, of course, peculiar; and many of the minor incidents and experiences of the journey not without attractive interest.

At the present moment, when the attention of all is fixed upon the Christians in those regions, and when rumors of wars and rebellions against the Turk are reaching us, we are glad to learn more than we have known of a people likely soon to fill an important part in the world's history. The Greeks have always excited our sympathy, but of the southern Slavons we have known but little. According to the accounts of the ladies whose travels we have been following, the Slavs are even more entitled to our aid and sympathy than their Greek neighbors. In Free Serbia they have proved their ability for self-government; and in the other districts, even while suffering under the galling despotism of the Turk, educating their children almost in secret, studying their national annals by stealth, practicing their worship under foreign bishops, hiding their means from legal spoilers, without security of life, liberty, or property, taxed, imprisoned, and persecuted at the capricious pleasure of venal magistrates, they have still labored for education, hoped for freedom, cherished their faith, and retained those simple personal virtues which characterize their race.

A PINE-TREE.

A HANDFUL of moss from the wood-side,
Dappled with gold and brown,
I borrowed to gladden my chamber
In the heart of the dusty town;
And here, in the flickering shadow
Traced by my window-vine,
It nurses to life and freshness
The germ of a giant pine.

I turn from the cool-bosomed lilies,
Dewy the whole day through;
From the flaunting torches of tulips,
Flame-like in form and hue;
From the gorgeous geraniums' glory—
From the trellis where roses twine,
To welcome this sturdy stranger—
This poor little exiled pine.

Out of this feeble seedling
What wonders the years may bring!
Its stem may defy the tempest,
Its limbs in the whirlwind sing;
For age, which to men comes laden
With weakness and sure decline,
Will add only strength and beauty
And growth to this tiny pine.

Hark! is it an airy fancy?

The roar of its storm-wrung limbs—
Then the sigh of the tender tassels
To the twilight's zephyr-hymns:
The rain on its thick soft greenness,
When the spring skies weep and shine—
Oh, many and mighty the voices
Haunting this tiny pine!

Shops, and the jar of machinery;
Mills, and the shudder of wheels;
Wharves, and the bustle of commerce;
Ships, and the rushing of keels;
Towns, and the hurry of living,
The murmur which none may define—
I see and hear as I listen
Watching this tiny pine.

I will take it again to the wood-side,
That, safe with its kindred there,
Its evergreen branches may broaden
Yearly more strong and fair;
And long after weeds and brambles
Grow over this head of mine,
The wild birds will build and warble
In the boughs of my grateful pine.

THE DODGE CLUB; OR, ITALY IN MDCCCLIX.



DICK THINKS IT OVER.

XXXVI.

DICK MAKES ANOTHER EFFORT, AND BEGINS TO FEEL ENCOURAGED.

PEPITA'S little visit was beneficial to Dick. It showed him that he was not altogether cut off from her. Before that he had grown to think of her as almost inaccessible; now she seemed to have a will, and, what is better, a heart of her own, which would lead her to do her share toward meeting him again. Would it not be better now to comply with her evident desire, and leave Rome for a little while? He could return again. But how could he tear himself away? Would it not be far better to remain and seek her? He could not decide. He thought of Padre Liguori. He had grossly insulted that gentleman, and the thought of meeting him again made him feel blank. Yet he was in some way or other a protector of Pepita, a guardian, perhaps, and as such had influence over her fortunes. If he could only disarm hostility from Padre Liguori it would be undoubtedly for his benefit. Perhaps Padre Liguori would become his friend, and try to influence Pepita's family in his favor. So he decided on going to see Padre Liguori.

The new turn which had been given to his feelings by Pepita's visit had benefited him in mind and body. He was quite strong enough for a long walk. Arriving at the church he had no difficulty in finding Liguori. The priest advanced with a look of surprise.

"Before mentioning the object of my visit," said Dick, bowing courteously, "I owe you an humble apology for a gross insult. I hope you will forgive me."

The priest bowed.

"After I left here I succeeded in my object," continued Dick.

"I heard so," said Liguori, coldly.

"And you have heard also that I met with a terrible punishment for my presumption, or whatever else you may choose to call it."

"I heard of that also," said the priest, sternly. "And do you complain of it? Tell me. Was it not deserved?"

"If their suspicions and yours had been correct, then the punishment would have been well deserved. But you all wrong me. I entreat you to believe me. I am no adventurer. I am honest and sincere."

"We have only your word for this," said Liguori, coldly.

"What will make you believe that I am sincere, then?" said Dick. "What proof can I give?"

"You are safe in offering to give proofs in a case where none can be given."

"I am frank with you. Will you not be so with me? I come to you to try to convince you of my honesty, Padre Liguori. I love Pepita as truly and as honorably as it is possible for man to love. It was that feeling that so bewildered me that I was led to insult you. I went out in the midst of danger, and would have died for her. With these feelings I can not give her up."

"I have heard sentiment like this often before. What is your meaning?"

"I am rich and of good family in my own country; and I am determined to have Pepita for my wife."

"Your wife!"

"Yes," said Dick, resolutely. "I am honorable and open about it. My story is short. I love her, and wish to make her my wife."

The expression of Liguori changed entirely.

"Ah! this makes the whole matter different altogether. I did not know this before. Nor did the Count. But he is excusable. A sudden passion blinded him, and he attacked you. I will tell you"—and at each word the priest's manner grew more friendly—"I will tell you how it is, Signore. The Giantis were once a powerful family, and still have their title. I consider myself as a kind of appanage to the family, for my ancestors for several generations were their *maggiordomos*. Poverty at last stripped them of every thing, and I, the last of the family dependents, entered the Church. But I still preserve my respect and love for them. You can understand how bitterly I would resent and avenge any base act or any wrong done to them. You can understand Luigi's vengeance also."

"I thought as much," said Dick. "I thought you were a kind of guardian, and so I came here to tell you frankly how it is. I love her. I can make her rich and happy. To do so is the desire of my heart. Why should I be turned away? Or if there be any objection, what is it?"

"There is no objection—none whatever, if Pepita is willing, and you sincerely love her. I think that Luigi would give his consent."

"Then what would prevent me from marrying her at once?"

"At once!"

"Certainly."

"You show much ardor; but still an immediate marriage is impossible. There are various reasons for this. In the first place, we love Pepita too dearly to let her go so suddenly to some one who merely feels a kind of impulse. We should like to know that there is some prospect of her being happy. We have cherished her carefully thus far, and will not let her go without having some security about her happiness."

"Then I will wait as long as you like, or send for my friends to give you every information you desire to have; or if you want me to give any proofs, in any way, about any thing, I'm ready."

"There is another thing," said Liguori, "which I hope you will take kindly. You are young and in a foreign country. This sudden impulse may be a whim. If you were to marry now you might bitterly repent it before three months were over. Under such circumstances it would be misery for you and her. If this happened in your native country you could be betrothed and wait. There is also another reason why waiting is absolutely necessary. It will take some time to gain her brother's consent. Now her brother is poor, but he might have been rich. He is a Liberal, and belongs to the National party. He hates the present system here most bitterly. He took part in the Roman Republican movement a few years ago, and was imprisoned after the return of the Pope, and lost the last vestige of his property by confiscation. He now dresses coarsely, and declines to associate with any Romans, except a few who are members of a secret society with him. He is very closely watched by the Government, so that he has to be quiet. But he expects to rise to eminence and power, and even wealth, before very long. So you see he does not look upon his sister as a mere common everyday match. He expects to elevate her to the highest rank, where she can find the best in the country around her. For my own part I think this is doubtful; and if you are in earnest I should do what I could to further your interest. But it will take some time to persuade the Count."

"Then, situated as I am, what can I do to gain her?" asked Dick.

"Are your friends thinking of leaving Rome soon?"

"Yes, pretty soon."

"Do not leave them. Go with them. Pursue the course you originally intended, just as though nothing had happened. If after your tour is finished you find that your feelings are as strong as ever, and that she is as dear to you as you say, then you may return here."

"And you?"

"I think all objections may be removed."

"It will take some weeks to finish our tour."

"Some weeks! Oh, do not return under three months at least."

"Three months! that is very long!"

"Not too long. The time will soon pass away. If you do not really love her you will be glad at having escaped; if you do you will rejoice at having proved your sincerity."

Some further conversation passed, after which Dick, finding the priest inflexible, ceased to persuade, and acceded to his proposal.

XXXVII.

SHOWING HOW DIFFICULT IT IS TO GET A LAUNDRESS, FOR THE SENATOR WANTED ONE, AND NOT KNOWING THE LANGUAGE GOT INTO A SCRAPE, NOT BY HIS OWN FAULT, FOR HE WAS CAREFUL ABOUT COMMITTING HIMSELF WITH THE LADIES; BUT PRAY, WAS IT HIS FAULT IF THE LADIES WOULD TAKE A FANCY TO HIM?

SIGNORA MIRANDOLINA ROCCA, who was the landlady of the house where the Club were lodging, was a widow, of about forty years of age, still fresh and blooming, with a merry dark eye, and much animation of features. Sitting usually in the small room which they passed on the way to their apartments, they had to stop to get their keys, or to leave them when they went out, and Buttons and Dick frequently stopped to have a little conversation. The rest, not being able to speak Italian, contented themselves with smiles; the Senator particularly, who gave the most beaming of smiles both on going and on returning. Sometimes he even tried to talk to her in his usual adaptation of broken English, spoken in loud tones to the benighted but fascinating foreigner. Her attention to Dick during his sickness increased the Senator's admiration, and he thought her one of the best, one of the most kind-hearted and sympathetic of beings.

One day, toward the close of their stay in Rome, the Senator was in a fix. He had not had any washing done since he came to the city. He had run through all his clean linen, and came to a dead stand. Before leaving for another place it was absolutely necessary to attend to this. But how? Buttons was off with the Spaniards; Dick had gone out on a drive. No one could help him, so he tried it himself. In fact, he had never lost confidence in his powers of making himself understood. It was still a fixed conviction of his that in cases of necessity any intelligent man could make his wants known to intelligent foreigners. If not, there is stupidity somewhere. Had he not done so in Paris and in other places?



THE SENATOR IN A BAD FIX.

So he rang and managed to make the servant understand that he wished to see the landlady. The landlady had always shown a great admiration for the manly, not to say gigantic charms of the Senator. Upon him she bestowed her brightest smile, and the quick flush on her face and heaving breast told that the Senator had made wild work with her too susceptible heart.

So now, when she learned that the Senator wished to see her, she at once imagined the cause to be any thing and every thing except the real one. Why take that particular time, when all the rest were out? she thought. Evidently for some tender purpose. Why send for her? Why not come down to see her? Evidently because he did not like the publicity of her room at the Conciergerie.

She arrayed herself, therefore, in her brightest and her best charms; gave an additional flourish to her dark hair that hung wavingsly and luxuriantly, and still without a trace of gray over her forehead; looked at herself with her dark eyes in the glass to see if she appeared to the best advantage; and finally, in some agitation, but with great eagerness, she went to obey the summons.

Meantime the Senator had been deliberating how to begin. He felt that he could not show his bundle of clothes to so fair and fine a creat-

ure as this, whose manners were so soft and whose smiles so pleasant. He would do any thing first. He would try a roundabout way of making known his wishes, trusting to his own powers and the intelligence of the lady for a full and complete understanding. Just as he had come to this conclusion there was a timid knock at the door.

"Come in," said the Senator, who began to feel a little awkward already.

"*E permesso?*" said a soft sweet voice, "*se puo entrare?*" and Signora Mirandolina Rocca advanced into the room, giving one look at the Senator, and then casting down her eyes.

"*Unilissima serva di Lei, Signore, mi comandi.*"

But the Senator was in a quandary. What could he do? How begin? What gesture would be the most fitting for a beginning?

The pause began to be embarrassing. The lady, however, as yet was calm—calmer, in fact, than when she entered.

So she spoke once more.

"*Di che ha Ella bisogno, Illustris simo?*"

The Senator was dreadfully embarrassed. The lady was so fair in his eyes. Was this a woman who could contemplate the fact of soiled linen? Never.

"Ehem!" said he.

Then he paused.

"*Serva devota,*" said Signora Mirandolina. "*Che c'e, Signore.*"

Then, looking up, she saw the face of the Senator all rosy red, turned toward her, with a strange confusion and embarrassment in his eye, yet it was a kind eye—a soft, kind eye.

"*Egli e forse innamorato di me,*" murmured the lady, gathering new courage as she saw the timidity of the other. "*Che grandezza!*" she continued, loud enough for the Senator to hear, yet speaking as if to herself. "*Che bellezza! un galantuomo, certamente—e quest' e molto piacevole.*"

She glanced at the manly figure of the Senator with a tender admiration in her eye which she could not repress, and which was so intelligible to the Senator that he blushed more violently than ever, and looked helplessly around him.

"*E innamorato di me, senza dubbio,*" said the Signora, "*vergogna non vuol che si sapesse.*"

The Senator at length found voice. Advancing toward the lady he looked at her very earnestly, and as she thought very piteously—held out both his hands, then smiled, then spread his hands apart, then nodded, and smiled again, and said:

"Me—me—want—ha—hum—ah! You know—me—gentleman—hum—me—Confound the luck," he added, in profound vexation.

"*Signore,*" said Mirandolina, "*la di Lei gentilezza me confonde.*"

The Senator turned his eyes all around, every where, in a desperate half-conscious search for escape from an embarrassing situation.

"*Signore noi ci siamo sole, nessuno ci senti,*" remarked the Signora, encouragingly.

"Me want to tell you this!" burst forth the Senator. "Clothes—you know—washy—washy." Whereupon he elevated his eyebrows, smiled, and brought the tips of his fingers together.

"*Io non so che cosa vuol dir mi, Illustrissimo,*" said the Signora, in bewilderment.

"You—you—you know. Ah? Washy? Hey? No, no," shaking his head, "not washy but *get* washy."

The landlady smiled. The Senator, encouraged by this, came a step nearer.

"*Che cosa? Il cuor me palpita. Io tremo,*" murmured La Rocca.

She retreated a step. Whereupon the Senator at once fell back again in great confusion.

"Washy, washy," he repeated, mechanically, as his mind was utterly vague and distrait.

"*Uassi-Uuassi?*" repeated the other, interrogatively.

"Me—"

"*Tu,*" said she, with tender emphasis.

"Wee mounseer," said he, with utter desperation.

The Signora shook her head. "*Non capisco. Ma quelle, balordaggini ed intormentite, che sono si non segni manifesti d'amore?*"

"I don't understand, marm, a single word of that."

The Signora smiled. The Senator took courage again.

"The fact is this, marm," said he, firmly, "I want to get my clothes washed somewhere. Of course you don't do it, but you can tell me, you know. Hm?"

"*Non capisco.*"

"Madame," said he, feeling confident that she would understand that word at least, and thinking, too, that it might perhaps serve as a key to explain any other words which he might append to it. "My clothes—I want to get them washed—laundress—washy—soap and water—clean 'em all up—iron 'em—hang 'em out to dry. Ha?"

While saying this he indulged in an express-

ive pantomime. When alluding to his clothes he placed his hands against his chest, when mentioning the drying of them he waved them in the air. The landlady comprehended this. How not? When a gentleman places his hand on his heart what is his meaning?

"*O sottigliezza d'amore!*" murmured she. "*Che cosa cerca,*" she continued, looking up timidly but invitingly.

The Senator felt doubtful at this, and in fact a little frightened. Again he placed his hands on his chest to indicate his clothes; he struck that manly chest forcibly several times, looking at her all the time. Then he wrung his hands.

"*Ah, Signore,*" said La Rocca, with a melting glance, "*non é d'uopo di disperazione.*"

"Washy, washy—"

"*Eppure, se Ella vuol sposarmi, non ce difficolta,*" returned the other, with true Italian frankness.

"Soap and water—"

"*Non ho il coraggio di dir di no.*"

The Senator had his arms outstretched to indicate the hanging-out process. Still, however, feeling doubtful if he were altogether under-



THE SENATOR IN A WORSE FIX.

stood, he thought he would try another form of pantomime. Suddenly he fell down on his knees, and began to imitate the action of a washer-woman over her tub, washing, wringing, pounding, rubbing.

"*O gran' cielo!*" cried the Signora, her pitying heart filled with tenderness at the sight of this noble being on his knees before her, and, as she thought, wringing his hands in despair. "*O gran' cielo! Egli e innamorato di me non puo parlar Italiano e cosi non puo dirmelo.*"

Her warm heart prompted her, and she obeyed its impulse. What else could she do? She flung herself into his outstretched arms, as he raised himself to hang out imaginary clothes on an invisible line.

The Senator was thunder-struck, confounded, bewildered, shattered, overcome, crushed, stupefied, blasted, overwhelmed, horror-stricken, wonder-smitten, annihilated, amazed, horrified, shocked, frightened, terrified, nonplused, wilted, awe-struck, shivered, astounded, dumbfounded. He did not even struggle. He was paralyzed.

"*Ah, carissimo,*" said a soft and tender voice in his ear, a low, sweet voice, "*se veramenta me ami, saro lo tua carissima sposa—*"

At that moment the door opened and Buttons walked in. In an instant he darted out. The Signora hurried away.

"*Addio, bellissima, carissima gioja!*" she sighed.

The Senator was still paralyzed.

After a time he went with a pale and anxious face to see Buttons. That young man promised secrecy, and when the Senator was telling his story tried hard to look serious and sympathetic. In vain. The thought of that scene, and the cause of it, and the blunder that had been made overwhelmed him. Laughter convulsed him. At last the Senator got up indignantly and left the room.

But what was he to do now? The thing could not be explained. How could he get out of the house? He would have to pass her as she sat at the door.

He had to call on Buttons again and implore his assistance. The difficulty was so repugnant, and the matter so very delicate, that Buttons declared he could not take the responsibility of settling it. It would have to be brought before the Club.

The Club had a meeting about it, and many plans were proposed. The stricken Senator had one plan, and that prevailed. It was to leave Rome on the following day. For his part he had made up his mind to leave the house at once. He would slip out as though he intended to return, and the others could settle his bill and bring with them the clothes that had caused all this trouble. He would meet them in the morning outside the gate of the city.

This resolution was adopted by all, and the Senator, leaving enough money to settle for himself, went away. He passed hurriedly out of the door. He dared not look. He heard a

soft voice pronounce the word "*Gioja!*" He fled.

Now that one who owned the soft voice afterward changed her feelings so much toward her "*gioja*" that opposite his name in her house-book she wrote the following epithets: *Birbone, Villano, Zolicaccio, Burberone, Gaglioffo, Meschino, Briconaccio, Anemaluccio.*

XXXVIII.

Rome.—Ancient History.—THE PREHISTORIC ERA.—CRITICAL EXAMINATION OF NIEBUHR AND HIS SCHOOL.—THE EARLY HISTORY OF ROME PLACED ON A RIGHT BASIS.—EXPLANATION OF HISTORY OF REPUBLIC.—NAPOLEON'S "CÆSAR."—THE IMPERIAL REGIME.—THE NORTHERN BARBARIANS.—RISE OF THE PAPACY.—MEDIÆVAL ROME. *Topography.*—TRUE ADJUSTMENT OF BOUNDS OF ANCIENT CITY.—ITS PROBABLE POPULATION.—*Geology.*—EXAMINATION OF FORMATION.—TUFA TRAVERTINE.—ROMAN CEMENT.—TERRA-COTTA.—*Special consideration of Roman Catacombs.*—BOSIO.—ARRIGHI.—CARDINAL WISEMAN.—RECENT EXPLORATIONS, INVESTIGATIONS, EXAMINATIONS, EXHUMATIONS, AND RESUSCITATIONS.—EARLY CHRISTIAN HISTORY SET ON A TRUE BASIS.—RELICS.—MARTYRS.—REAL ORIGIN OF CATACOMBS.—TRUE AND RELIABLE EXTENT (WITH MAPS).

Remarks on Art.—THE RENAISSANCE.—THE EARLY PAINTERS: CIMABUE, GIOTTO, PERUGINO, RAFAELLE SANZIO, MICHELANGELO BUONAROTTI.—THE TRANSFIGURATION.—THE MOSES OF MICHELANGELO.—BELLINI.—SAINT PETER'S, AND MORE PARTICULARLY THE COLONNADE.—THE LAST JUDGMENT.—DANTE.—THE MEDIÆVAL SPIRIT.—EFFECT OF GOTHIC ART ON ITALY AND ITALIAN TASTE.—COMPARISON OF LOMBARD WITH SICILIAN CHURCHES.—TO WHAT EXTENT ROME INFLUENCED THIS DEVELOPMENT.—THE FOSTERING SPIRIT OF THE CHURCH.—ALL MODERN ART CHRISTIAN.—WHY THIS WAS A NECESSITY.—FOLLIES OF MODERN CRITICS.—REYNOLDS AND RUSKIN.—HOW FAR POPULAR TASTE IS WORTH ANY THING.—CONCLUDING REMARKS OF A MISCELLANEOUS DESCRIPTION.

[There! as a bill of fare I flatter myself that the above ought to take the eye. It was my intention, on the departure of the Club from Rome, to write a chapter of a thoroughly exhaustive character, as will be seen by the table of contents above; but afterward, finding that the chapter had already reached the dimensions of a good-sized book before a quarter of it was written, I thought that if it were inserted in this work it would be considered by some as too long; in fact, if it were admitted nothing more would ever be heard of the Dodge Club; which would be a great pity, as the best of their adventures did not take place until after this period; and as this is the real character of the present work, I have finally decided to enlarge the chapter into a book, which I will publish after I have given to the world my "History of the Micmacs," "Treatise on the Greek Particles," "Course of Twelve Lectures on Modern History," new edition of the "Agamemnonian Trilogy" of Æschylus, with new readings, "Harmony of Greek Accent and Prosody," "Exercises in Sanscrit for Beginners, on the Ollendorff System," "The Odyssey of Homer translated into the Dublin Irish dialect," "Dissertation on the Symbolical Nature of the Mosaic Economy," "Elements of Logic," "Examination into the Law of Neutrals," "Life of General George Washington," "History of Patent Medicines," "Transactions of the 'Saco Association for the advancement of Human Learning, particularly Natural Science' (consisting of one article written by myself on 'The Toads of Maine')," and "Report of the 'Kennebunkport, Maine, United Congregational Ladies' Benevolent City Missionary and Mariners' Friend Society,"" which will all be out some of these days, I don't know exactly when; but after they come out this chapter will appear in book form. And if any of my readers prefer to wait till they read that chapter before reading any further, all I can say is, perhaps they'd better not, as after all it has no necessary connection with the fortunes of the Dodge Club.]



TRAVELING IN ITALY.

XXXIX.

ITALIAN TRAVEL, ROADS, INNS.—A GRAND BREAK-DOWN.
—AN ARMY OF BEGGARS.—SIX MEN HUNTING UP A CARRIAGE WHEEL; AND PLANS OF THE SENATOR FOR THE GOOD OF ITALY.

ON the following morning the Senator was picked up at the gate, where he had waited patiently ever since the dawn of day. His seat was secured. His friends were around him. He was safe. They rolled on merrily all that day. And their carriage was ahead of that of the Spaniards. They stopped at the same inns. Buttons was happy.

The next day came. At nine o'clock A.M. on that next day there was a singular scene:

A vettura with the fore-wheel crushed into fragments; two horses madly plunging; five men thrown in different directions on a soft sand-bank; and a driver gazing upon the scene with a face of woe.

The Senator tried most energetically to brush the dust from his clothes with an enormous red silk handkerchief; the Doctor and Mr. Figgs looked aghast at huge rents in their nether garments; Buttons and Dick picked themselves up and hurried to the wreck.

The emotions of the former may be conceived. The wheel was an utter smash. No patching however thorough, no care however tender, could place it on its edge again a perfect wheel. A hill

rose before them, behind which the Spaniards, hitherto their companions, had disappeared half an hour previously, and were now rolling on over the plain beyond that hill all ignorant of this disaster. Every moment separated them more widely from the despairing Buttons. Could he have metamorphosed himself into a wheel most gladly would he have done it. He had wild thoughts of setting off on foot and catching up to them before the next day. But, of course, further reflection showed him that walking was out of the question.

Dick looked on in silence. They were little more than a day's journey from Rome. Civita Castellana lay between; yet perhaps a wheel might not be got at Civita Castellana. In that case a return to Rome was inevitable. What a momentous thought! Back to Rome! Ever since he left he had felt a profound melancholy. The feeling of homesickness was on him. He had amused himself with keeping his eyes shut and fancying that he was moving to Rome instead of from it. He had repented leaving the city. Better, he thought, to have waited. He might then have seen Pepita. The others gradually came to survey the scene.

"Eh? Well, what's to be done now?" said Buttons, sharply, as the driver came along. "How long are you going to wait?"

"Signore makes no allowance for a poor

man's confusion. Behold that wheel! What is there for me to do—unhappy? May the bitter curse of the ruined fall upon that miserable wheel!"

"The coach has already fallen on it," said Dick. "Surely that is enough."

"It infuriates me to find myself overthrown here."

"You could not wish for a better place, my Pietro."

"What will you do?" said Buttons. "We must not waste time here. Can we go on?"

"How is that possible?"

"We might get a wheel at the next town."

"We could not find one if we hunted all through the three next towns."

"Curse your Italian towns!" cried Buttons, in a rage.

"Certainly, Signore, curse them if you desire."

"Where can we get this one repaired then?"

"At Civita Castellana, I hope."

"Back there! What, go back!"

"I am not to blame," said Pietro, with resignation.

"We must not go back. We shall not."

"If we go forward every mile will make it worse. And how can we move with this load and this broken wheel up that hill?"

That was indeed a difficulty. The time that had elapsed since the lamentable break-down had been sufficient to bring upon the scene an inconceivable crowd. After satisfying their curiosity they betook themselves to business.

Ragged, dirty, evil-faced, wicked-eyed, slouching, whining, impudent—seventeen women, twenty-nine small boys, and thirty-one men, without counting curs and goats.

"Signo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o! in the name of the Ever Blessed, and for the love of Heaven."

"Go to thunder." "For the love of." "We have nothing, *nothing*, NOTHING! Do you hear?"

"Of the Virgin." "Away! Be off." "Give me." "Go to blazes!" "Me miserable."

"Will you be off?" "Infirm, blind, and."

"I'll break your skull!" "Altogether desperate." "If you torment us any more, I'll."

"Only the smallest charity." "Smash your abominable bottle-nose!" "Oh, generous nobles!"

"Don't press me, you filthy." "Illustrious cavaliers!" "Take that! and if you say any more I'll kick you harder."

"I kneel before you, oppressed, wretched, starving. Let these tears." "I'll make you shed more of them if you don't clear out."

"N-n-n- Signo-o-o-o-o-o!" "Away!" "Behold a wretched villager from the far distant Ticino!"

"You be hanged! Keep off!" "Oh, Signo-o-o-o-o!"

Oh per l'amor di Dio! Carita! Carita-a-a-a—solamente un mezzo barocchio—oh, Signo-o-o!

—datemi."

"Pietro! Pietro! for Heaven's sake get us out of this at once. Any where—any where, so that we can escape from these infernal vagabonds!"

The result was, that Pietro turned his courage round. By piling the baggage well behind,

and watching the fore-axle carefully, he contrived to move the vehicle along. Behind them followed the pertinacious beggars, filling the air with prayers, groans, sighs, cries, tears, lamentations, appeals, wailings, and entreaties. Thus situated they made their entry into Civita Castellana.

Others might have felt flattered at the reception that awaited them. They only felt annoyed. The entire city turned out. The main street up which they passed was quite full. The side-streets showed people hurrying up to the principal thoroughfare. They were the centre of all eyes. Through the windows of the café the round eyes of the citizens were visible on the broad stare. Even the dogs and cats had a general turn-out.

Nor could they seek relief in the seclusion of the hotel. The anxiety which all felt to resume their journey did not allow them to rest. They at once explored the entire city.

Was there a carriage-maker in the place? A half hour's search showed them that there was not one. The next thing then was to try and find a wheel. About this they felt a little hopeful. Strange, indeed, if so common a thing as this could not be obtained.

Yet strange as this might be it was even so. No wheel was forthcoming. They could not find a carriage even. There was nothing but two ancient calèches, whose wheels were not only rickety but utterly disproportioned to the size of the vettura, and any quantity of bullock carts, which moved on contrivances that could scarcely be called wheels at all.

Three hours were consumed in the tedious search. The entire body of the inhabitants became soon aware of the object of their desires, and showed how truly sympathetic is the Italian nature, by accompanying them wherever they went, and making observations that were more sprightly than agreeable.

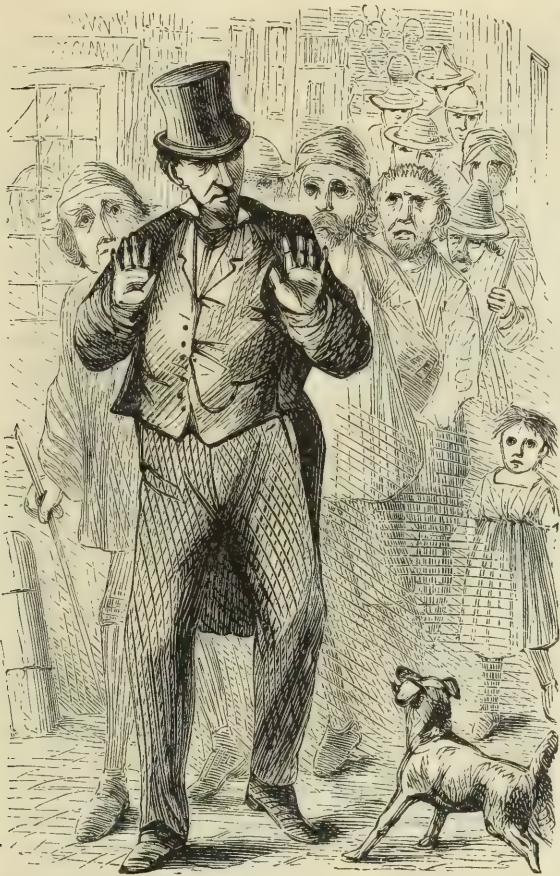
At first the Club kept together, and made their search accompanied by Pietro; but after a time the crowd became so immense that they separated, and continued their search singly. This produced but slight improvement. The crowd followed their example. A large number followed the Senator: walking when he walked; stopping when he stopped; turning when he turned; strolling when he strolled; peering when he peered; commenting when he spoke, and making themselves generally very agreeable and delightful.

At every corner the tall form of the Senator might be seen as he walked swiftly with the long procession following like the tail of a comet; or as he stopped at times to look around in despair, when

"He above the rest

In shape and gesture proudly eminent
Stood like a tower. His form had not yet lost
All its original brightness;"

although, to tell the truth, his clothes had, and the traces of mud and dust somewhat dimmed the former lustre of his garments.



THE SENATOR'S ESCORT.

The appalling truth at last forced itself upon them that Civita Castellana could not furnish them either with a new wheel or a blacksmith who could repair the broken one. Whether the entire mechanical force of the town had gone off to the wars or not they did not stop to inquire. They believed that the citizens had combined to disappoint them, in hopes that their detention might bring in a little ready money and start it in circulation around the community.

It was at last seen that the only way to do was to send Pietro back to Rome. To delay any longer would be only a waste of time. Slowly and sadly they took up their quarters at the hotel. Dick decided to go back so as to hasten Pietro, who might otherwise loiter on the way. So the dilapidated carriage had to set out on its journey backward.

Forced to endure the horrors of detention in one of the dullest of Italian towns, their situation was deplorable. Mr. Figgs was least unhappy, for he took to his bed and slept through the entire period, with the exception of certain intervals which he devoted to meals. The Doctor sat quietly by an upper window playing the devil's tattoo on the ledge with inexhaustible patience.

The Senator strolled through the town. He found much to interest him. His busy brain was filled with schemes for the improvement of the town:

How town lots could be made valuable; how strangers could be attracted; how manufactures could be promoted; how hotels started;

how shops supported; how trade increased; how the whole surrounding population enriched, especially by the factories.

"Why among these here hills," said he, confidentially, to Buttons—"among these very hills there is water-power and excellent location for, say—Silk-weaving mills, Fulling ditto, Grist ditto, Carding ditto, Sawing ditto, Plaster-crushing ditto, Planing ditto.—Now I would locate a cotton-mill over there."

"Where would you get your cotton?" mumbled Buttons.

"Where?" repeated the Senator. "Grow it on the Campagna, of course."

Buttons passed the time in a fever of impatience.

For far ahead the Spaniards were flying further and further away, no doubt wondering at every stage why he did not join them.

XL.

TRIUMPHANT PROGRESS OF DICK. — GENDARMES FOILED. — THE DODGE CLUB IS ATTACKED BY BRIGANDS, AND EVERY MAN OF IT COVERS HIMSELF WITH GLORY. — SCREAM OF THE AMERICAN EAGLE!

It was late on the evening of the following day before Dick made his appearance with Pietro. Another vettura had been obtained, and with cracks of a long whip that resounded through the whole town, summoning the citizens to the streets; with thunder of wheels over the pavements; with prancing and snorting of horses; Pietro drove up to the hotel. Most conspicuous in the turn-out was Dick, who was seated in the coupe, waving his hat triumphantly in the air.

The appearance of the carriage was the signal for three hearty cheers, which burst involuntarily from the three Americans on the courtyard, rousing Mr. Figgs from sleep and the inn-keeper from his usual lethargy. One look at the horses was enough to show that there was no chance of proceeding further that day. The poor beasts were covered with foam, and trembled excessively. However, they all felt infinite relief at the prospect of getting away, even though they would have to wait till the following morning.

Dick was dragged to the dining-room by his eager friends and fiercely interrogated. He had not much to tell.

The journey to Rome had been made without any difficulty, the carriage having tumbled forward on its front axle not more than one hundred and fifty-seven times. True, when it reached Rome it was a perfect wreck, the framework being completely wrenched to pieces; and the proprietor was bitterly enraged with Pietro for not leaving the carriage at Civita Castellana, and returning on horseback for a wheel; but Dick interceded for the poor devil of a driver, and the proprietor kindly consented to deduct the value of the coach from his wages piecemeal.



DICK IN HIS GLORY.

Their journey back was quick but uninteresting. Dick acknowledged that he had a faint idea of staying in Rome, but saw a friend who advised him not to. He had taken the reins and driven for a great part of the way, while Pietro had gone inside and slumbered the sleep of the just.

As it was a lonely country, with few inhabitants, he had beguiled the tedious hours of the journey by blowing patriotic airs on an enormous trombone, purchased by him from a miscellaneous dealer in Rome. The result had been in the highest degree pleasing to himself, though perhaps a little surprising to others. No one, however, interfered with him except a party of gendarmes who attempted to stop him. They thought that he was a Garibaldino trying to rouse the country. The trombone might have been the cause of that suspicion.

Fortunately the gendarmes, though armed to the teeth, were not mounted, and so it was that, when they attempted to arrest Dick, that young man lashed his horses to fury, and, loosening the reins at the same moment, burst through the line, and before they knew what he was about he was away.

They fired a volley. The echoes died away, mingled with gendarmerian curses. The only harm done was a hole made by a bullet through the coach. The only apparent effect was the waking of Pietro. That worthy, suddenly roused from slumber, jumped up to hear the last sounds of the rifles, to see the hole made by the bullet, the fading forms of the frantic officials, and the nimble figure of the gallant driver, who stood upright upon the seat waving his hat over his head, while the horses dashed on at a furious gallop.

This was all. Nothing more occurred, for Pietro drove the remainder of the way, and Dick's trombone was tabooed.

On the following morning the welcome departure was made. To their inexpressible joy they found that the coach was this time a strong one, and no ordinary event of travel could de-

lay them. They had lost two days, however, and that was no trifle. They now entered upon the second stage, and passed on without difficulty.

In fact, they didn't meet with a single incident worth mentioning till they came to Perugia. Perugia is one of the finest places in Italy, and really did not deserve to be overhauled so terrifically by the Papal troops. Every body remembers that affair. At the time when the Dodge Club arrived at this city they found the Papal party in the middle of a reaction. They actually began to fear that they had gone a little too far. They were making friendly overtures to the outraged citizens. But the latter were implacable, stiff!

What rankled most deeply was the maddening fact that these Swiss, who were made the ministers of vengeance, were part of that accursed, detested, hated, shunned, despised, abhorred, loathed, execrated, contemptible, stupid, thick-headed, brutal, gross, cruel, bestial, demoniacal, fiendish, and utterly abominable race—*I Tedeschi*—whose very name, when hissed from an Italian mouth, expresses unutterable scorn and undying hate.

They left Perugia at early dawn. Jogging on easily over the hills, they were calculating the time when they would reach Florence.

In the disturbed state of Italy at this time, resulting from war and political excitement, and general expectation of universal change, the country was filled with disorder, and scoundrels infested the roads, particularly in the Papal territories. Here the Government, finding sufficient employment for all its energies in taking care of itself, could scarcely be expected to take care either of its own subjects or the traveler through its dominions. The Americans had heard several stories about brigands, but had given themselves no trouble whatever about them.

Now it came to pass that about five miles from Perugia they wound round a very thickly-wooded mountain, which ascended on the left

far above, and on the right descended quite abruptly into a gorge. Dick was outside; the others inside. Suddenly a loud shout, and a scream from Pietro. The carriage stopped.

The inside passengers could see the horses rearing and plunging, and Dick, snatching whip and reins from Pietro, lashing them with all his might. In a moment all inside was in an uproar.

"We are attacked!" cried Buttons.

"The devil!" cried the Senator, who, in his sudden excitement, used the first and only profane expression which his friends ever heard him utter.

Out came the Doctor's revolver.

Bang! bang! went two rifles outside, and a loud voice called on them to surrender.

"*Andate al Diavolo!*" pealed out Dick's voice as loud as a trumpet. His blows fell fast and furiously on the horses. Maddened by pain, the animals bounded forward for a few rods, and then swerving from the road-side, dashed against the precipitous hill, where the coach stuck, the horses rearing.

Through the doors which they had flung open in order to jump out the occupants of the carriage saw the reeling figures of armed men overthrown and cursing. In a moment they all were out.

Bang! and then,

Ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-bang! went half a dozen rifles.

Thank Heaven! not one of the Club was struck. There were twenty scoundrels armed to the teeth.

The Doctor was as stiff as a rock. He aimed six times as calmly as though he were in a pistol-gallery. Nerve told. Six explosions roared. Six yells followed. Six men reeled.

"I'd give ten years of my life for such a pistol!" cried Buttons.

The Italians were staggered. Dick had a bowie-knife. The Senator grasped a ponderous beam that he had placed on the coach in case of another break-down. Mr. Figgs had a razor which he had grabbed from the storehouse in the Doctor's pocket. Buttons had nothing. But on the road lay three Italians writhing.

"Hurrah!" cried Buttons. "Load again, Doctor. Come; let's make a rush and get the guns of these devils on the road."

He rushed forward. The others all at his side. The Italians stood paralyzed at the effect of the revolver. As Buttons led the charge they fell back a few paces.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" burst from Buttons, the Senator, and Dick, as each snatched a rifle from the prostrate bandits, and hastily tore the cartridge-boxes from them.

"Load up! load up! Doctor!" cried Buttons.

"All right," said the Doctor, who never changed in his cool self-possession.

But now the Italians with curses and screams came back to the attack. It is absolutely stu-

pefying to think how few shots hit the mark in the excitement of a fight. Here were a number of men firing from a distance of hardly more than forty paces, and not one took effect.

The next moment the whole crowd were upon them. Buttons snatched Mr. Figgs's razor from his grasp and used it vigorously. Dick plied his bowie-knife. The Senator wielded a clubbed rifle on high as though it were a wand, and dealt the blows of a giant upon the heads of his assailants. All the Italians were physically their inferiors—small, puny men. Mr. Figgs made a wild dash at the first man he saw and seized his rifle. The fight was spirited.

The rascally brigands nearly three times as numerous, but the Americans surpassed them in bodily strength and spirit.

Crash—crash—fell the Senator's rifle, and down went two men. His strength was enormous—absorbed as it had been from the granite cliffs of the old Granite State. Two brawny fellows seized him from behind. A thrust of his elbow laid one low. Buttons slashed the wrist of the other. A fellow threw himself on Buttons. Dick's bowie-knife laid open his arm and thigh. The next moment Dick went down beneath the blows of several Italians. But Buttons rushed with his razor to rescue Dick. Three men glared at him with uplifted weapons. Down came the Senator's clubbed rifle like an avalanche, sweeping their weapons over the cliff. They turned simultaneously on the Senator, and grasped him in a threefold embrace. Buttons's razor again drank blood. Two turned upon him. Bang! went the Doctor's pistol, sending one of them shrieking to the ground. Bang! once more, and a fellow who had nearly overpowered the breathless Figgs staggered back. Dick was writhing on the ground beneath the weight of a dead man and a fellow who was trying to suffocate him. Buttons was being throttled by three others who held him powerless, his razor being broken. A crack on Mr. Figgs's head laid him low. The Doctor stood off at a little distance hastily reloading.

The Senator alone was free; but six fierce fellows assailed him. It was now as in the old Homeric days, when the heroic soul, sustained by iron nerve and mighty muscle, came out particularly strong in the hour of conflict.

The Senator's form towered up like one of his own granite cliffs in the storm—as rugged, as unconquerable. His blood was up! The same blood it was that coursed through the veins of Cromwell's grim old "Ironsides," and afterward animated those sturdy backwoodsmen who had planted themselves in American forests, and beaten back wild beasts and howling savages.

Buttons, prostrate on the ground, looked up, gasping through the smoke and dust, as he struggled with his assailants. He saw the Senator, his hair bristling out straight, his teeth set, his eye on fire, his whole expression sublimed by the ardor of battle. His clothes were

torn to shreds; his coat was gone, his hat nowhere, his hands and face were covered with clots of blood and streaks from mud, dust, smoke, and powder.

The eye of Buttons took in all this in one glance. The next instant, with a wide sweep of his clubbed rifle the Senator put forth all his gigantic strength in one tremendous effort. The shock was irresistible. Down went the six bandits as though a cannon-ball had struck them. The Senator leaped away to relieve Dick, and seizing his assailant by neck and heel, flung him over the cliff. Then tearing away another from Mr. Figgs's prostrate and almost senseless form, he rushed back upon the six men whom he had just leveled to the earth.

Dick sprang to the relief of Buttons, who was at his last extremity. But the Doctor was before him, as cool as ever. He grasped one fellow by the throat—a favorite trick of the Doctor's, in which his anatomical knowledge came very finely into play:

"Off!" rang the Doctor's voice.

The fellow gasped a curse. The next instant a roar burst through the air, and the wretch fell heavily forward, shot through the head, while his brains were spattered over the face of Buttons. The Doctor with a blow of his fist sent the other fellow reeling over.

Buttons sprang up gasping. The Italians were falling back. He called to the Senator. That man of might came up. Thank God, they were all alive! Bruised, and wounded, and panting—but alive.

The scowling bandits drew off, leaving seven of their number on the road *hors de combat*. Some of the retreating ones had been badly treated, and limped and staggered. The Club proceeded to load their rifles.

The Doctor stepped forward. Deliberately aiming he fired his revolver five times in rapid succession. Before he had time to load again the bandits had darted into the woods.

"Every one of those bullets *hit*," said the Doctor with unusual emphasis.

"We must get under cover at once," said Dick. "They'll be back shortly with others!"

"Then we must fortify our position," said the Senator, "and wait for relief. As we were, though, it was lucky they tried a hand-to-hand fight first. This hill shelters us on one side. There are so many trees that they can't roll stones down, nor can they shoot us. We'll fix a barricade in front with our baggage. We'll have to fight behind a barricade this time; though, by the Eternal! I wish it were hand-to-hand again, for I don't remember of ever having had such a glorious time in all my born days!"

The Senator passed his hand over his gory brow, and walked to the coach.

"Where's Pietro?"

"Pietro! *Pietro!*"

No answer.

"PI-E-TRO!"

Still no answer.



PIETRO.

"Pietro!" cried Dick, "if you don't come here I'll blow you—"

"Oh! is it you, Signori?" exclaimed Pietro's voice; and that worthy appeared among the trees a little way up the hill. He was deathly pale, and trembled so much that he could scarcely speak.

"Look here!" cried Buttons; "we are going to barricade ourselves."

"Barricade!"

"We can not carry our baggage away, and we are not going to leave it behind. We expect to have another battle."

Pietro's face grew livid.

"You can stay and help us if you wish."

Pietro's teeth chattered.

"Or you can help us far more by running to the nearest town and letting the authorities know."

"Oh, Signore, trust me! I go."

"Make haste, then, or you may find us all murdered, and then how will you get your fares—eh?"

"I go—I go; I will run all the way!"

"Won't you take a gun to defend yourself with?"

"Oh no!" cried Pietro, with horror. "No, no!"

In a few minutes he had vanished among the thick woods.

After stripping the prostrate Italians the travelers found themselves in possession of seven rifles, with cartridges, and some other useful articles. Four of these men were stone-dead. They pulled their bodies in front of their place

of shelter. The wounded men they drew inside, and the Doctor at once attended to them, while the others were strengthening the barricade.

"I don't like putting these here," said the Senator; "but it'll likely frighten the brigands, or make them delicate about firing at us. That's my idee."

The horses were secured fast. Then the baggage was piled all around, and made an excellent barricade. With this and the captured rifles they felt themselves able to encounter a small regiment.

"Now let them come on," cried the Senator, just as soon as they dam please! We'll try first the European system of barricades; and if that don't work, then we can fall back on the real original, national, patriotic, independent, manly, native American, true-blue, and altogether heroic style!"

"What is that?"

The Senator looked at the company, and held out his clenched fist:

"Why, from behind a tree, in the woods, like your glorious forefathers!"

MR. GREGORY.

IT was getting late, and Agnes Howe was very tired: her work was finished at last, and now there was nothing for her to do but sit down and survey the result, and ask herself over and over again, "What next?"

For there was no one else to ask; she was all alone in the world. Her mother dead a year ago; her father gone within the fortnight to rejoin his wife; brotherless and sisterless, well might she feel herself alone indeed.

There was not even the outer circle of friends and acquaintances common to almost every family. Her father's meagre salary as assistant in the school in the next street had allowed of no more home-like home than the third story of a dingy boarding-house in the heart of the great city; he had never been a man to make friends, and was absorbed in his work. Her mother had found but little companionship in the house suited to her refined and retiring taste; and so the three lived together, apart. Agnes had said her childish lessons at her mother's knee, and afterward pursued her graver studies by her father's side; so that she knew nothing of school and the friendships formed there.

She had borne now for a week all alone, save for the conventional condolences of the few people in the house whom she knew at all, the dreadful burden of grief and anxiety which there was none in all the world to share with her; and the days had passed as in a horrible dream. That it was worse than this, a horrible *reality*, she had first actually felt this morning, when the undertaker's bill, the monthly board bill, and sundry miscellaneous charges for sick-room expenses had been sent up to her with her breakfast. The frightfully slender balance remaining after these demands were

settled roused her to a realizing sense of her utter destitution, and the consciousness that something must be done.

Yes, be done at once! and she must do it; but what? and how? Only one step was plain before her, and that was that she must remove at once from the old rooms which had been her home so long to a smaller and humbler domicile: and it was the first ray of light which had shone across her gloom when the landlady, sympathetic after her way, had informed her that she need not leave the house where she had lived so many years to find that. If she didn't mind going up another flight of stairs, there was a snug little room in the fourth story, and so lucky not to be engaged just now. To be sure, the roof sloped a little, and the window was only a dormer; but the higher up the better the air, and you could see clear across the river to Hoboken. As for the money, she needn't fret about that just yet, for there was her father and mother's furniture, and she was quite willing to trust her on the strength of that, and would take the use of it for interest meanwhile.

It did not occur to Agnes to think that the good woman was making a very safe bargain for herself; she was only conscious of relief from her nearest pressing dread—the having to begin a new, strange life in a new, strange place; and she addressed herself at once to the task of removing her possessions to the little attic nook which was henceforward to be her home; and then there was nothing for her but to sit down in the gathering gloom and look around with a bitter sense of change and loss, and think, drearily, "What next?"

Although it was late in the spring, there was no gentle evening breeze, no tender light of moon or star; night had come on suddenly and darkly; the wind moaned uneasily in the tree-tops, and the rain fell with a melancholy sound upon the roof just over her head. Agnes shivered with nervous apprehension as she sat alone in the chilly darkness; and the sudden harsh jangling of the great dining-room bell broke in upon the silence as a positive relief. She had not been to the table since her father's death; it had seemed impossible to her to meet the half-curious half-pitying stare of indifferent people; and she had either taken her meals in her own room, or gone down when the dining-room was empty.

She sprang up now, however, at the sound of the bell, with a sudden impulse of relief; she must get out of this strange, lonely room, must see and speak to some one, or she should go wild; and she went hurriedly to the mirror on the little toilet-table, and gathered up mechanically the heavy masses of hair that had fallen about her shoulders, wondering, half unconsciously, if the dead, pale face it framed could be hers; and then went hastily down stairs, hoping to enter the room before the rest of the household had assembled. There were only a few persons there, and after the landlady's good-

natured welcome was over, and one or two remarks meant to be sympathetic, had been addressed to her by the people nearest her, Agnes found all special notice of herself soon cease, in the constant bustle of entrance, and the medley of gossipy chit-chat which always accompanied the evening meal.

The sound of social voices was a relief to her own dreary thoughts. On her right sat two stout middle-aged ladies, one of whom was detailing to the other her day's worries with three children sick with the measles, and rigidly defending the old practice against her neighbor's laudation of homœopathy; near the foot of the table was an elderly female of a strong-minded turn, who was giving a private lecture on her views as to the settlement of national affairs to a small meek man who fidgeted uneasily under the infliction, said "Yesm'm" to every thing, and looked as if he would like very much to be allowed to drink his tea in peace. Just opposite were two young ladies whom Agnes had always supposed to be in the dress-making line, from the wonderful ingenuity displayed in the incessant alterations and retrimming of their own garments. Their conversation was carried on in a very audible tone; and Agnes presently found her attention arrested by the words "school," "resignation," and looked up with a sudden interest.

"You know she's been teaching in No. 19, and, of course, she wouldn't give up her place if she wasn't getting ready to be married. I should like to see her wedding-dresses, splendid fits they'll be, you may be sure! She never had a particle of style."

And so on, and so on; but Agnes heard no more: the one grain of wheat she had picked out of this chaff was that somebody had laid down her work that perhaps she might be permitted to take it up. "No. 19!" She knew what and where that was; the great red brick school-house a few squares distant, at which she had so often paused in passing, to listen with the curiosity of a child who has always been taught at home to the mingled hum of voices sounding through the open windows.

She would not suffer a single day to elapse before she made the effort at least; and full of the glow of a hopeful purpose she slipped away from the table up to her lonely little room to arrange her plan, and think what she should do and say in the morning. Her limited experience of independent action, however, did not suggest any thing very satisfactory; and deciding at last that it would be best to trust to the inspiration of the moment she went to bed and slept the first restful sleep in many, many nights.

But the glow had well-nigh faded out when Agnes awoke in the dull gray morning and looked at her venturesome scheme in the cold uncompromising daylight. It seemed now but a hopeless effort for a dreary task; and the girl's young courage nearly failed her as she stood by the window after breakfast and looked down

into the street below watching the ceaseless tide of hurrying people and listening to the deafening roar and thought of joining that jostling throng, each one of which was intent upon his own appointed business while she was going forth on what was, perhaps, a most presumptuous venture, strengthened now by no hope, however delusive, but prompted alone by the energy of despair.

It was with a nervous haste, as though afraid if she lingered even that stimulus would fail her, that she suddenly turned from the window, put on her bonnet and mantle, and hurried down stairs, and out into the street. The March morning was gray with chilly showers; there was no gleam of sunshine without to kindle one within, and Agnes went on her way with a sad resoluteness which no pulse of hope came to quicken.

At last she reached the corner upon which the school-house stood, and in a moment more, despite the trembling of heart and of fingers, the great iron gate was swung open, the massive door slid back, and she was within the walls which were soon to hear her fate pronounced. A broad staircase ascended from the square entrance hall in which she found herself, and when she had reached the landing at the top a door barred further advance. She gave herself not a moment for thought, or her fast-ebbing courage would have failed her utterly; the door was opened almost immediately in response to her timid knock, and now, indeed, there was no receding.

"Do you want to see the Principal, ma'am?" asked the lad who had opened the door, seeing her hesitate to enter. And Agnes was glad she had only to bow her head in assent.

"Mr. Gregory," said the boy, making way for her to step up on a large platform elevated above the rest of the room, where a gentleman sat writing at a handsome library desk; and "the Principal," looking up at the call, nodded briefly, indicated a seat, and went on with his writing.

The room was broad and high, with spacious windows, and furnished with low desks, which were occupied, on the one side, by fifty or sixty boys—quiet and intelligent-looking lads between the ages of twelve and fifteen—and on the other by as many girls perhaps a little older. Agnes thought this side of the room looked like a flower-garden, with the rows of fresh-colored cheeks and bright eyes, the waving curls and gay ribbons. As pretty and as silent too as flowers. Each young face was bent with bright, attentive look toward the black-board on the wall, where their teacher—a tall, dignified woman in black—was explaining a problem in algebra in such clear, quiet tones that Agnes was sure every difficulty must vanish. So they seemed to do; for the watchful, listening look gradually quieted into one of satisfied comprehension on each countenance; each head bent over its desk, and for a few moments there was a soft

click of rapid pencils; then, in what seemed to the home-bred Agnes an incredibly short time, one head after another was lifted, and one girl after another rose noiselessly to her feet, till the whole class stood in long rows with the finished problem in their hands. The answer was announced by all in a quiet, concerted tone that sounded like a single voice. At an almost imperceptible signal from their teacher they resumed their seats and prepared for another example. The boys on the other side were as busily engaged as the girls; and it was some encouragement to Agnes to observe that their teacher was a mere girl, scarcely older than herself, a slender little creature whom any one of her pupils might easily have lifted and borne across the floor, yet whose slightest signal commanded instant obedience. Beyond this room, separated from it by partitions of glass, were others, and yet others, stretching back in a long vista, all filled with the same rows on rows of attentive pupils, and all presenting the same scene of order and industry.

Agnes waited and looked and listened until she had almost forgotten herself and her errand, and she started with nervous self-recollection as the Principal, suddenly turning his chair half toward her, his eyes still upon the paper to which he was rapidly affixing his signature, uttered a brief interrogative: "Well, ma'am?"

The harsh voice and abrupt manner were better for the timid girl than a more bland and suave address would have been. They absolutely frightened her into self-control, and with a tone whose quiet surprised herself she replied as briefly:

"I have heard there is a vacancy in your school, Sir, and have come to ask if I may apply for it."

The sheet was duly folded, enveloped, sealed, and superscribed; then the chair was pushed entirely around, and the Principal looked at his visitor, which he had not done before. Agnes, too, lifted her eyes, eager with suspense, to his, and thus for the space of a minute the two surveyed each other. She saw a square and rugged face, suiting well the square-built, ungraceful form to which it belonged; steel-blue eyes, which showed black under the harsh projecting brows; masses of leonine locks; and a mouth which just now looked satirical, and probably was never particularly gentle or sweet. He saw a finely-cut but dead-pale face, too young by far for the anxious look it wore; brown hair, drawn away in masses from the low, sad brow; gray, heavy-lidded eyes, troubled yet expectant; and a mouth whose wistful tremulousness needed no words in which to present its silent plea.

She, looking at him, felt her courage rather grow strong than falter, spite of his penetrating eyes and saturnine mouth; and he, returning the look, felt, strangely enough for him, a sudden reluctance to utter the curt dismissal which had at first risen to his lips.

"Have you seen the committee? Have you

been sent here by any one?" he asked, with some appearance of interest.

"No, Sir; I came directly to you."

"Where have you taught before? and how long?"

"I have never taught at all, Sir."

"Just left school! That's bad—no experience. I suppose you have had a thorough public school course, however; from which school have you a diploma?"

"I have never been to school, Sir. My father taught me at home."

A blank look, and a lifting of the heavy eyebrows. "And you do not know any of the trustees? You have no influence?"

"No, none at all;" and now Agnes began to realize the extent, the folly of her presumption. Her heart sank, and her eyes filled, but one last effort must be made. With quivering lips and broken voice she said, as a child might have said it, "I don't know any thing about all the forms to be gone through, but I would try so hard if you would only let me, and indeed I think I could do it! And I *must* do something!"

Mr. Gregory had pushed back his chair, as though there really were nothing further to be said, and now, as he met the waiting, desperate look in her face, he asked himself, impatiently, how he should best get rid of her, and wished that desolate young women with such eyes as that would not come bothering him—that face would haunt him all day! But what could he do with her? He couldn't insult her by offering her five dollars, and requesting her to take her departure; and as to referring her to the committee he knew that would be only the cruelty of hope deferred—they would never employ her against the protest he should feel compelled to make for the good of the school.

He looked up at her again, intending to tell her so as kindly as possible, and send her about her business, but a change had come over her even in that instant, which arrested his purpose. The eager, almost desperate look, the pleading attitude, were gone; and the expression of quiet and resolute endurance, the posture of simple dignity, the whole aspect of high though still courage, showed that the young soul had collected all its powers to meet and bear its fate. Mr. Gregory marked with keen, sagacious eye the self-control, the patience, the fortitude revealed in the whole demeanor; that there was gentleness as well as force, enthusiasm as well as calmness, and that *sympathetic* quality without which no one should ever dare assume the charge of children, he could read clearly enough in the sensitive, mobile, yet steadfast face before him, lifted now to his, with a quiet waiting look, out of which all the hope had gone; and he asked himself, with a sudden impulse, if such characteristics were not worth more than a dozen years' experience of mere paltry routine, nay, were not the very elements out of which success is created? "I would be willing to risk it, but my opinion, I suspect, will be of

preciously small value in the matter," he thought, with a grim smile; and then, turning to Agnes, said in a dry, business-like tone:

"It is almost unprecedented to think of intrusting a class to a person who has had no experience in teaching, and nothing of the drill of a public school. Still I think, Miss—"

"Howe," said Agnes, listening, eager with suspense.

"Miss Howe, that you would probably succeed quite as well as half of those who are appointed unhesitatingly. If you choose to undertake the charge of the vacant class down stairs for the rest of the day, and your management of it justifies my opinion, I am willing to do all I can for you, which is merely to recommend you to the committee. The power of appointment lies entirely with them."

There was not much to encourage hope in this cold, plain statement, and Agnes was appalled at the idea of making so suddenly, and all unprepared, the trial which might lead to such an issue. But there was no time now for fear or faltering; the Principal was waiting for her decision, and she lifted her face with a look which said far more than her words,

"I will try."

"Very well; then we will go down at once. The vacancy is in the Primary Department, I suppose you know; a hundred little girls, I believe. You will find your hands pretty full, but you must not be discouraged. Come."

He rose abruptly and led the way down stairs, and Agnes followed mechanically. "A hundred little girls!" She felt as if a hundred pins and needles had suddenly entered her flesh; but there was no time now for shrinking or quivering. Already the door of the Lower Department was opened, and Mr. Gregory was introducing her to a lady who occupied the chair on the platform. There were two other ladies and a gentleman seated there, evidently visitors to the school, and it seemed that some kind of public exercises were about to be performed for their entertainment, as the classes were not engaged in recitation, but waiting quietly in their seats.

Mr. Gregory drew a chair forward for Agnes, and the trembling girl was glad to sink into it; but he stood up by the desk, square and rugged, his keen eyes looking sharply out from beneath the projecting brows, and taking in at a glance every point of the scene before him.

It would have been a critical eye indeed which would have discovered any thing to find fault with; so perfect was the silence, so motionless the figures that filled those long rows of seats as the lady Principal laid her hand upon the spring of a little bell which stood upon her desk, and held it there for a moment. Not a head moved, not a hand or foot stirred, among all those scores of little children; and Agnes involuntarily held her breath, with a nervous fear lest she should move, or cough, or drop something, and thus disturb the statue-like stillness. She started with a sense of relief when a light pressure of

the bell sent its clear silver call vibrating through the rooms, and at the instant six little monitors, in each of that long vista of apartments, took their places at the glass doors between. Another child, a girl of perhaps twelve years, came quietly forward and seated herself at a piano which stood in front of the Principal's desk. Very soft and sweet were the tones which her light, little fingers woke, and to the slow gliding music the great doors moved noiselessly apart, revealing long suits of classrooms, each presenting the same aspect of silent order as the first. It was a beautiful, a wonderful sight, and Agnes thrilled, as one does involuntarily, with a sense of the beautiful, the perfect, wherever found. At a signal from the Principal the little musician struck a single loud chord, and the whole assemblage of children rose to their feet as if by mechanism, so simultaneous, so noiseless was the movement. Then the little fingers at the instrument flew lightly over the keys in a merry, ringing tune, and all the little heads and hands and feet began to move as lightly to it in perfect rhythm. How prettily the tiny hands went tap, tap, tap above each childish head, now softly as the snow-flakes touch in falling, now with a silvery sound as when the waves at play ripple against the beach!—how gracefully the dimpled arms went wreathing, twining in a sort of fairy garland; each saucy chin nodded up and down, each bright head turned to right and left, each playful foot went stamp, stamp, stamp in rhythmic measure, and one would have thought it the whole force of Titania's realm, drawn up in mimic rank and file, and being put through elfin drill by Puck himself. Fast and faster flew the little fingers over the ringing keys, and still the rapid, fairy-like motions kept pace with the changing music; and bright eyes sparkled, red lips smiled, ringlets waved, and cheeks grew rosy with the pretty, healthful exercise, while the delighted guests overwhelmed the teachers with compliments, and Agnes looked on fascinated and wonder-struck, and more than ever appalled at the thought of her own temerity.

The bell sent forth its silver note again, and swift, silent as the fall of the leaves the whole dancing, nodding throng was still, and sinking softly to their seats. A word to the little pianist, and her music changed to a slow and sweet prelude, gliding into the accompaniment of some pretty song, and soon the room was filled with ringing, childish tones, as bird-like and as winsome as had been the airy movements of the moment before.

When the song was ended the visitors made their adieus, and Mr. Gregory, turning to the lady principal, spoke with her in an undertone for a few moments, and then, with a brief nod to Agnes, disappeared likewise. Upon this Miss Glover took a seat beside the still trembling girl, and began to "make talk" with a kind intention of being civil to a stranger, not unmixed with curiosity to discover what there could be

in this quiet-looking girl to induce Mr. Gregory to take such an extraordinary step.

There was but little time to talk, however; the brief intermission was soon over, and the classes again marshaled in their places. Agnes's heart beat almost to suffocation, but no one could have read her agitation in her quiet face as she walked down the long aisle with Miss Glover and took her place at the vacant desk. To all appearance she was quite at ease, but she was very glad when the great glass doors slowly slid together and she was shut in with her charge.

It would take overmuch time to tell the history of that day. Poor Agnes found it to be "a trial" indeed; for the children, who had seemed little fairies before, proved themselves to be in reality little *imps* in their ingenious capacity for mischief, when removed from the conventional restraint of public assemblage, under the eyes of the whole corps of teachers. Tiny little sprites as they were, they evidently quite understood the art of taking advantage of a new teacher, and put "Miss Howe" to her wit's end to evade their incessant demands, to keep them in any kind of order, or obtain from them any satisfactory attention to study.

"Never mind lessons to-day—only make them feel that you can govern them," had been Miss Glover's suggestion; and so Agnes felt at liberty to devote her time to winning their attention and good-will. She was both gentle and firm, and her own entire interest was in the work, so it was not strange that she succeeded in gaining theirs; and the class presented such a quiet, cheerful, busy aspect, when Mr. Gregory entered it at two o'clock, that his countenance relaxed a little from its usual saturnine expression in involuntary satisfaction at this confirmation of his judgment of the young stranger.

"No, don't rise," he said, looking closely into the face of Agnes—a little tired and nervous, and just now coloring with embarrassment—"pretty hard work, isn't it? but you have got bravely over the worst, and every day will make it easier now—that is, if your star proves propitious, which I trust it may. I have written a line for you, which you can show to each of the trustees, and here are their addresses. I would go to see them this very afternoon; there is nothing like being the first on the ground."

Agnes had only an hour or two to rest, for Mr. Gregory had suggested five o'clock as the best hour at which to call upon Mr. Verplanck, the Chairman of the Committee, as it was his dinner-hour, and she would be likely to find him at home. Even this brief space in which to breathe freely brought back composure and courage; and as the great bell of St. Mark's tolled five Agnes found herself standing in the spacious doorway of a more elegant mansion than she had ever entered before, waiting admission with a trembling but resolute heart.

"Mr. Verplanck is at dinner," said the serv-

ant who opened the door; and Agnes, asking permission to await him, was shown into a state-ly room, whose magnificence at first dazzled her novice eyes, and was there left to her own devices. The first half-hour was made quite tolerable by the novelty of being surrounded by such unaccustomed splendor; but as the slow moments crept by she began to grow nervous and anxious, doubtful of her fate, and impatient to have it settled one way or the other. The sound of approaching steps at last was a real relief, and it was with a now-it-will-soon-be-over feeling that she rose to meet the gentleman who entered and silently placed in his hand Mr. Gregory's note. He was a tall, grave man, with a cold, unapproachable countenance, but yet a look which inspired one involuntarily with the feeling that his decisions would yet be given strictly according to his conscience. He took the note also silently and read it slowly and carefully through; then he refolded it leisurely, regarding Agnes meanwhile with a thoughtful, examining look. At last he spoke, almost more to himself than to her, and using very deliberate, measured tones:

"Mr. Gregory is an excellent man—a very excellent and a very clear-sighted man; and I hold that, when the principal of a school is such a man, he is the best judge as to the teachers who are to work with him. I see no reason to dissent from the opinion he has expressed here, young lady, as to your suitability for this vacancy; and I am glad he has made it unnecessary for me to enter into any examination, for my time is very much occupied, and I have an engagement immediately. If neither of my colleagues have any superior claims to urge in behalf of any other applicant, I shall be pleased to be able to ratify Mr. Gregory's judgment. That is all, I believe; good-evening."

This indeed was good fortune, and Agnes started off toward her next destination with a light step and a confident heart. "No. 101 Blank Street," that was not very far off; and a few minutes' rapid walk brought her to the door of a dingy red brick house which bore that number.

"Does Mr. M'Cormick live here? and is he at home?" she asked, doubtfully, of the girl who answered her ring.

"Shure an' he doz. Ye'll find him in here, I guess; jist open the dhoor, and help yersilf, plaze."

A strong odor of corned beef and cabbage pervaded the atmosphere, blending with equally powerful fumes of the tobacco that filled with clouds of smoke the apartment into which Agnes very hesitatingly entered. The gas was not yet lighted, and two men were sitting at an open window, puffing at their pipes, and talking and laughing in no measured tones. One of them started forward as the young girl stopped in confusion in the middle of the room, and she hastened tremblingly to hand him Mr. Gregory's note, stammering out at the same time that Mr. Verplanck had approved his recommendation.

The man ran his eye carelessly over the paper, and then crumpling it up, said, coarsely,

"Gregory is an old prig, and Verplanck a stuck-up, conceited Know-Nothing. I don't care a penny for either of their opinions; I take the liberty of using my own judgment, if no one has any objection!"

Agnes had nothing to reply to this speech; and the man, getting over his ebullition of wrath at the mere suspicion of dictation, assumed an air of patronizing familiarity, scarcely so sufferable; and placing a chair for the still trembling girl, seated himself at a little table opposite her, resting his elbows upon it, and gazing into her face with an impudent smile.

"Ye see I like to examine the gurls myself that come to me for situations, an' I don't want any ready-made candidates sent to me. How are ye now as to readin', ritin', an' 'rithmetic? Are ye sure ye can read through the Declaration of Independence without a mistake? Can ye say the multiplication table backward and forward? And are ye good at subtraction?"

Agnes was strongly moved to get up and leave the room; she did not belong to the order of young ladies to which Mr. M'Cormick was evidently accustomed, who would either have joined in his merriment or submitted to it complacently. However, she compelled her indignation to yield to her prudence, but she could not control the involuntary reddening of her cheek and flashing of her eye; and her interlocutor, noticing the brightening of her hitherto pale and downcast face, adopted a new line.

"I always go a' good deal by looks," said he, "there's a heap in an eye, and I always like to look at a gurl's eye before I give her the management of a class. I'll just light the gas and take a peep at yours."

He rose and went toward the chandelier, and in an instant, swift as an arrow, Agnes sprang from her seat and darted out of the door. She almost feared he would rush after her and detain her by force, but he contented himself with a loud laugh at her terror and his own discomfiture, and with shouting after her from the open window, "I forgot to tell you that I'd promised my vote to somebody else."

Agnes fairly tingled with shame and indignation. Wretchedly enough she pursued her way along the darkening streets, and wearily, almost indifferently, she ascended the steps of the pleasant-looking house, where resided the third and last member of the committee, and pulled the bell.

"Yes, Mr. Rushton was in—would she walk into the library?" was the servant's answer to her query; and as Agnes sat waiting in the pretty little room, looking wearily at the tempting rows of volumes in the book-cases, and the well-chosen pictures on the walls, cheerful household sounds reached her through the half-open door; a child's merry laugh and eager plea to be tossed up just once more; the father's deeper but as playful tones, and then the mother's

gentle voice restoring quiet as the servant appeared with her message.

In a very few moments there was a quick, manly tread in the hall, and a pleasant voice saying: "No, no, Robbie, wait till papa comes back;" and then the door opened, and Agnes's next trial was near at hand.

Not a very hard one, she felt sure, as soon as she had looked up into that pleasant, kindly face, and heard the tones of that frank, genial voice; and, while she had fled from the mere prospect of Mr. M'Cormick's scrutiny, she bore very quietly the look with which this man regarded her as he refolded the Principal's note. Agnes could not but feel sure not only of courtesy but appreciation, and lifted her look to his, with this intuitive trust showing out very plainly amidst all its agitation and weariness.

"No other candidate has applied to me," he said; and then he asked a great many questions, kindly and delicate, but still close and scrutinizing, as he felt was his duty before deciding a matter of importance; and Agnes answered freely.

"I will see Verplanck myself to-morrow," he said, at last, "and M'Cormick can do nothing against us together. You may consider your appointment certain if you pass the Superintendent's examination; and I wish you all manner of success in your new vocation."

There was but one more ordeal now for Agnes to pass—the examination by the Superintendent of the Schools—and this proved not half so terrible as she had expected. When she left him on the next afternoon she held in her hand not only the usual certificate, but a note containing a simple but strong expression of more than ordinary approval.

So now it was all settled, and she had had "wonderful luck," as some of the teachers a little enviously remarked, when, on the next Monday, she was regularly installed among their number. The class, tired of the capricious rule of monitors, welcomed her back with childish eagerness; and she entered upon her duties with every thing combining to make them as pleasant as they could be made. This she felt deep down in her grateful heart; and wearisome as the monotonous routine often proved, the children restless or idle, the noise and heat distressing, and though the sad loneliness of her desolate home sent no cheering influence with her to sustain her through the day, her patience and courage rarely failed her. Her scholars loved her, and grew daily more gentle and obedient under her harmonizing power; and though she was not gay and brilliant enough ever to become "popular" in the school, "that quiet Miss Howe" made no enemies, even if she drew toward her no ardent young lady friendships.

She saw Mr. Gregory three or four times a week, as he made the tour of the different departments, and these brief visits always made bright spots in the day for Agnes. She wondered how the other teachers could dislike him,

as they almost unanimously did; they rendered an involuntary respect to his position and to his sterling, straightforward character, but they pronounced him as rugged in manner as in look, as sharp of tongue as of eye, and "Ursa Major" had been adopted as their regular pseudonym for him.

Agnes could not but acknowledge to herself that she too should begin to *fear* him—she did not think she could ever dislike one who had proved her first friend—had she ever seen the strange look, critical, sarcastic, half-contemptuous, bent upon her, with which she had seen him regard some "Miss Mulligan," or "Miss Kelly," when they turned to him on entering their often tumultuous class-rooms, with voluble explanations or apologies. But to her there had never been any thing but kindness even in criticism; a manner brief and abrupt, often enough, but never wanting in respect; and sometimes a *rested* look, as though it were a real refreshment to come to her ever quiet, busy class, and herself always simple, earnest, and sweet, after the many vexations and disappointing experiences of inefficient teachers and unsatisfactory classes which each day brought him.

Agnes was far too humble to realize all this; she only had a comforted feeling that he approved her work, but there was never a word or look to imply that she herself ever entered his thoughts. He never lingered in her room longer than in another, or sought opportunities to speak with her; and she felt a little wistfully sometimes that the real friendship she had hoped might grow up between them was no nearer at hand than on that first day when he took her by the hand and promised to help her.

Only once it seemed a little more like it. She had remained after school to do some necessary writing; and he, looking in at the door of each department, as was his custom before leaving the building each day, saw her seated alone at her desk far down the deep school-room, strode leisurely along the aisle, and threw himself with a wearied air upon one of the children's low iron seats. She would have put up her writing at once, but he bade her go on; and as she obeyed, a little unwillingly, the timid color mounting in her cheek, he sat there, leaning his elbow on the desk, and his massive head upon his hand, and looked at her, taking in every point of the picture; the figure graceful even in its weariness; the bending head with its heavy hair pushed for coolness away from the low, sweet brow, and behind the delicate ear; the creamy cheek, like a tea-rose now, with that soft, shy color stealing upon its rich paleness, the heavy-lashed lids dropping over the gray, deep eyes; the girlish hand tracing free, graceful characters on the white paper; a flush reddening his own swarthy cheek meanwhile, and a glow coming into his own stern eyes, which was not the effect of the hot summer afternoon, nor yet of bending down to write. On and on she wrote, filling up one

blank "Report" after another, her fingers moving the more rapidly because of her nervousness; and still he sat and watched her, until at length the last of the pile was duly written out, folded, and laid in her desk, and the desk locked. All being thus ready for her departure, she lifted her head, and looked at him with a face very quiet still in spite of its fluttering color, as though awaiting some move from him.

"Humph!" said he, "that look means, I suppose, that it's time for me to take myself off. Well, what are you waiting for? I have my hat, don't you see? Why don't you get yours?"

He evidently intended to go out with her; so Agnes went without a word, but with a little thrill, half of pleasure half of shyness, and a sudden deepening of the tea-rose to the blush-rose color, put on her hat and mantle, and then walked quietly, as if it were a matter of course, out into the street with him. It was a very pleasant walk, though the sun was hot and the streets dusty, and her companion spoke but little.

And so the days went on, with very little to record, and the summer grew apace; the heats waxed fiercer, the showers were rarer, and the city began to feel like a great oven. The long vacation was at hand, and the teachers, and many even of the children, talked constantly of speedy release from confinement, of glad flittings to the sea-shore and the hill-side. There was no such bright prospect for Agnes; and it was hard work to listen with unselfish interest to the gay plans of the rest. Most of the younger teachers had fathers or brothers to assist them in their support; but she was all alone, and her salary had barely sufficed to pay her board. Any thought of green fields or running brooks was therefore utterly vain for her; and when the last day of school came, and gay good-bys were being exchanged, and merry bantering as to who should have the pleasantest vacation, she slipped away from them all, quite sure that she would not be missed, and started off, eager to get home, and grow quiet and contented again when alone.

She must go up to the library first, and say good-by to Mr. Gregory, however; it was the etiquette of the school, and he would be offended, perhaps, if she omitted it. He was alone there, putting away books, and came forward at once to greet her.

"And where are you going for the vacation, Miss Howe?" he asked; "I haven't heard you say a word about it. Are you afraid some of us will intrude upon your retreat?"

"Oh no!" and her surprise at the idea that any one should care to seek her out was sad enough; "but there has been nothing for you to hear. I am not going out of town at all."

"Not going out of town! Why—" And then he stopped abruptly, reading the reason in her patient face. "Ah well, you have only been working three or four months; I suppose you do not feel the need of a change as much as we veterans who have had no rest for a year."

Agnes smiled, and her smile was sad as a sigh. "Where do you go, Mr. Gregory?" she asked.

"Oh, to my old father and mother, away up among the rocks and hills of Vermont. Dear old souls, I am their 'boy' still, spite of the wrinkles in my face and the grizzle in my beard. Queer-looking 'boy,' are you thinking, Miss Howe?"

He asked this with a quaint, half-comic, half-wistful look, as though he cared for what she thought of him; but Agnes did not smile now. There was the sound of tears in her voice:

"Last August *I* was among the mountains with *my* father and mother—" she said, as though she could not help it; and then the rain was coming so fast that she turned away to hide it, and with averted face held out her hand to bid him good-by. It was taken so quickly, held so strongly, that she could not withdraw it; and Mr. Gregory said, eagerly, hesitatingly:

"The old folks—indeed they are the dearest old people in the world!—they would be so glad; and the farm-house is so large and cool—you can hear the wind in the pines, and the water falling over the rocks all day. Will you come?"

He stopped abruptly, for he saw in a moment that Agnes had misunderstood him. She read only pity, charity in his tone. She drew back a little with a look of quiet dignity, and said simply,

"I do not think I heard you rightly, Mr. Gregory. No matter now—I must not keep you longer. Good-by, Sir."

She held out again the hand he had dropped abruptly, with her old, sweet earnest look, but he would not take it. He had turned his back square upon her, and was pushing books savagely one against another on the crowded shelves.

"Good-by," he answered gruffly enough, without moving an inch, but Agnes was not content to leave him so. She would not for the world have vexed her first, her faithful friend; and she went shyly up to him and stood by his side. He neither looked nor spoke, and without a word she reached up and laid her little hand on his great one, and with a soft persistence forced her delicate fingers into his. These could not resist the coaxing touch which thrilled them to their very tips, and they closed involuntarily round hers in a quick, close clasp. It was loosed in a moment though, and he still stood with his back toward her, so that Agnes had to depart not quite certain whether they were as good friends as before or not, yet feeling as though something had somehow brought them very near together.

He remained, slamming the books about in a manner very unbecoming a dignified Magister, and for which any one of his boys would certainly have received a very sharp rebuke; girding at himself inwardly for having blundered

more awkwardly than ever before in his life, quivering with a passionate consciousness of feelings never before acknowledged even to himself, afraid of having destroyed any hope of their ever being reciprocated by his precipitancy, and, in short, being excessively sarcastic toward himself generally.

It is to be supposed, however, that his mood softened as the hour of his departure drew nearer; for certain it is that Agnes, with tears of wonder and gratitude and delight, attributed to him the happy surprise which came to her that very evening. It came through the unromantic medium of an express wagon, but was in itself full enough of tender thought, of delicate sentiment, to envelop the lonely girl's whole being with a rare, sweet sense of sympathy and kindness and delicate care for her happiness. Only some flowers—a white rose-bush in a box, rich already with clusters of fragrant buds; and a green, twining plant, whose latticed frame, hidden in luxuriant foliage, made her recessed window a very bower of shade and perfume. A bird in a wicker cage, to sing amidst the leaves and blossoms; a little fernery, scarce a foot square, but with the water none the less bright for its imprisonment, trickling, trickling, and sparkling amidst the pebbles and the bits of shining rock and velvety moss, filling the whole air with its flash of light and its tiny gurgle—and there was at least so much of the country as he could catch and confine for her, within the range of her little ten by twelve attic, notwithstanding her perhaps ungracious refusal of his kindly offer of the whole wide range of hill and dale, of mountain brook, and valley wild-flower.

It was with a very April face that Agnes surveyed her treasures after they were duly arranged: how good it was in him! and how precious they were in themselves! No touch seemed tender enough with which to handle those exquisite blossoms, no tone soft enough with which to woo the shy little songster's frightened notes. The dreariness of the hot and tedious month in her lonely little room was softened and brightened almost before she had had time to anticipate it; and as the long days, garish with blinding sunshine, crept slowly by, she sat with her sewing by the window, all shaded with the twining plants, and breathed the perfume of her roses, and listened to the warbling of her bird, growing gradually to know and love her, and watched the bright drops trickle among shining pebbles and feathery ferns, and a sweet thought kept coolness and greenness forever in her heart.

But there were cares and anxieties pressing upon the young girl's spirits. After the summer the winter, and with it new needs, new expenses, warmer clothing, fire and light for the long, cold evenings—and where was the money to come from to pay for these? Sad with such thoughts as these, and memories sadder still, she sat one evening by her window, leaning out from its green curtaining vines to catch a breath

of the evening wind. The bird was asleep on its perch; she was all alone, save for the young moon that looked in with a bright, sympathetic glance, but was very silent. There was not a sound to rouse her from her mournful reverie, and she sat as if spell-bound, listening to the voices of the Past, and sending vague, troubled questionings into the dim and shadowy Future.

Thus it happened that she did not hear, or, hearing, took no note of a strong masculine tread ascending the stair, advancing through the narrow third-story hall, and pausing at her door. She did not hear the knock which requested admission, nor was it until the door was clumsily opened and her name called that she became conscious of something unusual going on; and rising hastily and coming forward she saw, to her consternation, the tall, square form of Mr. Gregory looming up in the twilight.

"Don't be startled, Miss Howe," he said. "I had no intention of forcing myself upon you in the dark in this rude fashion, but that stupid girl marched me right up, and I was only too glad of the chance of seeing you alone. Now I am here, forgive me, won't you, and say you are glad to see me?"

"I am *very* glad to see you, Mr. Gregory," she said; and he knew it, as, holding her by her two hands, he looked down into her face, which was as if moon and stars had suddenly risen upon a clouded and rainfule sky. "See!" she went on, stirred to girlish playfulness by her sudden glad delight; "see how welcome I will make you to my rustic bower! You shall have my own seat here under my own vine and fig-tree; you shall smell my roses, and hear the water among the rocks, and if I could bear to wake Hughie out of his first nap, you should be charmed also with the singing of birds! What do you think of my little Eden? Do you pretend to say you have found any thing half so pretty way up in Vermont?" and her eyes grew more and more like deep wells, in which the pure water lay far down, shaded and dark; and her voice trembled as she said, "I can not *thank* you for your kindness—I can only *feel* it!"

"If any thanks were needed for such poor offerings as mine, the care you have taken of them would be their best expression. Why, your rose-bush threatens to become a tree!"

And then came a few questions as to how the time had gone with her since school closed, and a little talk about his own home-staying at the old farm-house; then they were quiet for a while, and presently he took up the book which lay upon the window.

"Jean Ingelow has been my companion too, all these weeks," said he. "It was among the rocks, on the shore of one of our mountain lakes, whose waters were quite blue and billowy enough to let me imagine myself by the sea, that I read her 'Brothers and a Sermon.' Is it not grand?"

"I have not read it yet—I only got the book

yesterday—read it to me, please," she said, and would have risen to make a light, but he stayed her with his hand.

"By no means," he said; "there is no poetry in gas; besides, it is quite light still."

He held the book near the window and began to read. His voice was low and deep, with a certain ruggedness which only made its rare sympathetic quality more touching, and he read as one who felt and loved what he read. And Agnes listened to the poem, which none but a woman could have written. It was as if a tender and skillful physician had laid open a deep and burning wound, only to pour in the softest balm of healing; and Agnes felt the solace not only of the rich humanity, the world-wide sympathy of the large-souled, tender-hearted poet, but a nearer comfort in the kindness of the friend, who had chosen that poem, she knew, only that through it he might utter his own sympathy more unobtrusively than in words of his own.

Touched to tenderest, most grateful tears, by all the rare sweet kindness which had come to her like an angel unawares, she sat, her head leaning against the wall, the moonlight falling on her half-averted face, and he watched in silence. How he longed to banish the shade from that sweet brow, to call up the sunshine of happiness into those twilight eyes, to bring the freedom, the joyousness of girlhood to that drooping form, to kindle the pure flame of love on the altar of that vestal heart!

But *could* he? He, old enough to be her father, and rugged, and plain, and stern! He remembered the repulse she had given him in the library on the day school closed, and did not dare to try just yet; and besides, he would not take advantage of a mood softened and made yielding by the pressure of loneliness, the sweetness of sudden sympathy.

He shut the book and rose.

"Get your hat," he said, "and come out for a little while; I have a business matter to talk over with you."

She rose at once, choking back the sob that had risen to her throat, and accompanied him into the street. They wandered up and down the quiet streets, where the shadows of the foliage lay in fantastic garlands in the moonlight, and when he saw she was quite herself again he spoke of what had been the real object of his visit.

"Do you think you are able—would you like to undertake any more work than that which your present duties at school demand?" he asked.

Agnes looked up inquiringly. "I am well and strong enough if that is what you mean," she said; "and I would be glad of more work if it was what I could do; I *need* it, you know."

"Yes, I know. Well, there are opened every fall evening schools, and I could probably, through Mr. Rushton, secure you a place in one of those, perhaps in my own, for I have had charge of one a great many winters; I have no-

thing better to do with my evenings, you know! Don't fancy it would be very pleasant work for you. Indeed, I would never propose it if I knew of any thing better suited to you. The pupils belong to the very lowest class of respectable society; and, of course, the association is not what I—what a friend—would choose for you, but—”

“But,” she interrupted, “the work will be all the nobler. I do not see how association with those who set such a true value on knowledge can be bad.”

Mr. Gregory smiled at her half-indignant enthusiasm. “You don't exactly know,” he said, “what you are talking about; but I sha'n't take the edge off your enthusiasm. One thing is very certain”—and here his tone became grave and earnest—“if I were not sure there was no possibility of contamination for you, I would never suffer you to undertake this new work. But I know I can trust you. We will consider it settled then,” he said, presently, “that you are to take charge of a class, if I can get one for you. Remember you will have a friend near at hand, and your own brave spirit will do the rest. Of course we shall meet at school, and have time to talk this all over again before you begin. Meanwhile, here we are at your door. Good-night!”

They stopped, and he stood and looked at her, as she staid a moment. He longed to gather that slight form to his bosom, and put his strong arm forever between her and the cares and toils of life! But he dared not venture yet; he wanted her love. Nothing else would satisfy him; and that, he felt, if it existed at all, was as yet such a new-born, fragile creature that a rude or hasty grasp would crush it. So he stood passive and waiting, this strong, stern man, upon the motion of this frail girl.

Agnes looked up at last, and caught a glimpse of his face. Its expression startled her. The thanks which she had been gathering strength to utter died upon her lips. She only put out her hand hastily, and taking it back, red and aching with the pressure he gave it, made her escape into the house, and threw herself, bewildered, frightened, enraptured, upon her bed.

The next day a small parcel was brought up to her room. She could only gaze silently at the exquisite offering, and thrill with gratitude, and blush with very humility to feel herself thus delicately and loftily appreciated. For it was that loveliest thought of a poet, wrought out so fittingly in purest marble, by the sympathetic hand of a kindred genius, the typical Una, emblem of womanly purity and trustfulness through all time, the fierce lion, subdued to softest gentleness by his self-assumed protectorship. Silent and lifeless as it was, chiseled in cold and voiceless marble, the little group had more than one meaning whisper for her, told of more, as she studied it, spell-bound, than merely his faith in her power to pass any ordeal unscathed; and her cheek grew crimson and her heart beat fast as she pressed her hands upon it, and fair-

ly commanded the daring thought which would force itself upon her, to go back, back! and wait at least until some plainer word had given it permission to leap forth to the light!

More like an “Eden” now than ever was the poor little chamber with its new treasure—a living, blissful hope, embodied in fairest marble, forever in her sight; and the last days of the vacation—hot, dry, stifling as they were—glided by in a sweet, bewildering dream, from which the return to school was only an awakening to more actual happiness; for was not *her friend* there, ever near her?

The teachers rallied her on her improved looks; not one of them had brought back such bloom, such brightness, from mountain or sea-side; not one of them returned to her work with such glad good-will. The Principal noticed it too; how could he help it, when the rose in her cheek always deepened to carnation at his approach, when he could see that his coming always brought the sunshine into her face? Was it because he was the only friend she had—and the foolish child prized kindness so very much—or was it truly that she— But no, he did not dare; this girl had made a coward of him who never quailed before, and he must wait on still.

It was not till October that the evening schools commenced; and by that time Agnes had got well into harness again, and was ready and strong to undertake her new labor. Still she had to confess to some fear and a good deal of excitement when the hour at last arrived for her to enter upon a strange, perhaps a repugnant task; and she had need to cast many fond and grateful looks toward her guardian spirit, her brave and spotless Una, to bethink her tenderly of her lion-friend, who would be ever at hand to help her before she felt able to start in faith and courage.

A Miss Burton, one of the teachers in the day school, who likewise belonged to the evening-school corps, had volunteered to call and be her escort on this her first evening; and Agnes had accepted the offer gratefully. She knew that Mr. Gregory would have willingly accompanied her had no one else proposed to; but she knew also how much gossip any special attention on his part would create, and she shrank from it, and knew that he guarded against it for her sake. Still, her heart sank within her more than once, and she drew involuntarily closer to her companion's side and longed for some safer protectorship as, after leaving the comparatively well-lighted and respectable neighborhood in which she lived, they struck off into one narrow street after another.

“What! are you frightened?” said her companion. “When you've been to evening school as many winters as I have, you'll learn not to be afraid of any thing.”

“But the coming home—so late at night! Are you not afraid then?” said Agnes, shrinking up closer still to her companion's side.

“Oh now, Miss Howe,” she said, depre-

catingly, "you're just asking that to draw me out. You know we don't have to come home alone. I don't, at any rate; and I'll be bound that *Somebody* 'll be waiting for you at some corner not a mile off at nine o'clock! But here we are—here's the school-house now."

Agnes was glad, for now she would not have to reply to this good-natured though not very refined sally—would neither have to betray her paucity of friends, nor her sure trust in the *one* whose promise she had, graven in marble, to guard her so far as might be from danger or annoyance. She had time to give but a hurried glance to the great square building, whose windows were aflame with lights from top to bottom; and then Miss Burton, to whom all this was familiar ground, pushed open the great door and drew her on up stairs. A loud hum of mingled male and female voices met her ear, and as they went farther up the sounds became more peculiarly masculine.

"I belong in there—in the female department," said Miss Burton, as they passed a door on the landing, through which groups of girls and young women were seen walking about, or standing in knots, talking aloud; "but I'll just show you the way up to Mr. Gregory's room—you're his assistant, you know, and he'll tell you where to go. Ain't you 'most afraid to undertake such great rough boys?"

"Afraid?" Agnes felt that she was, indeed, as the door swung open, revealing a crowd of boys of all ages and sizes moving about the room, standing in groups here and there, sitting in rows upon the long forms, or gathered about the teachers' desks, all talking in a sort of subdued murmur, and all turning to stare at her, as she entered, with a look half-critical, half-defiant, which made her heart quail within her. She knew as much experimentally about managing boys as she did about taming young lions, and these seemed such a rough, unmannerly set—what should she do with them?

She cast one rapid, frightened glance around her, and then her eye involuntarily sought the Principal's desk. He was there—Mr. Gregory—pen in hand, and a group of boys around him, whose names he was rapidly taking down; but he glanced up at the momentary hush of curiosity which the teachers' entrance had created; and Agnes saw his face light up for an instant with one quick, glad look of recognition, then the stern business air returned. "Good-evening, Miss Burton; be seated somewhere, Miss Howe, I will attend to you presently," he said, briefly; and went on again with his rapid questioning of one new applicant for admission after another, assigning to each his proper position, and dismissing him to his classroom, until at length all except the regular first division had left the room, and every thing was now ready for the school-duties to begin.

Mr. Gregory struck a bell, and instantly there was a general subsiding into seats and hushing of the confused murmur which had prevailed before. He rose then, and approaching the

corner where Agnes sat, trembling and expectant, said, briefly enough,

"I will introduce you to your class now, if you please, Miss Howe."

She rose at once, and in another moment found herself in the next room facing an assemblage of some sixty boys, and hearing, without in the least understanding some brief introductory words of the Principal, and she was alone with her new charge, facing the sixty pairs of eyes, all strange, all curious and critical; some defiant, some mischievous, some waiting and watchful; only a very few smiling and friendly.

For an instant there was a curious sort of struggle going on within her; her heart beat thick and fast; the breath caught in her throat; she could not find her voice; but it passed in a moment, and she took her seat, and cast around her a quiet, cool, composed glance. The boys returned it boldly at first—some of them impertinently, but not even the dullest or the most daring there failed to read a certain firmness and power, only softened by the sweetness of that calm face, which made them think it best to obey the orders which she presently uttered.

Books were produced, and lessons begun with fewer interruptions than she had dared to hope for. Still it was hard work, because she did not yet feel assured or confident of her continued and ultimate influence over this unruly throng; there was an anxiety and apprehension as to what might come at any moment, which would only cease when the possibility ended with the close of school; and the quick, sharp note of the gong announcing the welcome hour of nine was the pleasantest sound she had heard that day.

There was the usual opening of doors and dismissal of the pupils; and Agnes noticed that two of her class were remaining in their seats after the rest of the rooms were empty. As she turned toward the corner where she had hung her bonnet and cloak on the wall they both sprang forward to reach them for her; but one, a slight, pale boy, was nearest at hand, and, spite of a lame and halting foot which Agnes had not noticed before, obtained them first, and bringing them to her stood waiting, while the other boy, a great hulking fellow, stood at a little distance with ill-concealed chagrin. Presently he made a step forward as if to speak to her, but the lame boy took his place at her side, and said, as though he had a certain *right*,

"I am to see you home, if you please, Miss Howe."

Agnes hesitated a moment, and glanced into the Principal's room. Mr. Gregory was there, but he seemed to be very busy, and looked as though he might remain there till midnight. The other teachers were departing one after another, and Agnes turned to accept the proffered escort of her lame pupil.

Before she could speak, however, the larger boy stepped up with an assumption of superiority, and said:

"You're not going to trust yourself through the dark streets with that little fellow? Besides, I was the first of the fellows who said they was goin' to see you home."

"Thank you," said Agnes, hastily, "but I am quite sure that Charlie here—(you are Charles Hale, are you not?)—will take good care of me. I am much obliged to you, but he spoke to me first."

"Very well, m'm," said the big boy, "I will give up then for this evening, but I hope I may have the pleasure of seeing you home to-morrow night."

"I will see about it," she said, hastily; "and now, Charlie, we must start."

Mr. Gregory looked up from his work as they passed, and bade her good-night, briefly enough, but with a look which showed how indeed he wished the night and the day alike to be "good" to her.

"Miss Howe," said Charlie, presently, "Mr. Gregory told me to come with you, and I always do what Mr. Gregory says."

Mr. Gregory told him to. Ah, that was it? Although he could not accompany her himself, whether because he did not care to do so, or to save her from the possibility of being made the subject of gossip, Agnes did not dare trust herself to decide—he had, nevertheless, not forgotten her, nor his assumed part of friend and protector; he had planned for her safety and comfort.

"Mr. Gregory is very good; you do well, Charlie, to obey him. I am obliged both to him and to you."

When Agnes entered her class-room the next evening it was quite empty, the great gates not being yet open for the admission of the boys; but there stood upon her desk a little vase, a delicate, graceful, lily-shaped thing of clouded glass, holding just a few clusters of faintly-tinted, almond-scented heliotrope, a vivid scarlet geranium blossom, and one or two glossy dark-green leaves. It seemed to fill the great bare room with light and perfume—it kindled again with sudden warmth the last-night glow already fading in Agnes's timid breast; none but a loving and appreciative hand had placed it there, whether it were Mr. Gregory's or Charlie's; and it sent her to her work with fresh, glad interest and energy; and she was rather surprised than otherwise when the bell for dismissal sounded.

She lingered a good while after school was over, even going down stairs to chat a while with Miss Burton, hoping thus to avoid the repetition of Reagan's offer of escort; but it was in vain; he and Charlie were both waiting, as on the previous evening, and the big boy stepped forward the moment she appeared, bringing her hat and mantle, of which he had taken possession as soon as she had left the room.

"I was 'most afeared you had given me the slip, Miss Howe," he said, with an attempt at jesting familiarity; "but I was bent and bound I wouldn't be disappointed to-night."

"I am sorry, Mr. Reagan, and I hope you won't mind it much, but I have promised Charlie that he shall always see me home. He was the first to ask me, and he is at the head of his class, you know; that seems to give him a right!"

"That's a pretty way to treat a feller, ain't it?" burst out Reagan, violently. "You're a lady, and always keep your word, don't you now?"

"I am a lady, and I have broken no word to you," said Agnes. "I told you I would think of it; I have thought of it, and given you my answer."

The boy slunk aside in silence, and let them pass; a muttered defiance and threat he sent after them, but Agnes did not heed this, and the look which Mr. Gregory gave her as she passed his desk sent her home with such a trustful, happy feeling of being watched over and protected as made apprehension or disquiet impossible.

There was, nevertheless, room for both, as she found on the next evening at school. She chanced to be a little late; the classes were already assembled. Reagan had possession of her desk as monitor; he resigned it to her with a mock-respectful bow, which brought a deeper tinge to the already flushed cheek of Agnes, and caused a titter of suppressed merriment among the boys.

"I am happy," he began, "to be able to report the conduct of the class before your arrival as excellent. There has been only one exception. It is my painful duty to report Master Charles Hale as excessively refractory. Please don't ask me to mention *how*, ma'am, for I really couldn't tell you; but I *felt*, ma'am, that he meant to be impudent; and being impudent to *me*, in your place, is being impudent to *you*!"

"Very well," she replied, "I will attend to it. Be seated now," and she proceeded leisurely to open her desk, mark her roll-book, and even to sum up the figures in her order-book. Then she took up the little vase, which again stood before her, filled with glowing and fragrant flowers, arranged the blossoms tenderly, smelled them in a dainty fashion, and selected one brilliant cluster to fasten at her throat. All this time there was an ominous buzz and whisper throughout the class, of which she took no notice whatever; and presently, when apparently quite at her leisure, she gave the order for books to be produced. It was obeyed, but with such a general slamming of desk-lids, clatter of slates, and dropping of miscellaneous articles, as plainly showed the confusion to be planned and intended; Agnes still took no notice, but proceeded to hear the lessons. Reading first—and *such* reading! every word purposely miscalled, every pause intentionally neglected, every previous instruction flagrantly violated. But she showed no consciousness of its being other than usual; and corrected the constantly recurring and absurd blunders with a smiling serenity which began to make the boys

feel as though the joke were rather turning upon them, and had the effect of shaming most of them back to something of their usual behavior. This, however, did not suit Reagan at all. The lesson was in arithmetic; and Reagan's face bent thoughtfully over his slate and busy fingers were of themselves sufficiently ominous of some fresh impertinence to place Agnes on her guard, even had not an irrepressible titter, instantly forced into a cough or a sneeze, every now and then burst forth from some of his immediate neighbors.

At length raising his hand as a signal that his work was complete he presented his slate for inspection. Instead of a long calculation in compound interest it was an impudent caricature of herself, leaning upon the arm of the Principal, exaggerated to Brobdignag size, while Charlie Hale, drawn in Lilliputian diminutiveness and deformity, trotted behind them, holding up her sweeping train.

"Is my example correct, ma'am?" he asked, with an effort at a jocose tone; and Agnes answered at once:

"Oh yes, entirely so; a perfectly correct example of your disposition and of your talents. I think that you are too far advanced for my class. I desire you to take your books and your departure at once. You are excused from further attendance for this evening at least, and for every future one, if my influence can avail to that effect."

"Do you mean to say you'll try to get me expelled from school?"

"Just so—and immediately."

"Then I mean to say I won't go, not for *your* making, anyhow! You're a pretty one to turn a feller off just for a joke! You know well enough I can't get into any other school this winter. I've to learn Interest and Exchange, and I won't go now!"

"You will go. Leave the room, Sir!"

"You have no right to expel me—you nor old Gregory neither. I shall speak to the trustees; my father's a voter; I shall be one one of these days, and *you* never will. We'll see!"

"Leave the room!"

Agnes's voice was only a very little raised, but it was clear as a trumpet. The coward and bully turned to obey her. In a moment, however, his brute nature reasserted itself. He turned again, and, approaching her with one sudden stride, doubled his coarse fists, and with a muttered curse struck her first with one and then with the other, full in the breast, and in the next instant had made his escape into the street. He was followed by a dozen infuriated boys; the rest of the class was in hopeless confusion; doors were opened, questions asked, teachers running hither and thither; and meanwhile Agnes had been raised from the floor and laid, apparently lifeless, upon a sofa in the library, while Mr. Gregory bent over her, so wild with anguish as to take no heed of the curious glances cast toward his white, stern face.

It was a long, a death-like swoon; but at

last the faint breath came fluttering back, the hue of life tinged cheeks and lips, and the heavy eyelids were lifted. It was a wondering and troubled glance which they cast round the anxious group; but a quick consciousness flashed into them as they met the gaze of the Principal. Each soul read the secret of the other, and now there was little need of words between them.

"Of course you must go home at once, Miss Howe," he said, in his old, brief, decisive way; "and of course you can't walk there. I have ordered a carriage; it is at the door, and I will see you safely home myself. Miss Burton, will you be so good as to get Miss Howe's wrappings? The rest of you ladies will excuse me for reminding you that your classes are awaiting you. I imagine you will have orderly classes for the rest of the evening. I shall be back to close school myself. Now, Miss Howe, take my arm. There you are, all right and steady again!"

And it was all done—she scarce knew how. She was led out of the room, and borne down the long stairs, lifted into the carriage, and gathered there in those strong arms, close, close up to that beating breast; and there was nothing for her to do but to nestle up into his bosom, and lie still, and feel as does the mariner who, storm-tossed, shipwrecked, and starving, finds himself safe at last, and warmed and fed, by the hearth of his own yearned-for home.

"And to think," he said, presently, "how nearly that brute came to robbing me of my wife!"

"But he has not, you see!" she said, hastily; "instead, he has really been the means of giving us to each other; so we must forgive him, and let him go. Promise me that; and now, without him, you shall see what a fine teacher I shall become—what a splendid class I shall make for you! Poor boys! it is but few influences for good that have ever been brought to bear upon them, I fear; but, please God, I shall try to help them, if only in return for this great good he has given me. Promise me that Reagan shall not be punished, and that I may go back to school, at least till it closes at Christmas."

"And you—what will you promise me in return? Any Christmas-gift I may ask for?"

She only hid her head on his shoulder for answer; but silence gives consent, and he appeared to be satisfied.

CONSCIENCE AS A DETECTIVE.

"OH, coward Conscience, how thou dost afflict me!" exclaimed the immortal bard. Of course, he meant to say "accuse me;" for in his time, and even long before, conscience was a sort of public accuser and prosecutor. It has also always played a prominent part as a Detective—has been, in fact, a veritable Chief of Detectives. It had much to do, though not in the interest of the Internal Revenue, in exposing the illicit distillation of apple-juice on the

part of our first parents, as well as in exposing Cain's first attempt at a quibble. It even played the part of public executioner in the famous case of Ananias and Sapphira; and I have always imagined that it must have made Peter think that that cock crowed with unusual and unnecessary force. It is an immense source of revenue to the Church of Rome at this day; and even under the State and Church governmental organization of the early Puritans it controlled, in a great measure, their corporation rings. In fact, it has been in all ages and countries a strong instrument of truth and justice; and has done more than any other one power, faculty, or thing to give universal acceptance to the old saying that "murder will out."

There are many remarkable instances of the singular way in which conscience has hunted down criminals. It hunted down John H. Surratt: the story of his flight and detection is one of the most remarkable of these narratives on record. At the moment the murder of Mr. Lincoln was committed by Booth, Surratt was on his way from Montreal to Washington city to act as an accomplice, and had reached the town of Elmira, New York, when he first heard that the horrible deed was done. He immediately turned to fly, and made his way to Canada without suspicion, and was concealed there for several months. So completely lost was all trace of him that the Government expended a great deal of money in searching for him at the South, and a man who resembled him was arrested in Mississippi, and confined for many weeks in Washington. In September, 1865—five months after the commission of the crime and the withdrawal of the proclamation offering a reward for his arrest, so entirely lost was all trace of him—Surratt took passage, under an assumed name and thoroughly disguised, in the Quebec steamer *Peruvian* for Liverpool. On board he introduced himself to the surgeon, L. J. M'Millian. Although M'Millian had up to that time been a perfect stranger to him, not even his opinions on our war being known to the criminal, Surratt insisted on talking about himself. No other subject seemed to have any interest for him; and so persistently did he refer to himself and his exploits that Surgeon M'Millian began to look on him as a weak-minded egotist. At first he represented that he had been a rebel spy, and told marvelous tales of his exploits; next he told, in great confidence, that he had planned with Booth the abduction, not the assassination of President Lincoln; then that the Government had very unjustly hung his mother, exclaiming in his passion that he "hoped to live long enough to serve Andrew Johnson as he had served Lincoln!" And finally, impelled by his guilty conscience or that singular vanity possessed by many great criminals, announced that he was John H. Surratt. Before this his track had been completely covered; he was perfectly safe from suspicion or arrest; his conscience, "steal-

ing away his brains," led him to talk; talk, talk; and it now appears, by the official correspondence of the State Department, that this confession of identity to Surgeon M'Millian was the first positive trace obtained of him. He was closely watched, but finally mysteriously disappeared, and all trace of him was again lost, until conscience impelled him, through his insane desire to talk of himself, to seek a confidant in a comrade in the Papal Zouaves, in which troop he had enlisted. Mr. Detective Conscience found a co-operator in this man, and, aided by him, the agents of the Government again resumed the pursuit. Arrested, Surratt escaped and fled to Alexandria, Egypt, but was again arrested and sent to this country. On the voyage he repeatedly denied that he was Surratt; but on being asked, on his arrival at Washington in an authoritative tone by the United States Marshal, "Is your name John H. Surratt?" he quickly and nervously answered affirmatively. The pursuit of Surratt was continued for nearly two years. If any reward for his detection is ever paid it will doubtless go to M'Millian and St. Marie; but it should, in all justice and honesty, be transferred to Treasurer Spinner's "Conscience Fund;" for undoubtedly Surratt was hunted down by his own guilty conscience, and the chief witnesses against him have been, as one might say, subpoenaed by Conscience.

There has lately been recorded another less prominent but not less remarkable instance in which conscience has revealed a crime, and given additional proof that Hudibras was right when he declared that

"Ill gotten gains befog men's brains;
Ill gotten wealth reveals the stealth."

A paymaster in the United States Navy named Belknap was robbed in 1863 of Government funds to the amount of \$130,000. His safe was broken open and the money extracted in the most mysterious manner; no trace was left by the burglars, and their success was complete. Mr. Belknap could not explain his loss, much less give any clew to the robbers; the burglary became more complicated the more it was inquired into; and finally Mr. Belknap fell under suspicion, and a Board of Inquiry had his name dropped from the rolls. Nothing could be proved against him, however, and no criminal prosecution followed. But Mr. Belknap was not content to remain quiet under the unjust suspicion of the Government, and actively continued his search for the culprits. Nearly three years were spent in the search without finding any clew likely to lead to the detection of the robbers, when a professional detective heard that a broker in Wall Street, named Dewitt C. Wright, had declared that Paymaster Belknap had lost the money at cards. The detective, who appears to have held this theory to be the true one, sought Mr. Wright and heard the declaration from his own lips. He also promised to give full particulars of the time, place, and circumstances under which the money had

been lost; but though repeatedly urged to do so finally avoided giving the facts in detail. The detective set to work, and soon satisfied himself beyond doubt that Belknap had never gambled in his life. Naturally this discovery led to inquiries as to the motives of Wright in making the statement; inquiries led to suspicions; suspicions were confirmed by certain facts elicited. A year was devoted to learning about Wright's antecedents. By this time he had left New York and gone into business at Charleston, South Carolina. Here he was dogged, hunted down, and finally arrested, it having been discovered that he had not only committed the burglary in question but many others, and that he had been a desperate character in England. The sole clew by which he was dogged, and finally detected, was furnished by himself in his insane and useless attempt to further secure his own safety by destroying the character of the man he had robbed.

Conscience has not only done universal service as a detective, but has played a not insignificant national part as a United States Revenue officer; and a very considerable amount stands on the books of United States Treasurer Francis E. Spinner to the credit of the "Conscience Fund," as the account is technically called. The history of the "Conscience Fund" is not without interest and entertainment. The account was opened in 1861, soon after the breaking out of the rebellion, and on the receipt of the sum of \$6000, forwarded in bonds, and accompanied by a statement that the restitution which had long been due the Government was prompted by Conscience. This gave the account its name. It has since remained open, and all amounts returned to the Treasury in consequence of the prickings of the inward monitor (which in too many instances seems to be iron-clad) have been credited to it until it showed, at the end of 1866, a balance of over thirty-five thousand dollars. The sums vary in size, ranging from one cent, contributed by one who signed himself "Beggar Jimmy" to the original remittance of \$6000. Treasurer Spinner has preserved a great many of the letters which accompanied the remittances, and by his kindness in severing the red tape of the establishment I was enabled to get copies of a few of the more interesting. The majority of *bona fide* conscientious correspondents either gave no explanation or contented themselves with very brief statements of the reasons for the return of the money, without attempting the bootless task of working upon the tender feelings of Treasury officials. Judging from these letters the correspondents are chiefly those who have defrauded the Government while acting as its agents and officers, or who have evaded the Internal Revenue taxes or customs duties. Among the more interesting of the letters of the *bona fide* conscience-stricken are the following:

"DEAR SIR,—Several years ago a small sum of money belonging to the United States was left in my hands with an order from the Department, to which it be-

longed, to me to retain it till payment should be required by the Department. This requisition has never been made, and probably never will be. As the property is not mine I send it with interest added, to you, knowing you will put it to the use of the U. States to whom it belongs. The sum was originally \$50. I enclose \$100, thinking that will discharge my obligation. May I ask a brief intimation to the Public Press that the enclosed \$100 has reached you safely?

"With high consideration, a lover of our glorious Union, which will live and flourish for ages through the power and mercy of God, if we prove ourselves worthy of such interposition, if not—not.

"HON. FRANCIS E. SPINNER, Treasurer of the U. S."

It can hardly be said that this restitution was dictated by conscience, as the writer would have been justified in retaining it. It is related of Mr. Lincoln that a sum was left by the Government in his hands on his retirement from a position as a country postmaster. Many years after a demand was made for it, when he promptly drew forth an old stocking from his desk and delivered up the exact sum in the very pieces of coin received by him years before.

"May, 1866.

"SIR,—Enclosed are Twenty-five hundred dollars due U. S. Treasury. Please cause this sum to be placed to credit of the same

"& oblige"

The Treasury clerk who opened the mail bringing this letter was somewhat exercised at finding that it contained only \$1500 instead of \$2500 as stated therein. But this was accounted for by the following, received a short time afterward.

"SIR,—Enclosed are One Thousand dollars (1000). Please place this sum to credit of U. S. Treasury. It is the balance of my indebtedness to U. S. Internal Rev. Dept. I remitted \$1500 some weeks since."

The following contain suggestions which if received and acted upon by all who were equally guilty, when in the army, of the same practices would go a great way toward hastening an early return to specie payment.

"BOSTON, Feb. 15, 1866.

"SIR,—Enclosed is check for \$190. I will briefly explain why it is there. I have been in the U. S. Service and a part of the time with rank which entitled me to two servants. I drew pay for two, but actually had but one. It was the common practice of officers to do this, and the Paymasters were well aware of it. But though I do not think it exactly a wrong to the Gov't it is yet a *wrong*, and I have always regretted doing it. I entered the army poor and sick—too poor, in fact, to get along well without a clear conscience.

"But is it right for Government to hold up such a premium to her officers to evasion of the exact truth? Ask tens of thousands who have done as I did this question.

Very respectfully,

"JOHN L. MARKHAM.

"P.S. The above is estimated for seven months with in't at $7\frac{3}{10}$. I hardly need say that the name is assumed.

J. L. M."

"To the Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.

"I transmit herewith Ninety one Dollars and thirty cents money that my conscience tells me I cannot keep commutation money for a servant that I exacted when I was not entitled to it and not having a servant employed. I was a quartermaster Capt & A. Q. M. and having 'contrabands' employed in the Dept. I used one as my servant and charged for my servant also, which was wrong. I send the money with interest at

7.30 per cent. Also commutation for a servant for 20 days while I was not on duty and had no servant employed.

"Amount \$91 30."

Respectfully &c.

Many of the letters on file in the Department are from jocose correspondents, who have not scrupled to make light of so serious a matter as to address to the Treasurer pretended "conscience letters" whose humor, or desperate attempts at it, were far in excess of the money inclosed. Among the best of these humorous letters is the following:

"SIR,—Enclosed please find seventy-five cents (75) fractional currency, won from a U. S. Paymaster at draw poker and which I am convinced rightfully belongs to 'Uncle Samuel.' I have carried it for nearly six months, and dare not trust myself with it longer. Once, in an unguarded moment, I offered it to the Doorkeeper of Canterbury, but that incorruptible sentinel gave me a look of reproof from the toe of his boot which went to my heart—or thereabouts. I came home a wiser and a madder man, and am determined to follow the noble example of many of my countrymen. My conscience calls for relief—My harassed nature demands the luxury of a good night's sleep. I can have neither so long as I carry these terrible witnesses. They haunt me day and night. They are more frightful in my eyes than the last fifty cent issue which the little children are buying up for comic Valentines. Take it and do what you can with it. You can at least sell it for old paper and let the proceeds apply in liquidation of the national debt.

"Now can I feel a realization of the Proverb 'Be virtuous and you will be happy!' Now can I feel an assurance that in years yet to come it may be said of my children (*yet to come*) 'they were of poor *but* honest parents!'

"Please acknowledge receipt through the morning papers and request them to put it in double leaded lines just beneath the regular standing editorial on reconstruction. Conscientiously yours,

"PROBITY."

Inclosed in this were a fifty-cent note and a twenty-five cent note, both *counterfeit*. From the style and careful punctuation of this letter, and the request that it be inserted in "double-leaded lines," it was surmised that it was probably from a correspondent of a newspaper or some one connected with the press.

"SIR,—A clear conscience softens the hardest bed—a proverb says—and as I am a poor government clerk my bed is very hard and needs much softening—so I herewith return money which I cannot conscientiously keep—having loafed considerably the other day.

"Yours respectfully C. M. H."

Inclosed in this was a fragment—a little more than half—of a dilapidated *five-cent* note.

Here is a quiet thrust at Congress:

"Aug. 8th 1866

"SIR—The Enclosed Dilapidated 10 cent Note is from a Conscience Stricken Soldier who Received just that much more *Bounty* then he ought to in 1862 and as the last act Passed by our Noble and Generous Congress gives an Extra 100 Dollars why he is afraid he will get too much under the last act you will Oblige him very much by investing the Enclosed 10 cents Fractional Currency in the Great National Soldiers Gift Concert and Draw a Brick house (if you can) and give it to the Fenians. Yours truly Ho. Bo."

"to the honorable treasurer of the U. S. A.

"please find inclosed \$22 due the U S post office department consions money from an unfaithfull officer who has repented."

It was suggested by the matter-of-fact Treas-

urer, who enjoys his joke hugely, that the writer hadn't thoroughly and entirely repented, as the inclosure was short 75 cents of the amount stated, and contained \$1 50 counterfeit notes.

Thus much for Conscience as a revenue-officer. It will readily be admitted that he hasn't done his whole duty in this line, and has not been so successful as a Collector as in his rôle of Detective. At least so Treasurer Spinner is convinced. Talking of the "conscience letters" on file in his office, he once said, no doubt with as much truth as good-humor, that "it is to be regretted that the workings of the spirit which animated the writers has not been more extensively experienced and obeyed by more important offenders; for I venture the statement that if all the big rascals had followed the example of the smaller ones who have contributed to the 'conscience fund,' we would have extinguished the national debt long ago."

"'Tis never too late to mend," and some of the "big rascals" may yet take warning, or become conscience-stricken.

PORT HUDSON.

I.—IN THE TRENCHES.

IF you want to know how a hero feels in the trenches get behind a tree not quite big enough to cover you, and let two or three persons, who would just as lieve hit you as not, throw stones at you. Like every thing else in the way of fighting it is frankly uncomfortable, and nothing makes one put up with it but a sense of right and duty and honor. This is not the poetical view of battle, as you find it in Charles O'Malley and Guy Livingstone; but the author of Charles was never under fire, and the creator of Guy is reported to have run like an assistant-company-cook at Antietam. Rather than trust to these theorists, take the word of one who has fought often enough to know the truth, and respectably well enough to dare tell it.

Before describing minutely how it went in the trenches let me explain rapidly how I came there. Having beaten Mouton at Camp Beaseland, and chased him at full speed into the Piney Woods beyond Alexandria, Banks turned short, descended the Red River and Mississippi in transports, landed north of Port Hudson, and immediately surrounded it, caging Gardner just as he was on the point of evacuating for the purpose of reinforcing Vicksburg. On the morning after the last brigade of the besieging force got into position took place the general assault of the 27th of May. Over hillocks and ravines tangled with forest, through roaring, shrieking, whistling storms of great guns and musketry, amidst the crash of gigantic beeches and magnolias cut asunder by shot, Weitzel's division drove in the enemy's skirmishers, slackened its speed under the friction of obstacle after obstacle, passed in dribblets through a vast abatis of felled trees, and spent itself in reaching the base of the earth-works.

Look at a wave rushing up a sloping beach against a line of rocks, and you will see the history of an assaulting column directed against fortifications. At a distance the billow seems irresistible; near at hand the under-current has deprived it of half its force; at last merely a little spray dashes upon the final impediment. Just so slaughter, misdirection, dispersion, and skulking enfeeble the column until only hundreds out of thousands reach the point of hand-to-hand fighting. On reflection it is a wonder that any assault succeeds. The attacking force must do what is very difficult in the open field; it must advance without firing against a line which is firing at it; it must do this in spite of difficulties of ground which inevitably break up its organization; and after long-continued slaughter it must scale defenses fringed with bayonets. We were expected that day to charge a mile in face of cannon and musketry, and then to carry earth-works defended by men of our own race. It was right to try the experiment, but it is not surprising that it failed.

My regiment was not pushed across that valley of death where lay the acres of abatis, but was ordered to an isolated position on the left, with instructions to throw out skirmishers and silence artillery. It halted on a knoll shaded by grand magnolias, six or seven hundred yards from the fortifications, and in face of three barbette pieces. Our skirmishers had been sent to the front during our movement to this point, and had already driven the cannoneers from their guns. During the rest of the day we had a quiet and pleasant bout of sharp-shooting. The reserve sprawled at ease under the magnolias, rarely disturbed by bullets bearing wounds and death. Once or twice in an hour a victim sent forth his shriek and was borne away to the surgeon, who had established his field-hospital in a secure neighboring gully. But in the main we could smoke our pipes and discuss the chances of the combat with a fair sense of enjoyment. Meantime the men of the skirmishing companies spread out over a front of nearly half a mile, and, sheltered behind stumps and fallen trees, popped away at the gunners whenever they tried to reload the barbette pieces, at the tents inside of the earth-works, and at every visible creature of the garri-son.

At last an unpleasant moment, not unlike that in which you take your seat in a dentist's chair, came to the author of this history. When the Colonel said, "Captain, take out your company and relieve Company G," I felt that heavy heart within me which man is almost always conscious of as he deliberately approaches the confines of visible death. With a smile of simulated gayety I turned to my men and shouted, "Fall in!" Five minutes thereafter, the ice of suspense broken, the blood heated with advancing and fighting, that gayety became real. Skirmishing is not nearly so trying as charging or line-fighting. In the first place, you generally have cover; in the second, if you are shot at you can

also shoot. Now to fire at a person who is firing at you is somehow wonderfully consolatory and sustaining; more than that, it is exciting, and produces in you the savage but nevertheless natural and unaffected joy of battle. I was presently shouting with enthusiasm, cheering my men with jokes and laughter, jumping over fallen trees instead of crawling under them, and running about regardless of exposure. Then the close whistle of bullets, or their loud *whack* as they buried themselves in the stumps near me, would drive me temporarily to shelter. Such is skirmishing when it goes nicely, or, in other words, when the enemy is not too numerous. As to being slaughtered and driven back and scared to death, you can not make it pleasant under any circumstances.

Port Hudson, as I saw it, was an immense knoll or bluff, two miles in diameter, with a rolling surface, a forest, a church, a few scattered houses, and two or three encampments of tents or shanties. The edge of the bluff was marked by a zigzag earth-work, rough in construction, and by no means lofty; and from this line the ground sank on all sides into a valley which in some places was a ravine choked with felled trees.

There was a moment when it seemed as if Port Hudson was taken. A white flag showed over the rampart, and on every hand the firing died away, while a large body of men, apparently a regiment, filed through a sally-port, stacked arms outside of the intrenchments, and sat down behind the stacks. To those of our skirmishers who had become intermingled with them and asked what their movement meant the Butter-nuts replied, sullenly, "We suppose that we have surrendered." Had we had on the spot an officer promptly intelligent enough to order this force to move into the valley the fate of the place would have been decided; for the abandoned works could have been occupied by our skirmish line, which had already reached the ditch, and the example of surrender would doubtless have been quickly followed by other regiments. Company A of the 12th was at the right point, but under the command of a sergeant, its only officer, Captain Brennan, having been just taken to the rear wounded. And thus this propitious moment, this chance which might have saved a long investment and thousands of men, slipped by unimproved. While both armies stood gaping, down came a mounted Confederate officer, supposed to be General Gardner, placed the surrendering colonel under arrest, and sent the surrendered regiment inside the intrenchments. In an instant cannonade and musketry flamed forth with renewed fury, and we recommenced the siege, which was now to last six weeks instead of a single day.

It was not till after the surrender that I learned the inside history of this singular incident. It seems, according to the rebel officers, that the colonel of a New York regiment pushed his way up to an apron which projected from the main works and fought desperately for a

while, but finally found himself in a bad box, most of the men who followed him having been disabled and the remainder driven to cover behind logs and stumps. Unable to combat longer he would have been glad to get away, but could not without exposing himself to almost certain death. In this extremity he hoisted a white handkerchief on a stick, and came to a parley with that part of the garrison immediately opposed to him. The rebel colonel in front of us saw this symbol of distress, but, deceived by the distance and the lay of the ground, supposed that it was raised by his comrades of the apron, and being a regular-minded gentleman, disposed to do what was proper, immediately got out his own handkerchief. My informants added that he was still under arrest, and would be tried by court-martial as soon as exchanged. They also stated that the New Yorker eventually escaped from them unhurt.

About two hours after this blundering interlude came the charge of the 12th Maine. A single regiment, four hundred strong, stepped forth, by whose orders I know not, to do what would have been hard labor for a brigade. Under a fire from half a mile of hostile rampart it rushed with a prolonged yell through the abatis of felled trees, diminishing in numbers at every step until not a hundred reached the ditch. One nameless hero sprang upon the earth-works, bayoneted two of the garrison, and fell pierced with three bullets. Thirty or forty of his comrades seized an old shell of a building at the base of the fortifications, and held it amidst a furious spitting of musketry, until slaughtered or driven out by an overpowering fire. It was an ill-advised, unsupported, heroic, and hopeless effort. To draw attention from it I advanced my company, but with no result beyond losing a man or two, who might otherwise have escaped.

I have already intimated that skirmishing is not dangerous. Two men mortally and two severely wounded constituted my whole loss in something like three hours' fighting out of a company of forty-one muskets. Four hours after I was relieved the wide-spread, straggling, wavering combat died into silence and night. The day had been a defeat: Sherman had been repulsed even more bloodily than Weitzel and Grover; seventeen hundred brave men had fallen uselessly.

With my rubber-blanket for a bed, and my blouse thrown over me for a coverlet, I slept at the foot of a huge magnolia scarred by bullets. The next day there was an armistice, demanded by Banks to bury the dead. In the afternoon we received orders to leave our position in charge of the 24th Connecticut, and to rejoin our brigade a mile or so to the right. Through some mistake, and contrary to the rules of war, we moved before the armistice ended, thus making the little march in perfect tranquillity—a circumstance which might not have happened had our route been in sight of the garrison. Threading ravines and thickets, and passing regiment after regiment concealed by the forest, we arrived an

hour before sundown in a short and broad gully, faintly resembling in shape an oblong wooden bowl with one end broken out. Here, under the shade of beeches and ashes, lounged the 8th Vermont and the 91st New York. Climbing the steepest side of the gully, and looking over a solid turfy knoll which served the purpose of a rampart, I saw a deep ravine a hundred and twenty yards across, and on the other brink of it the low earth-work of an apron occupied by the 2d Alabama and the 4th Arkansas. Sallow, darkly sunburnt men, in dirty reddish homespun, and broad-brimmed wool hats, stared back at me in grim silence. To the left, and a little below me, the flag of the 75th New York waved on another knoll, behind which lay the regiment. Still farther to the left, across a rugged valley and nearly half a mile distant, rose the bluff of Port Hudson, crowned with yellow earth-works, dirty tents, ragged shanties, and a forest. We were in a broad obtuse angle, between the main fortress and the projecting apron, and evidently exposed to a cross-fire.

Our basin was crammed with the blue uniforms and bright rifles of the three regiments. The men of the 91st sat on their knapsacks, ready to move to another position on the conclusion of the armistice. Prepared to open fire at the same instant, four companies of the 12th, relieving four of the 8th Vermont, were ranged along the edge of the basin nearest the enemy, under cover of the bank. There was nothing cheerful about the armistice; it was merely a funereal pause in the slaughter.

A little after sunset, just as dusk was stealing into our wood, a signal-gun solemnly terminated the truce. In an instant a sheet of red flashes lit up the dimness, followed by crashes of musketry and the yells of combatants. Then came the roar of artillery, the crackling of shells, and the whistling of grape. We could hear the humming, shrieking, and hissing of the projectiles as they passed over our heads; we could feel the shuddering of the trees against which we leaned, as they were struck; we were conscious of a falling of severed leaves and branches. The order was passed along to lie down, and down we dropped, wherever we might be. As yet none of us knew our exact position with regard to that of the enemy; and, astounded by the unexpectedness and violence of the explosion, we supposed that the rebels had attacked. Gazing steadily at the spitting stream of flashes above me, I expected every moment to be called on to fight with the bayonet. All this, it must be remembered, was in darkness; for the Louisiana summer-day dies almost instantaneously, and in five minutes from the opening of the musketry it was our only light.

Presently an order reached me to move my company forward. Now for close-quarters, I thought, with a gravity becoming the moment, and picked my way toward the firing over the bodies of prostrate men. But I was halted at the foot of the bank, and directed to remain there as a reserve. Meantime we had begun to

find out that nobody was getting hit, that the missiles were all unquestionably passing over our heads, and that the affair was only terrible considered as a racket. Presently Colonel Thomas of the 8th Vermont, our brigade commander, called to me.

"Captain," said he, "I don't want this sort of thing at all. I only want the men to fire as sharp-shooters. This blazing away and yelling like madmen is all nonsense. I wish you would step up there and stop it."

So I stepped up there and stopped it. Thus terminated one of the most dreadful-looking skirmishes that I ever witnessed. It was sublime, until I discovered that nobody was hurt, and that probably nobody would be hurt if it should last all night. We were sheltered behind fifty feet of solid earth, and the rebels were equally safe on the other side of the ravine. In justice to our men I must observe that they wasted their breath and ammunition under the instructions of a passing staff-officer of division, "to pitch in lively as soon as the armistice terminated."

Now came forty days and nights in the wilderness of death. Before we left that diminutive gully fifty or sixty men of the regiment had stained it with their blood, and several of the trees, which filled it with shade, had been cut asunder by cannon-shot, while others were dying under the scars of innumerable bullets. The nuisance of trench duty does not consist in the overwhelming amount of danger at any particular moment, but in the fact that danger is perpetually present. The spring is always bent; the nerves never have a chance to recuperate; the elasticity of courage is slowly worn out. Every morning I was awakened by the popping of rifles and the whistling of balls; hardly a day passed that I did not hear the loud exclamations of the wounded, or see corpses borne to the rear; and the gamut of my good-night lullaby varied all the way from *Minié* rifles to sixty-eight pounders.

In one respect our gully was detestable. Well covered in front, it was open at one end, and this end was exposed to the enemy. I often wished that I could turn the wretched hole around. From a distance of nearly half a mile the rebel sharpshooters drew a bead on us with a precision which deserved the highest commendation of their officers, but which made us curse the day they were born. One incident proves, I think, that they were able to hit an object farther off than they could distinguish its nature. A rubber blanket, hung over the stump of a sapling five feet high, which stood in the centre of our bivouac, was pierced by a bullet from this quarter. A minute later a second bullet passed directly over the object and lodged in a tree behind it. I ordered the blanket to be taken down, and then the firing ceased. Evidently the invisible marksman, eight hundred yards away, had mistaken it for a Yankee. Several men were hit upon this same hillock, or immediately in rear of it; and I for one never

crossed it without wondering whether I should get safely to the other side.

Another fatal spot was an exposed corner in the narrow terrace which our men had made in the bank, as a standing-place whence to fire over the knoll.

"Don't go there, Captain," a soldier said to me, when I first approached the place. "That's Dead Man's Corner. Five men have been killed there already."

I understood that Hubbard and Rodonowski of Weitzel's staff both received their death-shots at Dead Man's Corner, on the 27th of May. Early on my first day in the gully, just as I had risen, smirched and damp, from my bed on the brick-colored earth, a still breathing corpse was brought down from this spot of sacrifice. A brave, handsome boy of our Company D, gay and smiling with the excitement of fighting, disdaining to cover himself, was reloading his rifle when a ball traversed his head, leaving two ghastly orifices through which the blood and brains exuded, mingling with his auburn curls. He uttered strong, loud gaspings; it seemed possible, listening to them, that he might yet live; but his eyes were fast closed and his ruddy cheek paling; in a few minutes he was dead. We lost eight or ten men during that first day, partly from not knowing these dangerous localities, and partly from excess of zeal. Our fellows attempted to advance the position, leaped the knoll without orders, and took to the trees on the outer slope, and were only driven back after sharp fighting.

"Served me right. I'd no business there," said a suddenly enlightened Irishman, as he came in with a hole through his shoulder. As the siege drew on, and we found that there was plenty of danger without running after it, we all became more or less illuminated by this philosophy. It is a remark as old as sieges, that trench duty has a tendency to unfit men for close fighting. The habit of taking cover becomes stronger than the habit of moving in unison; and, moreover, the health is enfeebled by confinement, and the nervous system shaken by incessant peril.

The 8th Vermont was soon moved farther to the right, and we of the 12th Connecticut had the gully to ourselves. Our life in it fell into military routine; the rule was, one day at the parapet and two days off. On duty days we popped away at the enemy, or worked at strengthening our natural rampart. We laid a line of logs along the crest of the knoll, cut notches in them and then put on another tier of logs, thus providing ourselves with port-holes. With the patience of cats watching for mice the men would peer for hours through the port-holes waiting a chance to shoot a rebel; and the faintest show of the crown of a hat above the hostile fortification, not distinguishable to the inexperienced eye, would draw a bullet. By dint of continual practice many of our fellows became admirable marksmen. During one of the truces the Confederates called to us, "Aha, you have some

sharp-shooters over there!" After the surrender an officer of the 2d Alabama told me that most of their casualties were cases of shots between the brim of the hat and the top of the head; and that having once held up a hoe-handle to test our marksmanship, it was struck by no less than three bullets in as many minutes. The distance from parapet to parapet was not great; our men sighted it on their Enfield's as one hundred and fifty yards; but it did not look so far, and we often exchanged taunts and challenges. Any eye not absolutely short-sighted could distinguish the effect of our bullets in knocking splinters from the port-holes or dust from the top of the earth-works.

The garrison gave us full as good as we sent. Several of our men were shot in the face through the port-holes as they were taking aim. One of these unfortunates, I remember, drew his rifle back, set the butt on the ground, leaned the muzzle against the parapet, turned around, and fell lifeless. He had fired at the moment he was hit, and two or three eye-witnesses asserted that his bullet shivered the edge of the opposite port-hole, so that in all probability he and his antagonist died together. It must be understood that these openings were but just large enough to protrude the barrel of a musket and take sight along it.

During our relief days we were quite as much shot at, without the comforting excitement of shooting. There was but one spot in the hollow, and that only a few yards square, where bullets never struck; and by some awkward providence it rarely fell to the lot of my company, no matter when we came off duty. I used to look with envy and longing at this nasty but wholesome patch of gutter. It was a land of peace, a city of refuge, 30 feet long by 10 feet broad. Turning my back on its charmed tranquillity, where the dying never gasped and the wounded never groaned, I spread my rubber blanket in the mud or the sun according to the weather, lighted my pipe, and wondered when my bullet would come. It must be stated that, excepting the canopy of the heavens, there was not a tent in the regiment. I do admit, however, on recollection, that for two weeks or more I enjoyed the shelter of a white bed coverlet, abstracted by my colored henchman George from I know not whose shanty or palace, and which, being spread cunningly, kept off much sun and some rain. But on the 14th of June, while I was engaged in the storming party, certain vagrants from another regiment caused this improvised shelter-tent to disappear. Little by little we built in the treeless portions of the gully huts of branches just high enough to admit us in a sitting posture. Over these we threw our rubber blankets during the showers, and tried to imagine that we were thereby the drier. Being about to occupy the bivouac of Company F, which was going up to the parapet to relieve my company, I said to the commandant, Lieutenant Clark, "What a palace you have left me!"

"It looks nice," replied Clark, smiling doubtfully at the newly-built green shanty which he was about quitting. "But it isn't all my fancy painted it. I had scarcely got comfortably settled in it and commenced reading a newspaper when a bullet went through the leading editorial."

As I was sitting at dinner beside this same domicile a large tree, fifteen feet in rear of it, flew asunder under the blow of a cannon-shot, the top plunging harmlessly across the bivouac of Company K, and scaring the first sergeant out of a sound sleep, while a splinter weighing ten pounds hissed over my head and fell between the feet of one of my own sergeants, Charles Collins. A minute afterward Collins was struck by a fatal bullet, which came from very nearly the opposite direction of the cannon-shot. So much for the advantages of the shanty which Lieutenant Clark had put up, after due thought as to selecting a safe location. Our brigade commander met with similar tribulations in his search after a quiet residence. A large and comfortable-looking arbor of boughs had just been erected for him, when *screech* came a 12-pounder ball, and down came a great oak, smashing the dwelling into uninhabitability.

To escape this all-searching fire one of our officers dug for himself a "gopher-hole" in a little bank, and was much laughed at for his pains when a bullet went slap into it shortly after he had finished it. He was absent at the moment; but I came very near suffering in his place, for I was just then surveying and envying his housekeeping arrangements. Two soldiers who were standing at the mouth of the hole had a still narrower escape, the shot passing between their heads not six inches from either. When the owner returned and heard my jolly story he looked slightly disgusted, but nevertheless refused to sell out, and crawled in upon his blanket with a smile of desperate resignation.

About ten o'clock one evening, when profound peace had fallen from night upon Port Hudson and all its surroundings, we were startled from our slumbers by a tremendous explosion, succeeded a few seconds afterward by another. Mighty vibrations seemed to spread outward through the atmosphere, as ripples circle over the surface of water from the plunge of a stone. In a moment our gully swarmed with men muttering and questioning in astonishment. Running up the steep bank of the rampart I beheld a meteor of war. Out of the black line of forest which crowned the hostile bluff came a fiery spark, flying straight toward us in silent swiftness. Then followed a sonorous, majestic basso-profondo *pu—m* which made night tremble. As the spark rose above us, as we turned our eyes upward to see it, it burst with a broad glare and was gone. Now came another report, a crashing *pa—m*, sharper, angrier than the first, but also grand, vibrating, stunning.

This was a 68-pounder. The first explosion was that of the gun, and the second that of the projectile. In either case the flash was visible some seconds before the detonation became audible; and that brief interval, during which we awaited possible death, was a suspense of superhuman grandeur. Six shots to our left; six directly over us; six to our right; then silence. Night after night for a week or more we were bombarded in this magnificent fashion. At first it was trying; but we soon found that the gunners could not depress the piece sufficiently to hit us, and after that we did not care a hard-tack for their 68-pounder except as a spectacle. It did some little damage to our second line, we understood; but that was rather an agreeable piece of information than otherwise. Men in the front are always disposed to chuckle when their comrades in the rear get a share of the slaughtering.

Once we were pounded a little by our own artillery. On the last day of June the regiment was mustered for pay in the gully, the companies being brought one by one before the commanding officer (Lieutenant-Colonel Peck), and the whole ceremony made as simple as possible in order not to attract the attention of the enemy. The last company had been reached; the men stood in line silent and statue-like with supported arms; the Colonel was at the front with muster-roll in his hand, and Lieutenant commanding by his side. As each man's name was called he answered "Here," came to a shoulder, and then an order. The roll was half finished when suddenly there was a *whish*, *whish* in the air, and a spent 12-pounder shot passed over the muskets and dropped twenty feet in rear. A slight dip, a kind of courtesy, wavered through the line of arms; then they returned to their military level, while a grin glanced along the war-worn faces. The Colonel turned his head, gave one stare of calm surprise, and resumed his reading. *Whish*, *whish* once more; another shot whispered in the track of the first; but this time the men were prepared, and the arms were steady; this time, too, the projectile flew higher, and fell in the bivouac of the next regiment. Deliberately and calmly the roll was called to the end. The company shouldered arms, faced to the right, ported arms, broke ranks, and went to its quarters.

No more shots; but still we were uneasy, for this fire came direct into the open mouth of our gully; and if it should be resumed with spirit our position would be hard to hold. The next day we learned that one of our own batteries, a mile and a half distant, had been our assailant. Aiming at a projecting angle of the rebel works, it had elevated too high and sent its missiles clean over the mark into our quarters. Oddly enough the only person injured was the regimental coward of the 114th New York, a man who had shirked every fight, and who had dug for himself a gopher-hole unattainable by the fire of the garrison. The second ball found

him out in his retreat, took off a leg and sent him into the other world. Poltroons being regarded with violent disfavor in the army, this tragedy was looked upon as little less than a special providence, and diffused a general sense of satisfaction. One man offered to show the commandant of the battery two or three more gopher-holes, which he thought ought to be cleaned out.

Meantime the rebels were as much worried by constant exposure to fire as ourselves. Not only did our artillery search every corner of the fortress, but our bullets sowed it, and even went clean over it into the Mississippi. On the very summit of the bluff, within a few rods of the river batteries, a man was putting a mug of beer to his lips when he was killed by a Minié ball which must have come at least a mile to find him. In front of us an officer had finished his tour of duty at the parapet and retired to the grove in its rear to rest, when he was shot through the body with a ramrod which one of our men discharged by accident. A little to our right an 8-inch shell from one of our mortar batteries fell just inside of the earth-work. A rebel jumped over the mound, lay on the outer slope until the huge projectile exploded, and then dodged back again. Our men, instead of firing at him, gave him a hurrah in recognition of his coolness and dexterity.

Here I am reminded of an adventure of Andrew Bartram, a private of my company. Far to the left of our gully, and nearly in front of the position which we had occupied on the 27th of May, the siege-works had been pushed so near the rampart that the fatigue party, of which this man was one, could hear the voices of the defenders in conversation. Naturally curious and adventurous, he determined to risk his skin for the sake of obtaining a close look at his antagonists; and, taking advantage of the quiet of night and a fine moonlight, he left the covered way, scaled a slope, and found himself at the base of the earth-work. Here, as the reader may suppose, he paused, lay low and considered. The men inside would certainly shoot him if they saw him; and the men outside might also make a mark of him, supposing him to be a rebel. The result was that he resumed his hazardous journey, climbed the sloping mound on his hands and knees and cautiously peeped over it. There they were, immediately under his nose and almost within reach of his hand, a score or so of men in dirty gray or butternut, some lounging and others apparently sleeping. The scene was remarkable, but not altogether delightful, and he was soon satisfied with it. Sliding quietly down the face of the mound he made a run of it, reached the covered way unseen, hurried to the nearest battery and reported the position of the rebels. A couple of shells were pitched nicely into the spot indicated; and the shrieks which answered bore witness that they had done their pitiless duty. For this feat Bartram was made lieutenant in a negro regiment.

Such are some of my experiences and observations in the matter of duty in the trenches. The thoughtful among my readers, those who care less for objective incidents than for their effect upon the human soul, will ask me if I liked the business. With a courage which entitles me to honorable mention at the headquarters of the veracities, I reply that I did not like it, except in some expansive moments when this or that stirring success filled me with excitement. Certain military authors who never heard a bullet whistle have written copiously for the marines, to the general effect that fighting is delightful. It is not; it is just tolerable; you can put up with it; but you can't honestly praise it. Bating a few flashes of elation which come in moments of triumph or in the height of a breathless charge, when "the air is all a yell and the earth is all a flame," it is much like being in a rich cholera district in the height of the season.

Profoundly, infinitely true, true of every species and of every individual, is the copy-book maxim, "Self-preservation is the first law of nature." The man who does not dread to die or be mutilated is a lunatic. The man who, dreading these things, still faces them for the sake of duty and honor is a hero.

II.—A NIGHT ATTACK.

Our fighting at Port Hudson was not without its spice of variety. From time to time, as a relief to the monotony of being shot at every day a little, we made an attack and were shot at a good deal. On the 10th of June General Banks ordered a nocturnal reconnoissance on a grand scale, with the object, as I understood, of discovering where the enemy's artillery was posted, so that it might be knocked out of position by our own batteries previous to delivering a general assault. The whole line, six or eight miles in length, advanced sharpshooters, with instructions to be in position by midnight and then to open violently.

I had noticed premonitions of mischief during the day. A cavalry orderly from division headquarters had passed through our gully with dispatches for the brigade commander. And here I will honestly clear my breast of the confession that I dreaded the sight of these orderlies for the reason that they hardly ever made their appearance among us but we were shortly engaged in some unusual high cockolorum of heroism. It must be understood that by this time we had seen as much fighting as human nature can easily absorb inside of a month. Next after the orderly came another somewhat unwelcome personage, the adjutant, going from shanty to shanty with the message, "The colonel wishes to see the company commandants." I distinctly remember the faces of the ten men who listened to the orders for the reconnoissance. They were grave, composed, businesslike; they were entirely and noticeably without any expression of excitement; they manifested neither gloom nor exultation. When the col-

onel had ceased speaking three or four purely practical questions were asked, and then the officers, separating without further conversation, returned quietly to their companies.

The orders which we received were singular, and to us at the time incomprehensible. Seven companies were to be formed at midnight behind the parapet, ready to advance at a moment's notice. Three companies were to pass over the knoll, cross the ravine, carry the enemy's works, and report their success, upon which they were to be supported by the others. The companies selected for the assault were the ones whose turn it would be to mount guard the next morning.

Knowing nothing then of General Banks's purpose to make the rebels unmask their artillery, and remembering that our companies did not average thirty men apiece while the apron to be attacked was held by two regiments, we looked upon our instructions as simple madness. Of course, however, we prepared to obey them, ordering the cartridge-boxes to be replenished, the canteens and haversacks filled, and the blankets slung. That is to say, we got ready to occupy the enemy's position precisely as if we expected to carry it.

The night was warm, damp, cloudy, and almost perfectly dark. A little before the hour appointed for the attack the seven reserve companies formed line in perfect silence along the inner slope of our natural parapet. No one spoke aloud; there was a very little whispering; the suspense was sombre, heavy, and hateful. Then, as quietly as possible, but nevertheless with a tell-tale clicking of canteens against bayonets, the fighting companies climbed upon the knoll and commenced to file over it. Suddenly there was a screech of musketry from across the ravine, a hissing of bullets in flights over our heads, a crash of cannon to our right, whistling of grape, bursting of shells, shouts of officers, and groans of wounded. The rebels in front had caught the sound of the advance, and had opened upon it instantaneously with all their power. My lieutenant, leaning against a sapling, felt it struck by six bullets in something like as many minutes, so thickly did the fusillade fill the air with its messengers. Now, flowing with alarming rapidity considering the small force advanced, commenced the backward stream of wounded, a halting procession of haggard men climbing painfully over the parapet, and sliding down the steep bank to lie till morning upon the hard earth of the basin. In the darkness our surgeon could do nothing more than lay a little dressing upon the hurts and saturate them with water.

The clouds had by this time gathered into storm, and gleams of lightning showed me the sufferers. A group of two brothers, one eighteen the other sixteen, the elder supporting the younger, was imprinted upon my memory by this electric photography. The wounded boy was a character well known in the regiment, a fellow of infinite mischief, perpetually in the

guard-house for petty rascalities, noisy, restless, overflowing with animal spirits, and like many such, a headlong, heroic fighter. Young Porter, as every body called him, was firing and yelling with his usual gayety when a bullet struck him in the groin. Turning to his brother he said, "Bill, the d—d rebs have hit me; help me in." As he came over the rampart one of my men, not knowing that he was wounded, laughed out, "Aha, Porter, you've come back early!" "D—n you," he replied, "you go out there and you'll come back early." Walking down the bank he groaned, "Oh, my God! don't walk so fast. I can't walk so fast. This d—d thing pains me clear up to my shoulder."

On examination it was found that a second ball had actually passed through his shoulder. So severe were this lad's injuries that it was not supposed possible that he could live; but six weeks afterward, as we lay at Donelsonville, he rejoined the regiment, having run away from hospital and stolen a tent and a boat.

Within ten minutes from the commencement of the attack the three captains of the advancing companies were brought in disabled. I was leaning against the bank near the edge of the gully, thinking, I suppose, how disagreeable it was to be there, and how much better it was than to be outside, when, behold! that undesired messenger, the sergeant-major.

"Captain," he said, "the Colonel directs that you take command of the skirmishers and push them across the ravine."

Dreading it like a toothache, but nevertheless facing it as though I liked it, I ran a little to the left in search of a spot where the bullets were not flying too thick, and went over the parapet with a light step and a heavy heart. My first adventure in the blinding darkness was to roll into a rain-gulch, twenty feet deep, through the branches of a felled tree, tearing off my sword-belt and losing my sabre. I groped a moment for the last-named encumbrance, deemed so essential to an officer's honor; but could not find it, and did not see it again until the end of the siege gave me a chance to seek it in safety. Parenthetically I will state that it is now hanging beside me, restored by sand-paper to something like its original brightness, but deeply pock-marked with the rust incurred in its four weeks of unprotected bivouac.

I had my revolver in my hand when I fell, and I still held fast to it at the close of my descent, as I have seen a child cling to a plaything while performing somersaults down stairs. Clambering out of the gulch, and directing my steps toward a spitting of musketry, I came upon Lieutenant Smith and six men of our Company D, who had established themselves in another of the many rainways which seamed the face of the hill-side.

"Forward, boys!" I shouted. "We must carry the works. Forward!"

I remember distinctly the desperate look—seen by a lightning flash—which the brave boys

cast at me before they charged out of their cover. It seemed to say, "Are you, too, mad? Well, if it must be—"

In answer to our hurrah the enemy's musketry howled and the air hissed with bullets. The first who reached the edge of our gulch fell groaning; and I had five men left with whom to storm Port Hudson. Satisfied that the attempt would be futile unless I could have at least one more soldier, I allowed the survivors to take cover, and wondered what General Banks would do if he were in my place.

"I don't believe the men can be led any farther," observed the Lieutenant.

"This is a new thing in our regiment, flinching from fire," I remarked.

"Yes, but it has been pretty bad out here. It was tremendous when we first came over."

"Where is the rest of the storming party?" I asked.

"God knows. A great many have been carried in. The rest, I suppose, are scattered all over the hill-side, fighting behind stumps."

An occasional shot from the darkness around us corroborated this supposition. Evidently our storming column of six officers and ninety men had gone to pieces, some disabled and others having taken cover as skirmishers, while many no doubt had drifted back into the regimental bivouac. There is always a great deal of skulking in night fighting—first, because darkness renders the danger doubly terrific; and second, because the officers can not watch the line.

"Stay where you are, Lieutenant," I said. "I will report matters to the Colonel and be out again with orders."

On my way in I found two men, each behind a tree with rifle ready, waiting for a flash from the hostile rampart as a target. I had not far to go to reach our head-quarters, for the skirmishers had only advanced a few yards down the hill-side. I felt decidedly ticklish about the legs, knowing that the muskets of our reserve were on a level with them, and not being sure that they might not break out with a volley. It was as ugly a little promenade as I ever undertook.

"Captain, the orders are explicit," said the Colonel in reply to my statement. "Advance, take the enemy's works, and report the fact."

Thinks I to myself, I wish the person who gave the order had to execute it. Back I stumbled through the midnight to my tatter of a skirmish line, pondering over my task in despair. If any other man ever had so much to do, and so little to do it with, I should like to hear his story. To charge again was out of the question; my seven men had had all they wanted of that. Accordingly I gave orders to separate, take such cover as could be found, crawl ahead, and fire as skirmishers. It was all done except the crawling ahead. The men were willing enough to crawl, but not toward the enemy. I did not blame them. If any one advanced he was liable to be shot in the darkness, not only by the rebels but by his own comrades. I don't believe

that King David's first three mighty ones would have made much progress under the circumstances. What added to our discouragement was the fact that no other regiment was firing. All around Port Hudson, at least as far as we could hear, there was dumb silence, except in front of the 12th Connecticut. Why this was I never knew, and can only guess a diversity of orders, or perhaps a wide-spread influenza of self-preservation.

Presently a storm of rain burst, and both sides ceased firing. I sat on a stump with my rubber blanket over my head, suffocating under the heat of it, and conscious of much moistness in the way of drippings. After an hour or so the rain stopped, and we renewed our musketry. So wore on the most uncomfortable, disgusting, irrational night that I can remember. At last daylight appeared: not sunrise, be it understood, but faint, dusky, misty dawn: a grayish imitation of light robed in fog. Lieutenant Allen of Company K now arrived from farther down the ravine, and went into the lines after the stragglers of his command. Reappearing in the course of a few minutes with a dozen men, he had to expose himself recklessly in order to shame certain demoralized ones into advancing over the fatal knoll behind us. He was admirable, as he walked slowly to and fro at his full height, saying, calmly, "Come along, men; you see there is no danger." Old Putnam, galloping up and down Charlestown Neck to encourage the Provincials through the ricocheting of the British army, was not finer.

Now we recommenced firing with spirit and kept it up until after sunrise, thinking all the time how absurd it was, and wondering that we were not recalled. Just as the fog lifted and exposed us to the view of the enemy we heard from behind our rampart a shout, "Skirmishers, retire!"

It was a good thing to hear; but it was easier said than obeyed. The 2d Alabama had a clean sweep into the gulch where we had collected, and it took all the stumps and jutting banks which we could find there to cover us. We were much in the condition of the Irishman in the runaway coach, who did not jump off because he had as much as he could do to hold on. But it was necessary to be lively; the fire was growing hotter every moment; the bullets were spitting closer and closer to our lurking-places. I claim some merit for superintending the evacuation so successfully as to have only one man hit in the process; although whether the men would not have got off just as well if left to themselves is of course an open question. I ordered one fellow up an almost invisible gutter, another through a thicket of blackberry-bushes, another along some tufts of high grass, and, in short, put my people on as many lines of retreat as the ground would admit. I had about fifteen soldiers, and I sent them in thirty different directions. One fine lad, the clerk of D Company, anxious to save the ordnance stores, for which his captain was responsible, undertook to carry

off the muskets of five wounded men, and thereby drew upon himself an unusual amount of attention from the enemy. I ground my teeth with helpless rage and anxiety as I heard the balls strike like axes wielded by demons in the ground near him. He was lying upon his face, crawling slowly and pulling the muskets after him by a gun-strap. He had nearly reached the little log parapet when he gave a cry, "They have hit me!" Hands were extended to help him, and he was dragged over with no other harm than a flesh wound through the thigh, but without his precious charge of ordnance-stores. When I got in he was hopping about cheerfully and telling the adventures of the night to his comrades of the reserve companies. Poor, brave little Nash! Twenty months later, at Cedar Creek, he died on the field of honor.

I was now left alone with Lieutenants Allen and Smith. "Gentlemen," I said, "you are officers; you are supposed to know enough to look out for yourselves; the devil take the hindmost."

Smith disappeared among the blackberries, or perhaps went under ground, for I never saw him again till I got inside. Allen, over six feet high, bounded across the knoll with a length of stride which the rebel officers remembered after the surrender as having set them a laughing. I surveyed the ground before me, and pondered to the following purpose: "Here I am, a tolerably instructed man, having read 'The Book of the Indians,' all of Cooper's novels, and some of the works of Captain Mayne Reid. If I can't be as cunning as a savage or a backwoodsman I ought to be shot."

For my road of retreat I selected a faint grassy hollow, perhaps six inches deep, which wound nearly to the top of the knoll before it disappeared. From the stump which sheltered me, and which had already received one bullet and been barely missed by others, I made a spring to the foot of this hollow and dropped in it on my face at full length. I suspect that the grass completely sheltered me from the view of the rebels, for not a shot struck near me during my tedious creep to the summit of the hillock. And yet it was very short grass; I thought it contemptibly short as I scratched through it; an alderman would have found it no protection. I feel certain that my escape was owing entirely to the caution and dexterity with which I effected this to me memorable change of base; and even to this day I chuckle over my good management, believing that if the last of the Mohicans had been present he would have paid me his most emphatic compliments. I did not properly creep, knowing that it would not do to raise my back; I rather swam upon the ground, catching hold of bunches of grass and dragging myself along. My ideas meanwhile were perfectly sane and calm, but very various in character, ranging from an expectation of a ball through the spine to a recollection of Cooper's most celebrated Indians. About a rod from the parapet the hollow disappeared and the herbage became diminutive. Here was the ticklish

point; the moment I rose I would be seen. I sprang to my feet, shouted, "Out of the way!" thought of the bayonets inside, wondered if I should be impaled, made three leaps and was safe. I have seldom felt more victorious than at that instant when I became conscious that I had done the rebels. The repulse of the night seemed insignificant compared with the broad-day triumph of my escape from scores of practiced marksmen who were on the watch to finish me.

I immediately went to the Colonel and reported the skirmishing party all in. In this, however, I was mistaken, for about half an hour afterward an anxious voice outside informed us that another straggler had returned thus far from his adventurings in the ravine. A canteen of water and haversack of biscuit were thrown out to him, and he remained all day behind a stump, coming in safe at nightfall.

Of the hundred or so of officers and men engaged in this attack thirty-eight, or nearly two-fifths, were killed or wounded. The affair injured the morale of the regiment, for the men thought they had been slaughtered uselessly, and naturally concluded that there was a person above them somewhere who did not know what orders were good to issue. Even old soldiers rarely see the sense of being pushed out merely to draw the enemy's fire. Our artillery now went to work upon the two pieces which had been unmasked to grape us, and soon had them silenced, with their wheels in the air and their muzzles pointing backward. The next day General Banks obtained another armistice to collect the dead and wounded of his skirmishing emprise. The rebels in our front crowded their parapet, pointing out where one of our men lay lifeless at the bottom of the ravine, and demanding news of our three wounded captains. They had learned their names during the attack from Mullen, our sergeant-major, a brave little fellow who had been sent out with orders to the officers, and who, being unable to find them in the darkness, had shouted for them all over the hill-side. The dead man who was brought in to us was a horrible spectacle, swollen and perfectly black with putrefaction, filling our bivouac with an insupportable odor.

As the 14th of June has been well described by Captain Fitts I shall skip it, merely remarking that I would have been pleased to skip it at the time. This is the only fight that I ever went into with a presentiment that I should be hit; and perhaps the cause of the presentiment may be regarded as philosophically worthy of notice. Two days before the assault, as I was passing over a dangerous hillock immediately in rear of our bivouac, I heard the buzz of a *Minié* among the higher branches of the trees on my right, then heard it strike a fallen log close at hand, and then felt my right leg knocked from under me. The mind is capable of running several trains of thought at once. I was distinctly aware of the bullet singing on its way as merrily as a humble-bee in a flower-gar-

den, and conscious of sending a hurried wish of spite after it, while I was desperately eager to pull up the leg of my trowsers and see if the bone was broken, remembering in a moment what a bad thing it was to have an amputation in such hot weather. Great was my gratification when I found that no permanent harm had been done. A hole in my dirty trowsers, a slight abrasion on the shin from which a few drops of blood flowed, and a large bruise which soon bloomed into blue and saffron, were the only physical results. My main feeling so far was exultation at the escape; the cause of the presentiment of evil was yet to come. When the accident became known in my company an old soldier, a German by birth, who had served in our regular army and in his own country, observed, "It is a warning!"

"What is that, Weber?" I asked.

"Oh, it is a foolish saying, Captain. But we used to say when a bullet merely drew blood that it was a forerunner of another that would kill."

I am as little superstitious as a human being can well be, but Weber's speech made me very uncomfortable until the 14th of June was over. I went into the assault with a gloomy expectation of "the bullet that would kill," and hardly forgot it for a quarter of an hour together during the whole day. And when at night, after fifteen hours of exposure to fire, the regiment moved into the covered way and through it and beyond the reach of hostile musketry, I experienced a singular sense of elation at having balked my evil destiny. Yet I had contrived to behave about as well as usual, and had been honorably reported for gallantry at division head-quarters.

After the assault came twenty-four days more of sharp-shooting. We grew weak and nervous under the influences of summer heat, confinement, bad food, and constant exposure to danger. Men who had done well enough in battle broke down under the monotonous worry, and went to the rear invalided. From rain, perspiration, sleeping on the ground, and lack of water for washing, our clothing became stiffened and caked with inground mud. Lice appeared, increased, swarmed, infesting the entire gully, dropping upon us from the dry leaves of our bough-built shanties, and making life a disgrace as well as a nuisance. Excepting a three-days' raid into our rear to cover foragers and hunt rebel raiders, the brigade had no relief for six weeks from the close musketry of the trenches. Nor did we have any of those irregular truces, those mutual understandings not to fire, which were known along other portions of the line. Every day we shot at each other across the ravine from morning to night. It was a lazy, monotonous, sickening, murderous, unnatural, uncivilized mode of being. We passed our time like Comanches and New Zealanders; when we were not fighting we ate, lounged, smoked, and slept. Some of the officers tried sharp-shooting as an amusement, but I could never bring myself to what seemed like taking human life in pure gayety, and I had not as yet learned to

play euchre. Thus I had no amusement beyond occasional old newspapers and rare walks to the position of some neighboring battery or regiment.

Meantime General Banks was preparing for another assault, and offering various glories to volunteers for the forlorn-hope. I observed that the regiments which had suffered most severely hitherto sent up very few names for the "roll of honor." For instance the 8th —, one of the most gallant organizations that I ever knew, but which had already lost more than two-thirds of its numbers in our unhappy assaults, did not furnish a single officer or soldier. The thirty or forty who went from my regiment were a curious medley as to character, some of them being our very best and bravest men, while others were mere rascallions, whose only object was, probably, to get the whisky ration issued to the forlorn-hope. I did not volunteer; our only field-officer was wounded, and I was the senior captain present; and I naturally preferred the chance of leading a regiment to the certainty of leading a company.

There was no doubt that the brigade would be put in; on what occasion had it ever been left out? Once we were marched back to corps head-quarters, formed in a hollow square, and treated to an encouraging speech from General Banks. One Colonel, who admired the discourse, remarked that it was fit to be pronounced in the United States Senate. Another Colonel, who did not admire it, replied that it was just fit. At the conclusion of the oratory our brigade commander called out, "Three cheers for General Banks!" whereupon the officers hurrahed loyally while the men looked on in sullen silence. Volunteers can not easily be brought to believe that any body but their Commander is to blame when they are beaten, and will not make a show of enthusiasm if they do not feel it.

Finally came news that Vicksburg had surrendered, and then a mighty hurrah ran around Port Hudson, like the prophetic uproar of ramshorns around Jericho. "What are you yelling about?" an Alabamian called to us from across the ravine. "Vicksburg has gone up!" a score of voices shouted. "Hell!" was the compendious reply, reminding one of Cambronne at Waterloo, as told by Victor Hugo.

Then came quiet, flags of truce, treatings for terms, and capitulation. Grand officials at head-quarters got mellow together, while the lower sort mingled and prattled all along the lines. Bowie-knives were exchanged for tobacco and Confederate buttons for spoonfuls of coffee. It was, "How are you, reb?" and, "How are you, Yank?" and, "Bully for you, old boy!" and, "Now you've got us!" all through a hot summer's day. Never were fellows more friendly than the very fellows who but a few hours before were aiming bullets at each other's craniums.

I soon discovered that the rebel officers, not without good reason, were exceedingly proud

of their obstinate defense. They often alluded to the fact that they had held out until they were at the point of starvation, reduced to an ear of corn a day, and such rats and mule meat as the sharpest foraging might furnish. They had surrendered, they said, because Vicksburg had; yes, they bragged not a little of having outlasted Pendleton; at the same time their provisions would have been quite gone in three days more; and then they would have had to come down, Vicksburg or no Vicksburg. One of our captains accepted an invitation to dine with these gentlemen, and found broiled rat a better dish than he had expected.

"Well, you have cut the Confederacy in two," said one officer to me. "But we shall not give up the contest, and I think we shall tire you out at last."

Is he living now, I wonder, to see the fate of his prophecy?

The defense of Port Hudson was gallant, but the siege, I affirm, was no less so. On the day of the surrender we had ten thousand four hundred men for duty to watch and fight over a line of nearly eight miles in extent. We had had at least four thousand killed and wounded, and not far from as many more rendered unserviceable by sickness. The total number of prisoners, able and disabled, combatants and non-combatants, amounted, as we are informed, I believe, by General Banks, to six thousand. Our victory had been no easy achievement, but it was no inconsiderable victory.

A REFORMED RING-MAN.

"AND how in the world did that name get hitched to you?" asked one of the journeymen in the night-relay as Mike Reilly thrust back into the forge the odd job he was doing for himself before work-hours. The men in the Pittsburg blacksmith-shop, of which he was night foreman, never tired of hearing Mike talk. This evening he had told them that it hurt no man to be called names. "I was called the Shark of the Ring once myself." Then the journeyman asked his question.

"It came in this wise," replied Mike. "Well, before I go on, I suppose none of you fellows know I was formerly a ruler? Yes, Sir-ee! I made laws, and folks had to obey 'em too!"

"What were you?" said one of the men.

"Ran a jail!" said the smart man of the shop.

"Councilman somewhere?" said another, doubtfully.

"I've been that same, my boy!" replied Mike; "but I've been a tip or two higher besides! I've been New York Assemblyman from the First Ward; and I don't say it to my shame either, d'ye hear; for 'tain't every man that gets out o' that and comes to be an honest mechanic!"

This unexpected revelation of Michael's history opened such a magnificent rope-walk for an exciting yarn that his comrades persuaded

him to spin it as they all sat together about the forge at their suppers, and waiting for the bell which should call them to labor.

"I was born in Cherry Street," said Michael, "the son of Patrick and Bridget Reilly. They were of Irish extraction; in fact, they were extracted out of Ould Ireland about three years before I appeared in America. I may not be able to trace my lineage directly back to the Irish kings (there's a break somewhere, I think, about the period of MacMadigan Gummoroo), but I come of a royal race. I'm the first of the family that ever did any work when he could help it. I was born with a gold spoon in my mouth. The Reillys were always inside the 'Ring.' There was my father, who was Deputy-Inspector of the Public Statues, with a salary of fifteen hundred a year from the Street Department; his duties consisted in sending my mother's widowed sister, Mrs. Flanagan, once a year, with a pail of suds to give Old Red Sandstone, in the City Hall Park, a scrubbing worthy of her adopted country's father. There was a First Inspector, but he never came except to draw his salary. My father discharged his arduous functions with all the more resignation from having been empowered by the special vote of a Common Council, in which I had one uncle and several cousins, to appoint a Private Secretary, with an allowance for salary and stationery of an additional fifteen hundred a year. As the kindness of my father's brother, Teddy Reilly the Alderman, had handsomely provided in the congenial department of Sampson and Fosters for my own eldest brother, his namesake, and my next elder brother was to be taken to Washington as a Page of the House by my aunt's husband, Congressman Toomey, my father felt that he did the rest of his family no injustice in appointing me to the Secretaryship at the age of five years. Of course I could not write much; but then, as my father said, I could learn; and I couldn't have done more if I'd been an Alderman.

"My father's second cousin was one of the School Commissioners; and our family all stuck together, so that I think Mr. Bralligan would not have hesitated to sign for me on one sheet of paper an order for a liberal education, and a permanent excuse to stay out of school all the time and attend to my municipal business. But intending, like the rest of my family, to live by my talents, I took the old road to learning and went through the grammar-school, making an entry or two in my Book of Records for the Public Statues on rainy Sunday afternoons as I grew older.

"When I was twenty-one I knew every prominent politician in New York city. I had drunk at every corner grocery in my own and the adjoining wards. I had been unanimously elected to the Society of Bumptious Young Hunkers, and had peddled our tickets at the polls several successive election days. I had learned the entire ropes of our ward 'Primaries;' I was employed at the more delicate wires by Controllers and

Supervisors old enough to be grandfathers of mine. So at last it occurred to my friends that there was no reason why so popular a young man, and so dutiful a son, should not serve his family 'in the Ring.' A seasonable advance for the purchase of the neighboring bar-rooms was made me by my connection, Congressman Toomey, and I got a nomination, equivalent to election, from the Bumptious Hunkers. Some impossible person or other, with a good character, ran against me and received forty-one votes.

"I do not think that a single fair-minded citizen can stand up, lay his hand upon his breast, and point out one single instance during the entire five years I served as Councilman when I forgot the interests of the Reilly Family. That constituency were so well satisfied with me that Congressman Toomey, whose Federal connection caused him in some sort to be regarded as the chief of our clan, advised me in my twenty-sixth year to run for member of Assembly, at the same time showing me the plan of a Wire-Safe Railroad, whose chief corporators were himself, my father, and I; while its audacity left the 'Gridiron' scheme entirely out of sight, for it proposed to lay a track through every street in the city.

"I grasped the idea immediately. I had already put by a snug little sum from odd jobs done in the interval of my municipal avocations, and a couple of terms in the Assembly would set me all right. After that I foresaw the easy prospect of retiring to a little place on Shrewsbury River for the rest of my life, to keep my own cat-boat and dredge my own clams."

"Rather lonely look-out that, with no gal along!" said the youngest apprentice.

"Ay, boy!" answered Mike, "but you see I had lost my mate; and such are always hell-bent on ambition! Glory and money—then rest. Hip-hip-hurrah! a jingle of dollars, and a hermitage three miles from Red Bank! Before I was Councilman I loved a pretty little girl—Nelly Bryan—just as much as a pretty little girl ever gets loved. But when I got into politics I a sort of neglected her. I went to see her once a month; I never took her any where, and when I was with her I bragged to her a good deal more than I kissed her. That isn't the kind of thing girls like; and I could not blame her long, though I was awful mad with her at first, when she gave me the sack and married shiftless Sam Donohue, the cabinet-maker, who enlisted the first year the war broke out and left her in a tenement-house whose locality I could never learn, with a sick baby ten months old. At first I thought the blow of Nelly's marriage didn't hurt me much. I was busy night and day on matters that took as keen attention as a game of bluff. But gradually, through the press of business, I felt the thing more and more of a trouble—a trouble that hardened me. So to speak, I wasn't tripped. I was taken through the rollers. I grew tougher toward men and things; I

meant to be an antagonist whom men would hate to challenge; I meant to be master of circumstance; I should succeed, and after that—Shrewsbury. No, boy! No girl in *that* picture!

"So I went in strong for the nomination, stronger yet for the election, and carried both. When the canvassers returned me, Congressman Toomey and I calculated ourselves out of pocket in a sum whose reimbursement would require the entire proceeds of my first month at Albany.

"With my characteristic modesty, and acting on Uncle Toomey's previous experience of young members, we had underestimated my abilities. Our election expenses amounted to just \$4400, and as nearly as I can recollect my balance-sheet at the close of my first session struck something like this:

CASH in Account with HON. MICHAEL REILLY:	
<i>Dr.</i>	
To not opposing the Slip and Yonkers Elevated Horse-road.....	\$5,000 00
To voting against Opposition Steamboat Line to Amboy.....	950 00
To presenting and supporting Petition for State Help to Charitable Association of Otiose Brothers.....	80 00
To voting to tax Ogdensburg for erection of a dam by the Bohogus Wool-Pulling Company on the northern slope of Mount Marcy.....	7,567 45
To net receipts from Stock in the Wire-Safe Railroad.....	43,500 00
	\$57,097 45
<i>Cr.</i>	
By election expenses, paid.....	\$4,400 00
By board, drinks, and cigars at Albany.....	530 00
	4,930 00
Balance (E.E.) to the credit of Hon. M. R. [This does not include bets on the result of sundry Bills presented during the Session—not yet decided].....	\$52,167 45

Thus you find me at the end of my first winter in Albany in pocket to the tune of over fifty-two thousand dollars. When, according to promise, I had paid my relation, Toomey, a third of this sum as his bonus on the advance to me, I still had enough stock left to present every one of my aunts and cousins with a few shares apiece, and instructions to sell it immediately. The amount that remained to me in hard cash, added to my little savings accumulated in the Ring, would have given me the best bachelor hall any of ye could ask for when ye're maddest with that maddenin' critter woman, boys. My mother, who was always a safer man than my father, advised me to retire at the end of that first session.

"'Shuré, Mike,' said she, 'ye wint there the firsh time and got glory, honor, an' power, saints presarve ye! an' niver wanst opind yer mouth bar'n to vote. But ye're like yer father, ye'll go there agin, with a cheek on to you this time, and ye'll raise up in yer sate bould as brass and shpake and shpile it all!'

"But I only laughed at the old lady and took the advice of that pushin' man my father, who was picking out the house he should buy in

Fifth Aven-yeh at the end of me term, and bade me return to the Legislature by all means—not only because to do otherwise was willfully holding up an umbrel against the good gifts which Heaven was manifestly raining plump down on the Reilly family, but because there was a most unpopular species of dishonesty—sufficient to work a young politician's everlasting damnation—in the act of going back on one's constituents, only half-way through, and putting them to the expenses of a new election.

"I accordingly returned to Albany without a hint of retiring. It was the second year of the war, and the session was daily pressed by military bills from its commencement. When I have told you the constituency I represented, you know what, on such bills, was my invariable vote. I opposed the war, that was my platform; I meant to stand on it; it was occupied by all the Reilly connection; that connection stood on the same side my bread was buttered; and if any thing happened to the Reilly connection grass would grow up in the streets of New York. The only speech I made received great applause at the time of its delivery, though the *Herald* sadly marred its reported effect by representing me to have said, 'Then Massachusetts *milliners* will see!' instead of 'mill-owners,' which necessarily made it a much less terrible menace."

"Dry up!" said a long limbed journeyman from Springfield, smoking behind the forge.

"Oh! You there, Dakin? You see I haven't got over abusing your Yankee State since I left the councils of the nation! Well, I voted against all the military bills plumb! S'posing a bill permitting a county to pledge its good faith for the equipment of volunteers—I voted against *that*. I voted against every measure to establish hospitals for the wounded coming home. I voted against the city's paying extra bounty *every* time! I voted for all means devised to obstruct or nullify the draft; I voted in favor of directing the State Attorney to indict the Union League as a common nuisance; I voted an appropriation for the employment of detectives to dog Orison Blunt; I helped pass the resolution for a Committee of Investigation into the affairs of the New York branch of the Freedman's Bureau. I was studying up one day, by request of my connection Toomey, for a slatherer at the Government, with appended affidavits from a man in Chatham Street of whom an agent of the Sanitary Commission had got lint under false pretenses, when an attack of the sick headache, or laziness if you please, for I always liked work better than thinking, drove me out of my room in Congress Hall for a walk round the Capitol grounds. I continued my stroll down State Street into the town, until I was attracted by the sight of a crowd formed in line between the curb-stone and the door of a brick house with high stoop of freestone.

"'What's all this about?' I asked a policeman standing by.

"He took off his cap to wipe his forehead—for although only half-way through spring, the weather that day was almost sultry—and replied:

"Soldiers' widows and orphans, Sir. They come here once a week to get their allowance."

"I had voted against the enabling act to provide Albany County with this charity only three days before; but I had no animosity against it; my vote was based on no moral question but the interests of the Reilly family. I therefore stopped to watch that patient, halted procession of faded women and stunted babies. I was at the back of one poor thing, whose crouched, weary figure was like that of a young girl, though her dress was dusty bombazine, and her arms held a poor little chalky child. I did not see her face, but she was at the very end of the string, and her attitude seemed to say that all heart and hope were failing her.

"Hard lines!" said I, glancing up the sorrowful procession.

"Ye may say that," answered the policeman, with a look of quite unofficial compassion. "There's only certain hours any way, and some o' them poor creeturs that's behind-hand will have to wait for their allowance till next week."

"What is the allowance?" asked I.

"Widow two; each orphan fifty extra."

"I drew my hand out of my pocket, ashamed to feel it touching a well-stuffed porte-monnaie, and it was lucky I did so; for just then, what with the heat and the fatigue, the rear woman fainted, and I needed both my hands to catch her. As she fell into my arms her own stuck tight and motherly around the little chalky child; her poor sun-bonnet of faded gingham fell off her brown curls, and there, like a beautiful dead thing in marble, lay—my Nelly!

"I got a carriage and took her back to Congress Hall with me as quick as State Street hill would let us. A bachelor like me could not keep her and her baby there; so I sent out one of the waiters before she came to, to hire pleasant lodgings where I had seen a bill up in Dove Street.

"About the same time he returned, successful, to the hotel, and she, bewildered, to consciousness.

"D'ye know where you are, Nelly dear?" said I.

"Donohue's dead in the war, Mike," said the sweet little widow, solemnly.

"I know that, dear," said I; and, stooping down, kissed, first herself, then the baby, lovingly.

"Fifteen minutes after I took her round to the pleasant little rooms in Dove Street. I had tea brought up to us, and fed her as she lay on the bed, taking, as we'd say in the 'Ould counthry,' every other tea-spoonful with the same fork. I spent the rest of the evening sitting beside her, and holding her hand as we talked; and when it was time to put the infant to the maternal fount for the last time, went home to

my room at the Congress with something like the delicacy of a young man sparking for the first time, and a heart too queerly softened of a sudden to let me proceed that night, as I had proposed, with the speech inspired by my Hon. connection, Toomey.

"The same indifference toward preparation for that effort hung on me the next day and the day following. I spent a good deal of my time in the room of Mrs. Donohue. When I missed a committee meeting I excused myself by saying that I was making ready to come in strong on the Relief of the Widows and Fatherless. Before the week was out I had resolved to marry Nelly as soon as her year of mourning was up, and she had resolved to let me. This point settled, I went into Assembly work with renewed vigor.

"I was so horrified at my first view—in a solid form like my own heart's flesh—of what the people I had acted with were doing against loyal women, babes, and men, that—as any body who knows young men may understand—I turned at once into a reformer, and resolved, from the instant I crossed the Assembly threshold Nelly's betrothed lover, that I'd never again bet on my vote, take complimentary moneys, let myself be put down for stock in any corporation I meant to push, have checks slid into my hands for 'professional services,' or in any way have any thing to do with 'the Lobby' any more. I might not be re-elected—doubtless *should* not—but I would be honest and loyal.

"Of course a man can't stand up in full session of the Assembly and say, 'D—n it all! I've been a mean scamp, but I ain't a-go'n' to any more!' The new Mike Reilly that meant to be Nelly's husband would have to show himself privately the first good chance that offered for temptation. I tried to talk to some of my friends about the change in me—Kernan the State Senator from my district haw-hawed right out.

"Dummed if that *ain't* a good 'un!" said Kernan. 'Rec'lect last term, boys? Forty thousand if he made a dollar—*clean*! It's a dodge of his. Ten to one he'll make four times more'n the best of us this session on that pious lay! Oh, who says them Reillys ain't deep?"

"Though other people did not go into that elaboration which made the Senator's remarks peculiarly disgusting to a reformer just started on his first heat—every body without exception, to whom I spoke of my conversion, shared in the conviction that it was some new dodge of mine. At no time in my life was I more frequently approached to borrow money; and a general impression prevailed that, if I was not already a millionaire, I had, in this new dodge, something on the string which was bound to make money.

"The first lobby-man who approached me was Gombol—a very prominent man in the railroad interest with whom I had done business a few hundred times. His prominence made it all

the more necessary to make an example of him.

"'Gomboil!' said I, severely, 'this is all wrong! I have resolved to take no more bribes.'

"'Capital!' said Gomboil. 'I heard about it from Kernan; but really hadn't any idea how well you could keep it up! Never mind. I came this morning to talk about that new road, up on first reading to-day, to connect Lake George with the head o' navigation on the Skeneateles. If yer asleep when it's called your conscience may forget to wake ye up to vote agin it. So, for a memorandum, suppose yourself struck aside the head with five hundred dollars. There's a pictur of it!' said the vulgar Gomboil, pointing to a note of that value left on my table as he went out of the room.

"The next day I had as much more sent me anonymously in the circular of the Penny Bridge Fluviatile Transportation Company; and the day after that two proposed directors of proposed mining corporations thrust each a thousand-dollar bill into my vest-pocket, unbeknownst, while they were showing me the plan of shafts in Montana and Reese. I found it was no use saying I should never sell my vote again. I was wasting my breath—nobody would believe me. For a while I confess I was 'mulvathered.' I didn't know what to do at all. At last the idea struck me that, if the lobby wouldn't let me earn a clean reputation, I'd make something out of 'em for a good cause by the dirty one. So the next day there appeared in the *Argus*, *Journal*, and *Knickerbocker* an advertisement something like this:

"'SOLDIERS' WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.—Contributions to found a Home for the temporary or permanent shelter of deceased soldiers' families, in connection with shops and laundries where such may earn their livelihood, or a portion of it, may be deposited with the Treasurer of the fund, Hon. JOHN REILLY, Room No. 2, Congress Hall.'

"Some of my friends thought I had received timely hints from personal cronies on the other side of a Republican intention to set an investigating committee nosing into the dirty linen of the lobby, and that I had baffled the foe in a masterly manner by retiring my operations behind the quadrangle of a high-sounding, patriotic charity. Every body said, 'Well! if that Reilly ain't keen; where d'ye find 'em?' Nobody for one moment entertained the slightest suspicion that an Assemblyman from my district could turn saint. Saul among the prophets wasn't a circumstance, me boys!

"My reputation as 'a smart 'un' received the incense universally offered success. 'Men,' says the good book, 'will praise thee when thou doest good to thyself;' and at that period of his life Mike Reilly got both praise and pudding without stint. The lobby could not rest content until it had got me safe on the simplest enterprise. I was reverentially approached for my influence against a milldam, and my vote in favor of a canal contract. From the fifty-

dollar men up to the five thousand they all came to me. Every one of them left his money, and left it with his eyes open. I'll give you one sample of an interview held about this time between myself and a prominent lobbyite—it will stand for all of them, excepting unessential details.

"On my answering 'Come in!' to a knock at the door of my room in Congress Hall, enter Mr. Apollos Peghammer, the President of 'the greatest road, begud!' between Patagonia and the Arctic Sea; also, the most tremendous bore who ever sat down in the room of a member representing any portion of the same area.

"'Good-morning, Mr. Reilly. Really I hope I see you well, Sir?' and before I could answer that nothing was the matter with me but overpressure on my time, Mr. Peghammer blandly took a chair.

"I knew that he prided himself on his knowledge of human nature, and for the first hour would avoid any reference to his actual purpose in coming; at the expiration of that time, leading the conversation round with admirable dexterity from the subject of horse-racing (which he thought might fascinate a vulgar nature like me, but of which he knew about as much as Dr. Philip Doddridge) to the theme of 'the greatest railroad, begud!' and the fact that it wanted leave to charge double on way-freights.

"This morning in particular having lots to do, a headache, and a great yearning toward Dove Street, I resolved to snatch Mr. Peghammer from the circuitous orbit in which he wheeled with a grace so admirable to himself, and bring him point-blank upon the subject of his coming.

"'You're here on that double-track loan,' said I, with curt civility. 'I heard your Company were intending to apply. Now, excuse my haste, but I've got just five minutes' (and I took out my watch) 'to hear what it's all about.'

"'Well,' said Mr. Peghammer, suddenly focused, 'the fact is, you know we always feel more anxious to make it right with you than with 'most any one else in the House. Now I don't deceive you—your reputation, Sir, would render such an attempt too futile to be thought of for a moment by any sensible, plain, straightforward business man—we are very desirous to push the measure through—very desirous indeed. Now, there's nobody else I'd say it to; but I don't mind saying it to you—we sha'n't stand at \$150,000, if it takes that, to get it through Assembly; and, as near as I can cipher out, your share comes to about \$5000. So, now, if that will straighten it—why—'

"And Mr. Peghammer laid a check on my centre-table.

"'Mr. Peghammer,' said I, rising with all the severity which a young convert can throw into his face and tone, 'you are so well aware that I have resolved never to sell my vote, that I question whether this call on me may not be regarded as an insult.'

"Peghammer, who in former days had bought me at various prices fifty times, looked at me for a moment with a blank countenance, as he might look at a bale of uplands cotton miraculously endowed with power to assert itself, and indignantly demanding to be bought at the price of long-staple. Looked at me as if he would fain exclaim: 'Why, the scamp asks as much for himself as if he were a Congressman!'"

"Mr. Peghammer drew a long sigh. 'Well,' said he, 'call it \$7500 and square!' So saying, he replaced the first check in his pocket, and laid on the table an alternative one prepared in the event of my 'coming the Jew on him.' With no further words than a good-morning he was turning toward the door.

"'One instant,' said I. 'Mr. Peghammer, I see you mean to leave that check on the table. I wish to inform you, once for all, that I am in earnest when I say that under no circumstances will I promise any man to vote yea or nay on any measure. As your matter comes up I shall look into it faithfully and vote according to my best light, whether that point for or against. If you leave that money on the table I shall not understand it as in the least intended to affect my vote.'

"'Oh, bless me, no!' said Mr. Peghammer, with pious earnestness. 'We never do! Unconstitutional in the extreme, my dear Sir! Affect vote? Not in the least! Simply intended to defray expenses for extra investigation. Say I'm in the dark—can't see my way out—you buy candles to show me the right way—why, bless me! you don't pay me to come out, do ye? And the greatest road in the world, begud, can afford, Sir, to pay high for *your* candles!'"

"'Very ingenious, Mr. President, but if you leave that money on the table be sure beforehand that your candles will go to light a less private darkness than mine. I shall accept your money as a subscription to the fund for the erection of a home for soldiers' widows and orphans—you have seen the prospectus of my enterprise?'"

"'I have indeed! That's a capital way to put it—capital. You'll be in Congress before long, Mr. Reilly—if you ever need an advance for any purpose, let me be your banker. A remarkable business head, Sir, if you will pardon my complimenting you! Oh, a most laudable charity—put me down for a life-membership by all means.'

"And Mr. Peghammer solemnly withdrew, making a noise with his umbrella in the vain attempt to hide that he went down stairs chuckling.

"The next day all the Albany papers published a card as follows:

"'The Treasurer of the fund for erecting a home for Soldiers' Widows and Orphans begs to acknowledge the receipt of \$7500 for that object, contributed by Apollos Peghammer, Esq.'

"Of course, Peghammer took the papers, but

he only smiled at me, half-reverentially, as he met me in the street.

"When I tell you that I held interviews similar to that just related with over a hundred lobby men before the last week of the session, and that the final decision of all the important bills had been fought off till then, you will understand that I had a good fishful of greenbacks for all the widows and orphans, and that something over a hundred contributors to their fund were smiling in foolish expectation of my working 'the grand pious dodge' as much for their interests as they supposed I had for my own.

"Imagine then the dismay with which these life-members of my charity heard me calmly vote against nine-tenths of the measures to whose support they had meant to commit me, and in favor of half the improvements they had forced money on me to stifle!

"Day after day, in going home from the chamber, I passed through as excited a crowd as ever refrained from mobbing a man; I strenuously used my privilege, refusing to see any one in my room till he had sent up his card, and remorselessly sending a peremptory 'out!' to any who might come to badger me. At last Kernan the Senator broke in without knocking, and told me that he had telegraphed to my father and Congressman Toomey that I had gone crazy. They had replied that they would be up on the 6 o'clock train. 'Any thing else?' said I, and put my hands in my pockets. Kernan gave one of those prolonged howls of anguish hereditary to an Irishman from the time of King O'Toole's wake, and fled my demented presence.

"I had time before my father and Congressman Toomey could reach Greenbush to help kill Mr. Peghammer's bill, and those of five other gentlemen who had equally reckoned without their host.

"After our adjournment for supper, I was passing out into the lobby amidst angry hisses, scowls, and cries of 'Rat!' both from the 'Exterior House' and from members belonging to my own party, when my gray-headed sire and the Congressman rushed up the stairs, and, falling on my neck, made a group as worthy of commemoration in marble as any thing about Coriolanus or such that was ever done for a State capitol.

"'Och boy, boy! How did ye kill yerself?' groaned me father.

"'Dead as a herring!' sighed Congressman Toomey.

"'And the figure ye'll make presenting yourself to your constituents,' said me father.

"'Well,' answered I, quietly as I could, to keep the crowd out of the conversation if possible, 'I don't mean to present myself to any body. Some weeks ago I concluded to be me own man, and I've been it ever since!'"

"They followed me home to my lodgings to expostulate with me. They went together to a doctor, and consulted as to whether there were not some way of shutting me up in an asylum

before I ruined myself. Finding no hope in that idea they returned—and if the most ancient Hibernians ever heard such a final jawing as they gave me, they're an older order than I took 'em for. At last, not wishing to stop longer than I could keep perfectly good-tempered, I told them I had provided for them to sleep together in my large double-bed, and, without further parley, set off for a hall-room in Dove Street, where I knew they could not track me. Before I got over to Congress Hall the next morning they had returned to New York in disgust, leaving no memento save a paper in my father's hand, conspicuously wafered over the clock-case, to say with a terse grandeur worthy of Ossian:

“‘From the O'Reillys to their treacherous offspring—Banishment’ (with a big B).

“The last day of session, when I had voted for or against every thing on which I intended the world should ever have my legislative opinion, I withdrew the restriction upon visitors, and allowed every body to enter my room that asked for me.

“I need not picture the torrent of reproach and invective with which I was assailed in those final hours. My only answer to every furious patron of the Widows' and Orphans' fund was to hand him our Institution's first Report, in which he was congratulated on the cheering fruits of his benefaction, presented gratis with a wood-cut of the way the building would look when finished, and afforded an opportunity of pointing out to his friends the exact amount of his benevolence, set in large type opposite his name.

“When I returned to New York the results of my entire session amounted to \$75,000. This sum I put at once into the hands of competent trustees, and am happy to say has already been partly employed in the purchase of a piece of Staten Island property peculiarly suited to our purpose.

“Neither Horace Greeley nor I ran for Assembly in our ward the next time. I don't know which of us would have got the most votes if we had. Scarcely one of my old acquaintances would speak to me; all the sharp men who had got from me the first bite that ever maimed them were down on me. It was then I got the name that stuck to me till I left York—‘The Shark of the Ring’ they called me. But as I told ye, lads, calling names kills nobody! They may call what they choose, as the boys say, so long as they don't call me late to dinner, or forget to call in time with my night's coffee!” added Mike, looking up the foundry yard through the open door of the smithy. “Ay! there comes the pail and sun-bonnet! Right on the minute like reg'lar City Hall time! Well, to wind up a long story, boys, I didn't miss not getting back to Assembly much, for, in the first place, I knew there was stuff enough in me to struggle up from the Legislature to being an honest mechanic; and, in the second place—”

Just then a very pretty young woman peered modestly in with a pail in her hand and smiled an invitation to come out and have an interview.

As Mike began moving away in answer to that irresistible summons:

“Well!” said the youngest apprentice, eagerly, “and in the second place, what?”

“In the second place?” answered Mike, laughing over his shoulder, as he took the soft little hand that held the pail, “Oh, I consoled myself with a still more satisfactory scheme for the relief of widows and orphans.”

EIGHT CASTLES IN SPAIN.

CASTLE I.—FLYING CLOUDS.

ALTHOUGH I am a quiet family man of middle age, and have a wife upon whose head silvery threads are beginning to show themselves, while mine is getting bald and shiny, and wrinkles are slowly creeping across my brow; and, moreover, have children who are growing up around me with a rapidity which reminds me, when I look at them, of the growth of sunflowers and hollyhocks in summer time; and, further, though daily cares are mine, and anxiety as to the future welfare of my flock visits me as I lie awake at night, yet, for all this, there still clings about me a spice of boyish romance—that romance which, in my youthful days, made me the lover and defender of every young and pretty girl I encountered; the admirer of King Arthur and his Knights, of Robin Hood and his merry men, of the good Haroun Alraschid, of Constantine in the Holy Land, of the fearless and reproachless Bayard, of Sir Philip Sidney, and hosts of other heroes of the past, and which would have wedded me to the Muse of Poesy, if Nature, for some wise purpose of her own, had not forbidden the bans.

Sometimes, in the busiest of my waking moments, the pen, with which I am setting down the figures of immense sums to the credit of Uncle Samuel—the old gentleman for whom I labor in the large granite building in Wall Street—rests idly in my hand, and my eyes, wandering from the pages of the ledger before me, look through the window near my desk, above the opposite house-tops into the blue sky overhead, with its white clouds, like snowy vessels, sailing past toward those vast possessions of mine which lie so far away that I can only visit them in imagination. It is then that I dream dreams and see visions. Gentle reveries which fill my heart with peace; golden fancies which gild the weary hours with something akin to joy, and blessed memories which translate the past into an Arcadian present then are mine. Then, too, I erect gorgeous castles in the air, and build chateaux in Spain, peopling them with the children of my brain.

I see, as I gaze above those brown walls opposite, what no one else in that room can see. I hear through the chimes of Trinity, as they fall upon my ears, what no one else in that room

can hear. I know that "Uncle John," the senior clerk of the department, and who is, at least, a good quarter of a century older than I am, wonders, as he drops his chin upon his breast, and casts his eyes across the room at me, over the top of his spectacles, at what I am looking. Sometimes he will get down from his high chair, and, crossing to my window will, with me, look up into the sky. But he never discovers any thing, and will, after a little while, turn and go to his seat, shaking his head mysteriously at the other clerks, and looking back at me will tap significantly his forehead. As a rule he never says any thing to me at these moments, but once he asked me if I would be kind enough to tell him at what I was looking. I replied that I was watching my balloons go by. He wished to know if I had seen many pass. Yes, I answered, there is one passing now. So "Uncle John" wiped his spectacles, which he held in his hand, carefully with his silk handkerchief, and, putting them on, looked up into the sky. He failed, however, to perceive any thing save, he said, what looked like a white cloud, though, as his sight was not very good, it might be the balloon of which I spoke. I assured him it was, and that it was going direct to Spain. So "Uncle John" drew a long sigh, and, saying it might be so, went back to his figures.

It is true that on these occasions the work on my desk does not progress very rapidly, for one can not watch one's ships sail away for distant ports, gazing after them until they vanish in the distance, and hear the music of their bells, striking the hour—it is always eight bells to me, no matter what the true time may be—sink into silence, without neglecting less important affairs. But the head of our room—who must be, judging from his name and some characteristic traits which he possesses, a descendant of that early master of English song, who wrote :

"Gather ye rose-buds as ye may;
Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying"—

evidently sympathizes with me, and never disturbs my reveries by suggestions of a local character. I feel certain, too, that there is some of the old poet's poetry in his composition, and he must have inherited the garden from which his ancestor gathered the primrose, the daffodils, and the blossoms of which he so charmingly sung; for he always comes to the office, in these early spring days, wearing in his button-hole a cluster of the bluest of violets. If it be necessary that I should come back to the consideration of facts and figures, he has a delicate and pretty way of drawing my attention to my duties, without abruptly breaking in on my reveries. He will quietly approach my desk, and without speaking will lay on the book before me a bunch of violets, the perfume of which recalls me from my dreamings, and, though suggestive of my vanished Alice, also reminds me of the duties of the hour. So, leaving my white-winged vessels to pursue their course, re-

quiring no chart or compass with which to guide them, I resume my pen to record the tonnage, the number of sailors, and the names of the captains, of the many vessels which daily leave for ports where no ships of my owning ever seek to go.

But it is not while I am within these granite walls, or during these business hours, that my fairest visions come to me. When the hour of three has struck, and I take off and hang on its accustomed peg in the wardrobe my old clerical coat, smeared with the wipings of many pens and glossy with the wear of many years, and go forth into the warm sunshine of Wall Street, meeting, slowly creeping down, the shadow of Trinity spire, crowned with its shining cross, I feel that I am no longer a plodding government clerk, but a free, untrammelled man; and from that moment my musings assume a brighter and a tenderer tone. Not, though, until I reach my home do they shape themselves into words. My wife, Ruth, humors me in these my "freaks and fantasies," as she is pleased to term them, and, during the long twilights that follow summer days, and the longer nights of winter time, will, with the children clustered around her, listen, hour after hour, to my rambling talk, wherein truth and fiction are strangely woven together. The "might have been," with the "is" of the present, and the "was" of the past, are oftentimes so deftly blended into one harmonious whole, that neither she, with the proverbial clear-sightedness of her sex, nor I, with my knowledge of the truth itself, can separate the one from the other.

The vanished joys of my boyhood come back, the buried realities of my early manhood rise from their graves, and the desires and dreams of my heart, which never had birth, flutter, golden-winged, around me, and sing songs into mine ears which fill my breast with gladness.

When I recall that peerless creature Musidora, with her roses and diamonds; that sparkling maiden, Azelia, of the pearls and orange-flowers, either of whom might have been to me what Ruth now is; or, that other being, my pure and gentle Alice, who was, in the sight of Heaven if not of man, my bride, but who died years before I ever met Ruth, and lies buried in a quiet country church-yard in the shadow of the Catskills, it is like bringing forth a dusty scroll, long hidden in a secret drawer, and unrolling it to sight. There is to me no longer a past, no longer a might have been, but every thing resolves itself into a present reality.

Ruth has clung to my arm so long, she knows my heart so well, that she is not vexed or annoyed by these outspoken dreamings of mine, wherein memory and fancy play fantastic tricks; but she sighs with my sighs, smiles with my smiles, and mingles her tears with mine, over the peerless Musidora, the sprightly Azelia, and the tender-eyed Alice, of long ago. Sometimes, though, she draws her chair nearer to me, and putting forth her hand clasps mine in hers. At times, too, during the pauses I make in my re-

citals, her voice will break forth in a little song, tender, sad, or merry, as will best accord with the tenor of my reverie, and the children, catching the motive from their mother, will join their silvery voices to hers. These songs soothe and cheer me as I talk, and are suggestive of pleasant themes. Under their influence my reveries assume shape and life. Why these visions should come to me I can not tell, nor do I know when to expect them. Ruth, though, says that there is a certain tenderness in the tone of my voice, when about to recall vanished scenes and persons, which gives her the clew to my intentions, and causes her to hush the chatter of the children, to draw closely to my side, and listen to my rambling talk.

What these wandering words of mine are worth, whether they add a single grain to the pleasure of any one, I can not tell, though Ruth says they lend a lustre to the past, and light with sunshine the path of the future. Others who, in the coming time, shall read these rhapsodies, will be better able to judge whether they be less fleeting than the flying clouds which I, from worn desk, watch scudding across the sky.

CASTLE II.—MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S ARM-CHAIR.

It was Sunday afternoon, and all day long the winds of March had been humming, as the dear old poet hath it, their parting song. The rain had been driven in fitful gusts against the window-panes, and the climbing vines and rose-bushes, broken from their trellises, had been swept around the corner of the cottage, and were beating wildly against the door, as if seeking to enter. The old apple-trees in the orchard creaked and groaned, and ever and anon a weakened branch would be twisted off and sent whirling to the ground. Fences that had withstood the fiercer blasts of mid-winter were laid low by this boisterous March wind, which, shifting to every quarter, beat upon them remorselessly. It seemed to be charged, too, with all manner of songs: sometimes it shouted forth pæans of victory, and again would wail dirges sad and dreary. Now it would whimper like a whipped school-boy, and then would bluster like a cowardly bully. Once, when it blew "great guns," the bricks of the chimney rattled down on the roof, and the house itself rocked in its embrace. Immediately thereafter it took a rest, and went to sleep; and so the heavens lighted up, and the children, with their noses pressed to the window-panes, watching the chips and blocks, from the carpenter's shop on the hill above the cottage, sweep past in the swollen road-side stream, thought it was going to "clear up," and said so to their mother, who was deeply interested in some goodly Lenten reading. They were, however, mistaken; for in a little while the wind awoke again, very cross, and more determined than ever to make a day of it. And so it did; for not until the sun went down and the rain ceased did the wind wind up its revels. I was lying on the lounge listening to

the monotonous drip of the water from the overcharged eaves and overhanging trees, when the little ones uttered a cry of delight, and called to me to come to the window. I knew intuitively that they had descried that distant land wherein were built my Spanish castles.

Children oftener, perhaps, than their elders discover that fine country, though they may not be aware of the marvelous treasures it contains. To them, indeed, it is only a fairy-land, gorgeous with all the colors of the rainbow, and teeming with toys and fruits and confectionery.

"Ah!" I exclaimed, as, going to the window, I looked westward and saw, under the lowering clouds, a lurid band of red following the line of the horizon; its brightness fading more and more as, spreading from its central point, it extended in either direction as far as the eye could reach—"it is, as I presumed, the illumination which nightly lights up the streets of that glorious city where all of my superfluous wealth is invested; where rises my stateliest chateau, within which dwells one who never walked on earth, but whom I call wife; and where, too, children who were never given hard lessons to learn sit in sunny rooms singing sweet songs."

"Oh, papa!" said Miss Em, a slim girl of thirteen years, "how I wish I were one of your children there instead of being one here! How nice it must be not to have lessons to get, and to be able to sing songs all day! Do, please, tell me more about them?"

The other little ones looked wistfully toward me, and their mother, closing her book, directed the eldest boy to put another block of wood on the fire. Immediately it blazed up in a cheerful manner, casting a warm glow upon the walls and ceiling, and making the room to appear more cozy and comfortable than ever.

My wife took the youngling of the flock upon her lap, another stretched himself on the rug at her feet, and a third sought Miss Em's protecting arms. Jeannie, Ruth's sister, stood at the window, half-hidden in the folds of the heavy curtain, watching for the coming of her lover, while I seated myself in the old arm-chair, wherein my great-grandfather, a hundred years ago, had sat and watched, as now I did, the fading light in the western sky.

"It is thirty years," I said, "since the old man—then close upon a hundred years of age—died; but I well remember, though a mere lad myself at the time, how, seated in this chair—an antique mahogany affair, with carved back, an eagle's twisted beak at the end of each arm, and eagle claws grasping a ball at its forelegs—he would, in the gathering twilight, tell us children, who, clambering around him, would seat ourselves on his knees, or, climbing up the back of the old chair, would stand there smoothing back from his forehead with our hands his long white hair, of his many adventures in foreign lands, of his shipwrecks on lonely islands, and his fearful encounters with monsters of the deep. But we liked best to

hear him tell of his own childhood, when he, a little boy, used to play, as we then did, around his great-grandfather's knees; and this great-great-great-grandfather of ours was the first of the name who was born in this country—about the year 1650—his father, Tristram, having come over from England in 1642. All this seemed so very wonderful and strange to us, and carried us so far back into the past that we never tired of hearing him tell of those days, and repeat, over and over again to us, the self-same stories which his great-grandfather had told to him.

"I have often thought," I continued after a little pause, "that this old arm-chair which I inherit, and in which so many generations of my family have sat, must have caught, in some way, the peculiar characteristics of my race. I have observed that, when seated in it, my thoughts are generally of a retrospective nature. Scenes and persons of long ago, rather than those of to-day, present themselves before me. Dead and buried memories are resurrected, withered flowers bloom again, the melodies of forgotten songs are heard once more, and visions so life-like that I know they must be the reflections of actual scenes rise before me. Often, too, while seated in this chair, I feel that I am not the sole occupant of it: the ghosts of those whose descendant I am, who, in by-gone years, have therein sat, are seated there with me. Their arms are around me, their hands are clasped in mine, and their lips to mine are pressed. At such times, though peace fills my heart, yet tears will rise to my eyes as on the wings of tradition I am carried back through the centuries behind me. The good and valiant men, the fair and noble women, who, for generations past, have made our house honored, come and stand before me. Tristram, and James, and Ebenezer, and the Alexanders, and the Williams; and Deborah, and Ruth, and Eunice, and Merab, and Martha, and the Marys—all appear, those of olden times, in the quaint garb of the Quakers; but those of more modern dates in less formal and more worldly attire. Each one has a tale to tell, new to me but old to them, and sad or merry as the case may be.

"I speak of this chair, my dear," I went on, "as my great-grandfather's; though in reality it originally belonged to the founder of the family in this country, who brought it to Boston from England, and afterward, in 1660, carried it with him to Nantucket, where it remained until 1783, when my great-grandfather removed, with other persons from the Island, to found the present city of Hudson, in this State. My earliest recollection of this famous chair is in connection with my great-grandfather. It was his especial chair, and when he was present no one else presumed to occupy it. If he found any one seated in it though, he would not allow the person therein to resign it to him.

"I can recall him now, seated composedly in it, a cheerful look on his face, and always a

kind word ready on his lips. He was very companionable with children, who all took most kindly to him. He was never annoyed, as many old persons are apt to be, by the noisy mirth of the little ones. He had a faculty of sympathizing with their griefs and joys, which endeared him tenderly to them. He used to join with us in our plays, and many a time have I pitched guineas—he kept a small canvas-bag well filled with them in his writing-desk—with him, at a steel table-fork set up on the floor across the room! I must have won hundreds of dollars of him in an afternoon; but for some good reason, doubtless—I can not recall what it was now—I always allowed the guineas, after we had finished our game, to be put back into the canvas-bag and replaced within the desk.

"He was close on to ninety years of age when, as my memory goes back, I first can recall him to mind. I was then three or four years old, and the occasion which so impressed him on my memory was his giving me my first sled. He also gave me shortly afterward my first pair of boots and my first skates—three events in a boy's life that he rarely forgets." Here my little boy kicked off his boots and stood them up beside the fire-place.

"For nearly ten years thereafter my great-grandfather and myself were closely associated, and became the warmest of friends. He kept my pockets supplied with pennies, and on Christmas-eve a silver dollar from his purse always found its way into my stocking. I have one of those silver dollars now; it has a hole in it, and the ribbon which he run through it so as to hang it around my neck is still unbroken."

Thereupon Miss Em exclaimed that she wished she had so kind a great-grandfather.

"Poor girl!" I said; "you never knew what it was to have even a grandfather, letting alone a great-grandfather, for they all died before you were born. The nearest to a grandfather of any one you ever knew was our dear old friend the General, who died a few months ago, and is buried in the cemetery at Sing Sing. There was something in the manner of the General and in his kindly nature which, when he used to visit us and you little ones hung around him, reminded me very much of my great-grandfather. Like him, he was a Christian and an honest man, and when called to go hence he was not found unprepared. He was crowned with years and with honors. He had fought the good fight under the banner of the cross, and won the perfect victory."

This allusion to our good friend the General brought tears to the eyes of the children, and caused my wife and Jeannie to look quite sad.

After a little pause I said, pointing to the portrait of my great-grandfather hanging on the wall: "It is a good likeness of the old man as I remember him; and it was painted as early as 1824 by Paradise, one of the early members of the Academy of Design, when my great-grandfather was over eighty years of age. He

is represented wearing a white neckerchief—and I remember it was his daughter's (my grandmother) special duty to tie in a proper bow-knot that neck-tie—a buff waistcoat, and a dark-blue coat. He holds in his hand the cane which in my most juvenile days I employed as a horse to carry me around the rooms; and he is seated in this chair wherein I have so many dreams and reveries, and to which, as a family shrine, the spirits of departed generations come. Looking at these little ones around me, my dear, I can trace in their young faces many marked resemblances to those of their race long since passed from earth, but who still in visions appear to me when seated in this family chair."

It is little wonder, therefore, as Ruth says, since such associations belong to this chair, and so many departed spirits delight in occupying it, that when seated therein I should see the heads of my family passing in solemn procession before me. They come, and uttering words of admonition, of advice, and encouragement, stop for a moment before me, and then silently and swiftly glide away. But the spirit of my great-grandfather lingers the longest by me, and when he leaves me smiles as in the old days, and utters in the well-remembered voice the words which no one on earth utters now to me, because of these gray hairs and this wrinkled brow, "My boy, my boy, good-night!"

Ruth draws near to my side, and laying her hand gently on my arm, looks up lovingly into my face. The little ones creep up to kiss me good-night; and though I know I shall never be a boy again, I feel that it is better, far better to be what I am—a husband and a father.

TOM MARSHALL OF KENTUCKY.

IF "Tom Corwin of Ohio," of whom we were talking a month or two since, ever had a rival in his peculiar vein of oratory, it was "Tom Marshall of Kentucky." They were very unlike in person—Corwin was bulky and ponderous, Marshall tall, thin, and wiry (and, to run the contrast into the ground, Corwin was in complexion naturally very dark, not to say *black*, and Marshall was *unnaturally* red in the face); but mentally they were exact counterparts. Neither were hard students nor deep thinkers, both were superficial readers, but of quick perception and retentive memory; neither were close reasoners, but arrived at conclusions intuitively as women are said to do, but not with that almost infallible correctness with which women decide; both were strongly predisposed to be satirical, and were full of a fine, pleasant humor; and, sad to say, neither having any definite, fixed purpose in life accomplished no great work, and so finally both came to be called partisans, not statesmen—stump-speakers, not orators, and to have their stories preserved by tradition, not history.

Marshall had one defect which Corwin had not. His satire had a sting in it, and there was

more of malice in his wit than in Corwin's fun. Both were quick and hard hitters in debate, but Corwin invariably fought with the gloves on while Marshall had no objection to dropping them occasionally; and one only "doubled up" his opponent where the other insisted on knocking him down. Corwin never sacrificed his good-humor to his wit, nor let temptation lead him to indulge in asperities; Marshall displayed his wit no matter who was hurt. The merry twinkle of Corwin's eye was too often a fierce glare in Marshall's, and Corwin whispered his "good things" to the colleagues immediately surrounding him, while Marshall hissed his till the galleries heard.

There was a cause, and in a slight measure an apology, for this bitterness in Marshall's nature—Corwin not having the fault did not need the apology. Marshall was early in life disappointed in his ambition, while Corwin was uniformly successful, as far, at least, as it was natural for indecision to be successful. Disappointment in his dream—you can hardly call it his purpose in life—changed and embittered Marshall's disposition, and made him somewhat malicious. The story of his disappointment in life is a singular one.

Henry Clay, it will be remembered, died in Washington City in 1852. His remains were taken to Kentucky for interment, more than the usual honors being paid the body in the various cities through which it passed. At Louisville, Kentucky, it lay in state in the *dépôt* of the Louisville and Frankfort Railroad, and the citizens in great numbers took their last look of "Kentucky's greatest son." I had seen the body, and had then retired to the opposite side of the street from the *dépôt* to watch, as many others were doing, the crowd filing in and out of the building. While thus engaged Tom Marshall, much the worse for liquor, reeled toward a group of young men who were standing near me and said, in a very loud tone:

"Well, boys, have you had your last look at the old scoundrel? I hope I've seen the last of him! 'The Sage of Ashland!' Bah! How I hated the old rascal, but"—suddenly changing his voice, and with a shrug of his shoulders—"but didn't I fear him though!"

Several years after this I became quite intimately acquainted with Marshall, and in March or April of 1858, meeting him in Cincinnati, I learned why he hated Clay so intensely. I had been sitting for some time in the rotunda of the Burnet House when Marshall came in wearing one of his long faces—he always looked solemn when sober—and spoke to me. He had just returned, he said, from Newport, Kentucky (opposite Cincinnati), where he had been delivering a lecture.

"On what subject?" I asked.

"The driest in the world—Temperance."

I had known him to frequently reform, stop drinking for a time, and lecture on Temperance, and then just as frequently "fall from grace" as soon as the course was finished.

"The fact is," he added, "temperance don't pay—in Kentucky."

The conversation thus began led, somehow, away from temperance to politics, and at last I found an opportunity to ask him the cause of his enmity to Clay. I shall never be able to give his words, so I tell, in my own, as nearly as I can remember, the facts as he stated them.

Marshall was very successful in early life as a lawyer—a success due in some measure to family influence and the aid of Henry Clay. In 1840 he was elected to Congress from the 10th Congressional District of Kentucky by a very large majority; and when he took his seat in the Twenty-seventh Congress on March 4, 1841, his prospects were very flattering: he was hugely popular with his constituency, was a political *protégé* of Clay, then the great leader of the Whig party, and with a fine voice, figure, manner, and delivery, and a fame as a speaker which had already reached the capital, he only wanted and waited, as he thought, an opportunity to make his mark in the House of Representatives, though one may readily imagine there wasn't much room for a young aspirant of Marshall's calibre in the House in which John Quincy Adams was the leader.

Shortly after the session began Mr. Adams gave notice of his intention to move to rescind the 21st rule of the House. This rule had been adopted during the session of 1838, when the "Locofocos" were in the majority; and in effect it prohibited the introduction of any resolutions or petitions on the subject of slavery in the District of Columbia. The proposition of Adams was looked upon by all the Democrats and by most of the Southern Whigs as the virtual reopening of the Abolition question, the agitation of which they were anxious to keep out of Congress; and a vigorous opposition was organized to defeat Adams and secure the retention of the rule of the House. Clay, then in the Senate, suggested to his *protégé*, Marshall, that here was his opportunity. Marshall eagerly took the hint, and was among the first, after Henry A. Wise, to engage in the rather rancorous debate which followed. He made several speeches at Adams during the session; but Adams took no notice of him. Finally the rule was retained, but only after much debate, during which Marshall took frequent occasion to repeat his attacks on Mr. Adams, with the same ill success in drawing out that gentleman from his shell. Persistent abuse Mr. Adams well understood was too valuable in politics to lightly expend on an opponent, or to hastily decline to receive. During the second session of the Twenty-seventh Congress—it was on January 25, 1842—Mr. Adams introduced the famous petition of the citizens of Haverhill, Massachusetts, asking Congress to dissolve the Union, announcing that he did so under protest, and only in deference to the sacred right of petition, his great argument when moving to rescind the 21st Rule. Preparations were at once made to debate the subject with the Ex-Presi-

dent; and Clay advised Marshall to arraign Mr. Adams before the House for censure, promising to follow up his action in the Senate, and thus between them demolish the great Abolition leader. As soon as Adams had introduced the petition Mr. Gilmer, of Virginia, the Whig leader in the House, offered a resolution of censure; but Marshall, not deeming it strong enough, amended it by a preamble of great length and two resolutions, one threatening expulsion, the other administering a severe reprimand. He supported his amendment by a long speech, in which he launched his satire against Adams, much to his own satisfaction and the amusement of his partisans. He was satisfied that his eloquence—it was a splendid piece of invective—had made him, if not the head and front, at least a man of mark in the body which he aspired to lead. He was mistaken: he was about to be violently expelled from it in disgrace. He had at length aroused the old lion. When Marshall had finished Mr. Adams arose in a great fury and ordered the clerk to "read for the benefit of this boy—this puny mind, which originates a crime, frames a law, and provides a punishment in a breath, the second clause of the Declaration of Independence." "The second clause of the Declaration of Independence!" he added, fiercely, rapping rapidly and loudly on his desk, and then in his sublime anger repeating for the third time in his strident voice: "The second clause of the Declaration of Independence!" Alas for poor Tom's shallow eloquence! the grandeur of the old man's anger and the vigor and force of his quotation demolished it utterly. No sooner had the clerk finished reading than Adams, now comparatively calm and in another vein, but with not less relentless purpose, quietly demolished the one or two feeble arguments advanced by Marshall, and then, after indulging in some personal allusions to the young man who had been *teasing* him through a whole session, he suddenly convulsed the House by some quaint allusion to this raw recruit for the "Corporal's Guard" (the name previously given by Mr. Adams to the Whigs who sustained John Tyler), of which John Tyler was Captain, and the gentleman from Virginia, Mr. Gilmer, was First Corporal. The allusion was as neat and irresistible as his extinguisher on "the late Mr. Crary," which, it will be remembered, following on the heels of Corwin's laughable description, drove that worthy aspirant for military honors into an obscurity from which he is occasionally summoned only to be laughed at. Adams's allusion to Marshall on this occasion did the same for him: the House roared at him; and though he came back repeatedly to the attack with spirit, it was only to be ignominiously defeated by the vote of the House on his resolutions. The political capital he had thought to make proved "bogus," his grasp at the leadership fell short, he found himself every where hailed as "Mr. Adams's young man" and "John Tyler's raw recruit;" he never held up his head again, and

could only look forward anxiously to Clay in the Senate for support and rescue.

"He never budged!" exclaimed Marshall at this point of his story—"he never moved! He feared the old lion even at the safe distance of the other end of the Capitol. I was ridiculed out of Congress. Clay deserted me like a coward, Sir, like a coward. I left Washington, and never want to see it again. My constituents at home laughed at me as much as the House did, and I left that district and politics too in disgust."

Marshall fell into what was evidently a painful train of thought, and was silent for a minute or two. At last brightening up he added:

"You see I bearded the old lion in his den, and," his sense of humor getting the better of his bitterness, "I got a damned sight the worst of it!"

Marshall never forgave Clay this desertion of him, as he called it, though what action he could have expected Clay to take I can not conceive. He hated the whole Clay family intensely, and in his darker moods and conditions he never failed to pour out his vituperation on their heads. As late as 1857 I saw him spend a little of this venom on young Tom Clay, a grandson of "the sage," on whom he forced a senseless quarrel in a public room in which they had met. Of course his feeling against Clay was unreasonable. Not Clay's desertion of him, but Adams's speech and final success, when the resolution of censure was forever laid on the table, put an end to Marshall's career as a politician, and, in fact, ruined him for life. He brought it upon himself; for from his first speech in Congress, that memorable debut on June 10, 1841, which he jocosely began by congratulating himself on "having been in Washington only three weeks and had caught every thing from a bad cold to the Speaker's eye," he had persistently attacked Adams and delivered a great deal of cutting satire.

In those days the reporters of the *Congressional Globe* made only brief synopses of the principal speeches, and they appeared in print in the third instead of the first person. Much of Marshall's wit was thus lost to us; but the custom of the reporters gave rise to an incident illustrating his manner. He closed his speech on one occasion by ordering the reporters not to publish his remarks, "as he could both write and speak the English language, and didn't want any body's 'gibberish.'" The reporters ever after omitted his speeches and alluded to him as "a Mr. Marshall, a new member from Kentucky." If Marshall had ever given them an opportunity after the "old lion" had growled at him they would doubtless have called him "Mr. Marshall, Mr. Adams's young man," or "a raw recruit from Kentucky."

Marshall never lost an opportunity to show his hatred of Clay; and his passion, often depriving him of some of his discretion, he frequently laid himself open to crushing retorts from the "sage of Ashland." He was once

pitted against Clay in an important suit in the Kentucky Court of Appeals. Clay was entitled to the closing speech in the argument, Marshall having to precede him. Marshall never was great at an argument—appeal was his forte—and Robert J. Breckinridge had been engaged to do the arguments in this case; but on this occasion Marshall took it into his head to be argumentative. And singularly enough he chose, instead of advancing new arguments in his own favor, to enumerate the strongest of those *likely* to be advanced by Mr. Clay, and to answer them as if Mr. Clay had already made them. This he called "spiking Clay's guns."

"Imagine my mortification," he said subsequently, alluding to the case, "when Clay concluded a splendid speech without even alluding to any thing I had said."

This was a candid admission on Marshall's part; still he had vanity enough to conceal the fact that Clay, avoiding the points answered by Marshall, advanced arguments of great force which his illogical opponent had never dreamed of.

Shortly after this trial Robert J. Breckinridge, his associate, left the bar and adopted the pulpit as a profession. Meeting him years after this change Marshall accosted him with:

"Well, Bob, you and I have never recovered from our attack on old Clay. That defeat drove you to the pulpit—and me to the bottle. Bob, Bob, I'm sorry to have to say it—sorry for both our sakes; but I've stuck to my text closer than you have to yours."

Unfortunately this was true as far as Marshall was concerned; how far it is true of Mr. Breckinridge is another matter. That gentleman, in his duplex character of preacher and politician, exercised a weighty influence in his State during the era of secession; and no man did more by advice and counsel to save Kentucky to the Union than did the Reverend Robert J. Breckinridge. Full of prejudices as great minds ever are, violent and bitter in his denunciation of wrong and wrong-doers, even indulging in perhaps too sharp personalities, he made many enemies; but his arguments were too strong and too forcibly put not to have been effective, and, scattered broadcast through Kentucky during the war, they made much Union sentiment of the true and radical sort.

Not only "the sage" but many other less able speakers of Kentucky caught Marshall "on the hip" in consequence of his many indiscretions. During the famous Matt Ward trial in Kentucky in 1853 or '54 Marshall, as one of the counsel for the prisoner, indulged in many bitter personalities toward R. B. Carpenter, one of the prosecuting attorneys. It was many years before Carpenter got an opportunity for revenging himself, but at last Marshall's indiscretion furnished it. It was during one of Marshall's periodical fits of temperance: he had delivered a lecture at Covington, Kentucky, the residence of Mr. Carpenter, on his temporarily

favorite topic, and, in concluding it, called on any body present to answer his arguments, "if he could." Carpenter accepted the challenge, and, springing upon the platform, gave a full account of all of Marshall's sprees, concluding by admitting that Marshall was the most powerful lecturer on Temperance whom he had ever heard and *seen*; "for," said Carpenter, "he not only depicts the evils of intemperance in glowing words, but strikingly illustrates them in his own person!" Marshall never attempted to answer that argument.

I became acquainted with Marshall in 1857. The manner of the introduction was odd enough to be interesting. Marshall had engaged to deliver a course of lectures at Louisville, Kentucky, on the "Popes of Rome;" and during the fortnight employed in their delivery—and, indeed, whenever in Louisville—he made his home with his brother-in-law, Judge Caleb Logan, of that city. I resided at the time in the adjoining house, and only a party-wall separated the rooms occupied by Marshall and myself. These were at the rear of the buildings, and when the windows of both apartments were open voices in one could be plainly heard in the other. My business kept me up late at night; so did Marshall's; and thus it frequently happened that we found ourselves busy in our respective rooms at a very late hour of the night. Midnight was Marshall's favorite hour for study, and I could sit at my window and hear him reading aloud. I found after an evening or two that he was thus studying for his next lecture. One night I heard him, in thus declaiming, frequently use the names of "Bourbon," "Montpensier," "Marguerite de Valois;" and being at that time engaged in writing an article based on the history of Charles de Montpensier, Duke of Bourbon, and Marguerite de Valois, I was naturally interested in catching the thread of his remarks. I went to the window, and, leaning out, listened to him. He was half-reading, half-declaming, and was relating the very episode in their lives on which I had been writing. While thus talking aloud he came to the window and leaned out; our eyes met, and, naturally enough, we spoke, he asking if his loud voice disturbed my slumbers. I explained that I had been writing, and, singularly enough, upon the same event in history upon which he had been declaiming. After talking over the singular coincidence he explained that he had been engaged in studying for his lecture for the ensuing night. He stated that he habitually read, on the night previous to delivering his lecture, some standard history of the events which he proposed to describe, and without further preparation and without notes he would mount his rostrum and deliver his discourse. His memory was so great that a single reading of his authorities in this manner would enable him to recall and relate every event and incident and date bearing on the subject of his discourse. Of course his present reading was merely to refreshen his memory;

he had long before the delivery of this course of lectures made himself thoroughly acquainted with the history of the Popes. Indeed, there were few better-read men than Mr. Marshall in all departments of literature. He had the salient points of the histories of all nations at his finger-ends; and though a superficial reader, he had a thorough acquaintance with the great characters of the past. His knowledge of the Bible was very great, and Bible characters were favorite studies with him.

I, of course, went to hear his lecture on the night following this conversation. The subject, as announced, was Pope Clement VII.; but Marshall hardly mentioned that worthy, though he animadverted on the character of his uncle, Lorenzo de Medici, at great length. The loves of Marguerite de Valois and the Duke of Bourbon; the character of Francis I. and Bayard; the intrigues of Louise de Savoie and Duprat; and the history of that legal, political, and religious persecution which separated the lovers, banished Bourbon and his Protestant followers from France, produced the war with Charles V., and drove Bourbon to besiege and sack Rome—*my subject, in fact*—was really that of Marshall, and the Pope was forgotten.

Marshall frequently flew off from his subject in this manner, but it was generally when he had been "indulging." This, unfortunately, was frequently the case, and invariably interfered with his success in every city which he ever visited. It did not always, however, detract from the interest of his efforts, for, no matter how tipsy he might be, he was always fluent of speech and clear-headed. One of his most remarkable lectures was delivered when in this condition. He was announced to lecture on "Napoleon Bonaparte," and a very crowded audience assembled to hear him. Shortly after the hour at which he was to begin Marshall entered the hall very much intoxicated, threaded his way with some difficulty through the audience, and fairly reeled to the stand on the platform. While he was laying aside his hat, gloves, and over-coat he began an apology for delaying the audience, all the while showing clearly by his manner the condition he was in. Many of the audience left during his opening sentences, but the majority remained, anxious to hear him on his interesting subject. But they were doomed to be pleasantly disappointed; Marshall never once referred to Bonaparte! In his apology he in some way alluded to Adam and Eve; instantly he flew off at a tangent about this first couple—"the grand old gardener and his wife"—and gave an analysis of the characters of "the beautiful Eve and her hen-pecked husband." Eve was painted in hardly less glowing colors than those of Milton, but Adam was made out a very poor-spirited wretch indeed, who fully deserved his fate. By easy transitions he left our first parents to their fate, and began to analyze the characters of their most distinguished children. I can not now recall his analysis of each of the Bible

characters to whom he referred. Abraham, I remember, was held up as "a model for young gentlemen of the present day." Joseph, of the coat-of-many-colors notoriety, was characterized by Marshall as "one of the most contemptible characters in sacred history." At this declaration there was considerable stir among the audience, and quite a number of ladies, fearing that Marshall's love of a good thing, or possibly his condition, might lead him into an indiscretion, arose and left the hall. Marshall, undismayed by this interruption, quietly remarked that the ladies evidently agreed with him in his estimate of Joseph's moral character, and added, that he proposed to inquire only into his career as a politician and speculator! Joseph was denominated by him as "the first speculator in sacred history;" and he drew a parallel between his practices and those of the modern school of operators. There was prevalent in Louisville at the time this lecture was delivered a scandalous and doubtless unfounded story relative to the practices of a former Treasurer of the United States, who was represented as sending all bullion of the Government, in transit from and to any point of the Union, by way of Louisville, in order, it was asserted by the journals of the opposite party, that it should pass through the hands of, and be used for a time by, a banking-house in which the Treasurer was a partner, the shrewd operation costing the Government very roundly in the item of transportation. Marshall alluded briefly to this well-known story, and likened Joseph to a sort of sub-treasurer who indulged in like operations, and who "heartlessly put his own brothers to the cost of double transportation for the corn they had purchased!" Naturally this local allusion produced great amusement and put the audience in the best of humors, and the laughter inspired the speaker anew. He rattled on through the Old Testament and the Apocalypse, singling out the most prominent characters, and alternately making his audience roar with laughter at his comical analysis of the solemn characters, or thrilling them with wonderful paraphrases of Biblical descriptions or narratives. He talked of the prophets as if they had been his personal friends, and ought to be those of his audience too. I can not recall how he ever introduced the subject, but I remember he compared Saul to himself—each being head and shoulders above his people—taking care to repudiate the Witch of Endor, however—and then flew off into some theory about the inequality of men and races, as shown by blood and color and figure! Solomon did not meet with his unqualified commendation; he was "doubtless a very reverend, grave, and wise old Signor," he thought; but, he added, "his choice of his lady friends, and their number, does not prove it to *me*." In this vein he ran on for nearly two hours, winding up with a brilliant analysis of the character of Christ and a description of the scene of the crucifixion, of fine pathos and great power. He

had talked himself thoroughly sober by this time, and stopped, closing with an apology for the unintentional change of programme and the announcement of the lecture on Napoleon for the ensuing evening.

Marshall too frequently permitted his habits to interfere with his lectures in this manner; he was not always as happy in his efforts when intoxicated as he was on the occasion to which I have just referred. But he was never positively bad, even when very much influenced by liquor. His flow of language was too easy to leave him entirely helpless; his active brain found wine a stimulant, and it never confused it. He was not the more profound or accurate or elegant after his indulgences, but neither was he, on the other hand, less voluble or original. He had an odd way—and a forcible way too—of putting familiar ideas, and the drunker he was the odder was the expression. He was once engaged to deliver a course of lectures at Lexington, Kentucky, and made his appearance for several evenings in a state of intoxication. Naturally the audiences dwindled down until only about a score of people assembled to hear his fourth or fifth lecture. Numbers were of little consequence to Marshall. He would have lectured to a single person had there been but one present, and if none had "put in an appearance" I doubt not he would have lectured to himself on the unappreciation of genius (and possibly the depravity of nature). When he had finished his lecture to the score present on the occasion alluded to, Marshall, not yet quite recovered from the effects of the wine he had imbibed, suddenly concluded by saying, in his quiet way,

"Ladies and gentlemen, I hope you will all come again to my next lecture. Do not weary of well-doing. Do not be discouraged by the smallness of your numbers. I am not. Come again. I'll lecture to you no matter how few of you may be present; for, as was said on a more memorable occasion, 'where there are two or three gathered together in my name, there will I be in the midst of them.'"

It is not to be inferred from what I have said that Marshall had no veneration for sacred things. There were few better Biblical students—there were few divines more thoroughly versed in sacred history than he; but he knew and cared very little about religious theories and arguments. He did not lack veneration, but he insisted on looking at and talking about prophets and saints as human beings, and thought nothing more ridiculous than the prevalent custom of writing about such characters in the stilted style and sonorous sentences of King James's age.

Marshall was particularly happy at repartee, and, next to Gough, was the quickest at replying to a question or interruption from his audience whom I have ever heard. Most orators have their set retorts for interruptions. Mr. Andrew Johnson used to have a standard and favorite reply for all interruptions, and he never

failed to use it whenever opportunity offered, for though not original, perhaps, it was always quite effective. Whenever an interruption occurred—and in Mr. Johnson's early career these were very frequent—he would stop for a moment until his silence had drawn attention to him again, and then say, very slowly, "There are but two things in animated nature which hiss, the serpent"—a long pause—"and the goose." I don't think this is original with our present President; but I believe his right and title to his famous retort when on the funeral excursion to Chicago, "You are a mean-looking man!" has never been disputed. Marshall had no stereotyped reply; his retorts were made on the spur of the moment, and were always most effective. One of these attributed to him (I do not know how truly but it sounds like him) rather contradicts what I have been saying about his reverence for sacred things, but it is too good an example of the retort to lose. He was just opening a lecture one evening, and was speaking in a rather subdued voice, when he was interrupted by some would-be familiar friend by exclamations of "Louder, Tom! louder!" He stopped a full minute until the audience, after a slight laugh, was as hushed as death. Then, in a strong voice, and with an unusually grave and impressive manner, he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, at the last day, when the angel shall proclaim that time is ended and eternity begun, when the quick and dead, the just and the unjust, shall appear before the mercy-seat of God to be judged, doubtless the solemnity of that dread and awful occasion will be interrupted"—here he changed his tone of voice—"by some confounded fool on the outskirts of the crowd, crying, 'Louder, Lord! louder!'"

The bad taste, the near approach to blasphemy, were forgotten in the humor of the rebuke, and the audience were surprised by the climax into shouts of laughter.

Marshall died in Kentucky in 1862 in great poverty and misery. He abandoned his lectures on Temperance and History in 1861, and advocated for a time the cause of secession. The natural result of a youth of folly and an old age of secession was poverty and death; and so he passed away, "having," as some one has put it, "represented for thirty years, without interruption and without a rival, the genius, passion, wit, and worst follies and weaknesses of Kentucky."

MR. PULLET'S MISTAKE.

MR. PULLET was not only one of the solid men of our little city in regard to financial matters, but also in respect to those intellectual properties which are classed under the title of common-sense. Nevertheless he was led by human nature or some other unfortunate element in his composition into one error which, for a time, made life a nauseous draught to

him, no matter how he might try to flavor it with the most honeyed Santa Cruz rum and the oiliest old Bourbon whisky that his grocery afforded.

As was natural and proper, Mrs. Pullet had something to do with starting her husband toward his blunder. There would be no reality in marriage if women were not to have an influence over the characters and careers of their companions in life. They do; they save them something, and they cost them something; they get them out of this trouble, and get them into that—being in the average and on the whole beneficial. We must consider that it is not their fault if there is a Law of Compensation. We may reasonably ask, also, what is the use of Mr. Emerson's discovering a law if it is not put in practice?

Refreshed and encouraged by these glimpses of grand abstractions, let us proceed with our story.

One evening Mr. Pullet perceived that Mrs. Pullet was lying in wait for him. She kissed him when he came from the "store;" she crowned the tea-table with his two favorite luxuries, honey and milk-toast; she repeated the compliment of some old lady concerning his "looking so young for a man of thirty-seven;" and, greatest of all, she did what every bachelor erroneously prophesies that his wife will habitually do: she took away his muddy boots and brought him his slippers. Since that mortifying failure of hers in attempting to get into high society by joining the Pontificalian church against her husband's will, the little woman had been less given than formerly to demanding her own way, and more to coaxing for it.

Mr. Pullet was not brute nor fool enough to show that he saw through her cajoleries. He had learned to make the best of her, and to take with contentment such petting as he might get, not exacting that it should spring altogether from unselfish motives. With the modesty which good sense draws from the little disappointments of life he had come to say: "I am no great affair of a man, and must not demand that my wife shall be a wonder of a woman." So he stroked Mrs. Pullet's hair when she brought him the slippers, and resolved to grant her the desire of her heart if it were at all rational.

"My dear, Mrs. Ottoman has been here," remarked the lady, as soon as she judged the gentleman ripe for her proposition.

Mrs. Ottoman was a well-descended person who had lately set up a fashionable boarding-house across the way, and whose stringency in selecting her inmates is shown by the fact that she took in no gentleman who wore paper collars. As Mrs. Pullet always had an eye aloft in social matters, she was polite to Mrs. Ottoman for the sake of knowing her select boarders.

"Well?" blandly inquired Mr. Pullet, helping his wife along in her communication.

"She just dropped in to ask a favor of us," continued the encouraged lady. "She is expecting a Captain and Mrs. Steinway of the regular army, who are coming here to muster in the volunteers; that is, the Captain is to muster them in, you know; and he brings his wife. Well, she hasn't a room vacant, and she's perfectly miserable about it, for she's afraid they'll go to the hotel, and she says they are elegant people and she hates to lose 'em. But in two weeks she'll have a room vacant, and so, if she can only get somewhere for them to stay till then, she'll be so much obliged."

"Well, couldn't Widow Brown take them?" asked Pullet, who saw what his wife was driving at, and did not fancy the idea of lodgers.

"Oh! they wouldn't stay *there*. Mrs. Brown hasn't a spring-bed in the house, and her window curtains are old, faded things, and her bedroom carpets are sights. And they are such elegant people! I thought, Joseph, that just to accommodate, now, we might try to put ourselves out a little, you know."

Here her expression became very beseeching, and her hand stole coaxingly into her husband's.

Mr. Pullet felt a strong repugnance to the proposition. He had none of that vanity which spurred his wife to struggle occasionally for an entrance into fashionable society; and he had a pride in the fact that he was a "solid man," with a good bank account and a business which made him independent of makeshift means of living. To be sure, taking lodgers for a fortnight, just to accommodate, would not hurt his credit; but then he did not like the look of the thing as it appeared from his long-established, solid stand-point of self-respect.

"Mrs. Ottoman said she was sure you would like them," urged the anxious Mrs. Pullet. "Captain Steinway has served a long time in the Rocky Mountains, and visited the highest peaks, and seen a great deal of the world. His wife was a Swammerdam. She is very literary. Mrs. Ottoman says she writes for something, and reads geology and all those things."

Mr. Pullet began to look at the proposition in a more favorable light. He cared, brutally, little for the Swammerdams, but he had an affectionate veneration for literary talent, and he considered Hugh Miller the greatest genius of the century. It occurred to him that it would be delightful to have somebody in the house with whom he could discuss Macaulay's England and the pliocene period. Mrs. Pullet, alas! was helplessly idiotic on those subjects.

"Well, my dear," he said, "that alters the case. If they are people of that sort, I don't care how I make their acquaintance. They shall have the spare bedroom, and they shall eat with us, if they want to, until Mrs. Ottoman can take them off our hands."

Mrs. Pullet was, of course, delighted, and rewarded him in a properly affectionate fashion.

Two days later Captain Francis Steinway and

his wife Louisa Swammerdam Steinway occupied the best bedroom of the Pullet house; and on the day following, after one trial of Mrs. Ottoman's crowded dining-room, they had seats at the Pullet table. Their host, who supposed that literary ladies were frights, was much surprised to find in the reputed authoress an extremely pretty woman who did not look to be more than twenty-two, although, as she talked of an absent boy eight years old, she might have been thirty. Her husband was a tall, broad-shouldered, handsomely-built man of thirty-five, with a stern, bronzed face, but quiet manners and a very gentle way of speaking. At times he showed a strong vein of humor in his conversation, especially when discoursing of his campaigning trials and dangers. He was undoubtedly a brave man; no one but a hero would have confessed so frankly the fear with which humanity goes into battle; no soldier whose record was not stainless would have told such anecdotes about himself as did Captain Steinway.

"I never shall get used to fighting," said he. "I have been fighting for fifteen years, Mrs. Pullet, and I don't like it yet. It is just tolerable; you can't praise it. Every time I go into battle I wish I was a lady. Yes, Madame, I wish I was a lady, and had a husband to do my fighting for me. There's nothing like cannon and musketry for taking the conceit out of a man. I have been brought to give up my own opinion of what was right, on the battle-field, Mrs. Pullet. I have wished that one side would beat, or else the other."

The Captain made these modest avowals with a hearty laugh; but still it was easy to see that he was a fighting man, and that he had a temper.

"That is a severe sort of fellow," observed Pullet to his wife, with some awe; "and he's been accustomed to do a good deal of governing. But he's a perfect gentleman. He keeps himself under a curb bit, and says Sir or Madame every time. I must say I like his style."

He did not say how much he liked the style of Mrs. Steinway. He was deliberately tender of Mrs. Pullet's feelings, and he was instinctively tender of his own, so that he avoided causes of jealousy. But the truth is, that his admiration for the Captain was feeble compared with his admiration for the Captain's wife. He had never before conversed with such a fascinating woman, not even across his counter. So gay, and yet so lady-like; so full of jokes, and yet so familiar with stratifications, able to instruct his wife in the arts of the toilet, and himself in the correlation of forces; describing in one moment a European court ball, and in the next giving reminiscences of her friend Washington Irving; leaping easily from the fashion plates in *La Mode* to a criticism on In Memoriam; and all the while graceful, natural, unpretending; she was to Pullet a dazzling wonder. We must not unduly blame this intelligent retail grocer if he was fascinated by the first lady of high

social and intellectual culture whom he had ever met. Had she been as homely as literary females are generally supposed to be, he could not have failed to perceive that she was more agreeable than simple, uneducated, unrefined Mrs. Pullet. Perhaps it is well for the peace of society that its differing grades do not mingle.

And Mrs. P., in her weakness for fine people, helped to hatch the incipient mischief. She was delighted to watch her husband as he discoursed with Mrs. Steinway, apparently on equal terms, about the nebular hypothesis, or something else that was as far above herself as those aristocratic altitudes to which she incessantly aspired. She perceived that this accomplished, well-descended lady could command entrance into the best circles of our little city, and she imagined herself following her into those hitherto unattainable parlors where, perhaps, seraphim swung incense before the descendants of the Knickerbockers.

"Now *do* be attentive, Joseph," she urged, in the family privacy. "You *did* pick up her handkerchief so handsome this evening! She really blushed."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Pullet, blushing himself until he felt the curtains warm around him. "That's because her skin is so delicate. She changes color at every thing."

"Oh, you needn't tell me," giggled Mrs. Pullet, with fatuity. "*I* know women. They *do* love to have men attentive."

Meantime Mrs. Steinway was not ill pleased with her temporary boarding-place. She thought milk-and-water of Mrs. Pullet; she had taken her measure at the first glance; she considered her a mere woman. And of the mere woman, that curious moral being who considers dress the reality of life and the individual an unimportant shadow, Mrs. Steinway had a very contemptible opinion.

But Mr. Pullet was a creature of possibilities. Could he have gone to college, he would have honored his alma mater; could he have lived among highly educated people, he would have absorbed their culture. The fact that he could turn from the weighing of brown sugar and the bottling of superior double-canned Santa Cruz rum to an eager inquiry into the nature of the Darwinian hypothesis, made him as respectable in her eyes as if he had been bred a professor of all the sciences. The spectacle of a soul struggling daily out of the realms of bread-and-butter toward the heights of scientific mystery strongly attracted her broad, intelligent sympathy.

"Mr. Pullet is really a man worth noticing," she said to her husband. "Do show him your 'Simplification of Field Fortifications.' He is capable of catching and appreciating your ideas; and I think you might find his criticism valuable. It might be all the more valuable for being fresh, and not biased by preconceived theories."

As I am anxious to show something of Mrs.

Steinway's character, I will explain that this little speech was made under the influence of more than one idea. In the first place, she was clever enough to have discovered that almost any body's criticism is worth something. Then she liked to please; she had a disposition to put even chance companions on good terms with themselves; and so she wanted to pay Mr. Pullet a compliment on his general good sense. Finally, she desired to secure an admirer for her husband. Notwithstanding the Captain's vein of humor he was a reserved man, not disposed to seek for companionship, but nevertheless sensitive to neglect and lack of sympathy. She was forever breaking the ice which he made around himself, and so allowing people to come within friendly hail of him; and she did this not only because it increased his happiness, but because she was proud of him, and wanted him to be known and appreciated.

Accordingly the grocer was consulted as to lines of approach and lines of fire, somewhat to his perplexity, but vastly to his wife's gratification.

We must not, however, dwell entirely on the grave side of this intercourse. Mrs. Steinway was jolly, fond of joking, and much given to gales of laughter. Delighting in whist, she sat down to it solely for amusement, chattering like a magpie about the chances of the game, bragging hilariously of her honors, giggling when she trumped a hostile suit, and picking up an unexpected trick with a little scream of triumph. Always playing with Mr. Pullet, she showed a proper *esprit du corps*, and cheered her partner to do his best. Very lively and pleasant were those whist parties, although the luck was provokingly partial to Mrs. Steinway. The Captain took his defeats with the patience of a soldier, and Mrs. Pullet was only too delighted to be beaten by a Swammerdam.

As for Mr. Pullet, he was more happy than he had any right to be, even taking into account the fact that he was generally on the winning side. He felt an enjoyment which tended toward infatuation in watching his partner's varying color, her gayly eager expression, her laughing blue eyes, and her quick, white fingers. The poor man began to misunderstand the lively lady who glanced at him so often and so intelligently. She had certain free, dashing ways of expressing her excitement which increased his disposition to judge her wrongfully. For instance, when she laid an unlooked-for trump on a long suit of hearts with which her husband was sweeping the game, she did it with this quotation from one of Montgomery's funereal hymns:

"There is no union here of hearts
Which hath not here an end."

Mrs. Pullet looked a little frightened at such an application of psalmody; but Pullet, erroneous man! roared with laughter, and chuckled to himself: "*She's* a fast one."

After a pleasant fortnight of Macaulay, Hugh Miller, field fortifications, and whist, the Stein-

ways moved over to Mrs. Ottoman's, much to the regret of the Pullets. The Steinways, I must explicitly state, felt little or no regret, notwithstanding that they had been so companionable while in the house of the grocer. Much knocking about the world had made them (particularly the lady) very ready in picking up acquaintance, and equally ready in dropping them. Mrs. Steinway had been in twenty families like the Pullets; had been charming to them all, because it was her nature to be charming; and on leaving had forgotten them because she could not remember so many people.

But Mrs. Pullet had no expectation, much less any intention, that she should be forgotten. She was not only infatuated with the Steinways, but she believed that the Steinways were permanently delighted with the Pullets. Moreover, she felt that now was her chance to sail into the harbor of aristocracy; that here was the pilot who was both able and willing to guide her bark; and that the voyage must be made at once. So, getting out her grappling irons of perseverance and management, she clung fast to Mrs. Steinway, *née* Swammerdam. Fearful, however, that her single ability was not adequate to the proposed task, and having due confidence of late in the cleverness of her husband, she engaged him with constant urgency not to lose sight of their quondam lodgers.

"Now, Joseph, *do* be attentive," was her evening song. "You haven't been to see Mrs. Steinway to-day. And you know she liked you *so* much! You *really* ought to follow it up. They are *decidedly* the most genteel people we ever knew, and *so* friendly! and you ought to be *ashamed* of yourself for neglecting them *so*."

This to a man who had thought that day six times of Mrs. Steinway to once of his wife, and from whose bosom honest peace had already taken its departure! Did Mrs. P. guess the danger into which she was spiriting her Joseph? Probably not; but at the same time it is to be feared that she would not have relented if she had guessed it; the flower on that possible nettle was altogether too tempting.

Joseph saw Mrs. Steinway oftener than his now guilty conscience allowed him to reveal to Mrs. Pullet. Hardly a day passed that he did not contrive to obtain for himself the luxury of a few words with her. Having learned by some surprising effort of intellect (how many men never learn it!) that ladies like flowers, he sent her a bouquet when he did not dare to call or to join her in the street. He got himself a new morning suit for shop use, so that he might always be in decent condition to bow to her if she passed his door. He became particular about the arrangement of his hair; surveyed himself often and anxiously in mirrors; rejuvenated his appearance with turn-down collars. It afforded him an irrational comfort to reflect that he was no older than Byron, Burns, and Gustavus Adolphus when they died. He cogitated much on what Mrs. Steinway had said on

this, that, and the other occasion, and laboriously discovered *double-entendres* where the lady had been as innocent of any second meaning as the summer breeze. He became afraid of Captain Steinway; he was ashamed to look him in the eye; he wished he would leave town. He got nervous also with regard to his wife, and seldom faced her when he spoke of Mrs. Steinway.

Michelet asserts that the best of women occasionally have moral vertigos. I hope and try to believe that this is not so; but I will not entirely deny the charge as to my own sex. It is, I fear, a mortifying and deplorable fact that the purest of us men have periods, of longer or shorter duration, measurable by days, by months, or perhaps by years, during which we are morally not quite sane. Either the devil besieges us, as clergymen would have us believe; or the health of the soul is intrinsically as variable as that of the body. I will not try to explain the fact; but I do positively and loudly though humbly affirm it; I hold it up as a warning to both men and women.

Our lately respectable but now pitiable friend Joseph Pullet was so far lunatic at this period of his life as to feel happy when he learned that the mustering officer had been ordered to the front as Colonel of a volunteer regiment, and that he would leave his wife at Mrs. Ottoman's. Mrs. Pullet, with a simplicity for which we can pardon her as being a gift of Heaven, was equally delighted. "Now, Joseph," she whispered, at the hour when nightingales sing, "you *must* be attentive. Mrs. Steinway will be *so* dependent on us for company, and you know she thinks *so* much of you! She is going to have her little boy with her, and he is going to school here. But that won't matter. *He* is no company. You *must* be polite to her, and you will, *won't* you, Joseph?"

"Certainly, pussy, if you wish it," responded Joseph, with a very mournful and contemptible affectation of indifference in his tone. Fortunately, or rather, I should say, unfortunately for him, his expression could not be seen on account of the darkness of the hour.

This respected grocer, this honest man of business, this habitually model husband had become a devious and complicated hypocrite. He affected honest gratification at Steinway's promotion; he shook his hand warmly at parting, and wished him a safe return.

"We will do all we can, Colonel, for Mrs. Steinway's comfort," he said; and in uttering these words he looked neither at the husband nor at the wife; he looked spiritually at himself and felt that he ought to be kicked.

In the course of another month some of Pullet's fast companions began to joke him about Mrs. Steinway. The fast companions of a hospitable retail grocer who deals in liquors are apt to be men of coarse sentiments and distressingly plain utterance.

"How is the grass widow, Joe?" asked fat old Fred Buffum, the broker, sitting in the back

room of Pullet's "store" and leering over a glass of yellow Santa Cruz. "Put on the string, Joe. Make your trotting while you have the inside track."

Pullet was inclined to hit the elderly rough, for he could not endure to have any one speak disrespectfully of Mrs. Steinway, however wickedly he himself might muse concerning her.

"These soldiers' wives!" continued that horrid Buffum. "Here's to 'em! I wish the war had happened when I was young."

Although speeches like this made Pullet blush and shocked painfully what remained to him of gentlemanly feeling, they aided to demoralize him. Like a specked lemon he now rotted all the faster for rotten companionship, however alien it might be to his original freshness of moral nature.

Meantime Mrs. Steinway had not a suspicion that she was or could be thus talked about. It is painfully wonderful to observe how a woman can become the subject of scandal, or of remarks approaching to the nature of scandal, when her conduct and her very thoughts are as spotless of evil as is possible to humanity. She was almost entirely absorbed in writing letters to her worshiped husband and in educating her darling boy. Mrs. Pullet had been mistaken when she told Joseph that the child would be no sufficing companion for his mother. Mrs. Steinway made her Jamie a companion; she talked with him by the hour together; she read story-books and poetry to him; she helped him in his lessons; she joined in his plays. She was devoted to him, and he to her. She was frightened if he did not come home from school at the usual moment; and he would not go to the dinner-table until she returned from her afternoon walk.

Meantime what sort of converse did she hold with that infatuated, pitiable, guilty, but as yet seemingly worthy, Joseph Pullet? He had come to believe at last that she was interested in him; yes, and to believe also that she was trying to interest him in herself. He was completely humbugged by that caressing amiability of fine society which infected her whole manner, and made her fascinating to people whom she did not wish to charm, and whom she regarded merely as unimportant atoms in the not unpleasant mass of humanity.

"I am so glad to see you, Mr. Pullet," she would say, meeting him in the street. "Those were lovely flowers you sent me yesterday. I am distracted about flowers. Give my regards to Mrs. Pullet. Good-by!"

And all the time she was thinking, in an under current, of her pretty boy, or of her gallant husband. And Pullet, poor bedeviled creature! said to himself, "What can a man do when a woman *will* throw herself at his head?" and went off to his grocery, believing that he could run away with this lady to some foreign country. And when he came home his wife chattered, "Have you seen Mrs. Steinway? Now, Joseph, *do* be attentive."

Every excitement has its crisis; every wave finds its culmination. It came to pass in the routine of things, and in accordance with the universal laws of nature, that this agitated grocer, this tempest-tossed head of a family, reached the apex of his insane vertigo. Calling on Mrs. Steinway one evening, he found her in her little parlor engaged in packing her books and engravings.

"I am so sorry to tell you!" she said in her easy, chatty, ingratiating way. "I am about to go to Washington. And I had got so fond of this place! It is too bad."

Mr. Pullet turned pale; not because the news really agonized him; not because he felt any remorse in his naughty heart; but because he heard a sort of demoniacal conscience saying, "Now or never." He had a moon-struck idea that he was bound as a gentleman to do something horrid, and the task of doing it was so dreadful to his imagination that he trembled in every limb.

"My husband's mother has written to me to spend the summer with her," continued Mrs. Steinway, "and I suppose I ought to go for economy's sake. But I hate Washington, it is so hot and malarious. A woman doesn't want to turn yellow. If I were rich I wouldn't stir a step."

Pullet rapidly calculated how much money he could spare from his own income.

"But go I must," she went on. "I shall miss our talks about geology, Mr. Pullet."

"Geology!" He knew she didn't mean geology. He transmuted the word into an amatory hint, as Mrs. Bardell's lawyers transmuted Pickwick's "chops and tomato sauce." He was quite certain that this woman was throwing herself at his head; and, remembering old Buffum's naughty encouragements, he attempted to catch the charming missile.

"Mrs. Steinway, you don't know how this agonizes me," he commenced in a shaking voice.

The lady looked up from her packing labors in wonder, and felt herself color from her forehead to her shoulders. It was a favorable sign, Pullet thought, and he was about to declare himself vigorously, when in came Mrs. Ottoman with an offer to assist in the packing.

"Oh, thank you," said Mrs. Steinway, hastily. "You can help me very much. Do please try your hand at getting all these big engravings into this little trunk. It is a dreadful job. It makes one think of the old lady's wish for a small house with a great many large rooms in it."

Mr. Pullet felt, with a mixed sense of relief and disappointment, that this chance was over. Mrs. Steinway would not even look at him now, doubtless because Mrs. Ottoman was present; and the latter lady would not probably depart until far into the evening, for she also was fond of Swammerdams.

"I will go home and write her a letter," he said to himself. "I *must* go on with it now. I am bound as a gentleman."

It is painful to think of this generally worthy and intelligent man making a wicked ninny of himself. What did he mean to do? Elope with Mrs. Steinway to the Happy Isles, leaving his grocery to go to the Old Harry, and Mrs. Pullet to get a divorce? No, not exactly; in fact, he had no definite purpose; he was, in his own language, "going it blind." A sad, though uncertain, glimmer is thrown upon his intentions by the following letter, which Mrs. Steinway received next morning:

"MY DEAR LOUISA,—May I venture to call you so? If not, then all that I may add will be in vain, and all that I have felt has been in vain.

"I will be entirely and perhaps brutally frank. I have loved you ever since I first saw you—I have loved you more and more, moment by moment—I love you now with all my heart.

"It is horrible to me to think that I may see you no more after to-morrow—how horrible you can imagine from the fact that it has driven me to this reckless avowal.

"Can not your departure be delayed, or be given up altogether? I will aid to that end with all that I have and all that I am.

"I will call during the morrow to beg your pardon for this confession. Let me hope that you will not refuse to see me.

"Your sincere friend,

"JOSEPH PULLET."

Poor misguided, wicked, insane, ridiculous Joseph Pullet! He was half aware of his folly; he had to swear at himself repeatedly before he could muster courage to send his horrid little letter; and after it had gone he was perhaps the unhappiest man then in the retail grocery line. What if she should reject his love? That would be exasperating, humiliating, harrowing. What if she should accept it? That would be the beginning of an unknown sea of dangers and troubles. In his anxiety to succeed in his suit he wished he was an Alcibiades or a Lord Byron; and two minutes afterward, in a fit of terror at possible punishment, he became remorseful, and wished he was a Christian.

Mrs. Steinway read the note at a glance—for Pullet had been a book-keeper in his youth, and his handwriting was like print. Her first emotion may be described as solid astonishment; and her next as a molten sea of indignation. Her only spoken words were, "The impertinent, wicked little wretch!"

Then came the question, what should she do? This problem was rendered somewhat complicated by a letter received that morning from the Colonel, in which he urged her not to go to Washington, on account of the malaria, and advised her to remain with Mrs. Ottoman. After some hesitation, after reflecting how nicely Jamie was getting on at his school, after considering that she was in the cheapest respectable boarding-house which she could hope to find, she decided to follow her husband's counsel. But how should she manage with this insolent, outrageous, abominable Mr. Pullet?

This was an all-important question. This question is, in fact, the hub, the *motif*, the germ of this whole story. Ought ladies to

communicate affairs like that which now annoyed Mrs. Steinway to their husbands? They never do—at least they seldom do—but ought they?

After much painful pondering she decided that they ought; that a wife has no right to hide a matter involving her character from her companion in life; that to have such a secret is the beginning of demoralization, danger, and sorrow.

Colonel Steinway was an exceedingly wrathful man when he received Mr. Pullet's note and his wife's explanation. He curled his black mustache, strode about his tent, uttered (let us pardon him) a few oaths, looked at his sabre, looked at his pistols, and, in short, looked dangerous. Go back and slaughter the grocer he could not, for he was under orders to embark for Yorktown next morning. After walking off a portion of his excitement, he added the following postscript to a letter which he had just finished and was about mailing:

"MY DEAR,—I have received yours of the 10th ult., inclosing Mr. Pullet's insult. I thank you with all my heart and soul for this renewed proof of your good sense, confidence, and affection. I promise you in return that I will never have a secret from you. Leave the matter in my hands; simply see the man no more. I guarantee that I will sufficiently punish him, without doing him any physical harm, and without causing a scandal. Once more thank you for being altogether one with me. God bless you, my darling!"

"F. S."

Then with a smile of grim humor he took the Pullet effusion, scratched a few lines on the back of the sheet, and mailed it to a friend who had relieved him as mustering officer, with the request that he would deliver the missive in person to Mrs. Pullet.

"Won't you sit down, Sir?" said this little lady, smiling upon the handsome lieutenant—West Pointer, she had heard with awe—who brought her the letter.

"No, thank you, Madame," replied the officer.

"We should be glad to have you stay to dinner," she ventured.

"I am really obliged, but I have an engagement to dine."

"Wasn't you wanting to wait for an answer?" she inquired, making one more effort to secure a stylish acquaintance.

"No, Madame:" and he was gone.

Then she opened the long official envelope, and took out a pink satin note, folded as pink satin notes seldom are. Her first idea was that it was a love-letter from some "army man," and she became a little tremulous, feeling that temptation might be dangerously mighty.

There was writing in two ruled columns on the outside of the narrowly folded paper, and she could see through it that there was also writing on the inside. She read one column and gave a gasp; she read the other and gave a hysterical scream; she read the inside and burst into tears.

Meantime our unworthy Joseph was walking home to dinner, ignorant whether he had or had not prospered in his illegal wooing. Mrs. Steinway had not answered his letter; she had been regularly "not at home," although he had called thrice, and his wife as often; but then she had not gone to Washington, and that looked favorable. Repeatedly during the past week he had tried to meet her in the street, but without that luck which so often favors even the stupidly wicked.

And so, ignorant of the present, unable to divine the future, perplexed, anxious, and fearful, he was walking home to eat his dinner, if so be he should have any appetite for it. Oh, how poorly prepared he was for the coming trial! He was no hardened sinner; he had never before had a secret from his wife; he had a character to lose and some self-respect to trample on; he was soft-hearted, too, and possessed the remains of a conscience. Merely to imagine the possibility of getting into such a miserable scrape as this of Pullet's is enough to make the perspiration stand on the forehead of a hopeless old bachelor.

Unsuspectingly Mr. Pullet entered his parlor. There stood Mrs. Pullet, open eyed, white faced, sublime, terrible. She advanced four steps toward him with a jerking movement, like that of a puppet figure or an actress in French tragedy, and placed a paper in his hand, immediately twitching her own hand away with the spiteful action of a pin-machine. Mr. Pullet had not even the presence of mind to wish that he was dead, as, not knowing what else to do with himself, he read the following brief and indorsement in the masculine hand of Colonel Steinway:

[BRIEF.]

NEW BOSTON, May 1, 1862.

Pullet, Joseph.—States (to Louisa) that he will be brutally frank; that he has loved her ever since he first saw her, and that he loves her now with all his heart. Asks if her departure can not be delayed or given up. Promises to aid with all that he has and is. Promises to call next day, and hopes she will not refuse to see him.—F. S.

[INDORSEMENT.]

CAMP CAMERON, D. C., May 4, 1862.

Respectfully referred to Mrs. Joseph Pullet, who will please attend immediately to the morals and intellects of her husband.—FRANCIS STEINWAY, *Col. 12th B. Vols.*

It is totally impossible to describe Mr. Pullet's feelings as he read these inscriptions of his shame and glanced guiltily at an edge of his own handwriting on the inside of the note. Could others have seen him as he then appeared in his own eyes, he would have been considered the smallest man that ever was, and Barnum would have paid thousands to get him for his Museum.

Human nature can only bear a certain amount of strain. After the two had faced each other for perhaps a minute Mr. Pullet sank on his knees in humiliation and Mrs. Pullet dropped on her back in hysterics. We will draw a veil of pity over the remainder of the interview.

Of course there came in time a reconciliation. Mrs. Pullet, being naturally affectionate, could not keep her wrath forever; and Mr. Pullet, being naturally honorable, expressed his repentance without flinching. If he is not at heart a better husband than he was before his misadventure, he at least behaves like a better one, both in his wife's presence and absence.

How if Mrs. Steinway had scolded and then forgiven him? He would have been her Platonic friend until he saw, or thought he saw, an opportunity to be something more.

How if she had simply cut his acquaintance? He would have been humbled and scared for a while, and then he would have tried the effect of a love-letter on some weaker woman.

As it is, he has received a punishment which will be a life-long warning and benefit.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF WEBSTER.

IN proper time after the death of Daniel Webster the literary executors of the illustrious orator, statesman, and jurist, by public notice and private address, made application to his correspondents in this country and in Europe for copies of his letters. In the lapse of a year so general and numerous had been the response to this application that chief among the difficulties always attending the task of editing a private correspondence was found to be, What letters shall be rejected, that the volumes in contemplation, besides not violating the delicacies of private life, may not be swelled to undue size? A difficulty, no doubt, peculiar in all similar cases, but singularly so, though mainly for quite a different cause, in the case of Webster; for so rigidly had he adhered to the rule frequently avowed in his lifetime—never to write any thing which he would not be willing to see in print the next morning—that scarcely was there a letter which even delicacy could withhold from the public eye; while all his letters so abounded in good sentiments, or common thoughts in perfect expression, that scarcely was there one which it did not seem violence to keep unpublished to the world.

It is safe to presume that of the actual private correspondence of Daniel Webster, that which we now have, as made public, is but a fragment, generous indeed though that fragment be. How much of it in that long life, which realized in full the allotted span of the Psalmist, and which, early commenced in the expression of written thought, continued without abatement down to the Monday preceding the memorable October day of 1852, when with his own hand he wrote his last letter to the President whose administration his genius had adorned forever—how much of his correspondence the slips and accidents of that long time may have destroyed it were useless to inquire, how interesting soever it would be to know. So much at least is secure—two volumes in oc-

tavo, which, including the unfinished Autobiography, some Personal Reminiscences, a bit of Diary and Journal, some Private Memoranda, Lines on the Death of a Son, a Biographical Sketch of his brother Ezekiel, together with such letters addressed by others as shed light upon and heighten the interest of the whole, comprise a work of 1102 pages, edited by Fletcher Webster, the then only surviving child, now mourned as the late Colonel Webster, who bravely fell defending in arms that Constitution and Union whose value and the necessity of whose preservation the father had so illustrated by the eloquence of his reason.

Of the letters in these volumes by others there are 135. These are from members of the family, from personal friends and distinguished persons in America and Europe, among whom may be mentioned Presidents Adams, Madison, Harrison, and Fillmore, Chancellor Kent, Chief Justice Marshall, Judge Story, Clay, Cass, Quincy, John Randolph of Roanoke, Lafayette, Lord Ashburton. The letters of Webster himself number 928, the earliest of them bearing date February 5, 1800, while yet he was in college at the age of eighteen; the latest, already alluded to, written October 18, 1852, to President Fillmore six days preceding his death. Of this mass there are addressed to members of the family 173, of which 65 are to Fletcher, the son, in whose arms the father died; and 69 others to that beloved brother, Ezekiel, who, in the prime of life and in the midst of great usefulness, was cut down as by a stroke of lightning during an argument in court; of whom, as of other kindred, the great statesman in the year 1846, when, worn by the cares of state, he had retired for an interval of rest to his native farm at Franklin, thus wrote in touching remembrance:

"Looking out at the east windows at this moment (two P.M.), with a beautiful sun just breaking out, my eyes sweep a rich and level field of a hundred acres. At the end of it, a third of a mile off, I see plain marble grave-stones, designating the places where repose my father, my mother, my brother Joseph, and my sisters Mehetabel, Abigail, and Sarah—good Scripture names inherited from their Puritan ancestors.

"My father, Ebenezer Webster; born at Kingston, in the lower part of the State, in 1739, and the handsomest man I ever saw, except my brother Ezekiel, who appeared to me—and so does he now appear to me—the very finest human form I ever laid eyes on. I saw him in his coffin, a white forehead, a tinged cheek, a complexion clear as heavenly light. But where am I straying? The grave has closed upon him, as it has on all my brothers and sisters. We shall soon be all together. But this is melancholy, and I leave it. Dear, dear kindred blood, how I love you all!"

Addressed to his foremen farmers are 107 letters—22 to John Taylor, at Franklin, and 85 to Seth Weston and Porter Wright, at Marshfield. The remaining 648 are addressed to 110 different persons, among whom of those most known to fame are the names of Presidents Harrison, Tyler, and Fillmore, Edward Everett, Mr. Justice Livermore, Daniel S. Dickinson, George S. Boutwell, Robert C. Winthrop,

and Jeremiah Mason (how many now know much of him?), in writing of whom, in 1829, Webster used this significant language:

"If there be in the country a stronger intellect—if there be a mind of more native resources—if there be a vision that sees deeper or sees quicker into whatever is intricate or whatsoever is profound, I must confess I have not known it. I have not written this paragraph without considering what it implies."

Among the less distinguished of those addressed two names should not escape mention—that of Eliza Buckminster Lee, the elegant writer of the sketch of Mrs. Grace F. Webster, the first wife of Daniel Webster, and the sister of Joseph Stevens Buckminster, the eloquent divine, whose resplendent genius untimely death eclipsed, but whose youthful scintillations will hand him down and cause him long to be known as portrayed in one word of Choate—"the glorious Buckminster"—the same who, when a tutor at Exeter Academy, tried in vain to infuse courage enough into the black-eyed boy, Daniel, to mount the platform and make his school-boy declamation. Felicitous, that the sister of the brilliant young teacher, who seemingly saw at a glance the greatness in germ of his bashful pupil, while his own was destined to be undeveloped, should become the friend of that pupil in his manhood, remaining such through his life, and be the recorder of not a little of his glory.

The other name, that of James H. Bingham, between whom and Webster there commenced a friendship in college, which, intimate for many years, continued also through their lives, and, so far as go the outward manifestations of friendship, had, after a long interval of silence, this pleasant termination in 1849, as shown by the letter from Bingham:

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—No one but yourself can conceive the heart-felt pleasure attendant upon the receipt of your favor of the 5th instant. The retrospective glimpse, as you were pleased to call it, seemed to bring up many of the pleasant reminiscences and strong associations and recollections of our youth, manhood, and—shall I say it?—old age. In short, I consider your letter, at this time of life and under the circumstances, a legacy far more valuable than any thing pecuniary to me, notwithstanding my needs in that respect. The assurance that time or place has not abated the affectionate regard of strong early attachments is a source of continual comfort.

"The differences in our situation and standing in society for the last thirty years, and the superior manner in which all the duties of your various stations have been performed, have inspired me with a certain awe and respect for you which the familiarities of our earlier years have not been able at all times to overcome. It is not a little difficult sometimes to draw the proper line between friendship and respect. But it would seem as if your letters might always put a friend at ease on that point.

"Speaking of the old *Laus Deo*—which, by-the-way, I fear you have no great cause to remember for good—I have it still on hand, and have endeavored almost every Sabbath for the last eighteen months to increase therewith the praises of God in the church. My execution on the instrument is not quite so free and easy as in days gone by, but, I think, exercised with more feeling and judgment.

"The lady to whom you wished me to present your love accepted it with much pleasure, and would reciprocate a large share to you and your lady.

"The same"

J. H. BINGHAM."

The striking characteristic of the correspondence of Webster is the absence of every thing, both in speech and sentiment, calculated to inspire unpleasant sensations, whether as toward the author or concerning those of whom he writes. Whatever the excitement of the time, whatever the bitterness of the political world, no harsh epithet escapes him, no violent personal allusion is made. In private letters, where the index of the heart is most apt to be found, where the passions most take shape in nettling words, we expect to find the proofs, if we find them at all, of resentment, hate, mortification, spleen. They are not found in Webster's. No envenomed ink flowed from his pen. Not even do we remark a trace of the morbid mood, which more or less takes occasional possession of all minds, and throws dismal shadows across the epistolary page. While the chasteness of his language borders on severity, through it all beam clear rays of sunshine, and runs a deep mellow tone of good-will toward men.

To say that exceptional phrases and passages have been expunged, or that various letters have been omitted, is to contradict the settled practice of his life, as evinced in all his public discourses and in his uniform deportment toward opponents in the ardor of forensic and political debate. The evidence is not of record that he ever violated his rule, not to write any thing which he would not be willing to see in print the next morning. As was thought by Professor Sanborn before the publication of the Correspondence: "It is scarcely probable that in the history of the world can there be found so many letters, speeches, and essays, covering such a long period of vehement political controversy, so free from personal attacks and unkind cuts, as the correspondence and speeches of Webster. He does not even 'damn by faint praise' or 'hesitate dislike' when he deals with an adversary." If he makes critical allusion to any one, it is to elevate and crown him rather than to strip and pull him down.

The value of the Correspondence is, that it presents us the key with which we unlock the door of the mansion inhabited by that stupendous intellect, and walk in to a view of the parlor, the study, the kitchen of the domestic life, its manners and fashions. The same is true of the private correspondence of other eminent men. In a larger sense it is true of Webster's. While no man of this country was ever better known by reputation, ever more read as a public character, ever more quoted in the popular speech, ever more admired and thronged after by the multitude, to be seen and heard, no man in whom a similar absorbing interest was felt, did the people ever regard as standing at such distance from them. Wholly unfounded as such a feeling was, it yet was wholly natural; it had its foundation in the inevitable instincts of human nature. Invariably does it hold that in proportion as an individual towers in intellect, do the populace, however they may ad-

mire and support him, yet regard him as not experiencing in common with themselves the trials, the sympathies, the tendernesses, the loves of a man. Accordingly, as Webster did tower in intellectual stature above all others of the age, so did the people, though the evidence of his daily life was against them, and though they rejoiced in him as flesh and blood with them, yet consider him as deficient in those amenities and accomplishments of the heart without which no one is truly great. Somehow to the popular mind he seemed to be located in the serene solemn stillness of the cold upper region, like Jove on Olympus, whom the lesser gods could approach to exchange civilities, but whom mean mortals approached only at the peril of the imperial frown, terrible as death. But the letters we speak of dispel that stern frown, soften the cold air into summer day, and we shake the warm hand of a brother and exchange sentiments as with a friend. Or rather, the letters unveil our eyes, and quiet our imagination, and we find that that eyebrow, which was indeed "to common brows what the dome of St. Peter is to the smaller cupolas at its side," is benignant and full of gentleness, and that those lips from which came such massive eloquence, massive and full of fire, also wreathed themselves into winning smiles and lisp in notes dulcet as a child's. As in the pretty lines on the death of his son:

"My son, thou wast my heart's delight;
Thy morn of life was gay and cheery;
That morn has rushed to sudden night,
Thy father's house is sad and dreary.
I held thee on my knee, my son!
And kissed thee laughing, kissed thee weeping;
But ah! thy little day is done,
Thou'rt with thy angel sister sleeping."

In other words, the Correspondence acquaints us with the private character of Webster—his habits of thought, his cherished purposes in life, his modes of intercourse, his feelings, affections, and tastes—his sorrows, pleasures, and hopes. We learn something of his early misgivings and youthful aspirations before he had trusted the eagle wing to make the circuit of the heavens. We learn what was his style of speech in familiar address. We learn how great was his sincerity, and how utterly he was above all deceit and duplicity. We learn the ways of his humor and the manner of his sport. We learn with what hooks of steel he knit his friends to him, with what devotion he was himself bound to friends, and how he sorrowed when death came between him and those he loved.

Apt as we ever are to adopt the notion that a great mind engrossed with the cares of great matters is neglectful of and indifferent to small things—the details of affairs such as engage the attention of ordinary minds—we have habitually thought of Webster as a signal instance in this respect. The mighty themes of Constitutional Law, National Finance, and Revolutionary History, which, during forty years, he handled and moulded into admired shape, elevate him into such distinction from common

men, that we find it difficult to conceive him quitting the work-shops of Vulcan to fashion the armor and ornaments of everyday life. Yet was he most observant of small things—most minute in his information concerning them, whether as related to the material world or to the complex social existence. His industry in what are called small things must have been native to him and early reduced to system. The first recorded evidence of it we find as early as 1804, when a law student in Boston, by this entry in his journal :

"This day, in one of the rooms of the State House, in presence of Isaac P. Davis and Samuel Bradley and Timothy Dix, Jun., I examined the letters of Callendar from Jefferson. Mr. Dix told me he had often seen the signature of Mr. Jefferson, and on being asked whether he doubted that Mr. Jefferson really signed the letters in question, he said he did not. I preserve this precious confession against time of need."

Another scrap from the journal illustrates the nice discrimination with which he read his law :

"October 1.—Finished Abbott on Shipping. A valuable treatise. If C D by a proper deed authorize A B to execute a bond or other deed for him, A B may do this, either by writing C D by A B his attorney, or by writing A B for C D, provided he delivers the instrument as the deed of C D. I prefer the former mode."

Those who characterize Webster as a generalizer, who never stooped to particulars, would probably generalize by calling this a distinction without a difference.

He visits the Niagara Falls, and writes to a friend perhaps the most accurately minute and interesting description ever given of that wonder of the waters—a description so complete that you see not only the wonder itself but the frame, as it were, in which the mighty picture is set; the whole picturesque scene reaching back to the parent lake, the river banks, the river channels, the river islands, the bends of the river, the distances from point to point, the Rapids, the Falls, of which he thinks he has seen no just description, which he fears he shall fail to describe, but which he does describe, until we behold and hear thundering the cataract itself.

He visits the West, and while he observed of all observers, he will yet find time to study the soil—to analyze it, what does it produce? what can it produce? and how much and why? and this he puts in writing. In the midst of professional engagements he turns aside and thus gives precise instructions to his head farmer :

"MR. WESTON,—You were right. The grass is Lucern or French clover. Now we must try an acre of Lucern with guano. We seem to have no place but the Cushman field. That is not exactly right, but I do not see that we can do better. In that field the best land not already sown is, I suppose, toward the north end. But that is rather clayey. The part next to that on which the oats and clover are sown is light enough, but that is rather poor and lean. However, here we must try it and trust to guano and ashes. Let an acre, therefore, be immediately plowed and plowed rather deep. Put on guano in the common

quantity and a good dressing of ashes with it, and sow the seed as soon as the weather favors. Sow in drills north and south. Turner will lend a hand for this part of the operation. You will receive by the stage-coach to-day twenty pounds of seed fresh from France. Therefore let the Lucern go ahead—'no mistake.'

"The mangel-wurzel seed, sugar beet seed, and a little carrot seed, will also go down to-day. I hardly know any place for carrots unless there be some spot in the garden. We ought to raise some carrots if we could find a place. One thing I forgot to mention to Daniel Wright. As soon as there is any rain I wish him to take some bone-dust and hay seed and go carefully over the whole field round the piggery and scatter the dust and sow the seed on every spot. Charles must accompany him with a rake."

Webster travels through the South, and is the object of distinguished attention. He makes numerous speeches because people compel him to make them; but he writes more letters. Among others, descriptive of places and things, is one from North Carolina, with a Shakspearian humor, beginning thus :

"MY DEAR SON,—'There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of and it is known to many in this land by the name of pitch,' etc. We are here in the midst of this very thing—at the very centre of the tar and turpentine region."

He then proceeds to an accurate description of the process of extracting the turpentine and making the tar, and winds up with the going price per acre of turpentine lands.

At length, after repeated resolutions, of which the requirements of office and profession have delayed the execution, Webster, in 1839, visits England. As all knew, his fame had preceded him there. But his reception was wholly beyond expectation. He went in no official capacity; but "no one," says Mr. Everett, "has probably ever been received with equal attention in the highest quarters of England. Court-iesies usually paid only to ambassadors and foreign ministers were extended to him. His table was covered with invitations to the seats of the nobility and gentry; and his company was eagerly sought at the public entertainments while he was in the country." His letters from the various places he visited are of course full of interest. His observations in the science of agriculture would fill a volume. But we allude to the European visit to show his *petty* observation, if it pleases, in the midst of the social brilliancy with which he was necessarily encompassed. And we select at random from his private memoranda :

"Beef, roasting pieces, 8d. Mutton, prime joint, 8d. Veal, best, 8½d. Ducks, a pair, 7s. Best new potatoes, 3½d to 2d. a pound. Cheshire cheese, 11d. Best currants, 1s. a quart. Peaches, 12s. to 18s. a dozen—that is, 1s. to 1s. 6d. apiece. Bacon, a whole side, including ham and shoulder, smoked by fires from sawdust, so as not to be black, but slightly brown, 6½d. a pound."

It is the prevailing notion that Webster either kept no accounts, or that he had no faculty for keeping them; that money flowed in upon him and flowed away from him; and that he neither knew whence it came nor whither it went. That by hard labor he earned much

and spent much, and out of the abundance of his heart, which was not stranger to his purse, gave much is true; but it is also true that, until the later years of his life, he kept a correct account of his professional receipts. In the volumes of correspondence ten years of this account are given, not years in which he received most or in which he received least, but such as are perhaps designed to show an average. It is a matter of interest to know the amount of his average earnings. Sums less than \$10 are excluded. For the year ending August, 1819, being the third year of his removal from Portsmouth to Boston, the amount was \$15,181. For the year ending September, 1833, \$8212. Under this last the accountant writes: "Thus done and concluded this September 9. A very poor year's work. Nullification kept me out of the Supreme Court all last winter."

Thus much in answer to the commonly received opinion that Webster was not a man of particulars—that he did not live in the world of ordinary mortals, familiar with the lesser facts, and sensible of their importance. Indeed, as he exceeded others in great things so did he in the small. It was his little knowledge, if you may say so, which constituted or completed his greatness. It was his little inspirations drawn from the minor and seemingly inconsequential matters which gave certain wing to his genius when it took the flights of the skies and held captive the gazing world below. Not till the mean vapors rising from swamp, stream, and sea combine with the noble sun is produced the rainbow; and Webster's eloquence was but the combination of the vapors of fact with the effulgence of a solar intellect.

No view of this man is at all complete unless regard be had to his love of the grand and beautiful in nature, and his fondness of outdoor exercise, either in tilling his farm with a kind of wedded devotion to the soil, or in those favorite amusements—traversing the forest and field with gun in hand, following the brook for the shy trout, or boating upon the deep blue sea, whose stately motion and eternal resonance never ceased to be cordial to his spirit. Webster not only loved the natural world, but he grew into most intimate acquaintance with it. He knew every spot of his farms at Franklin and Marshfield; knew the particular character of the soil; knew how each hill rose and looked on each plain or lowland; knew all the undulations; knew all the trees. It has been said: "his face warmed to a fine tree as to the face of a friend." He planted trees and gave them names in memory of beloved children—planted his grief in the soil, as if he would cultivate it like something sacred, until it grew and blossomed into resurrected beauty of life, and re-communed with him in the charming voices of nature.

However engrossed with the weighty matters of law and state; however loud rang the applause for his triumphs in the forum, the Senate, and Cabinet, his thoughts ever and

anon were wandering back like some venturous pilgrim bird to its native zone, back to the woodlands, the brooks, and the "unplanted sea" at Marshfield. He panted to put off the robes of profession and office and get into the pure air of the quiet country, as the school-boy anticipates his holiday; and when the hour came that he could do so there seemed to be an audible exchange of salutations between him and all nature around. Then the severe dignity of the grave Senator departed from him as the gray shades of morning before the breaking sunlight. Then it was that he was full of life and glee. Then it was that the children of all the household and all the neighborhood rejoiced; for "he ran and leaped and shouted, yea, made the woods ring with his merry peals of laughter."

It is this intimate alliance, not uncommon, of great genius with the playfulness and simplicity of the child that above all else lends interest to the study and contemplation of distinguished character. It is, indeed, only by considering character in this twofold view that we come to a just estimate of it, and praise or admire discriminatingly and sincerely. "Webster's Works," so-called, are truly replete with surpassing interest—noble objects of contemplative study. Still, taken alone, they are but the lofty mountains, snow-clad and sunlit—the ranges of hills thrown against the sky—the primeval forests and majestic rivers—sublime works of nature alone, but sublimer yet and melting into the beautiful when seen in their union with the valleys, the outspread plains, the tributary streams, the meadow, copse, and lawn. It is the Private Correspondence, together with other glimpses of the private life, which fills up the scene with the pencil's finer touches, and completes the transcendent picture. We read the common biography and the speeches and orations therein referred to in vain for a knowledge of the man. Those acquaint us with the imperial mind; these—the Letters—instruct us of the animating heart, and add to the deep tones of the cathedral organ the soft flute harmonies of the human voice.

The most noticeable feature, it may be, of the Correspondence is the general silence that pervades it concerning the author's own efforts. While all other tongues are sounding of his exploits, his is still. Or if he breaks the silence, he does so with such moderation and modesty that refinement even could not torture the allusion into a ray of vanity. The mention when made is rather to give credit to others, and to relieve and diminish the magnificence of his own structures. Of the argument in 1818 in the Dartmouth College case, in defense of his *alma mater*, and now a bulwark of defense for every other similar institution in the land, which, according to Dr. Goodrich, was of such singular logic that Mr. Justice Story, who, at the opening of the case, had prepared himself with pen in hand to take copious notes, yet sat hour after hour transfixed in the same attitude with-

out taking a note, because his reason was so held in captivity; and which caused Joseph Hopkinson, the associate counsel, to write to Mr. Brown to place an inscription over the college door, "Founded by Eleazer Wheelock, re-founded by Daniel Webster," of that effort; while others wrote from Washington: "Mr. Webster closed a legal argument of great power by a peroration which charmed and melted his audience;" *he* wrote to Chief Justice Smith, of New Hampshire: "Our college case has been argued. I opened the case with most of the principles and authorities on which we relied at Exeter. Your notes I found to contain the whole matter."

The ingenious arguments in 1817 and 1821, one in defense of the Kennistons and the other in defense of Judge Prescott, less celebrated, perhaps, only because the occasions were inferior; his oration at Plymouth, in 1820, in writing of which John Adams said: "Mr. Burke is no longer entitled to the praise—the most consummate orator of modern times. This oration will be read five hundred years hence with as much rapture as it was heard. It ought to be read at the end of every century, and, indeed, at the end of every year for ever and ever;" the eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, in 1826, pronounced by an eminent orator as "his best oratorical effort;" his orations at the laying of the corner-stone, and at the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument, of the first of which it has been thought enough to say, "Happy the eyes that saw that most glorious gathering! Happy the ears that heard the heart-stirring strain!" and of the other, "The majestic shaft seemed invested with a mysterious life; and men held their breath as if a solemn voice was about to come down from its towering summit." His argument to the jury, in 1830, in the Knapp case, characterized by Choate as "a more difficult and higher effort of mind" than what is termed his more famous "Oration for the Crown;" his elaborate speeches on the currency in 1837–38, which won for him that remarkable tribute of homage in Boston of which it was affirmed "the armies of Napoleon could not coerce it, the wealth of the Indies could not buy it, but freely, joyously was it paid;" these and many other discourses, which came successively like superior radiations of light upon the public mind, and kept their author's praises a continuous utterance from the people's lips and the people's press—so far as the Private Correspondence contributed to save them—would have found oblivion at their birth. By the orator himself, if mentioned at all, they are not mentioned other than as very unimportant performances.

Then as to that greatest speech—the Reply to Hayne—called, in a higher and better sense than Demosthenes's greatest, "the Oration for the Crown," so many have been the eulogiums passed upon it that it were idle to attempt its characterization as a piece of oratory by any single quotation, unless we quote from the description of one who, it is understood, heard it:

"No one," says Mr. March, "who was not present can understand the excitement of the scene. No one who was can convey an adequate description of it. No word-painting can convey the deep, intense enthusiasm, the reverential attention of that vast assembly, nor limner transfer to canvas their earnest, eager, awe-struck countenances. Though language were as subtle and flexible as thought, it still would be impossible to represent the full idea of the scene." Writing of this speech to Mr. Mason, Webster says:

"The whole matter was quite unexpected. I was busy with the Court, and paying no attention to the debate, which was going on sluggishly in the Senate without exciting any interest. Happening to have nothing to do for the moment in court, I went into the Senate, and Mr. Hayne, so it turned out, just then arose. When he sat down my friend said he must be answered, and I thought so too, and being thus got in, I thought I must go through."

But much as we may admire this reticence of self in respect to subjects of such general and permanent interest, the reader of the Correspondence can not avoid a continual feeling of disappointment in not meeting with more and fuller allusions to these monuments of intellectual power—monuments more enduring than brass—which so rose into size and symmetry at the bidding of the founder. We would, if possible, know something of the subtle process of mind by which those glorious creations were spoken into existence. We would, if possible, mark the point and line at which Webster, in his ascents, passed from the man ordinary to the man supreme. We would, if possible, learn whence and how came, and of what magic potency was that Moses's rod at whose command such living waters gushed from the rock that to others was but dry and barren. Vain wish! More perplexed the inquiry the more pursued; an inquiry never to be answered because incapable of answer. Here Webster leaves us as he always leaves us—with as much light upon the subject as possible.

Through the entire Correspondence there runs a sad, melancholy interest; swift, tremulous shades of various depth that chase in impatient succession over the broad sunlit landscape—an interest so touching that we scarcely close the volumes till finished. Nor then, as at the end of a romance, do we dry our tears; for on the way we have visited actual graves, and seen them close on every thing that was lovely and promising in youth, or fair and useful in manhood and womanhood.

Some exceptions there are, but too painfully general is the rule that the destiny of the great is to transmit to posterity only the shadow of their names, if even that, except as their names go down to the ages with their works. An Adams, a Pitt, a Quincy flourish in their sons. Not so the Washingtons, the Jeffersons, the Franklins, the Burkes, the Johnsons, the Channings, the Clays, the Napoleons. Not so with Webster. More unhappy even than all predecessors in greatness, he seemed, as it has fall-

en to no others, to be stripped, piece by piece, of the companionship of the "dear kindred blood," all the way on through his matchless way of life, until, gray-haired and weary, he wandered almost alone to the undiscovered country.

Daniel Webster at the age of twenty-six, just as the career of his fame was dawning, married the daughter of Rev. Elijah Fletcher, of Hopkinton, New Hampshire—a lady who, according to Mrs. Eliza Buckminster Lee, possessed "a high order of mind, united with such sweetness of disposition, unaffected, frank, and winning manners, that no one could approach her without wishing to know her, and no one could know her well without loving her." The first-born of this marriage was a daughter who bore her mother's name—Grace, a child who, says Mrs. Lee, "at the age of three or four years old, was wonderfully intelligent and a most agreeable companion. There was no one in so much demand as the little Grace, her mother's friends constantly sending for her, and delighting themselves with her sweet simplicity, and, if such an expression be allowed, her infantile sagacity. Her young soul seemed to dwell very near the author of her being. Not only did 'Heaven lie about her in her infancy,' but she knew that God was always with her. Another peculiarity was the tenderness she felt for the poor and unhappy. Beggars were frequent at this time, and begging from door to door was not forbidden. Grace would never consent that an asker for charity should be sent away empty. She would bring them herself into the house, see that their wants were supplied, comfort them with the ministrations of her own little hands and the tender compassion of her large gray eyes. If her mother ever refused, those eyes would fill with tears, and she would urge their requests so perseveringly that there was no resisting her."

This child, thus interesting, and at an age thus early, following in quite unbroken procession the deaths of Webster's father, who lived only to hear his son's first voice in public, of his mother, of his sisters, and the daughter of his brother, the afflicted son, brother, and parent, with a grief past consolation, carried to her grave. Then were born to him others, Charles, Julia, Edward, Fletcher. But the arrows of the Archer still flew thick about him. Another child is buried, a son. Then the amiable mother of his children and conscious sharer of his joys and triumphs. Then that only and beloved brother whom he saw in his coffin, with "a white forehead, a tinged cheek, a complexion clear as heavenly light!" A near friend, Mr. Everett, names a daughter for the little Grace, his first-born, and that namesake, coming to the age of her whose name she took and acting in the same way, the same part in the family circle is loved and lost. A grand-daughter takes also the name of Grace, and living to a like age and possessed of a similar loveliness, numbers the

third not permitted to preserve the name of the lamented wife. Then falls the soldier son in the fields of Mexico. Him soon follows the accomplished sister and only daughter; leaving one child alone in whose arms, and soothed by whose presence, the honored, stricken father himself could die. And now he, the survivor, has fallen, though fallen surely as the patriot parent would have wished, if need be, he might fall—a willing sacrifice on the altar of that Union upon whose broken and dishonored fragments he prayed he might not behold the sun in heaven shining.

Thus passed and gone are they all. Truly what a wreck and mournful wasting away of noble stock! Almost are we led to exclaim:

"Now smooth'd with sand and leveled by the flood,
No fragment tells where once the wonder stood."

But ah! how great a mistake were that. For Webster, thou livest still. And while written language remains, will live thy name untarnished, and undisputed thy sway and influence. Not for this age alone was the part performed by thee. Measured by no honor of the Republic unattained is the duration of thy service. Already the smoke of partisan warfare cleared away and the detractions of contemporaneous ambition silenced, we see thee a fixed star, of magnitude first, in the firmament of Fame. Already a proud and grateful country, inspired anew by the recorded strains of thy matchless eloquence, has gathered up thy scattered ashes into History's sacred urn. There will they rest in undisturbed repose, treasured by the lovers of pure Literature, by the lovers of noble Reason, by the lovers of civil and religious Liberty. There will they remain, a perpetual inspiration, a life-giving power, a main-spring of human action by whose unfailing fidelity in the

"Ages hence
Shall that thy lofty scene be acted o'er
In states unborn and accents yet unknown."

ANTAGONISMS.

I.

TO strive with adverse fortunes, to walk over the world's highway with feet that bleed, to break one's way through thorny brambles that rend at every step, and yet remain sweet at the core, gentle, pitiful, magnanimous, this indeed is a brave work. Not ours, in sooth, but of grace; men may not heed it, but the cloud of witnesses smile approval.

This was true of Grace Rimar, a woman, as her name shows, aged twenty-five, a musician by profession. On week-days she gave lessons; on Sundays she sang at St. Stephen's—as near a cathedral as is apt to happen in America, hardly yet risen to the mightiest force of architecture. If vastness, however, could entitle a city to any such wondrous voice, speaking with massive front and ascending tower and airy pinnacle the best aspirations of the race, Brooktown was certainly entitled to such.

Grace Rimar brought a strange mood to St.

Stephen's upon this especial Sunday. She shrank from new faces and new acquaintance with that peculiar shrinking which is the protest of nerves overstrained already against any further drain upon their exhausted treasury. Not that she was apt to pet these nerve-fantasies either; usually no treatment was too severe; she failed to blame herself in this instance, however. She took her usual place within the recess, whose red curtains screened the singers from view at will, and which just now threw a color upon Miss Rimar's cheek, not apt to be there, since women such as she rarely have that pink in the veins which tends to pretty tinting. With this borrowed light on her cheek, and a real lustre in her eyes that expressed some memory deeply graven on a heart which knew not the vice of forgetfulness, she glanced past the organ until her eyes rested full upon an oriel window that lighted the loft with changing lustres as the sun passed up the sky. The centre of this window was a St. Cecilia, with yellow hair outblown from a face of ecstasy, and tapering fingers trembling against the legendary harp-strings. But whatever music might be to the soul of Grace Rimar the pictured saint could not move her so. The illuminated lettering circling the saint told the story briefly:

FRANCES RALPH ABBOT, *Organist of this Church*
35 years.

Her heart trembled, the lustre in her eyes crystallized into choicer than diamonds—the tears of one that remembers always. A form tall, worn with many a vigil—a sallow face, whose spiritual eyes lighted it as no flush of health could do—sat there before the organ with its manifold pipes, its Gothic shafts fretted with gilt and surmounted with device of cherubim, sat and played the translucent harmonies that had floated for thirty-five years through the arches overhead. Also she heard the master's voice saying, in the old bright way:

"Courage, Grace, courage! It is only a question of time. You are a born musician."

Oh the gentle heart that had helped her! oh the brave hand that had been so willing to lift her over the world's rocky highway had it been able!

Some one stumbling in the door of the organ loft—a progress forward, making one sensible of every pillar and obstacle in the way—two small tables meant to hold scores, what not, and three benches overturned—the new organist, John Weymouth.

He stumbled, too, against Grace Rimar's tender vision of the forever-gone—shivered it to atoms. The woman's nature rose up in instantaneous recoil. With resentment and antagonism quivering in every nerve, she looked at the man who was to take the place of her dead master.

A massive figure, whose shoulders needed their squareness for the heavy throat, like a pillar. The face was *per contra*. Lines somewhat cold but clear, and fine as well—lively eyes, almond-shaped, throwing off light, deigning not, it seemed, to absorb the meaning or

retain the remembrance of any thing at which they looked. The complexion was delicate, like that of a woman; woman-like also was the rose-flush that tinted it. John Weymouth showed by this last that he was young enough to have a vast deal to learn, however he might fancy otherwise, as youth is apt to do.

Would his music at all annul the vehement protest that arose in Grace at this antithesis to the memory of her master? Muffled, chaotic, inscrutable was the answer vouchsafed by the organ chords, wandering like uneasy spirits up and down the arches, speaking not peace nor finding it, though such would seem to be their search. St. Stephen's recked not of such clamor until now. Except that the congregation below was used to let the choir do as it pleased, and take its own head, it would have risen in rebellion. As it was, it twisted in its pews a little—then, since it had no other resource, took the music for granted.

Not so Miss Rimar. The fiery rebellion that was a part of her rose in its bitterest vehemence. She sang her best, however, because it was her fashion as well as her conscience so to do, but with the last notes of the crystal-clear soprano, her gift, that, rising above the lumbering organ chords, carried its prayer on silver wings of harmony upward, her determination was taken. St. Stephen's should know her no more.

This resolve must have been written legibly upon her face, for as she passed out one of the choir boys plucked at her dress. She looked down at the little saintly face.

"Good-by, Jamie, dear!"

"Are you never coming back?" murmured the tender lips, with that prescient instinct that belongs to children.

"Never, Jamie; but you can come to me every Saturday evening for your lesson just the same."

And smiling with a kind of tender pity that made children prone to like her, Miss Rimar, after a swift fashion peculiar to herself, went down the steep descent that led from the organ loft as if upborne on wings.

When John Weymouth had sounded the last chord of his inscrutable music—hard to understand as a diverse language—he looked up to see his chaperon, "Miss Maria," as most people called her, standing beside him. Old enough to be wiser, she yet pranked herself with the airs of youth. Perhaps, indeed, to be a woman is to claim perpetual youth. France declares the axiom, and America has the choice of accepting if she chooses.

Weymouth rose, beaming and deferential, holding his own meantime; reserved, guarded, rarely losing his self-consciousness. For he was young; and it is only years, with natures such as his, that bring mellowness and teach perfect courtesy.

"Miss Maria," however, was all sweetness. As they walked together, after a few wary questions on Weymouth's part (he was prone

to finesse about trifles in a fashion ludicrous to witness), he asked, in tones of chilly caution belonging to this mood:

"The soprano has the best voice of any. I think they called her Miss Rimar?"

Weymouth attached immense importance to names. Whatever else failed these impressed him. He rarely forgot a name.

Miss Maria responded, flouting: "Yes, Grace Rimar. She has a right to a good voice. Her mother was a singer."

"O!!!"

Weymouth dropped the subject as if it had been a red-hot coal. That *crescendo* "O!" of his, dropping into *diminuendo*, expressed as much in its way as the famous one of Giotto. Family was his test of character, his ultimatum, his most pitiful weakness. American-born, here he failed of being an American.

The next Sunday found John Weymouth at his post, but Grace Rimar's clear soprano was missing. A volunteer substitute took her place, as the eye testified. As for the testimony of the ear, that declared Grace Rimar's place vacant, in spite of substitute.

Jamie brought his little fair face every Saturday evening to Miss Rimar, whom the end of the week found exhausted to all but the last drop of endurance, and this she saved to give Jamie his lesson.

Presently, in lieu of the latter, came a note printed in capitals, child fashion:

"I AM SICK MISS RIMAR PLEASE COME AND SEE ME"

Grace piled a basket with oranges, bought a posy of pansies at a flower-stand on her way, and so came to Jamie's house. The mother opened the door for her.

"Mr. Weymouth is here."

Miss Rimar wrinkled her forehead, looked disconcerted, but came in. Her quick ear caught Jamie's familiar treble, and the deeper tones of a man's voice.

"I will go in here," said Grace, with soft imperiousness, "until he is gone."

Jamie's mother, dubious, followed her visitor. The door being opened between the two rooms, Grace had no choice but to listen. Weymouth was repeating in loud recitativo:

"And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month."

Grace would have risen at this and flown to the child's bedside; for she who had compassed all tones knew that those of Weymouth's were those we keep for the dying. The immortal city was near for the little saintly soul that had been more than dear. Shivering she kept her seat. The low chanting voice, infinitely soft, yet flowing, seemed to fill the ear and heart and quiet to ravished content.

When the chapter was said there was a faint whisper:

"Mr. Weymouth, play for me."

There was a little melodeon in one corner of the room. Grace just heard Weymouth take his place at it. No lumbering against the furniture here. If there was a niche in the world into which John Weymouth fitted—this being problematical—it was the sick room. Fine and clear as an angel's hymn was the music that Weymouth made at the tiny, worn melodeon. He who blundered because he was greater than all music, he who failed because no mortal could render the harmonies that contended like mighty spirits imprisoned within his breast, could yet render what the voice of Faith had taught him—the peace which God keeps for those who love him. Grace Rimar, within, hung her head for shame. She could have hated herself for the vehement antagonism that had fired her against the man who had come in her dead master's stead.

Rising, then, she entered swiftly, and stood beside Jamie, basket in hand. The child's pulses fluttered, he looked up quiet with a great gravity. Grace, taking the small hand, held it in detaining grasp. What need? Surely better there than here. Even while Weymouth played the child's soul passed.

Miss Rimar put the posy of pansies in the small hand, then set the oranges on the table. The tree of life was bearing twelve manner of fruits, and all for little Jamie.

Weymouth came over to the bedside. He touched hands a moment with Grace, then bowed his head to Jamie's mother, who, entering, thought the little one asleep.

"You are better here than I," said Weymouth to Grace, in that recitative voice of his that won the ear, however it willed otherwise.

The next Sunday there was no need of the volunteer substitute—Miss Rimar came to her own again at St. Stephen's; nature had warned her. Recoil and resentment held deeper meaning than she knew. There are forces beyond antagonisms. Dust and ashes may not contend against the Power that rules the Universe.

II.

There are lives that seem bald of incident; there are people who will tell you, "Well, well, this is a hard world to live in. I have done, nothing but drudge, drudge" for ten, twenty, thirty years, as the case may be. Where is the fault? Blame not this poor planet of ours for this, I pray you; let it go free here and place the trouble where it belongs. If your life is barren, O man or woman, it is you who are to blame!

Grace Rimar's life was never one of those that make complaint of barrenness. It teems so with incident, overbrims so with vivid romances, that I pause as a child pauses over the brilliant pages of a picture-book, puzzled which first to choose for his pleasure. But I am not writing for your pleasure or for mine. I speak from the stress of necessity as did "the Ancient Mariner."

This, then, is Grace Rimar's parlor. Its

colors are deep rose and white; purity and warmth. There is a pendent light, with an illuminated shade showing glimpses of the Orient. Camels carrying veiled beauties over desert spaces; swarthy Arabs as pioneers; dancing-girls treading slow measures to barbaric music; glimpses of street-life, jutting casements overhead, and a lady riding below, with the ever-present veil blown aside for the instant, that one may see the eyes are dark, the hair a rippling mass floating over rounded contours. How is it the East enchants one so? Its endless roses and nightingales bloomed and sang for us in the long ago of childhood, and so it wins us forever.

Though there are no paintings elsewhere, the light striking through these gay medallions makes an atmosphere of pictures throughout the room. They seem by some illusion to multiply themselves. A gallery could not cope with one effect of the silver-tinted wall-paper and the light diffusing itself through the circle of shining pictures.

Grace Rimar loved brightness. But only of late had it come to her. A tiny room up in an attic, oven-hot in summer, arctic zone in winter, had been her belonging heretofore. She was beginning to prosper now; to accumulate somewhat. She could invite the choir at St. Stephen's to a musical evening safely, and quite afford something by way of refreshment. Hospitality was one of the outgoes of Miss Rimar's nature; she was nothing if not hospitable. She was nicely dressed, too, to-night; by no means simply though, that wasn't her affectation. She liked jewels that glimmered, tinkling fringes as well, of pearl or jet—and all bright warm colors. She and the flowers agreed here.

Speaking of flowers, there was a rustic basket swinging in the one window, its chief ornament a moss rose-bush which had flowered into twin buds, delicately lovely as only moss-buds may be. These same had been well watched and tended, and were already disposed of. One was for John Weymouth, the other for Mr. De Lancey—a somewhat curious genius, who, when it suited him, sang with the choir on Sundays. For this musical department was somewhat of a melange, besides the regular singers there were amateurs who came and went as they liked.

Indeed this same choir was a little world in itself. De Lancey was its musical *litterateur*, if one may say so without offense, since I may not say *virtuoso*, in its best meaning. And should we use a word otherwise? Only a tolerable composer himself, he yet knew the masters of all nations. Sometime or other he meant to compile a History of the Progress of Music. It would be erudite indeed; the lives of all the great composers were at his finger-ends as well as their music. He was not handsome; I think women liked him, or would have done so if they had got the chance, for he had a pure heart, a rigid conscience, and a rare sincerity.

Mr. De Lancey came in upon the present occasion with Beatrix, a blonde who had been

Grace Rimar's substitute when she had left St. Stephen's in strange recoil from the new organist. Beatrix said, as soon as she had kissed Grace (never blame women for kissing one another; they haven't the art of shaking hands):

"Is Mr. Weymouth coming?"

"So he *said*."

Grace laid a slight stress upon the word "*said*," from which one might infer that possibly Mr. Weymouth did not keep his promises inevitably.

Whatever might be true of Mr. De Lancey, all women liked John Weymouth. Other men might be politer, might pay them more delicate and devout attentions, which John Weymouth ignored, though no man was more courteous than he when such chanced to be his mood. But, however it was, women liked him obstinately well. Because that he was handsome? because that he had youth? because that he had family? Partly so, I suppose; but I verily believe, most of all in that, when every thing was said and done, he had something baffling and inscrutable in his personality. His music was a part of him here; which no woman could quite understand; and so each one found herself fascinated even against her will.

By-and-by, when the rest had all come, came Weymouth—he had a freak of being late, usually; staying away until every body gave him up. He might better have staid altogether, for he brought in cold comfort—an arctic mood, it seemed, that nothing could thaw.

Grace did her part as hostess, but certainly failed to draw him out—so every body shivered; for this man's moods carried their influence wherever he came; and nobody knew exactly why the pretty parlor felt so chilly, with a bright fire snapping and sparkling beneath the white lilies of the low carven mantle.

Presently the music began. Grace led, as a matter of course. The chords she struck seemed familiar to them all, but they dimly guessed why. Not so the musician Weymouth. Summer—warm, splendid, vivid—flushed into his face, and infused itself into his mien, as he came forward and leaned low over Grace. She had touched other than the instrument—a human heart.

The music was a symphony of his own, played over a month ago. His own, yet how transformed! When he had played it the chords had lumbered along in intricate labyrinths as usual; threads of thought leading him whither none knew; ideas playing hide-and-go-seek. Under Grace Rimar's touch the thoughts shone out bright and clear, as stars when a wind, keen yet loving, disperses clouds; bares the sky to its innermost depths, and shows it pulsating with ten thousand fires.

When the mistress had left the instrument, Beatrix succeeding, Weymouth, setting a chair for Grace, bent low over her, all deference and humility. Something deeper than vanity—and his vanity was profound—had found gratifica-

tion. The woman had pleased him to his heart's core.

"You have a wonderful memory, Miss Gracie"—the name spoken in accents of honey—"or did you write out the score as I played?"

Grace, taking a port-folio from a table at hand, drew forth a scrap of paper from one of the pockets. Weymouth laughed low with glee. A brace of bars and twenty notes, it may be, notched on them, it seemed at random; but the entire thought of the intricate and massive music of the symphony was enshrined behind the hurly-burly of the roughly grouped notes, dashed down by an impetuous pencil on the spot.

"You are not displeased?" asked Grace. (She knew better. This was to draw him out, of course.)

"I feel highly honored, Miss Grace," responded John Weymouth.

Grace extended her hand for the paper. Her heart, throbbing, whispered, "Will he give it back?" John held it tight. She would not forget for many a day the firm, tenacious pressure of the thumb upon the surface.

"I may keep this as a memento?"

"Such a scrawl, Mr. Weymouth!"

That was all she wanted. For this she had saved the scrap, knowing he would ask for it some day. John slowly, and with ostentation, placed the same within his left breast-pocket, with his choicest air of gallantry. Then the tea and coffee came in, and Grace went to serve them out.

It was a treat to see Grace perform the simple offices of hospitality. I say simple, because it is the naïve, child-hearted nature that does them best. Polish your manners until they shine with the chill lustre of your jewels and frosted silver, yet find yourself unlearned in that loveliest art of courtesy which gives it very best—less or more—and if any thing be lacking the warm heart so overbrims the want you find the entertainment queenly. By-and-by, just before the people went, Grace said to Weymouth:

"Come and see my rose-buds."

He followed her to the swinging basket. "Exquisite!" was his comment over the buds.

"The prettiest is for you," said she.

Weymouth flushed with delight, and repeating after her, child fashion:

"The prettiest! I choose the one next to me—that's nearest my heart."

Grace plucked and gave. Was it pure innocence? was it a womanish fear of compromising herself? was it from a wish to prove her power and tantalize the man that she said:

"The other is for Mr. De Lancey?"

The sky darkened, the manner changed. I think Weymouth would have tossed the bud back to Grace had he so dared. He did not fail to be signally rude, however, and the ensuing conversation was simply extraordinary. This was its pith:

Most people have the peculiarity of liking roses; for Weymouth, he could find but little to

admire in them—ridiculous excesses, freaks of the floral kingdom, pronounced by naturalists grossly imperfect. Moss-buds capped the climax—a double freak to be accounted for by no process of reasoning whatever. So he replied, with accumulated indignation:

"Of course Miss Rimar liked them. Musical geniuses" (with infinite scorn in the inflection) "were always eccentric."

Miss Rimar here meekly interposed that, as Mr. Weymouth had started with the proposition that "most people" had the peculiarity of liking roses, that the word "eccentric" in this case could hardly belong to her, as he might find on applying to Worcester. At this quiet retort Weymouth shifted his gun and opened a battery, shameful to the last degree: She might like roses till the end of time, if in future she would only refrain from criticising his music.

Miss Rimar made no defense; matters were beyond that; but her face would have touched a heart of stone.

"What is the trouble?" laughed De Lancey, from where he sat, by the piano-forte at which he had been regaling the company with some fragments of Egyptian music, ancient as the Pyramids, and just as incomprehensible.

"She has criticised my music and called me a scamp," deposed the hopeful John; and with these two falsehoods on his lips, he found his hat, carefully deposited the bud within—the air was freezing outside—and took his departure, muttering that he was "much obliged."

Weymouth, you see, had three bad qualities. He was vastly vain, intolerably jealous, tremendously selfish. One must use superlatives in describing him, since his faults, like his virtues, were intense.

The remaining bud was for De Lancey, who by this was stringing together an absurd medley, which he solemnly and in good faith declared to be selections from the somewhat limited musical *repertoire* of the "Hottentots."

Grace hardly carried out her name in presenting her floral offering. Holding it forth she uttered the one word—"Here!"

De Lancey received the tribute—to his musical genius as he supposed—with a somewhat stiff but very devout bow, as if he had said, "I am not above an humble tribute of admiration."

"I gave the other to Mr. Weymouth," said Grace, forlornly, splitting upon both Scylla and Charybdis on one and the same evening.

Imagine Mr. De Lancey's delight! But no; you shall think of nothing and nobody but Grace, now that they had all gone and left her alone in the pretty parlor of white and rose—colors, I hold, that express purity and warmth; for there is never a tint in nature that has not its human correlative. The man who appreciates this truth thoroughly and keenly, and writes it on canvas, is your king of color. All hail to him!

I do not wish, however, that you should think of Grace Rimar sitting all alone in the tender light of the tinted room, with its pictures of the Orient cast upon the silver-papered walls—I do

not wish you to think of her if it is to pity her. Do you pity the sky when its gray, black clouds are marshaled in battle-array, peals of thunder, flashes of lightning, torrents of rain? You know is born thereof a heaven of peace, a glory of sunlight, a crown of jewels for every flower that blooms. Do you pity the earth when the keen March winds search out its finest crevice? You know it is the cleanliest breath that blows. Do you pity the gold when the crucible shows at white heat and the metal falls, drop by drop, in liquid purity? Ah, you know it is fine gold then! Therefore pity not Grace Rimar. No need to pity those who suffer, no need to offer our miserable phrases of sham "so sorry's." So let her sob and moan, let the proud heart break, let the eyes weep as not before until now. Listen to the record that finally survived—it is from her own pen.

Miss Rimar had a book in which she sometimes recorded her experiences. It was not exactly a diary, though I will call it so, and, for the rest, let it describe itself.

[*Extracts from Grace Rimar's Diary.*]

"THE MUSIC OF EASTER-EVEN.—My mood has hardly matched this holy Lenten-season. I have sung the solemn *misereres*; I have gone to church regularly; but I think there is a fire in my veins, so hot has my resentment burned. When shall I conquer this terrible impatience that is my besetting sin? When shall I be at peace with my place in God's high universe? To-morrow is Easter-Sunday. The world awakes into a new creation; shall I not also arise? Yes, 'the past is a sleep' and my life begins from this hour.

"It is Easter-Even, and as usual we had service at St. Stephen's. Weymouth was playing at the organ as I entered the loft. For the first time in many days the atmosphere of the church soothed me. I took my place and listened without looking at the player. The lights below shone here and there where the shadows were the thickest; and the great altar-window, the grandest in America, threw its shifting lustres far up into the pointed arches overhead, far down upon the worshipers below. All the while the organ was playing. There had been a time when I detested John Weymouth's music. I did not understand it; nor have I ever plucked out the heart of the mystery, and that is a potent charm. At first we hate that which baffles us, but when we learn to like it, it is the dangerous liking that never leaves us.

"Weymouth played—what? How can I tell? It is the music of Easter-Even.

"Hush, hush, hush, tread very softly! Behold Christ your Lord! The suffering has ceased to be. Calm is the face of the God-man. The blood trickles no more from the thorn-crown, but stands congealed upon the forehead; also upon the hands and feet.

"Hush! 'For the joy that was set before him he endured the cross, despising the shame.' O feeble and impotent ones, kneeling around

Him! Ye behold in vain the joy of the dead face, and understand not its promise! The women weep, but very softly, while Joseph of Arimathea enfolds the Dead One in linen and spices.

"The stone is rolled to the door of the sepulchre; silence a space. Then the organ sobs and trembles through all its voices; wandering wildly, the chords go shivering through arch and aisle; 'They have taken him away, and I know not where they have laid him.'

"Hush, hush, hush! It is dark for a little space. To-morrow there shall be perfect light—the light of the resurrection. Chant, watching angels!

"My heart received that music. Its hot resentment died out. When church was over, and the people gone, I turned toward John Weymouth to see him standing, his attitude cordial, his face smiling. He had forgotten that I had the least cause of displeasure toward him. 'Rather a curious magnanimity,' one would think. Yet it *was* that. He had *meant* so little to offend me that he even forgot he had done so. We clasped hands. We looked at one another—how long I can not tell. Then in one moment Weymouth steeled himself. Antagonisms—his and mine—triumphed.

"If in this man's life and mine were noble possibilities that might have blossomed into glorious summer-time, we then and there crushed them out of being. If in my soul and his were according harmonies so perfect that the stars would have been drawn out of their spheres to listen, we then and there shut our ears. If looking thus into each other's eyes we read revealed a wondrous volume whose pages ever new never ended, we then and there closed it fast—and *the seal was set.*

"I say all this sitting at home in my room, oh so quiet! ever quiet now—a new life has come to me. Grace Rimar is serene now to her heart's core. I could not well be quieter unless I were at rest beside my loved ones, with the pansies of spring above me. Heart's-ease should grow on graves, I think; I trust a crown of them will one day be set above mine. And now while this mood is mine, let me write out my best and truest thought of John Weymouth.

"When this man was born the North-Star shot down its arrows of keen light, also the planet that loves the sun bathed him in its amber lustre. The Arctic wind, blowing over blue fields of ice, met the sweet wind of the South, and the wind of the East, and the wind of the West joined hands above him. The world, magnificent in purple and scarlet, said 'He is mine!' The flesh, holding high her golden chalice, beading over with the honey of sin, said 'He is mine!' The devil, with that awful look of baffled hate he wears, cried, in the teeth of all, 'He is mine!' Upon the clamor fell a breath and hushed it.

"'He is mine!' said *that* voice.

"And so I close this record. Will any one ever read it? And, if reading it, will any one understand it?"

WHAT SHALL THEY DO TO BE SAVED?

I HAVE just returned from forty-eight hours' friendly and professional attendance at a bedside where I would fain place every young person in this country for a single hour before the Responsibilities of Life have become the sentinels and Habit the jailer of his Will.

My patient was a gentleman of forty, who for several years of his youth occasionally used opium, and for the last eight has habitually taken it. During these eight years he has made at least three efforts to leave it off, in each instance diminishing his dose gradually for a month before its entire abandonment, and in the most successful one holding the enemy at bay for but a single summer. In two cases he had no respite of agony from the moment he dropped till he resumed it. In the third case, a short period of comparative repose succeeded the first fiery battle, but in the midst of felicitations on his victory he was attacked by the most agonizing hemicranial headaches (resulting from what I now fear to have been already permanent disorganization of the stomach), and went back to his nepenthe in a state of almost suicidal despair, only after the torture had continued for weeks without a moment's mitigation.

He had first learned its seductions, as happens with the vast majority of Anglo-Saxon opium-eaters, through a medical prescription. An attack of inflamed cornea was treated with caustic applications, and the pain assuaged by internal doses of M'Munn's Elixir. When my friend came out of his dark room and bandages at the end of a month he had consumed twenty ounces of this preparation, whose probable distinction from the tincture known as laudanum I point out below in the note.* Here it may not be superfluous to say that the former preparation has all the essential properties of the latter, save certain of the constipatory and stupefying tendencies which, by a private process known to the assigns of the inventor, have been so masked or removed that it possesses in many cases an availableness which the practitioner can not despise, though compelled by the secrecy of its formula to rank it among quack medicines. The amount of it which my friend had taken

during his month's eclipse represents an ounce of dry gum opium—in rough measurement a piece as large as a French billiard ball. I thus particularize because he had never previously been addicted to the drug; had inherited a sound constitution, and differed from any other fresh subject only in the intensity of his nervous temperament. I wish to emphasize the fact that the system of a mere neophyte, with nothing to neutralize the effects of the drug save the absorbency, so to speak, of the pain for which it was given, could so rapidly adapt itself to them as to demand an increase of the dose in such an alarming ratio. There are certain men to whom opium is as fire to tow, and my friend was one of these. On the 1st of October he sensibly perceived the trifling dose of fifty drops; on the first of November he was taking, without increased sensation, an ounce vial of "M'Munn" daily.

From that time—totally ignorant of the terrible trap which lay grinning under the bait he dabbled with—he continued to take opium at short intervals for several years. When by the physician's orders he abandoned "M'Munn," on the subsidence of the eye-difficulty, his symptoms were uneasy rather than distressing, and disappeared after a few days' oppression at the pit of the stomach and a few nights' troubled dreaming. But he had not forgotten the sweet dissolving views at midnight, the great executive achievements at noonday, the heavenly sense of a self-reliance which dare go any where, say any thing, attempt any thing in the world. He had not forgotten the nonchalance under slight, the serenity in pain, the apathy to sorrow, which for one month set him calm as Boodh in the temple-splendors of his darkened room. He had not forgotten that the only perfect *peace* he had ever experienced was there, and he remembered that peace as something which seemed to blend all the assuaged passion and confirmed dignity of old age with that energy of high emprise which thrills the nerves of manhood. He had tasted as many sources of earthly pleasure as any man I ever knew; but the ecstasies of form and color, wine, Eros, music, perfume, all the luxuries of surrounding which wealth could purchase or high-breeding appreciate, were as nothing to him in comparison with the memory of that time on which his family threw away their sympathy when they called it his "month of suffering."

Accordingly, without much more instinct of concealment than if it were an occasional tendency to some slight convivial excess, he had resort to M'Munn, in ounce doses, whenever the world went wrong with him. If he had a headache or a toothache; if the weather depressed him; if he had a certain "stint" of work to do without the sense of native vigor to accomplish it; if he was perplexed and wished to clear his head of passion; if anxieties kept him awake; if irregularities disturbed his digestion—he had always one refuge certain. No fateful contingency could pursue him inside

* Mr. Frank A. Schlitz has kindly made for me a special analysis of M'Munn's Elixir which seems to prove that the process of its preparation amounts to more than the *denarcotization* of opium, which is spoken of on the wrapper of each vial. As nearly as can be ascertained, M'Munn's Elixir is simply an aqueous infusion of opium—procured by the ordinary maceration—and preserved from decomposing by the subsequent addition of a small portion of alcohol. *Narcotin* being absolutely insoluble in water is eliminated as the circular says. This fact alone would not account for the difference between its action and that of laudanum. This is explained by the fact that all the other alkaloids possess diverse rates of solubility in water, and exist in M'Munn's Elixir in very different relative proportions from those which they bear to each other in the alcoholic tincture called laudanum.

M'Munn's enchanted circle. He was a young and wealthy bachelor, living the life of a refined *bon vivant*; an insatiable traveler, surrounded by flatterers, and without a single friend who loved him enough to warn him of his danger excepting those who, like himself, were too ignorant to know it. After three years of dalliance he became an habitual user of opium, and had been one for eight years when I was first called to him.

By the time that the daily habit fastened itself he had learned of other opiate preparations than M'Munn's, and finding a certain insufficiency characterize that tincture as he increased the size of the dose, had recourse to laudanum, which contains the full native vigor of the drug unmodified. This nauseated him. He had the same experience with gum opium, opium pills, and opium powder; so that he was driven to that form of exhibition which sooner or later naturally strikes almost every opium-eater as the most portable, energetic, and instantaneous—morphia or one of its salts. My friend usually kept the simple alkaloid in a paper, and dissolved it as he needed it in clear water, sometimes substituting an equivalent of "*Magendie's Solution*," which contains sixteen grains of the salt diffused through an ounce of water by the addition of a few drops of sulphuric acid. When I first saw him he had reached a daily dose of twelve grains of sulphate of morphia, and on occasions of high excitement had increased his dose without exaggerating the sensible effect to nearly twenty. The twelve which formed his habitual *per diem* were divided into two equal doses, one taken immediately after rising, the other just about sundown.

As yet he had not begun to feel the worst physical effects which sooner or later visit the opium-eater. His digestion seemed unimpaired so long as he took his morphia regularly; he was sallow and somewhat haggard, but thus far no distressing biliary symptoms had manifested themselves; his sleep was always dreamy, and he woke at short intervals during the night, but invariably slept again at once, and had so adjusted himself to the habit as to show no signs of suffering from wakefulness; his hand was steady; his muscular system easily exhausted, but by no means what one would call feeble. As he himself told me, he had come to the conclusion to emancipate himself because opium-eating was a horrible mental bondage. The physical power of the drug over him he only realized when attempting its abandonment. Its spiritual thralldom was his hourly misery. He was connected by blood and marriage with several of the best families in the land. Money had not been stinted in his education, and his capabilities were as great as his advantages. He was one of the bravest, fairest, most generous natures I ever came in contact with; was versatile as a Yankee Crichton; had ridden his own horse in a trotting match and beaten Bill Woodruff; had carried his own little 30-ton schooner from the Chesapeake to the Golden

Gate through the Straits of Magellan; had swum with the Navigators' Islanders, shot buffalo, hunted chamois, and lunched on mango-steens at Penang. Through all his wanderings the loftiest sense of what was heroic in human nature and divine in its purified form, the monitions of a most tender conscience, and the echoes of that Puritan education which above all other schemes of training makes human responsibility terrible, had gone with him like his tissue. He saw the good and great things within reach of a fulfilled manhood, and of a sudden waked up to feel that they could on earth never be his. He was naturally very truthful, and, although the invariable tendency of opium-eating is to extirpate this quality, could not flatter himself. Other minds around him responded to a sudden call as his own did not. Every day the need of energy took him more by surprise.

The image-graving and project-building characteristic of opium, which comes on with a sense of genial radiation from the epigastrium about a quarter of an hour after the dose, had not yet so entirely disappeared from its effect on him, as it always does at a later stage of the indulgence. But instead of being an instigation to the delightful reveries which ensued on his earlier doses, this peculiarity was now an executioner's knout in the hands of Remorse. He was daily and nightly haunted by plans and pictures whose feverish unreal beauty he remembered having seen through a hundred times. Those Fata Morgana plans, should he again waste on them the effort of construction? The result had been a chaos of aimless, ineffectual days. Those pictures, why were they brought again to mock him? Were they not horrible impossibilities? Were they not, through the paralysis of his executive faculties, mere startling likenesses of Disappointment? In his opium dreams he had seen his own ships on the sea; commerce bustling in his warehouse; money overflowing in his bank; babies crowing on his knee; a wife nestling at his breast; a basso voice of tremendous natural power and depth scientifically cultivated to its utmost power of pleasing artists or friends; a country estate on the Hudson, or at Newport, with emerald lawns sloping down to the amber river or the leek-green sea; the political and social influence of a great landholder. How pleasurably he had once perceived all these possible joys and powers! How undeludedly he now saw their impossible execution!

So, coming to me, he told me that his object in trying to leave off opium was to escape from these horrible ghosts of a life's unfulfilled promise. Only when he tried to abandon opium did he realize the physical hold the drug had on him. Its spiritual thralldom was his hourly misery.

For three months I tried to treat him in his own house, here in the city. A practitioner of any experience need not be told with what success. I could reduce him to a dose of half a grain of sulphate of morphia a day, keep him

there one week, and making a morning call at the expiration of that time discover that some nocturnal nervous paroxysm had necessitated either a return to five grains or a use of brandy (which, though no drinker, he tried to substitute) sufficient to demand a much larger dose of opium in its reaction. He had lost most of his near connections, and not for one hour could any hired attendant have withstood his appeal, or that marvelous ingenuity by which, without appeal, the opium-eater obtains the drug which, to him, is like oxygen to the normal man.

This ingenuity manifests itself in subterfuges of a complicated construction and artistic plausibility which might have puzzled Richelieu; but it is really nothing to wonder at when we recollect the law of nature by which any extreme agony, so long as it continues remediable, sharpens and concentrates all a man's faculties upon the one single object of procuring the remedy. If my house is on fire, I run to the hydrant by a mere automatic operation of my nerves. If my leg is caught in the bight of a paying-out hawser, my whole brain focuses at once on that single thought, "*an axe*." If I am enduring the agony which opium alone can cause and cure, every faculty of my mind is called to the aid of the tortured body which wants it. When a man has used opium for a long time the condition of brain supervening on his deprivation of the drug for a period of twenty-four hours is such as very frequently to render him suicidal. Cottle tells us how Coleridge one day took a walk along Bristol wharves, and sent his attendant down the pier to inquire the name of a vessel, while he slipped into a druggist's on the quay and bought a quart of laudanum; but in no fibre of his nature could Cottle conceive the awful sense of a force despotizing it over his will, a degradation descending on his manhood, which Coleridge felt as he concentrated on that one single cry of his animal nature and the laudanum which it spoke for, all the faculties of construction and insight which had created the "*Ancient Mariner*" and the "*Aids to Reflection*."

Likewise I suppose there are very few people who could patiently regard the fact that one of the very purest and bravest souls I ever knew had become so demoralized by the perseverance of disease and suffering as to deal like a lawyer with his best friends, and shuffle to the very edge of falsehood, when his nature clamored for opium. I was particular to tell him whenever I detected any evasion (an occasion on which his shame and remorse were terrible to witness) that *I*, personally, had none the less respect for him. I knew he was dominated, and in no sense more responsible for breaking his resolution than he would have been had he vowed to hold his finger in the gas-blaze until it burned off. In this latter case the mere translation of chemical decomposition into pain, and round the automatic nerve-arc into involuntary motion, would have drawn his finger out of the blaze, as it did in the cases of Mutius

Scavola and Cranmer, if they ever attempted the feat credited them by tradition. In his case the abandonment of opium brought on an agony which took his actions entirely out of voluntary control, eclipsing the higher ideals and heroisms of his imagination at once, and reducing him to that automatic condition in which the nervous system issues and enforces only those edicts which are counseled by pure animal self-preservation. Whatever may have been the patient's responsibility in *beginning* the use of narcotics or stimulants (and I usually find, in the case of opium-eaters, that its degree has been very small indeed, therapeutic use often fixing the habit forever before a patient has convalesced far enough even to know what he is taking) habituation invariably tends to reduce the man to the *automatic* plane, in which the will returns wholly to the tutelage of sensation and emotion, as it was in infancy; while all the Intellectual, save *Memory*, and the most noble and imperishable among the Moral faculties may survive this disorganization for years, standing erect above the remainder of a personality defrauded of its completion to show what a great and beautiful house might have been built on such strong and shapely pillars. Inebriates have been repeatedly known to risk imminent death if they could not reach their liquor in any other way. The grasp with which liquor holds a man when it turns on him, even after he has abused it for a lifetime, compared with the ascendancy possessed by opium over the unfortunate habituated to it for but a single year, is as the clutch of an angry woman to the embrace of Victor Hugo's *Pieuvre*. A patient whom, after habitual use of opium for ten years, I met when he had spent eight years more in reducing his daily dose to half a grain of morphia, with a view to its eventual complete abandonment, once spoke to me in these words:

"God seems to help a man in getting out of every difficulty but opium. There you have to *claw* your way out over red-hot coals on your hands and knees, and drag yourself by main strength through the burning dungeon-bars."

This statement does not exaggerate the feeling of many another opium-eater whom I have known.

Now, *such* a man is a proper subject, not for *reproof*, but for *medical treatment*. The problem of his case need embarrass nobody. It is as purely physical as one of small-pox. When this truth is as widely understood among the laity as it is known by physicians, some progress may be made in staying the frightful ravages of opium among the present generation. Now, indeed, it is a difficult thing to prevent relatives from exacerbating the disorder and the pain of a patient, who, from their uninformed stand-point, seems as sane and responsible as themselves, by reproaches at which they would shudder, as at any other cruelty, could they be brought to realize that their friend is suffering under a disease of the very machinery

of volition; and no more to be judged harshly for his acts than a wound for suppurating or the bowels for continuing the peristaltic motion.

Finding—as in common with all physicians I have found so many times before—that no control of the case could be obtained while the patient staid at home, and deeply renewing my often-experienced regret that the science and Christian charity of this country have perfected no scheme by which either inebriates or opium-eaters may be properly treated in a special institution of their own, I was at length reluctantly compelled to send my friend to an ordinary water-cure at some distance from town.

The cause of my reluctance was not the prospect of a too liberal use of water, for by arrangement with the heads of the establishment I was able to control that as I chose; moreover, an employment of the hot-bath in what would ordinarily be excess is absolutely necessary as a sedative throughout the first week of the struggle. I have had several patients whom during this period I plunged into water at 110° Fahrenheit as often as fifteen times in a single day—each bath lasting as long as the patient experienced relief. In some cases this Elysium coming after the rack has been the only period for a month in which the sufferer had anything resembling a doze. My reluctance arose from the necessity of sending a patient in such an advanced stage of the opium disease so far away from me that I must rely on reports written by people without my eyes, for keeping personally *au courant* with the case; that I must consult and prescribe by letter, subject to the execution of my plans by men, who, though excellent and careful, were ignorant of my theories of treatment, and had never made this particular disease a specialty. I accordingly sent Mr. A. away to the water-cure, all friendless and alone to fight the final battle of his life against tougher odds than he had ever before encountered. At no time in my life have I realized with greater bitterness the helplessness of a practitioner who has no institution of his own to take such cases to than when I shook his poor, dry, sallow hand and bade him good-bye at the station.

As I said in the beginning, I am just home from seeing the result. Mr. A. has fared as special cases always do in places where there is no special provision for them. To speak plainly, he had been badly neglected; and that, undoubtedly, without the slightest intention on the part of the heads of the house to do other than their duty. Six weeks ago I heard from the first physician that my friend was entirely free from opium, and, though still suffering, was steadily on the mend. I had no further news from him till I was called to his bedside by a note which said he feared he was dying, penciled in a hand as tremulously illegible as the confession of Guy Fawkes. I was with him by the earliest train I could take, after arranging

with a neighbor for my practice, and found him in a condition which led him to say, as I myself said at the commencement of this article: "Would to God that every young person could stand for a single hour by this bedside before Life's Responsibilities have become the sentinels and Habit the jailer of the Will!"

I had not been intelligently informed respecting the progress of his case. He had been better at no time when I was told he was so, though his freedom from opium had been of even longer duration than I was advised. *For ninety days he had been without opium in any form.* The scope of so untechnical an article leaves no room to detail what had been done for him as alleviation. His prostration had been so great that he could not correspond with me himself until the moment of his absolute extremity; and only after repeated entreaties to telegraph to myself and his family had been refused on the ground that his condition was not critical, he managed to get off the poor scrawl which brought me to his side.

For the ninety days he had been going without opium he had known nothing like proper sleep. I desire to be understood with mathematical literalness. There had been periods when he had been *semi-conscious*; when the outline of things in his room grew vaguer and for five minutes he had a dull sensation of not knowing where he was. This temporary numbness was the only state which in all that time simulated sleep. From the hour he first refused his craving, and went to the battle-field of bed, he had endured such agony as I believe no man but the opium-eater has ever known. I am led to believe that the records of fatal lesion, mechanical childbirth, cancerous affection, the stake itself, contain no greater torture than a confirmed opium-eater experiences in getting free. Popularly this suffering is supposed to be purely intellectual—but nothing can be wider of the truth. Its intellectual part is bad enough, but the physical symptoms are appalling beyond representation. The look on the face of the opium sufferer is indeed one of such keen mental anguish that outsiders may well be excused for supposing that is all. I shall never forget till my dying day that awful Chinese face which actually made me rein my horse at the door of the opium *hong* where it appeared, after a night's debauch, at six o'clock one morning when I was riding in the outskirts of a Pacific city. It spoke of such a nameless horror in its owner's soul that I made the sign for a pipe and proposed, in "*pigeon English*," to furnish the necessary coin. The Chinaman sank down on the steps of the *hong*, like a man hearing medicine proposed to him when he was gangrened from head to foot, and made a gesture, palms downward, toward the ground, as one who said, "It has done its last for me—I am paying the matured bills of penalty." The man had exhausted all that opium could give him; and now, flattery past, the strong one kept his goods in peace. When the most pow-

erful alleviative known to medical science has bestowed the last Judas kiss which is necessary to emasculate its victim, and, sure of the prey, substitutes stabbing for blandishment, what alleviative, stronger than the strongest, shall soothe such doom? I may give chloroform. I always do in the *dénouement* of bad cases—ether—nitrous oxyd. In employing the first two agents I secure rest, but I induce death nine cases out of ten. Nothing is better known to medical men than the intolerance of the system to chloroform or ether after opium. Nitrous oxyd I am still experimenting with, but its simple undiffused form is too powerful an agent to use with a patient who for many days must be hourly treated for persevering pain. So the opium-eater is left as entirely without anæsthetic as the usual practice leaves him without therapeutic means. Both here and abroad opium-eaters have discovered the fact that, in an inveterate case, where opium fails to act on the brain through the exhausted tissues of the stomach, bichlorid of mercury in combination with the dose behaves like a *mordant* in the presence of a dye, and, so to speak, *precipitates* opium upon the calloused surfaces of the mucous and nervous layers. This expedient soon exhausts itself in a death from colliquative diarrhea, produced partly by the final decompositions of tissue which the poisonously antiseptic property of opium has all along improperly stored away; partly by the definite corrosions of the new addition to the dose. But in no case is there any relief to a desperate case of opium-eating save death.

Remembering that Chinaman's face I can not wonder at the popular notion regarding the abandonment of opium. Men say it is a mental pain; because spiritual woe is the expression of the sufferer's countenance. And so it is, but this woe is underlain by the keenest brute suffering. Let me sketch the opium-eater's experience on the rugged road upward.

Let us suppose him a resolute man, who means to be free, and with that intent has reduced to a hundred drops the daily dose which for several years had amounted to an ounce of laudanum. I am not supposing an extreme case. An ounce of laudanum is a small *per diem* for any man who has taken his regular rations of the drug for a twelvemonth. In the majority of cases I have found an old *habitué's* daily portion to exceed three, or the equivalent of that dose in crude opium or morphia; making seventy-two grains of the gum or twelve of its most essential alkaloid. In one most interesting case I found a man who having begun on the first of January with one half a grain of sulphate of morphia for disease, at the end of March was, to all appearance, as hopeless an opium-eater as ever lived, taking thirty-two grains of the salt per day in the form of *Magen-die's Solution*. This, however, was an unusual case. According to my experience the average opium-eater reaches twelve grains of morphia in ten years, and may live after that to treble

the amount: the worst case I ever knew attaining a dose of ninety grains, or one and a half of the drachm vials ordinarily sold. I am happy, in passing, to add that for more than two years both the extreme cases just mentioned have been entirely cured.

If the opium-eater has been in the habit of dividing his daily dose he begins to feel some uneasiness within an hour after his first deprivation, but it amounts to nothing more than an indefinite restlessness. In any case his first well-marked opium torments occur early after he has been without the drug for twenty-four hours.

At the expiration of that time he begins to feel a peculiar *corded* and *tympanic* tightness about the epigastrium. A feverish condition of the brain, which sometimes amounts to absolute *phantasia*, now ensues, marked off into periods of increasing excitement by a heavy sleep, which, after each interval, grows fuller of tremendous dreams, and breaks up with a more intensely irritable waking. I have held a man's hand while he lay dreaming about the thirty-sixth hour of his struggle. His eyes were closed for less than a minute by the watch, but he awoke in a horrible agony of fear from what seemed to have been a year-long siege of some colossal and demoniac Vicksburg.

After the opium-eater has been for forty-eight hours without his solace this heavy sleep entirely disappears. While it stays it never lasts over half an hour at a time, and is so broken by the crash of stupendous visions as not to amount to proper slumber. During its period of continuance the opium-eater woos its approaches with an agony which shows his instinct of the coming weeks of sleeplessness. It never *rests* him in any valid sense. It is a congestive decomposition rather than any normal reconstruction of the brain. He wakes out of it each time with a heart more palpitating; in a perspiration more profuse; with a greater uncertainty of sense and will; with a more confused memory; in an intenser agony of body and horror of hopelessness.

Every nerve in the entire frame now suddenly awakes with such a spasm of revivification that no parallel agony to that of the opium-eater at this stage can be adduced, unless it be that of the drowned person resuscitated by artificial means. Nor does this parallel fully represent the suffering, for the man resuscitated from drowning re-oxydizes all his surplus carbon in a few minutes of intense torture, while the anguish which burns away that carbon and other matter, properly effete, stored away in the tissues by opium, must last for hours, days, and weeks. Who is sufficient for this long, *long* pull?

From the hour this pain begins to manifest itself it continues (in any average case of a year's previous habituation to the drug) for at least a week without one second's lull or exhaustion. A man may catch himself dozing between spasms of *tic-douloureux* or toothache; he never doubts whether he is awake one in-

stant in the first week after dropping his opium. One patient whom I found years ago at a water-cure followed the watchman all night on crutches through his tour of inspection around the establishment. Other people, after walking a long time, shift from chair to chair in their rooms, talking to any body who may happen to be present in a low-voiced, suicidal manner, which inexperience finds absolutely blood-freezing. Later such rock to and fro, moaning with agony, for hours at a time, but saying nothing. Still others go to their beds at once, and lie writhing there until the struggle is entirely decided. I have learned that this last class is generally the most hopeful.

The period during which this pain is to continue depends upon two elements.

1st. How long has the patient habitually taken opium?

2d. How much constitutional strength remains to throw it off?

"How much has he taken in the aggregate?" is practically not an equivalent of the first question. I have found an absolutely incurable opium-eater who had never used more than ten grains of morphia *per diem*; but he had been taking it habitually for a dozen years. In another case the patient had for six months repeated before each meal the ten-grain dose which served the other all day; but he was a man whose pluck under pain equaled a woman's, and after a fortnight's anguish of such horror that one could scarcely witness it without being moved to tears came out into perfect freedom. The former patient, although he had never in any one day experienced such powerful effects from opium as the latter, had used the drug so long that every part of his system had reconstructed itself to meet the abnormal conditions, and must go through a second process of reconstruction, without any anodyne to mask the pain resulting from its decomposition, before it could again tolerate existence of the normal kind. If opium were not an anodyne the terrible structural changes which it works would cause no surprise; it would be *felt* eating out its victim's life like so much nitric acid. During the early part of the opium-eater's career these structural changes go on with a rapidity which partly accounts for the vast disengagements of nervous force, the exhilaration, the endurance of effort, which characterize this stage, later to be substituted by utter nervous apathy. By the time the substitution occurs something has taken place throughout the physical structure which may be rudely likened to the final equilibrium of a neutral salt after the effervescence between an acid and an alkali. So to speak, the tissues have now combined with their full equivalent of all the poisonous alkaloids in opium. Further use of it produces no new disengagements of nervous force; the victim may double, quadruple his dose, but he might as well expect further ebullition by adding more aqua-fortis to a satisfied nitrate as to develop with opium exhilarating currents in a tissue

whose combination with that drug have already reached their chemical limit.*

The opium-eater now only continues his habit to preserve the terrible static condition to which it has reduced him, and to prevent that yet more terrible dynamic condition into which he comes with every disturbance of equilibrium; a condition of energetic and agonizing dissolutions which must last until every fibre of wrongly changed tissue is burned up and healthily replaced. Though I have called the early reactions of opium rapid, they are necessarily much less so than those produced by a simple chemical agent. No drug approaches it in the possession of *cumulative* characteristics; its dependence on the time element must therefore be always carefully considered in treating a case. This fact leads us to understand the other element in the question, how long the torments of the opium-fighter must continue. Having ascertained the chronology of his case, we must say, "Given this period of subjection, has the patient enough constitutional vigor left to endure the period of reconstruction which must correspond to it?"†

I am naturally sanguine, and began my study of opium-eaters with the belief that none of them were hopeless. Experience has taught me that there is a point beyond which any constitution—especially one so abnormally sensitive as the opium-eater's—can not endure keen physical suffering without death from spinal exhaustion. I once heard the eminent Dr. Stevens say that he made it a rule never to attempt a surgical operation if it must consume more than an hour. Similarly, I have come to the conclusion never to amputate a man from his opium-self if the agony must last longer than three months. Uneasiness—corresponding to the irritations of dressing a stump—may continue a year longer; and few victims of the habit outlive a certain opium-prurience, which has also its analogue in the occasional titillation of a healed wound—these are comparatively tolerable; but, if we expect to save a patient's life, we must not protract an agony which so absolutely interferes with normal sleep as that of the opium-eater's for longer than three months in the case of any constitution I have thus far encountered.

Usually as early as the third day after its abandonment (unless the constitution has become so impaired by long habituation that there will probably be no vital reaction) opium begins to show its dissolutions from the tissue by a profuse and increasingly acrid bilious diarrhea,

* I say "chemical" because so much it is possible to know experimentally; and the very interesting examination of such higher forces as constantly seem to intrude in any nervous disturbance would here involve the discussion of a theoretical "vital principle"—something apart from and between the soul and physical activities—which scientific men are universally abandoning.

† Not correspond day by day. At that rate a reforming opium-eater (I use the participle in the *physical* sense, for very few opium-eaters are more to blame than any other sick persons) must pay a "shent per shent" which no constitution could survive. The correspondence is simply proportional.

which must not be checked if diagnosis has revealed sufficient constitutional vigor to justify any attempt at abandonment of the drug. Hemorrhoids may result; they must be topically treated; mild astringents may be used when the tendency seems getting out of eventual control; bland foods must be given as often as the usually fastidious appetite will tolerate them; the only tonic must be beef-tea—diffusible stimulus invariably increasing the agony, whether in the form of ale, wine, or spirits. Short of threatened collapse, the bowels must not be retarded. There is nothing in the faintest degree resembling a substitute for opium, but from time to time various alleviatives, which can not be discussed in an untechnical article, may be administered with benefit. The spontaneous termination of the diarrhea will indicate that the effete matters we must remove have been mainly eliminated, and that we may shortly look for a marked mitigation of the pain, followed by conditions of great debility but increasingly favorable to the process of reconstruction. That process, yet more than the alleviate, demands a book rather than an article.

I have intentionally deferred any description of the agony of the opium struggle, as a *sensation*, until I returned from depicting general symptoms, to relate the particular case which is my text. The sufferings of the patient, from whom I have just returned, are so comprehensive as almost to be exhaustively typical.

When simple nervous excitement had for two days alternated with the already mentioned intervals of delirious slumber, a dull, aching sensation began manifesting itself between his shoulders and in the region of the loins. Appetite for food had been failing since the first denial of that for opium. The most intense gastric irritability now appeared in the form of an aggravation of the tympanic tightness, corrosive acid ructations, heart-burn, water-brash, and a peculiar sensation, as painful as it is indescribable, of *self-consciousness* in the whole upper part of the digestive canal. The best idea of this last symptom may be found by supposing all the nerves of involuntary motion which supply that tract with vitality, suddenly to be gifted with the exquisite sensitiveness to their own processes which is produced by its correlative object in some organ of special sense—the whole organism assimilating itself to a retina or a finger-tip. Sleep now disappeared. This initiated an entire month during which the patient had not one moment of even partial unconsciousness.

In less than a week from the beginning the symptoms indicated a most obstinate chronic gastritis. There was a perpetual sense of corrosion at the pit of the stomach very like that which characterizes the fatal operation of arsenic. There was less action of the liver than usually indicates a salvable case, and no irritation of the lowest intestines. *Pari passu* with the gastritic suffering, the neuralgic pain spread down the extremities from an apparent centre

between the kidneys, through the trunk, from another line near the left margin of the liver, and through the whole medullary substance of the brain itself. Although I was so unfortunate as not to be beside him during this stage, I can still infallibly draw on my whole experience for information regarding the intensity of this pain. *Tic-douloureux* most nearly resembles it in character. Like that agonizing affection, it has periods of exacerbation; unlike it, it has no intervals of continuous repose. Like *tic-douloureux*, its sensation is a curiously fluctuating one, as if pain had been *fluidized* and poured in trickling streams through the tubules of nerve tissue which are affected by it; but, unlike that, it affects every tubule in the human body—not a single diseased locality. Charles Reade chaffs the doctors very wittily in “Hard Cash” on their *penchant* for the word “*hyperæsthesia*,” but nothing else exactly defines that exaggeration of nervous sensibility which I have invariably seen in opium-eaters. Some of them were hurt by an abrupt slight touch, and cried out at the jar of a heavy footstep like a patient with acute rheumatism. Some developed sensitiveness with the progress of expurgating the poison, until their very hair and nails felt sore, and the whole surface of the skin suffered from cold air or water like the lips of a wound. After all, utterly unable to convey an idea of the *kind* of suffering, I must content myself by repeating, of its extent, that no prolonged pain of any kind known to science can equal it. The totality of the experience is only conceivable by adding this physical torture to a mental anguish which even the Oriental pencil of De Quincey has but feebly painted; an anguish which slays the will, yet leaves the soul conscious of its murder; which utterly blots out hope, and either paralyzes the reasoning faculties which might suggest encouragements, or deadens the emotional nature to them as thoroughly as if they were not perceived; an anguish which sometimes includes just, but always a vast amount of *unjust* self-reproach, which brings every failure and inconsistency, every misfortune or sin of a man’s life as clearly before his face as on the day he was first mortified or degraded by it—before his face, not in one terrible dream, which is once for all over with sunrise, but as haunting ghosts, made out by the feverish eyes of the soul down to the minutest detail of ghastliness, and never leaving the side of the rack on which he lies for a moment of dark or daylight, till sleep, at the end of a month, first drops out of heaven on his agony.

A third element in the suffering must briefly be mentioned. It results directly from the others. It is that exhaustion of nervous power which invariably ensues on protracted pain of mind or body. It proceeds beyond reaction to collapse in a hopeless case; it stops this side of that in a salvable one.

On reaching his room I found my friend bolstered upright in bed, with a small two-legged

crutch at hand to prop his head on when he became weary of the perpendicular position. This had been his attitude for fifty days. Whether from its impeding his circulation, the distribution of his nervous currents, or both, the prostrate posture invariably brought on cessation of the heart and the sense of intolerable strangling. His note told me he was dying of heart disease, but, as I expected, I found that malady merely simulated by nervous symptoms, and the trouble purely functional. His food was arrow-root or sago, and beef-tea. Of the vegetable preparation he took perhaps half a dozen table-spoonfuls daily; of the animal variable quantities, averaging half a pint per diem. This, though small, was far from the minimum of nutriment upon which life has been supported through the most critical periods. Indeed, I have known three patients tided over stages of disease otherwise desperately typhoid by *beef-tea baths*, in which the proportion of *ozmazone* was just perceptible, and the sole absorbing agency was a faint activity left in the pores of the skin. But these patients had suffered no absolute disorganization. The practitioner had to encounter a swift specific poison, not to make over tissues abnormally misconstrued by its long insidious action. On examination I discovered facts which I had often feared, but never before absolutely recognized, in my friend's case. The stomach itself, in its most irreproducible tissue, had undergone a partial but permanent disorganization. The substance of the organ itself had been altered in a way for which science knows no remedy.

Hereafter, then, it can only be re-changed by that ultimate decomposition which men call death. Over the opium-eater's coffin at least, thank God! a wife and a sister can stop weeping and say, "He's free."

I called to my friend's bedside a consultation of three physicians and the most nearly related survivor of his family. I laid the case before them; assisted them to a full *prognosis*; and invited their views. I spent two nights with my friend. I have said that during the first month of trial he had not a moment of even partial unconsciousness. Since that time there had been perhaps ten occasions a day, when for a period from one minute in length to five, his poor, pain-wrinkled forehead sank on his crutch, his eyes fell shut, and to outsiders he seemed asleep. But that which appeared sleep was internally to him only one stupendous succession of horrors which confusedly succeeded each other for apparent eternities of being, and ended with some nameless catastrophe of woe or wickedness, in a waking more fearful than the state volcanically ruptured by it. During the nights I sat by him these occasional relaxations, as I learned, reached their maximum length, my familiar presence acting as a sedative, but from each of them he woke bathed in perspiration from sole to crown; shivering under alternate flushes of chill and fever; mentally confused to a degree which for half an hour rendered every

object in the room unnatural and terrible to him; with a nervous jerk, which threw him quite out of bed, although in his waking state two men were requisite to move him; and with a cry of agony as loud as any under amputation.

The result of our consultation was a unanimous agreement not to press the case further. Physicians have no business to consider the speculative question, whether death without opium is preferable to life with it. They are called to keep people on the earth. We were convinced that to deprive the patient longer of opium would be to kill him. This we had no right to do without his consent. He did not consent, and I gave him five grains of morphia* between 8 and 12 o'clock on the morning of the day I had to return here. He was obliged to eat a few mouthfuls of sago before the alkaloid could act upon his nervous system. I need only point out the significance of this indication. The shallower lying nervous fibres of the stomach had become definitely paralyzed, and such *digestion* as could be perfected under these circumstances was the only method of getting the stimulant in contact with any excitable nerve-substance. In other words, mere absorbent and assimilative tissue was all of him which for the purpose of receiving opium partially survived disorganization of the superficial nerves. Of that surviving tissue, one mucous patch was irredeemably gone. (This particular fact was the one which cessation from opium more distinctly unmasked.) At noon he had become tolerably comfortable; before I left (7 P.M.) he had enjoyed a single half hour of something like normal slumber.

He will have to take opium all his life. Further struggle is suicide. Death will probably occur at any rate not from an attack of what we usually consider disease, but from the disintegrating effects on tissue of the habit itself. So, whatever he may do, his organs march to death. He will have to continue the habit which kills him only because abandoning it kills him sooner; for self-murder has dropped out of the purview of the moral faculties and become a mere animal question of time. The only way left him to preserve his intellectual faculties intact is to keep his future daily dose at the tolerable minimum. Henceforth all his dreams of entire liberty must be relegated to the world to come. He may be valuable as a monitor, but in the executive uses of this mighty modern world henceforth he can never share. Could the immortal soul find itself in a more inextricable, a more *grisly* complication?

* To the younger men of the profession rather than to the public generally I need here to say that this dose is not as excessive as it would naturally appear to be in the case of a man who had used no form of opium for ninety days. When you have to resume the drug go cautiously. But you will generally find the amount of it required to produce the sedative effects in any case which returns to opium, after abandonment of a long habituation, *startlingly large*, and *slow in its effects*.

In publishing his case I am not violating that Hippocratic vow which protects the relations of patient and adviser; for, as I dropped my friend's wasted hand and stepped to the threshold, he repeated a request he had often made to me, saying:

"It is almost like Dives asking for a messenger to his brethren; but tell them, tell *all young men*, what it is, 'that they come not into this torment.'"

Already perhaps—by the mere statement of the case—I might be considered to have fulfilled my promise. But since monition often consists as much in enlightenment as intimidation, let me be pardoned for briefly presenting a few considerations regarding the action of opium upon the human system while living, and the peculiar methods by which the drug encompasses its death.

WHAT IS OPIUM?

It is the most complicated drug in the Pharmacopœia. Though apparently a simple gummy paste, it possesses a constitution which analysis reveals to contain no less than 25 elements, each one of them a compound by itself, and many of them among the most complex compounds known to modern chemistry. Let me concisely mention these by classes.

First, at least three earthy salts—the sulphates of lime, alumina, and potassa. Second, two organic and one simpler acid—acetic (absolute vinegar), meconic (one of the most powerful irritants which can be applied to the intestines through the bile), and sulphuric. All these exist uncombined in the gum, and free to work their will on the mucous tissues. A green extractive matter, which comes in all vegetal bodies developed under sunlight, next deserves a place by itself, because it is one of the few organic bodies of which no rational analysis has ever been pretended. Though we can not state the constitution of this chlorophyl, we know that, except by turning acid in the stomach, it remains inert on the human system, as one might imagine would happen if he swallowed a bunch of green grass. *Lignin*, with which it is always associated, is mere woody fibre, and has no direct physical action. In no instance has any stomach been found to *digest* it save an insect's—some naturalists thinking that certain beetles make their horny wing-cases of that. I believe one man did think he had discovered a solvent for it in the gastric juice of the beaver, but that view is not widely entertained. So far as it exists in opium it can only act as a foreign substance and a mechanical irritant to the human bowels. Next come two inert, indigestible, and very similar gummy bodies, *mucilagin* and *bassorine*. Sugar, a powerfully active volatile principle, and a fixed oil (probably allied to turpentine) are the only other invariable constituents of opium belonging to the great organic group of the hydro-carbons.

I now come to a group by far the most important of all. Almost without exception the

vegetable poisons belong to what are called the "nitrogenous alkaloids." Strychnia, brucia, ignatia, calabarin, woovarin, atropin, digitalin, and many others, including all whose effect is most tremendous upon the human system, are in this group. Not without insight did the early discoverers call nitrogen *azote*, "the foe to life." It so habitually exists in the things our body finds most deadly that the tests for it are always the first which occur to a chemist in the presence of any new organic poison. The nitrogenous alkaloids owe the first part of their name to the fact of containing this element; the second part to that of their usually making neutral salts with acids, like an alkaline base. The general reader may sometimes have asked himself why these alkaloids are diversely written—as, e.g., sometimes "*morphia*," and sometimes "*morphine*." The chemists who regard them as alkalies write them in the one way, those who consider them neutrals, in the other. Of these nitrogenous alkaloids, even the nuts of the tree, which furnishes the most powerful, *swift* poison of the world, contains but three—the above-named strychnia, brucia, and ignatia—principles shared in common with its pathological congener, the St. Ignatius bean. Opium may be found to contain *twelve* of them; but as one of these (cotarnin) may be a product of distillation, and the other (pseudo-morphia) seems only an occasional constituent, I treat them as ten in number—rationally to be arranged under three heads.

First, those whose action is merely acrid—so far as known expending themselves upon the mucous coats. (*Pseudo-morphia* when it occurs belongs to these.) So do *porphyroxin*; *narcein*; probably *papaverin* also; while *meconin*, whose acrid properties in contact with animal tissue are similar to that of meconic acid, forms the last of the group.

The second head comprises but a single alkaloid, variously called paramorphia or thebain. (It may interest amateur chemists to know that its difference from strychnia consists only in having two less equivalents of hydrogen and six of carbon—especially when they know how closely its physical effects follow its atomic constitution.) A dose of one grain has produced tetanic spasms. Its chief action appears to be upon the spinal nerves, and there is reason to suppose it a poison of the same kind as nuxvomica without the concentration of that agent. How singular it seems to find a poison of this totally distinct class—bad enough to set up the reputation of any one drug by itself—in company with the remaining principles whose effect we usually associate with opium and see clearest in the ruin of its victim!

The remainder, five in number, are the opium alkaloids, which act generally upon the whole system, but particularly, in their immediate phenomena, upon the brain. I mention them in the ascending order of their nervine power: narcotin; codein; opianin; metamorphia, and morphia.

The first of these the poppy shares in common with many other narcotic plants—tobacco the most conspicuous among the number. In its anti-periodic effects on the human system it has been found similar to quinia, and it is an undoubted narcotic poison acting on the nerves of organic life, though, compared with its associates in the drug, comparatively innocent.

The remaining four act very much like morphia, differing only in the size of the dose in which they prove efficient. Most perfectly fresh constitutions feel a grain of morphia powerfully; metamorphia is soporific in half-grain doses;* opianin in its physical effects closely approximates morphia; codeia is about one-fifth as powerful; a new subject may not get sleep short of six grains; its main action is expended on the sympathetic system. It does not seem to congest the brain as morphia does; but its action on the biliary system is probably little less deadly than that of the more powerful narcotic.

Looking at the marvelous complexity of opium we might be led to the *a priori* supposition that its versatility of action on the human system must be equally marvelous.

Miserably for the opium-eater, fortunately for the young person who may be dissuaded from following in his footsteps, we are left in no doubt of this matter by the conclusions of experience. In practical action opium affects as large an area of nervous surface, attacks it with as much intensity, and changes it in as many ways as its complexity would lead us to expect. I have pointed out the existence in opium of a convulsive poison congeneric with brucia. The other chief active alkaloids, five in number, are those which specially possess the cumulative property. Poisons of the strychnia and hydro-cyanic acid classes (including this just mentioned opium alkaloid, thebain), are swifter agents; but this perilous opium quintette sings to every sense a lulling song from which it may not awake for years, but wakes a slave. Every day that a man uses opium these cumulative alkaloids get a subtler hold on him. Even a physician addicted to the practice has no conception how their influence piles up.

At length some terrible dawn rouses him out of a bad sleep into a worse consciousness. Though the most untechnical man, he must already know the disorder which has taken place in his moral nature and his will. For a knowledge of his physical condition he must resort to his medical man, and what, when the case is ten years old, must a practitioner tell the patient in any average case?

"Sir, the chances are entirely against you, and the possession of a powerfully enduring constitution, if you have it, forms a decided offset in your favor."

He then makes a thorough examination of him by ear, touch, conversation. If enough constitution responds to the call, he advises an

immediate entrance upon the hard road of abnegation.

If the practitioner finds the case hopeless he must tell the patient so, in something like these words:

"You have either suffered a disorganization of irreproducible membranes, or you have deposited so much improper material in your tissue that your life is not consistent with the protracted pain of removing it.

"One by one you have paralyzed all the excretory functions of the body. . . Opium, aiming at all those functions for their death, first attacked the kidneys, and with your experimental doses you experienced a slight access of *dysuria*. As you went on, the same action, progressively paralytic to organic life, involved the liver. Flatulence, distress at the epigastrium, irregularity of bowels, indicated a spasmodic performance of the liver's work which showed it to be under high nervous excitement. Your mouth became dry through a cessation of the salivary discharge. Your lachrymal duct was parched, and your eye grew to have an *arid* look in addition to the dullness produced by opiate contraction of the pupil.

"All this time you continued to absorb an agent which directly acts for what by a paradox may be called fatal conservation of the tissues. Whether through its complexly combined nitrogen, carbon, or both, the drug has interposed itself between your very personal substance and those oxidations by which alone its life can be maintained. It has slowed the fires of your whole system. It has not only interposed but in part it has substituted itself; so that along with much effete matter of the body stored away there always exists a certain undecomposed quantity of the agent which sustains this morbid conservation.*

"When this combination became established, you began losing your appetite because no substitution of fresh matter was required by your body for tissue wrongly conserved. The progressive derangement of your liver manifested itself in increased sallowness of face and cornea; the organ was working on an inadequate vital supply because the organic nervous system was becoming paralyzed; the veins were not strained of that which is the bowels' proper purgative and the blood's dire poison. You had sealed up all but a single excretory passage—the pores of the skin. Perhaps when you had opium first given you you were told that its intent was the promotion of perspiration but did not know the *rationale*. The only way in which opium promotes perspiration is by shutting up all the other excretory processes of the body, and throwing the entire labor of that

* I frequently use what hydropaths call "a pack" to relieve opium distress, and with great benefit. After an hour and a half of perspiration, the patient being taken out of his swaddlings, I have found in the water which was used to wash out his sheet enough opium to have intoxicated a fresh subject. This patient had not used opium for a fortnight.

* American Journal of Pharmacy, September, 1861.

function upon the pores. (When the skin gives out the opium-eater is shut up like an entirely choked chimney, and often dies in delirium of blood-poisoning.)

"For a while—the first six years, perhaps—your skin sustained the work which should have been shared by the other organs—not in natural sweat, but violent perspiration, which showed the excess of its action. Then your palms became gradually hornier—your whole body yellower—at the same time that your muscular system grew tremulous through progressively failing nervous supply.

"About this time you may have had some temporary gastric disturbance, accompanied with indescribable distress, loathing at food, and nausea. This indicated that the mucous lining of the stomach had been partially removed by the corrosions of the drug, or that nervous power had suddenly come to a standstill, which demanded an increase of stimulus.

"Since that time you have been taking your daily dose only to preserve the *status in quo*. The condition both of your nervous system and your stomach indicate that you must always take some anodyne to avoid torture, and *your* only anodyne is opium.

"The rest of your life must be spent in keeping comfortable, not in being happy."

Opium-eaters enjoy a strange immunity from other disease. They are not liable to be attacked by miasma in malarious countries; epidemics or contagions where they exist. They almost always survive to die of their opium itself. And an opium death is usually in one of these two manners:

The opium-eater either dies in collapse through nervous exhaustion (with the blood poisoning and delirium above-mentioned), sometimes after an overdose, but oftener seeming to occur spontaneously; or in the midst of physical or mental agony, as great and irrelievable as men suffer in hopeful abandonment of the drug, and with a colliquative diarrhea, by which—in a continual, fiery, acrid discharge—the system relieves itself during a final fortnight of the effete matters which have been accumulating for years.

Either of these ends is terrible enough; let us draw a curtain over their details.

Opium is a corrosion and paralysis of all the noblest forms of life. The man who voluntarily addicts himself to it would commit in cutting his throat a suicide only swifter and less ignoble. The habit is gaining fearful ground among our professional men, the operatives in our mills, our weary sewing women, our fagged clerks, our disappointed wives, our former liquor-drunkards, our very day-laborers, who a generation ago took gin; all our classes, from the highest to the lowest, are yearly increasing their consumption of the drug. The terrible demands, especially in this country, made on modern brains by our feverish competitive life, constitute hourly temptations to some form of the sweet, deadly sedative. Many a professional

man of my acquaintance, who twenty years ago was content with his *tri-diurnal* "whisky," ten years ago, drop by drop, began taking stronger "laudanum cock-tails," until he became what he is now—an habitual opium-eater. I have tried to show what he will be. If this article shall deter any from an imitation of his example, or excite an interest in the question—"What he shall do to be saved?"—I am content.

THE BEAUTIFUL MISS NEWMAN.

NOVELISTS, in their elaborate descriptions of the personal beauty of their heroines, dwell with rapturous particularity upon the perfection of every feature in the "human form divine," but one; making few comments upon that most prominent of all facial component parts—the nose. Why this delicate and useful organ is so frequently neglected in description we do not know, unless it be that in nature, the nose on a woman's face is seldom its most attractive feature, and still less frequently does it defy criticism. There is something about the nose which is unpoetical to most minds, and the rule seems to prevail that, in conversation and in letters, the least said about it the better. The "dove-like eyes," the "ears like little convoluted pinky shells," the masses of "raven" or "golden hair," the "ruby" or the "rosy lips," the inevitable "pearly teeth," the "fair, smooth, rounded chin," and the "delicate, dark, penciled eyebrows," are never neglected by poet or novelist, while the nose is passed by with a cold neglect, and the reader is left to infer that it must have been a very ordinary nose, not challenging description, or a "Pug," a "Roman," or an "Aquiline," which had better be specially avoided.

We must admit that few noses excite admiration. If they were to be counted, no doubt nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand would be classed "faulty;" and this being the case, it is a pity to offend the sensibilities of the majority of fair readers by laying too much stress upon the nasal appendage. But there are rare and beautiful exceptions to this rule, as we all know. Most men, in their experience, can recall at least one "unexceptionable" nose; one which they feel bound to declare was an ornament divine, irreproachable, classic, Madonna-like, beautiful. My own experience is not at variance with that of others in this respect, and recalling as I do—ah, with what emotion!—that one peerless beauty of my youthful imagination—the divine, the incomparable Amelia—I see her standing out in high relief among all other women and all other friends as the perfect realization of a poetic dream. Not only had that fair creature, to my eyes at least, a combination of feature and of expression surpassing the power of the artist's skill to counterfeit; but now, looking back upon that period with the tempered eyes of experience, I am bound to declare that I have never met her equal in peculiar charms of countenance: and I

am equally ready to declare that, beautiful as were her eyes and lips, forehead and hair, her most remarkable feature was the delicate, smoothly-outlined nose, which seemed to me as perfect and as tempting to the eye and the lips—ay, the lips—of the beholder as the pearl-set pouting little mouth, or peach bloom of the cheeks beside it. Never shall I forget that nose—no more can I describe it. It was that feature of her face, too, which first excited my admiration and led to my love.

I was passing the summer at the sea-side, and was a regular attendant on Sundays at the one little chapel in the adjoining village of L——. Small as was the place of worship it was more than large enough for the limited society of the place, and I soon learned to know every face in the congregation. A new-comer was consequently an event in the village. One summer Sabbath I was sitting dreamily through the very prosaic discourse of a country clergyman who had “exchanged” with the regular pastor for that day, and was, I believe, verily dropping off into a state of somnolence, under the infliction of the “fifth” head of the good man’s argument, when my eye caught the most angelic profile of a woman’s face that I had ever beheld. She was evidently a stranger, for I had never seen her before, and my attention was riveted to the spectacle as if it would vanish into thin air if I looked away for a moment. She was a young woman, scarcely out of her teens; simply attired, and with a charming little bonnet which, according to the fashion of the day, now revived, permitted an unobstructed view of the contour of the face. She was seated in a pew on the opposite side of the chapel, and at an angle which showed only the clear-cut profile, so that her eyes were lost to me; but the perfection of the nose, running smooth and clear in a severe Grecian line from the forehead and terminating just where it should terminate, not a hair’s breadth too long or too short, and curving with the least possible freedom of nostril, enough to give vigor without want of delicacy and softness, was enough to have made her beautiful, even had the other features been disappointing. She was, notwithstanding the prosiness of the preacher, apparently intent upon his discourse, and never during the entire service, turned her face from the angle at which it first presented itself to me.

I doubt if my eyes lost sight of that face for a second of time during the same period, during which my imagination ran rampant, until I fully convinced myself that at last the beautiful of my youthful fancy sat in bodily presentment within the range of my vision. Who she was I could not possibly divine, but that appeared to me quite unimportant so long as youth, beauty, and respectability seemed so certainly assured. That she was lovely in moral attributes I took for granted from her close attention to the services of the chapel, and that she was sensible and clever such perfection of feature and tastefulness of attire equally guaran-

teed. When these reflections had, during the dull discourse, fanned the flame of my suddenly awakened interest in the stranger to a determination to know all about her, a sudden pang of actual jealousy and apprehension seized me, lest this rare perfection of a woman, so wonderfully cast in my very way as it seemed to me, should not after all be, like myself, “fancy free.” Such rapid strides into the realm of hopefulness and desire are not unnatural at the period of life of which I speak, when the emotional sentiments are like tinder, ready for the spark to light them into what we persuade ourselves to believe must be an enduring and inextinguishable flame.

The services ended not a moment too soon for me, and I watched every movement of my fair incognita with absorbing interest. As her slight graceful figure left the pew and mingled with the retreating worshipers, I moved hastily forward so as to see her full face as she left the church door. My dream was more than realized. She was exceedingly beautiful, with tender hazel eyes, a delicate bloom of complexion, a small but well-developed mouth, hair brown, glossy, and abundant, and that chief attraction of her face the exquisitely-chiseled nose, as perfect and expressive as it had been in the profile view which had so completely held me captive. She caught my earnest, perhaps too obtrusive gaze of admiration, slightly colored, and immediately dropped her veil, evincing a sense of feminine discretion and modest consciousness which did not in the least diminish the interest which her beauty had inspired.

A plain looking woman, plainly attired, whom I subsequently ascertained to be her maid and constant attendant, immediately joined her, and the two walked rapidly away, taking the direction of the cliffs. Although not the road leading to the hotel where I lodged, but conducting to a more remote part of the shore, I followed, keeping at a respectful distance, and determined to track my fair game to its cover. This proved to be a small farm-house, situated near the extreme end of the cliffs which followed the curve of the bay, and where, as I ascertained by inquiry on the following day, she had taken board for the remainder of the summer—she and her attendant—living secluded and quietly for the benefit of the baths and the invigorating air of the sea-coast. At first the two females seemed disposed to linger a while and enjoy the view of the tumbling water and the broad expanse of sandy shore, but happening to look around, and, as I apprehended, observing me, a stranger, too inquisitively intruding upon their retirement, they hastily turned toward the farm-house and disappeared from view.

That I was in love, deeply, irrevocably in love, admitted in my own mind of no doubt. “And why should I not be?” I reasoned; “did I ever expect—had I any reason ever to expect—to meet, in my pilgrimage of life, a woman combining so many exquisite charms of person than on this blessed Sabbath afternoon had been

presented by fate to my admiring gaze?" I felt that I was indeed favored beyond the average of mortals, and that I should be a most undeserving dog if I did not avail myself of the very earliest opportunity to become personally acquainted with and secure the prize.

At my own hotel I obtained all the information necessary as to the farm-house on the cliff and its inhabitants. Old Martin Farley was a patriarch in the fishing village, and, after having for twenty years been toll-man and light-house keeper by turns, had retired with his venerable better-half to grow potatoes and make butter for the market at L—, eking out a comfortable living by letting the one small parlor and two or three spare bedrooms to a quiet boarder or two during the watering season. Dame Farley, spite of her years, had the reputation of being a notable housewife, and of spreading as clean and wholesome a table for her guests as could be found any where, and consequently those might consider themselves well favored who could secure accommodation under her orderly and quiet roof. This summer rooms were engaged early in the season by the young lady who had so recently and so completely entangled my affection at first sight, but, although paying for her accommodation for the whole season, she had arrived late at the sea-side, having been detained in the city by unforeseen engagements. Thus much of her I learned from Martin Farley himself on the following day, having successfully encountered him on his way to the village, and propounded certain questions touching his ability to give me board at the farm-house, should I desire to exchange the hotel for more quiet quarters. This, however, I found to be impracticable; old Martin had no room to spare, and did not expect to have any, "as Miss Newman didn't say nothing about giving up her rooms," and the farmer "calculated she had no idee of goin' away afore the summer was over."

"Miss Newman!" I replied; "the name is familiar. Where is she from?"

"Oh, I reckon yer don't know her. She's none o' yer fine folks like those down to the hotel yonder, but keeps her own company. Guess yer don't know her, and I guess she don't want to know you."

"Thank you, Martin; you're complimentary this morning. Now, supposing that I do want to know her—what then?"

"Why, then," replied the blunt old farmer, "I should say 'twarn't no use, coz she don't want no company. I knows as much as that as well's if I asked her. She's a reel quiet critter, is Amelie Newman, and no mistake."

"Amelia! what a sweet name! I tell you what it is, farmer," said I, taking the old fellow at once into my confidence, whose goodwill and co-operation I was, of course, most anxious to obtain—"I tell you what it is; I saw Miss Newman yesterday, and she is the most beautiful woman I ever beheld, and you must introduce me."

"Wa'al, as to good looks," said old Martin, speaking very deliberately, and, as I fancied, with a degree of coldness which was not very encouraging—"as to good looks, that's a matter o' taste. Maybe she is, and maybe she isn't. All I knows is, that my old woman and she has had a kind o' confidential talk, and the upshot of it is, that we ain't a-goin' to take no other boarders long's she's with us; and, what's more, we ain't a-goin' to have her bothered with visitors to the house, coz she pertiklerly don't want 'em. Sorry to disapint yer, Mr. Langley, but th' old woman knows what's what, and I never meddles in sich matters."

"Oh, very well, Martin; and I'll not interfere between you and your wife; but I'm resolved to know the young lady, and shall seek her acquaintance in some other way. I dare say some of my friends at the hotel know her, and I will obtain an introduction through them."

"I reckon she don't know any o' your folks, and ef you'll take an old man's advice ye'll not bother Miss Newman. Fact is," added he, lowering his voice, "she's in affliction—that's what she is—and don't want no company; least o' all, men folks a-foolin' round her."

"Affliction! Nonsense! A young lady in a sky-blue bonnet and lavender gloves in affliction! That won't do. She's no more afflicted than I am. However, you seem to be a kind of self-constituted protector of the young lady, and it's no use, I suppose, to press the matter further."

"Not a bit—not a bit, Mr. Langley; and ye'd better take my advice and keep down to your end of the beach. My boarder don't want no visitors, and that's the long and the short of it."

I can not say that my interview with Farmer Martin conduced much to my peace of mind. There was evidently some mystery to be solved, or perhaps not to be solved. That so lovely a young lady, at the very period of life when life presents itself to the female mind in kaleidoscopic colors, and when the taste naturally turns to all that is hopeful and bright, should shut herself up in an isolated farm-house, and prefer the society of her maid to that of the gay and youthful throng within her reach, was, to say the least of it, peculiar. The farmer had spoken of her being in affliction. It could not be that of bereavement, for she gave no outward sign of woe. If it was a pecuniary loss that she had sustained, it surely was not severe enough to prevent her from enjoying a fair share of society; and that she was well enough to do in the world seemed probable from the style of her dress and the comforts which she seemed to afford herself. In affliction! There was then but one conclusion to arrive at. In vain I struggled to dispossess myself of the idea, but it forced itself like a gigantic shadow across my heart, and sickened my existence. She was unquestionably the victim of disappointed affection. That sweet and lovely girl, young as she was, had already tasted the bitterness of

life. Some wretch—some inhuman wretch—had dared to trifle with her heart, and like a wounded dove she had flown down to this quiet nest by the sea-side to bemoan her cruel fate in solitude and in tears. Such were my bitter reflections as I turned homeward, uncertain what steps I should take in this unforeseen emergency, to pursue my purposes in regard to her. Hard as was the battle of feeling, I yet persuaded myself to believe that even second love, if it could be nurtured in her fair bosom, would be most welcome to me, and I began to regard her as one who now claimed my pity, my prayers, my protection.

But who *was* Miss Newman? This became first the vital question to be answered. No one of my friends at the hotel knew aught of her, as I soon ascertained, and I was left to my own resources to unravel the mystery. Day after day I found my steps guiding me toward Farmer Martin's cottage, or along the beach beyond it, where I felt persuaded she must sometimes walk; but it was not until the close of the week after that memorable Sunday that I caught the faintest glimpse of Miss Newman. It was late in the afternoon that, strolling along the sands, musing upon that one absorbing subject of my thoughts, I saw her and her maid slowly approaching. Now they stopped to enjoy the gorgeous tints of the sunset sky, and now she stooped to pick a shell or a pebble, and then resume their quiet walk. I had perceived her first, and was making up my mind what course to pursue—whether to pass her without apparent observation, or to allow her to know that I was interested in seeing her—when she suddenly noticed me, and, as if determined to avoid any thing like a recognition, dropped her veil in passing, and was soon lost to sight in the turn of the sandy cliff.

I did not see her again until the following Sunday, when to my unfeigned delight she sat in the same seat at chapel, and her exquisite profile again excited my admiration and rekindled my hopes. I did not follow her home on that occasion, as the action would have been too marked, and would most probably have caused annoyance; but I resolved that another week should not pass by without some advantage gained on my part toward commencing and establishing an acquaintance between us. But the week did go by, and I knew her no better at its close than at its commencement. True I repeatedly saw and passed her on the beach, but in every instance she seemed to avoid subjecting herself to my observation, and either turned off in an opposite direction or dropped the inevitable and detestable veil.

It was impossible to suppose that the young lady was not by this time familiar with my appearance, and it could not be doubted but that she was aware that I sought an introduction. This she seemed determined not to grant me—at least, not through any adventitious circumstance or accident; and I was left to my own devices to carry on the campaign.

It had occurred to me to make a confidante of some one of my married lady friends at the hotel, and enlist her services as a medium—ladies being so clever at the art of bringing about such pleasant little interludes in life. On reflection, however, I abandoned this design, feeling persuaded that if Miss Newman had really made up her mind not to encourage the acquaintance, any round-about manoeuvre of this nature would only induce a stronger feeling of aversion. Women do not like the intervention of third parties in such matters, and the least suspicion of "management" on the part of others, not immediately interested, often ruins the game of love. There is something heroic in the unaided struggles of a man to accomplish a determined object; and heroism in a lover is a woman's delight! It was a comfort to believe that she knew that. I was in pursuit of her, and I resolved to besiege the fortress by dint of sheer perseverance. I had now become acquainted with her habits of exercise, and had sufficient wisdom to avoid a direct encounter, while I did not fail to keep myself informed of her daily outgoings. Invariably she was accompanied by her female attendant, and by no one else.

All this was very trying, and at times made my prospects appear almost hopeless. Even my Sabbath worshipings brought her no nearer, but rather the reverse; for, finding that I regularly sat in the same angle of observation, and was intent upon the study of her fair features rather than absorbed in the duties of the sanctuary, she kept her veil down and her face averted. I could not bring myself to believe that personally I was obnoxious to her; but rather that her temperament, or perhaps exceeding timidity, induced her to shun general society; or, if I was wrong in this conclusion, then the old farmer's theory was correct, and that she was suffering from some deep affliction, which made quiet retirement her only consolation. But to abandon so fair a prize on such grounds I felt to be utterly impossible. Time and courage, I believed, would finally befriend me, and I practiced patience until I realized that it was indeed a virtue.

One afternoon I determined to take advantage of her absence from her lodgings, during her walk upon the sea-shore, and make the acquaintance of Dame Martin. She was a very venerable and quiet old woman, who seldom went beyond her own door-steps. On this occasion she was sitting at the open window knitting, and I strolled up to within speaking-distance and offered a few general observations upon the beauty of the weather. The old lady seemed inclined to be affable, and hope illumined my heart.

"I dare say," said the dame, "that you're one of the hotel folks, I see you goin' by here so often. Hotel's putty full, I reckon? We don't hear much o' what's goin' on down there, it's so far off."

"No, I suppose not; but you are so pleas-

antly situated here that you've no inclination to go elsewhere. I don't blame you. For my part, if I had been so fortunate as to have secured accommodation with you, I'd not stay a day longer where I am. Your husband tells me you have no rooms to spare."

"Oh! you're the young man, then, that he spoke about?" and here her affability showed a decided tendency toward the freezing-point, and a change came over the spirit of my dream. "No, all our rooms was engaged long ago, and we can't take no more boarders this season. Maybe next year, if you come along this way, we can accommodate you; but we can't do it now noways."

"I shall certainly try then next season," I rejoined—"that is, of course, if the young lady who is now staying with you does not engage all your spare rooms. I should not want to interfere with her arrangements."

"Wa'al I don't know how that'll be. Miss Newman hain't said nothing yet about next season; but ef she wants her rooms again she shall have 'em; and then we don't want no boarders beside."

"She is not fond, then, of society?"

"Why of course she ain't. Howsumever that ain't no good a speakin' of, and I've got to look arter the cows now; so I'll wish you a good-evenin'." And with this peremptory bar to further conversation Dame Martin hobbled off to the cow-yard.

That "of course she ain't" fond of society was my thought companion all the way back to the hotel, and for many hours during the night. "Why *of course*?" I asked myself repeatedly, and without satisfaction. At any rate, here was confirmation strong of the fact of some serious heart-sorrow, which was not to be cured or alleviated—at least for the present—by any "society" which I had it in my power, as a stranger, to offer. I must wait, patiently wait the ministration of time before forcing my devoted regards upon her attention.

This seemed now to be irremediable, and thus several weeks passed without progress on my part. Indeed, what could I do but watch and wait? And in all this period not a day passed that I did not watch over my lamb of hope as if she were already in my fold. Although unseen by her, I observed her, from my retired point of view on the cliffs, take her walk upon the sea-shore with her companion, going and returning with the regularity of clock-work. How strange it seemed to me that she never went out alone—never, as it were, without her shadow, who certainly did not seem to me to come up to the requisite characteristics of so fair and so refined a lady's companion. If Miss Newman had betrayed any of the signs of an invalid, of a person in bereavement, or of one sustaining an exceptional position in life, it would have been less remarkable. On the contrary, the bloom of health, perfect health, as well as beauty, was upon her countenance, and the strength and vigor of youth was in every action. As to

bereavement, I soon began to doubt that any sorrow or disappointment had ever tinged her experience. More than once I saw her smiling at some jocose remark of her companion, and once distinctly heard her laughing—possibly at myself—as I passed them with a half solicitous glance on her way home from church.

Matters were in this unsatisfactory condition when, as I sat one morning on the piazza of the hotel, twirling my mustache and pretending to listen to the story of a fishing excursion, told for the ninety-ninth time by my old friend Jim Dalton, Farmer Martin came jogging along the road in his wagon. Seeing me, he pulled up and hailed me with,

"Hullo, Mr. Langley! I thought I'd jest stop to tell yer that if yer conclude to make that change yer was a-talkin' of, and want a room at my house, you can have it, cos Miss Newman's gone away, and ain't comin' back this season."

"Gone away!" I exclaimed, taking one stride from the piazza to the farmer's wagon—"Miss Newman gone away? When? Where?"

"Wa'al, it was a kind of a sudding thing on her part. She meant to 'a staid till the end of the month, but she heard suthin' or other which changed her mind, and so she's paid up full board, like a lady as she is, and is a-goin' to New York by the 12 o'clock train to-day. So yer can have the rooms any time arter she's left."

"Ah! then she's not yet left. By the noon train, did you say? It wants a quarter of an hour to the time. I think I can manage it;" and I rushed off, leaving Farmer Martin in a condition of bewilderment, and in entire uncertainty as to the future leasing of Miss Newman's deserted rooms.

I had just time to make a confidant of Jim Dalton, who was all amazement at my suddenly galvanized condition.

"Jim," said I, "do me a favor. I've no time to explain, but will do so on the road. Send for your wagon, old fellow, and drive me to the railroad. The stage has gone, and I *must* catch the 12 o'clock train to town. Look sharp; I'll get my duds in my carpet-bag and be with you in a jiffy."

Dalton instantly ordered his buggy and I mounted to my room, three stairs at a time, crammed a few necessary things into my bag, and descended just in time to meet the buggy from the stable. My companion laid the lash on freely, and we whirled around the hotel and were on the road to the dépôt in a shorter time than I ever in my life before attempted to catch a railroad train when short of time.

"Now, Ned," said he, "what the deuce is up, I'd like to know? Did that stupid farmer give you any bad news? Is your grandmother dying and not yet made her will? Look here, my boy, if there's any *money* in this business, I shall come in with a big bill for services rendered. Get up, Princess, we haven't a minute to lose!"

As we dashed along, sending the sandy dust flying like mad atoms above the wheels, and frightening all the old market-women along the road, I managed to impart to Jim Dalton the object I had in view. I hastily sketched my unsuccessful love-chase of the preceding few weeks, and my determination to pursue the matter "to its bitter or its triumphant end." I described the personal charms of my beloved, but unknown, Amelia, and drew her features with Titian-like fidelity on the airy canvas of the less impassioned imagination of my companion; and when I told him that my dove was just escaping from me without my possessing the slightest clew to her residence or her family, Jim laid another energetic lash upon the mare and swore that, rather than be too late, he'd run the beast into the blind staggers. "However," said he, "we've got time enough, I think: let me see, fully five minutes yet, and you know it's a way train, and it never starts punctually."

The act of looking at his watch, however, diverted his attention from the mare, and pulling too suddenly on the wrong rein the wheel nearest to myself struck sharply against a hay cart, which was at the moment obstructing the road, and I was sent with a violent jerk clean out of the buggy, and fell heavily against a stone wall which separated the road from an adjoining field. I soon recovered myself, but at once perceived that my shoulder-bone was out of its socket, and an intense pain made me incapable of further movement. It was impossible to proceed to my destination, but a happy thought simultaneously occurred to us both.

"Jim," said I, "I don't think it's any thing serious, and with the help of this man" (the driver of the hay cart, who had come to our assistance) I can get back to the hotel, where Doctor C—— will set the bone in a jiffy. Just you go on, my good fellow, and do the business for me. You can get back by to-morrow night, and I'll bless you all the rest of your life, and set up a monument over you when you are dead. Take my bag and use the contents. Fly, my best-beloved Mercury—fly on the wings of love and duty! See where she lives. Get some clew for me to follow her up when I get well, and telegraph me of your progress. Mind, don't write, old fellow, but telegraph; I shall be too impatient to await your return or even your letters. Telegraph at once."

Jim was off with the mare and out of sight before I could get comfortably laid out on the farmer's load of hay, and he sent horse and buggy back to the hotel with the welcome information that he was at the dépôt "on time" before I had reached the hotel myself. There Dr. C——, that ever-faithful setter of bones, manipulated mine with perfect success, and I was comfortably bundled up in bed with a prospect of penitential patience before me, long before the railroad train, with its interesting travelers, could have reached its destination.

I had given Dalton such minute and particular description of Miss Newman's personal appearance that I knew he could not mistake her; and, on the whole, I thought, as it turned out, the arrangement was far better than if I myself had played the part of the lovers' spy. My messenger was faithful and true—an indefatigably patient fellow, and as reliable a friend for such a business as could have been selected. He performed his part well, as the result will show.

That night, before tea-time, I got his telegram. I tore open the envelope with eager haste, and read as follows:

"NEW YORK, August —, 18—: So far, all right. I recognized her easily. She is all you described her—particularly the eyes and nose. They are stopping at the B—— House. Registered her name as residing at X-ville, and they leave for that place to-morrow. Shall I follow to destination? Hope you are not much hurt.
"Yours, JIM."

I immediately sent a return telegram for him to follow the travelers, and to send me a message from X-ville. It was not until late the next day that I received the second message, the purport of which occasioned me much anxiety. It ran thus:

"X-VILLE, August —, 18—: She resides here, and is the daughter of the late Doctor Newman, one of the first families of the place. Miss N. met with an accident in her youth. Great misfortune—can't be helped. Who would have thought it? Of course you will give up all idea of matrimony. I return at once, and will give you particulars when we meet.
"Yours, JIM."

"Heavens and earth!" I exclaimed, "what does the man mean by these dreadful insinuations without any particulars? I can't wait till we meet—I must know at once. 'Accident in her youth'—'Great misfortune!' Either something important has been omitted from the telegram or Jim wishes to prepare my mind for something worse to come."

Such were my reflections, and the state of mind into which I was thrown was scarcely to be endured. But for my bodily prostration I would have flown to X-ville and unraveled the mystery myself. As it was, I could only telegraph Dalton immediately: "Be more explicit." Perhaps he would receive the message before he could leave X-ville, or it might intercept him at New York. He would at any rate stop at his club for his letters as he passed through the city, and even then I should get his answer several hours before we met. I accordingly telegraphed to both places. Dalton got back to the sea-side that evening, and gave me all the particulars regarding Miss Newman; but his telegram had reached me some time before his arrival, and had done the business for me. It was as laconic as a Spartan message; but it would have been quite superfluous to have made it longer. Thus it read:

"N. Y. CLUB, August —, 18—: The nose, which you so much admire, is a false one."

Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE are certain things which every man feels that he ought to do merely because every body else does them, and he is haunted by a sense of inequality and loss so long as they remain undone. Sometimes they are resisted for a long time; but we all gradually succumb, or if the doing suddenly becomes impossible we never cease to regret the loss. Once in Berkshire County, in Massachusetts, before Lenox became so fashionable a summer resort as it is now, the Easy Chair remembers asking one of the visitors at the old hotel at the corner whether he had been to Tyringham, one of the Shaker settlements in the neighborhood, and within a gentle, rural drive of an hour or so. "No," was the reply; "I wish to keep something unseen." It was neatly said, and gave the author a brief reputation of mature worldly wisdom in a circle of very young men; for very young men are very liable to be ashamed of eagerness or enthusiasm. But if that Solomon of an hour had left Lenox without seeing Tyringham—why he might as well not have seen the Shakers at Lebanon. And if a man has not seen the Shakers at Lebanon why, pray, has he been to Lenox?

If the author of the little reply had been really wiser, a lurking wisdom might have been suspected in his answer; as indeed there was great sagacity in a similar rejoinder which the Easy Chair afterward heard in Sicily. Sitting upon the balcony of the hotel, which at that remote period commanded the graceful outline of the bay of Palermo, one American traveler said to another, "Shall you go up Etna?" and the other replied, "No, I have not time;" and then added, "And if I did go, somebody else would have been down into the crater." That was a truly sensible view. It was the adroit consolation of perceiving that even if he could do what was suggested there was still something else that he could not do, which must necessarily diminish his satisfaction. Logically, indeed, he might have been carried much too far. For let him travel never so diligently and look at sights by day and by night there would still be somebody who would turn all his cake to dough again by having been a little further and having done a little more. If he went into the interior of the ball of St. Peter's some tooth-picking idler at table would have crawled outside of it; and if he boasted of having stood upon the apex of the Great Pyramid, his neighbor would have lunched upon the head of the Sphinx. The Easy Chair can not therefore advise any reader not to go to Florence because he may not have time to see Rome, nor to miss Niagara because his friend is going to the Mississippi.

And, indeed, to so many minds there is such sad disillusion in travel that, not to reduce the whole earth to plain prose, it may be wisely recommended to leave much unseen that there may be a wide preserve for the imagination. There is a super-refinement of consolation to which some minds may be equal in the thought that if Italy, for instance, were actually seen, it would cease to be Italy. The poetic image would fade away, and the realm of romance become mere common earth and cloud. Does no pilgrim to the Eternal City, even after a long and pleasant

residence, strive to recall the glittering mirage, which was Rome to him before he saw Rome, and strive sadly and in vain? It was a dream, and seeing is the shock of awaking. We know that we dreamed, but we can not recall the vanished splendor. Yet who would lose such a reality for any dream however fair? See Rome if you can. If you can not—ah! then take your choice of consolations.

But we are speaking now of the great prizes of experience which are not within general discretion. There are plenty of more modest enterprises which every man may or may not undertake, and yet which oppress him with a sense of loss if he has left untried. The most common is that of reading a certain book which every body has read and every body is discussing. A certain perversity sometimes defrauds a man of this real pleasure, and it is very difficult afterward to recover it. "I am sick of the very name," a man says, and afterward he is conscious that he made a very foolish speech. There was Miss Bremer's "Neighbors." Suddenly the whole American world fell to reading "The Neighbors." Every body knew a "Bear," and perhaps a "Mère," if those were the proper sobriquets, for the Easy Chair blushes to confess that it was seized by the wicked perversity and has never read "The Neighbors." Alas! when can it hope to establish that equality with its contemporaries? If you do not happen to know, how easy it is to imagine, some doughty protestant who has never read "Uncle Tom's Cabin." How easy to see him gloating over the advertisement! "Two hundred and seventieth thousand! Indeed! And if it were the two hundred and seventieth million I'll be darned if I read it." Why dwell upon so lamentable a case! But, at least, how conceivable!

Some six years ago the Easy Chair remembers describing in these pages an oration by Edward Everett. It was the only time it ever heard Mr. Everett; and it heard him then, as it were, by main force. Hearing Mr. Everett was one of the things which every body had done except this Easy Chair. It was conscious that for many and many years Mr. Everett had been considered the chief of American orators. Those whom the Easy Chair honored, as it can honor few, spoke with enthusiasm of his triumphs at a period indeed when it was wholly impracticable for the Easy Chair to hear him, and for the same reason that he could not have helped toss the tea into Boston harbor. Mr. Everett was no longer a young man. If he were ever to be heard he must be heard soon. The Easy Chair perceived the urgent necessity of action, and reasoned with itself in this way: "Shouldn't you think that a man who might have heard Richard Henry Lee, or Patrick Henry, or James Otis, or Henry Clay, or Daniel Webster, or George Canning, or William Pitt, a hundred times, yet who never took the trouble to cross the street for that purpose, a very poor kind of fellow? He would have robbed his experience, would he not? He would have as foolishly squandered his opportunities as if he had dropped asleep in the diligence as he passed a view of Mont Blanc, would he not? Well, then, Mr. Everett is neither Mont Blanc

nor Demosthenes; but he is one of the most famous of living orators, and in the course of nature he must presently pass away. What now do you think of an Easy Chair which pretends to enjoy oratory as well as to like to enrich its experience, and which, unless it stirs its stumps, will have to say to the little chairs around it, that it never heard Mr. Everett, because it would have cost a little effort?" The Easy Chair could not resist its own arguments and latent sneers, and, taking the trouble, heard Mr. Everett.

THERE was another of these ghosts of neglected opportunities which it has only just now laid. That was seeing Hackett's Falstaff. For how many years has the chance not been offered, and for how many, not spurned but not improved? There is indeed always a perplexing suddenness about Mr. Hackett's appearances. You do not hear of him in other parts of the country. Indeed, if his name is mentioned, you probably think of him as retired from the stage, and while you are regretting that you have never taken the little necessary pains to hear him—presto, there is his name on the bills! Hackett in Falstaff for five nights, or for a very limited engagement. But the suddenness is as confusing as the gift of the three wishes to the woodman and his wife. It is as if you did not have the chance, so many and so pressing are your engagements; and instead of the hundred nights, the week after week of other stars, the five evenings end, and you are again exposed to that pitiless question: "Why, you surprise me! Have you never heard Hackett?"

"Yes, I have," the Easy Chair can at last say. It has seen Hackett's Falstaff in Henry the Fourth and in the Merry Wives; and despite the loud lamentation over the decline and decay of the legitimate drama, it is a remarkable fact that on the evening upon which Henry Fourth was played, Lear, Hamlet, and Othello were also represented at other theatres in the city. Mr. Bogumil Davison played Hamlet, Mr. Fairclough Othello, and some brave boy of the Bowery the wretched Lear. Also, the Japanese tumbled at the Academy, and the Black Crook was renewed with still more splendid splendors at Niblo's. But a modest party passed those enticing portals—beyond which how vainly they would have looked for the dim, damp alcoves and bowers of the original Niblo's Garden!—and held steadily on to the Broadway Theatre, as the old Wallack's is now called. Alas! so poor a disciple of the players is the Easy Chair that it had not seen the interior of Wallack's since the brief and intense day—or night—of Miss Heron as *Camille*! What an evanescent glory that was! A young woman came unknown from the Western theatres and played *Camille* one stormy Saturday evening. The Monday morning's papers told us that a new *diva* had alighted upon earth, and Rachel and the rest were already antiquated. The eager public hastened to see, and for how many nights did not Miss Heron cough through every stage of consumption to the inexpressible delight of the audience! At last every body had seen the play. "That little pipe was smoked." She tried other parts. Perhaps she played them well; but well or ill, the public had passed on to some new idol, and never to the knowledge of the Easy Chair returned to worship at the deserted shrine.

It was impossible to recognize in the theatre of to-day that of the Heron era. Yet in one point it is to be commended. There are no superfluous partitions, and the house is wholly open to the avenues of escape in case of extremity. But how dim and forlorn it was! How few people there were, and how they seemed to thank each other for having come! One glance at the theatre showed that want of prosperity which reacts like a blight upon the spectator's spirits. It was bare and barnlike, and it was impossible not to remember Miss Snellicci's bespeak and other dismal passages of histrionic chronicles. Every body coming in was uncomfortably conspicuous, and the evident surprise of each newcomer that there were no more in the house detected him profoundly, and added to the general gloom. There were no cat-calls; no buzz of conversation; no incessant rustle of the drapery of the beautiful and young, as they circled and poised and pointed before settling into their seats. There was none of that charming confusion and movement of a rapidly filling house which promises such spirit in the performance, and such satisfaction in the audience. A crowd bent upon pleasure in a brilliant room magnetizes itself. But when the boys called the bill of the play there was a tremendous sound in their voices as if we were sitting in a whispering gallery. You wanted to cry, "Sht! not so loud!" as if we were gathered at a funeral. Then the orchestra came out from under the stage. Thank Heaven! that tradition lingers. But the orchestra seemed awkward also, as if they felt it ill mannered to be more numerous than the audience. We looked at them and they at us in friendly sympathy. But hist! Rap, rap! The conductor has knocked with his bow, and poising it in the air, and looking first toward his right, then toward his left, he lifts it with a heroic swoop, and away they go, slam bang, in a rattling overture of Auber's.

It was very well played, and Music is so kindly a magician that the sound of her voice made us all feel more cheerfully, so that when the curtain went up we could the better resist the desolate aspect of the stage behind it. Let it be enough that the dais upon which stood the throne of the Majesty of England would have been more imposing and satisfactory if it had been covered, even scantily, with the humblest of carpets, instead of presenting itself baldly as a pine box. It was heroic, but not harmonious with the scene. It was truthful also, but we had paid our money for an illusion. The King himself was delightful. He was as good as Forrest when that renowned actor is most himself. He did the "business" with a professional ease that was truly refreshing. Every tone, every gesture, every pose, every movement was according to the most accepted traditions. And indeed, why not? How much better to do the work in the regular way, which if commonplace is at least tolerable, than to struggle hopelessly after originality. The latter error his Majesty carefully avoided, and we offer him this little tribute of unaffected thanks.

At last and soon came Falstaff upon the scene. It was unmistakable. It was the Falstaff of tradition—the huge, hulking, rollicking gentleman gone to seed. It was well dressed, but the gait was hardly satisfactory. He strutted in a half-jaunty manner. We imagine Falstaff wholly

unctuous and walking easily, or waddling in his walk. Indeed we have in one word made our criticism of Hackett's Falstaff; it lacked a universal and constant unctuousness. There were hard moments; impressions of dryness: the face not always jolly. If the fat man must have an intellectual dream at times, he was too intellectual at those times. There was a sudden chill and curdle of sympathy with him upon his necessary perception of his own humiliation which is inconsonant with the idea of Falstaff. He seemed superior to himself, as if he were playing a part, and that is fatal. This, of course, is only occasional—and, indeed, with such a house! How much may be pardoned to the veteran who looked out upon the thin congregation, and remembered the evenings at the old Park, for instance!

The voice was delightful. The fat laugh chuckling away into silence, or exploding in irrepressible fun, was inimitable; and in the great scene where he describes the Gadshill fight—"I knew ye, Hal!" the transition of expression and tone, from the truculent boasting to the pure glee of the audacious lie, was admirable. There is great harmony and consistency in the representation, with the touches of dryness of which we spoke. It must be said that you find the Falstaff you bring. The character is not differently conceived, perhaps, in any detail from that of the general reader of the play. The actor throws no new light upon it—reveals no new outline. It is in this like Ristori's Elizabeth. It is the usual popular idea faithfully rendered. And in the case of such characters as Queen Elizabeth and Jack Falstaff the positive lines are so deeply drawn that no variation is practicable without suspicion.

But there are some actors—Rachel was one—who inform their parts with a wholly unexpected and incalculable meaning, or, in any case, who take so profound a hold of the spectator that it seems to him he has never understood the character before. We must not refine upon such distinctions. Possibly they are only other terms for suggesting the indescribable impression of genius. In this country we can not estimate Hackett's Falstaff by comparison, because nobody disputes the representation with him. He has it to himself. It is accorded to him as Lady Macbeth was to Mrs. Siddons. Dowton, indeed, is well remembered in this part by some of that delightful class of our fellow-citizens, the old play-goers. But however excellent he may have been, Hackett has evidently studied in the same general English school, and reproduces its familiar points. Indeed, his command of the stage, for one who is now only a very occasional actor, is remarkable.

In the *Merry Wives*, which is a romping, jolly comedy, he makes more fun, but is perfectly consistent with himself. It is altogether a simple, natural rendering of a very simple part, and can not be said to be overdone. They were two very pleasant evenings—why did not more people come? It was so sad, so forlorn, and we were all a little afraid to laugh lest a solitary cackle should excite attention. The theatre, indeed, is very far down town. A great many people also have seen the actor in the part. Some, possibly, doubted the adequacy of the support, which, however, in the *Merry Wives*, was cap-

ital. The Easy Chair does not recall the names of the ladies who played Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford, but they played so well that, asking pardon for his forgetfulness, he makes them a low bow. They, with the rest, quite shoved the dreary theatre and the pitiful audience out of consciousness, and left us nothing to think of but their own gay intrigues and merry devices. And what a wonder it was when Falstaff entered as the fat aunt of Brentford! So comical a figure is seldom seen.

After all, we hope that the thin house was only like a chilly, rainy day in June—a dismal exception—and that the genial and evergreen actor has usually that smiling and delighted multitude which so delightful a performance ought to attract.

OUR fellow Easy Chairs who are wondering what they shall do to pass away the summer, may not have thought of the happy device of staying at home and making brief little excursions into the country. There is great comfort in a great city during the heats of summer. In Italy the summer drives people out of the country into town, and the thick stone walls of the houses, and the high narrow streets, secure shade and coolness even in the most scorching weather. How pleasant they are, those Italian towns, at this season! Every body lives upon the balcony, at the door, in the café. In the morning you meet people clad in cool clothes stealing quietly along in the still streets, and see them seating themselves upon the sidewalk in front of the café. The waiter brings coffee, a roll, an egg perhaps, and the Italian gravely reads his little morning paper or chats with his neighbor as he tranquilly takes his refreshment. A flower-girl hands him—and especially hands the stranger—a neat little nosegay, and so sweet—so sweet! You can smell those sweet Florentine nosegays twenty years away! Even at that distance they seem as fresh and delicious as ever. And the pretty girl too! And the smiling *Bon giorno, Signore!* The smile and the tone are the most exquisite flattery. "Oh dear! how pleasant it is to live out here!" says Americus to his traveling companion—Americus, upon whom that fascinating flower-girl has fixed her eye, and to whom she has tossed her prettiest nosegay and her archest smile. Americus lights his pipe and watches her musingly through the smoke as she moves down the street, turning to fling a half-dozen bunches of blossoms into the carriage of his American Lordship Smeeth, who has set forth upon his mission of "doing" Florence.

Well, and where shall *we* go this morning? say the loiterers at the café to each other. The choice will be one of two directions: either to a great, spacious, cool palace, or a great, spacious, cool church, to look at pictures. They pay the scot—and such a reasonable little scot it is!—and saunter slowly along with a languid curiosity, as if now the world had become so old that nothing remained for a summer pastime but to see what it had been doing all its life. Every step of the way is historic—for this is Florence, or Mantua, or Pisa, or Rome. The mind and the memory are full every moment; and if, avoiding churches and palaces and pictures, you will devote yourself to what is merely to be seen as you stroll

and sit, look into William Story's *Roba di Roma* to discover all that you may see.

No, fellow Easy Chair, you can not stay in New York all the season and make little excursions to San Miniato, and the Villa d'Este, and the Galleria at Albano. But you can slip off to West Point, to the Catskills, to Long Branch, to Trenton Falls, to Newport, to Saratoga, or into the New England hills. You can go by the day-boat or the night-boat to Albany. Now do not turn this page with sneering contempt at such a suggestion. There are four hours of a soft moonlight June evening from the foot of Canal Street to Newburg Bay, which are as full of intrinsic beauty and romance as any hours you can find, as you glide through scenery exquisite in itself, and decorated with the most interesting historic association.

We are not going to argue the great case of the Hudson against the Rhine, for that case has been finally decided not to be a debatable difference. Like the case of the pear against the peach, or of the red rose against the white, it has been ruled out of court. But what a boat this steamer is! The *Drew*, if you choose, or the *St. John*. It is precisely what innumerable reporters in their own chaste style have often called it—a floating palace. There is nothing like it in the world. Heron suggested that one of these river steamers, erected in the gardens of the Exposition in Paris, would convey a clearer idea of American luxury and civilization than any thing we have sent. It is wood, gilding, and paint turned to the most effective account, but upon a scale which is surprising and imposing. Ah! if the manners of the traveling public could be admonished and ameliorated by all this outlay! But the gentleman who occupies the next state-room will slam his door and *will* dash his boots down as if he were Robinson Crusoe upon his desert isle. He will insist upon forgetting or disregarding the great truth that there are other travelers besides himself whose comfort he might very easily consider. After all, the hog is *not* the beau-ideal of a model of manners. But how many of us upon our travels seem to fear that if we are gentle and polite somebody will think that we are green and do not know how to get our money's-worth! Also to smoke a pipe upon a deck covered with ladies—to display our boots upon the arms of a chair or the railing of the boat—these are not amenities of travel, but they are sometimes practiced by the sovereigns who travel in the floating palaces.

Why, also, because the boat reaches Albany at five o'clock in the morning, should the extremely affable waiters storm so tremendously at your state-room door if you do not arise at the very first moment? "The comfort of the Albany boats," says some enthusiastic and well-meaning but profoundly ignorant friend of that method of transportation, "is, that you can sleep until any hour in the morning!" Never was a more lamentable mistake! You may sleep until five A.M., and no later. First, there are your enterprising neighbors in the next room who are going West by the early train. They bounce out at the first moment, and laugh and chatter while they dress. They also sing their matutinal hymns, and gayly slam the door as they depart to catch the cars. Then comes the officer who collects the tickets. Far off his com-

ing sounds! Knock, knock; knock, knock; nearer and nearer; and the affable but peremptory tone. There is no possible compromise. Your door is locked—the ticket is in your pocket. Painfully you arise and thrust it through the crack of the door which you open. Then you bolt it again and woo the sweet restorer. Delusive courtship! The urgent waiter jerks and tries and shakes the door. The first time failing, he tries it again. It is not more than six o'clock, and patience gives way.

"What the —— are you doing at my door?"

"Time to get up, Sir!" energetically.

"Time to go to the ——, Sir!" and bang goes the door.

Presently another vigorous assault. "Want the soiled linen, Sir!"

No answer. But imagine whether there is any sleep!

"Woman must have the clothes, Sir!"

Ah! how refreshing it would be to hurl all the contents of the room, clothes, mattresses, water-jugs, and bowls, incontinently out at the door and at that pertinacious head! Well, it is a struggle in which you are inevitably worsted. The part of wisdom is to succumb at the first summons and save your temper, since you can not save your sleep.

But let no home-keeping Easy Chair be dismayed. What though every little excursion has its disadvantages! You can not do a wiser thing at the close of a mad-dog day than to go tranquilly upon the great steamer at the foot of Canal Street and float up to Albany. Then if, like a wise man, you take the day-boat back to the city, it will be your own fault if you have not seen the Hudson.

Poor little "All Right!" Will public opinion do nothing to prevent a wanton and reckless exposure of human life? Within one recent week two or three men went to sea upon an open raft; two other men deliberately pounded each other to a jelly; and a little boy, compelled by his father to hang by his hands to a rope over the pit of a theatre, fell forty feet, and was fortunately—or unfortunately, as it may prove—not killed. The law forbids the pounding, but it does not forbid a parent to expose the life of his child for profit. Yet if it interferes to save two men of mature years from the consequences of punching and prodding and gouging and beating each other with their own consent, why should it not interfere to prevent a parent or guardian from compelling his young minor child or ward to risk his life for the mere excitement of a gaping crowd?

It is said that the Japanese boy did not lose his hold, but the rope gave way. Indeed! And why should a boy be hanging to a rope, by whose sudden relaxation he may fall and dash his brains out? Is it fine nerve, fine training, fine muscle, and a noble spectacle? It is not a noble spectacle. It is a hideous sight. It is a perfectly useless exposure of human life. The cant of muscle is the most disgusting of all cant. Of what conceivable advantage to any body in any way was Blondin's walking over the Niagara River upon a tight-rope trundling a wheel-barrow? It was of precisely the same benefit to mankind as the jumping of Sam Patch at the Genesee Falls. It was as noble a spectacle as

that of a man eating a whole sheep at a sitting for a wager. Do we need the Benicia Boy to prove to us that a sound physical training is desirable? Do we wish our sons to be Tom Cribbs? Such men are as exceptional as the Belgian giant. It is a good thing to move gracefully. Shall we therefore applaud the poor girl who devotes herself day and night to poisoning herself upon the point of her great toe? The Benicia Boy could deal a blow like a trip-hammer; but he was not strong in the true sense—that of endurance. So a little fellow acquires the peculiar agility of “All Right” by the sacrifice of every thing most desirable in a boy. A taste for exhibitions of such wasted strength and address is just as morbid as a taste for monsters in China or for stimulating drugs. It shows what the human frame is capable of; yes, but there are many capabilities of that frame which it is better for us not to see.

It is painful that the newspapers still insult the better part of the public with the revolting details of a prize-fight. The whole business has no trace of any thing generous, heroic, noble, or humane. It is more humiliating than a cock-fight. It is more disgusting than the shambles. It is more degrading and demoralizing than a public hanging. The principals are brutish; the spectators are mostly of the criminal classes. No honorable and intelligent man has or can

have any real interest in such a scene; yet it is as carefully reported as if it were of some service to society. Such reports directly pander to the meanest and worst of passions; nor is it any excuse that they are news. There are many events which fall under that head which no honorable man will reproduce. There are filthy details in many matters even of necessary publicity for printing which there is no excuse. A man does not lose his moral sense nor his moral responsibility by becoming a publisher, nor has he any more right to connive at the corruption of public sentiment because he is an editor than because he is a private citizen. Publishers often allege that they are not moral censors, that they can not be responsible for the advertisements which are sent to them. They are not responsible for the advertisements, but they certainly are for the publication of them. Would the man who makes this kind of excuse print an advertisement of a gambling-house or worse? Why not? Whatever his reason may be it destroys his pretense that he can not be responsible, for he shows that he is so by refusing to publish what he thinks is intolerable.

The walking of a little child upon ropes stretched forty or fifty or a hundred feet high in the air should not be tolerated as a public entertainment by the generous public opinion of this country.

Literary Notices.

Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature. By JOHN M'CLINTOCK, D.D., and JAMES STRONG, S.T.D. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)—The comprehensive design of this work is to furnish a book of reference on all topics pertaining to Historical, Doctrinal, and Practical Theology. That a work of this kind is now needed is beyond doubt. Within the present generation so much has been added to our knowledge of what may be strictly termed Biblical Literature that the clergyman who knows only what he can learn from Calmet, Horne, and even Kitto, is far behind the march of the science. To our mind this special branch of Theological Literature seems now to be well-nigh exhausted. We do not expect that there will be any text of the Scriptures more essentially free from gloss or error than that which we now have. We do not anticipate that future scholars will ever be able to produce a greatly better Hebrew Lexicon than that of Gesenius, or one of the New Testament Greek which shall in any essential respect be superior to that of our lamented Robinson. We believe that the best Hebrew or Greek scholar of to-day may know nearly every thing pertaining to Holy Writ which can be known to his best successor a century hence. Some things—among which we include the Multiplication Table, the First Books of Euclid, and what pertains to the true understanding of the meaning and intent of the Sacred Writers—get themselves finally closed up. There are, indeed, a score or so of points yet undecided; such, for example, as the Baptism for the Dead, whereof Paul speaks, some terms in Natural History, and the identification of a

few places mentioned in Hebrew history. But for all practical purposes we may fairly set down that department of human knowledge which pertains to Biblical Literature as finished. Little more can by any possibility be learned of the history of the books of the Sacred Canon, and of the lives of apostles and prophets, or of the Saviour, than is now known. Any future Strauss or Rénan or Colenso may speculate at will; they may guess and gloss; but every fact with which they can have to do stands ineffaceably written. In that department of this Encyclopædia which has come under the charge of Mr. Strong we may consider the account closed. No man yet to come can tell us or our children any thing important which Mr. Strong can not, and which, we believe, he has not told or will not tell us. In Mr. M'Clintock's department there is, indeed, room for discussion and disputation. Wise and good men may differ as to Pelagius and Augustine, Calvin and Arminius, Wesley and Edwards. Few men attached to any one of the great Christian denominations would accept as a fair statement of their views any representation put forth by the most honest man of another sect. In a work, therefore, which may claim to be of authority, the several articles on various Christian denominations must be prepared by members of those denominations. These men must be allowed to tell, and in their own way, what they hold. Such is the promise of the conductors of this work; and, so far as the volume now before us goes, we believe it has been honestly performed.—The first volume of this Cyclopædia comprises nearly 1000 pages, each containing somewhat more than a page of this Magazine,

or about five pages of an ordinary duodecimo volume. There are, as we count, in this volume about 3500 separate articles, which are illustrated by 400 engravings. Most of the articles are short, consisting of only a few lines; but not a few of the most important rise to the rank of exhaustive treatises. Thus, that on the "Authorized English Version" of the Bible gives a condensed history of the earlier translations of the Holy Writ into our language, with sufficient specimens to illustrate their character; then the history of our present version as it was originally issued, and as it now appears in standard editions; the gradual changes which have crept into it; and a comparison with the other versions into our language which have come into use. The man, whether cleric or layman, who has mastered this article, knows every thing really essential which has been written on the subject; yet, if he wishes to go further, there is appended to the article an almost exhaustive list of works upon this subject. We adduce this article merely as a specimen of the more elaborate treatises embodied in this Cyclopædia. For the less elaborate articles we may say that it is promised that they shall include every proper name, whether of person or place, found in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments; every object of natural history mentioned or alluded to; every implement, every habit or custom—every thing, in brief, which can make the man of to-day acquainted with the life of the people who, though dead for thousands of years, still live in the influence which they, and the faith given to their charge, have exerted for generations, and will continue to exert through all the ages of time. No other work in this department has ever been executed, or even projected, of a scope so comprehensive as this Cyclopædia; and we venture the assertion that, next after a Bible and a Concordance, it will be considered the first requisite in the library of every clergyman.

History of the American Civil War. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER. Volume I. This volume is in a sense introductory. In it Professor Draper undertakes to set forth the "causes of the war," and to narrate the "events preparatory to it, up to the close of President Buchanan's Administration." Saving the assault upon Fort Sumter, which at the time appeared a very large thing, but which, now that we have attained to something like historical perspective, appears almost infinitesimally small, it has not as yet fallen to Professor Draper to describe military events, the conduct of campaigns, and the shock of armies. How, therefore, he will succeed in this part of the work which he has undertaken must be left for the future to unfold. In so far as his work is now put forth it must be considered as a philosophical treatise. Dr. Draper's general theory of history is fully and ably developed in his great work upon the "Intellectual Development of Europe." In fact, one can trace it in his "Treatise on Human Physiology." In his view history is but the development of natural law; and the great law which governs human affairs is that of climate. Given a region of such a temperature, and you have the character of the people who will inhabit it; for although man, as a race, can exist in any climate which will afford him food, yet the different families of the race are circumscribed within definite lim-

its. What is vaguely called the temperate zone is the only one habitable by any of those peoples who have attained to civilization. But climate does not depend wholly on latitude; the isothermal lines which have been laboriously traced out by observers are, in Dr. Draper's view, the key to history. The January isotherm of 41° —that is, the line where that is the average temperature of the winter—is the centre of a zone of only a few degrees, out of which no great man has ever been produced; within which, in fact, all that we can properly denominate History has been enacted. If we trace this line for the northern hemisphere, starting from the Border States of the Union, we shall find it to leave the American coast near the mouth of Chesapeake Bay. Its path across the Atlantic is pushed northward by the warm Gulf Stream for nearly thirty degrees, until it touches the British Islands; then it descends southward through Europe, having on its south side Spain, France, Italy, and Greece; on its north side Great Britain, Germany, and Southern Russia. In Asia it passes through Persia, and bisects the Chinese Empire. Within not much more than ten degrees of this line, on either side, all civilization has been developed. Geographically there is a similar line in the southern hemisphere, but it is altogether a sea line, touching land at no point. So that south of the Equator no civilization has been attained. But within this zone of civilization there is a considerable range of temperature. It may be considered as divided into two parts—the southern and the northern. The southern, according to Dr. Draper, may be considered that where the mean summer temperature ranges from 77° to 84° . Within this, as is shown by his "Diagram of Isothermal Lines," is found no part of Europe. But within it, in the Old World, are Carthage and Egypt, Palestine, Assyria, and Persia: within it, in the New World, are the Southern States of the Union. The northern part of this zone of civilization includes the whole of Europe and the Northern States of the Union. Dr. Draper undertakes, in the light of history and science, to show what must be the character of the peoples inhabiting the respective parts of these zones, what institutions they will frame, and through what stages of individual, social, and political development they will pass; and also how their respective characters will be modified by artificial means which civilization introduces; such as clothing, food, and shelter, which create an artificial temperature; great intercommunication, whereby the two peoples are brought together, and thus each in a measure influences the other, and the like. Applying these principles to the case of the United States, he goes on to trace the growth of the country, the first approximation of the colonists in character and institutions, and their subsequent divergence, wherefrom arose the civil war. But every where throughout all runs the great law of climate. Thus: Were it not for the high summer temperature of the South there would have been no cotton; without cotton (for sugar culture was possible only in a very limited area) there could have been no slavery; and without slavery there could not have been the great divergency of thought, feeling, and modes of life between the peoples of the North and the South. He shows how this divergency manifested itself

in individual characteristics, manners, and politics, until it finally culminated in the American Civil War.—Such are, in brief, a few of the leading topics of which Dr. Draper treats in his Introductory Volume. They are treated in a style of grave dignity, rising every where into lofty eloquence befitting their magnitude. The volume is in a manner complete in itself, and even should the promised completion never be produced, it will take rank with the noblest works of the age. We can not doubt, however, that the History of the Civil War itself will fully sustain the credit so fairly won by this account of the causes which led to it. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

American Grape-Culture and Wine-Making.

By PETER B. MEAD. Few people have any idea of the commercial value of the grape. Of the great products of the earth it can not rank below the fourth; we are not sure that it does not stand second. Rice undoubtedly must have the first place. It is the staple, and, indeed, almost the sole food, of a third of the human race. Maize, whether used as a vegetable or as transmuted into beef and pork, we think comes next; then wheat, the standard cereal of Europe; then, if not before maize and wheat, the grape; next, fifth in order, is cotton. Of the wine crop of Europe, taking its value at 25 cents a gallon, its worth on the spot where produced is set down by good authorities at well-nigh eight hundred millions of dollars (Gustav Rewald's figures, as cited by Harazthy, are \$776,759,750). This is only what the producer receives; its cost to the consumer can not be less than doubled. Compare this with the commercial value of the late "King Cotton." The great American crop of 1860 is usually set down at somewhat more than four and a half millions of bales, of 450 pounds. Ten cents a pound was approximately the average price received by the producers, or say, at most, fifty dollars a bale. The American cotton crop of that year would then be worth not far from two hundred millions of dollars, or about a quarter of the value of the grape crop of Europe. The grape crop in Europe and the cotton crop of America bear very nearly the same ratio to the whole production of the world. Now it is affirmed upon unquestionable authority that the United States possess a region adapted to grape culture exceeding that of Europe. Sanguine Harazthy affirms that California alone has 5,000,000 acres fitted for the growth of the grape, just about that of France, and nearly equal to that of half Europe, and he judges that within another generation this will produce more than half a thousand millions of dollars' worth of wine. In fact, his calculation comes down even to the cents: it is in exact figures—551,823,208 dollars and 33 cents. Now, making all due allowance for special enthusiasms, there can be no doubt that the grape culture is now a matter of great industrial and social importance, and that its importance must steadily increase. No man whom we know, or of whom we can learn from our agricultural friends, is better acquainted with the subject of grape-growing in America than Mr. Mead. He has, moreover, the great advantage of perfect intimacy with Dr. Grant, one of the most successful grape-growers in America. What Mr. Mead tells us embodies his own observations and the experiences of Dr. Grant.

His monograph on grape-culture is therefore of the highest value. He tells, so plainly and practically that no one can mistake, all that years have taught him as to the culture of the vine in our region; what soils and location are adapted to the plant; how the vineyard should be laid out and cultivated; how the vines should be reared and trained; how the grapes, when designed for use as fruit, should be kept; and how, finally, their juice should be transformed into wine. Every part of the work which can be made more intelligible by the artist than by the writer has been profusely illustrated. Not a few of the illustrations of the vine are as faithful as though they were actual photographs; in fact, they are copies of photographs, taken from actual plants in various stages. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Partisan Life with Col. John S. Mosby. By Major JOHN SCOTT. Mosby is in a way a representative character of our war. Sundry persons have undertaken to narrate his exploits. "Major John Scott, of Fauquier, late C. S. A.," is indorsed by Mosby as the true historian. The Major, who announces himself as the author of "The Lost Principle," has performed his task more than reasonably well. From the brief biography, which we find almost at the close of the volume, we learn that John Singleton Mosby first saw light in 1833, "at the residence of his maternal grandfather," in some county or other in Virginia; that at the age of sixteen he entered the University of Virginia, where he began to show himself great in some branches of learning, notably that of the Greek language. But the peaceful progress of the lad was interrupted by what his biographer euphemistically styles "a personal difficulty," wherein young Mosby shot a fellow-student; and for this little misunderstanding was tried before a criminal court, and, as Major Scott avers, received the "harsh sentence" of six months' imprisonment and a fine of a thousand dollars: all that for just shooting a man. The prosecuting attorney, who, as Major Scott assures us, is "the ornament of the Court of Appeals of Virginia," never had so disagreeable a duty to perform as when he pressed the prosecution of this amiable youth. For his own part, "had he been in Mosby's place, he was quite sure he would have acted as Mosby had done." The attorney, who now gets the title of Judge in Major Scott's book, showed his faith by his works. He visited the interesting prisoner "during his confinement," and lent him books wherewith to begin the study of law. The Legislature of Virginia were moreover moved, upon the recommendation of the Governor, to annul the sentence pronounced upon the future ornament of the State. Commencing life under such auspices—having actually shot his man long before he was out of his teens, who can wonder that Mosby "soon achieved success in his profession and married a lady distinguished for her personal attractions," the daughter of an ex-Congressman, ex-ambassador, and a "criminal lawyer of great distinction." When the secession of Virginia was announced Mosby of course "ratified it," and proceeded to take counsel with no less a man than that "able statesman" John B. Floyd, who on this occasion "wore a grave and ominous brow;" for, he said, in consequence of the folly of some men who had

prevented the secession of Virginia three months before, and of others who at Montgomery had "fooled away the season of preparation," the war just opening would be "one of the longest and most sanguinary conflicts that ever desolated the earth." Mosby enlisted as a private in a volunteer cavalry regiment, in which he rose to the rank of Adjutant. But somehow the men could not discern his merits, nor those of the Colonel, William E. Jones, a man "proud and reserved by nature, and educated in the ideas of West Point." When an election for officers took place Colonel and Adjutant found themselves discharged to private life. Mosby, however, had fallen in with the dashing Stuart, and remained at his head-quarters in the capacity of scout. He was made prisoner not long after the "Seven Days" on the Peninsula; but while awaiting exchange at Fortress Monroe he managed to pick up a bit of information that gave shape to a campaign. McClellan lay at Harrison's Landing, and the great problem for the Confederate authorities was, whether he would move toward or away from Richmond. Burnside's corps had come to, and were now departing from Hampton Roads. If one could only learn whither these troops were going the question of the intent of the Federal authorities would be solved. If their destination was to the James, it meant an attempt upon Richmond; if to the Rappahannock, it meant an abandonment of the Peninsular enterprise. Mosby, quite casually to all appearance, asked the captain of the prison-ship where Burnside was going. The obliging captain replied, "To Fredericksburg." Just then Mosby was exchanged, and made the best of his way to Richmond with the important information which he had gained. The result was, that the Confederate army was moved northward against Pope days before McClellan left the James. Hence came the campaign of 1862 in Virginia, and finally the invasion of Maryland and the fight on the Antietam—all resulting from a careless word caught up by the quick ears of Mosby. Somehow the Confederate commanders were slow in appreciating Mosby, or at least they would only employ him as a scout. But somewhere about the beginning of 1863 he seems to have got leave to try his theory of partisan warfare. At this time his biographer writes: "I find myself with a small detachment of cavalry under the command of Captain Mosby, as he is generally called, though his military rank is, I believe, entirely honorary." Mosby's theory of war was not remarkably profound. It was simply to annoy the enemy by getting together a body of men who were to be soldiers only when specially called for; for the main part of their time they were, as Major Scott quaintly phrases it, to "board round" among the people of the country. There were a plenty of loose fish, from whose "schools" the Partisan Rangers could be recruited. Two powerful motives were at command to make them effective. The first was negative: if they failed to appear when summoned they would be at once sent to the regular army, which meant hard service, little food, no pay, except in worthless paper, and a more than even chance of death. The second was positive: on the skirts of every great army there is an immense amount of valuable matter to be picked up by a little daring and much good-luck.

Mosby's theory for his Partisan Rangers was, as his eulogist phrases it, "the distribution among the officers and men of the spoil captured from the enemy," or, as he himself better described it, "the cohesive power of plunder." Mosby himself, according to Major Scott, was quite above any such mercenary motive. He would not take for himself so much as a stray pair of boots. Mosby's Partisans were certainly a great annoyance to the Federal armies. They were not unlike the Crows and the Comanches, only that they had pluck and daring. The annoyance which they occasioned is fully shown by the newspaper dispatches of 1863 and 1864. They have found an enthusiastic narrator in Major Scott, whose book is rather worth reading as a record of a striking episode in the war. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Thrilling Adventures of Daniel Ellis, etc., etc. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)—The title of this work, which we greatly abridge, indicates its nature. Daniel Ellis is certainly a character—a man who played a singular if not a great part in our late war, whereof he had something to tell which was really worth the telling. But, unluckily, he placed his narrative into the hands of somebody who thought it to be his duty to make a fine story out of what plainly told—as Ellis must have told it—was quite remarkable. We hope that the readers of this volume will not charge the scraps from Lemprière and Shakspeare, from Byron and Beattie, to the account of Daniel Ellis. We trust that they will give him credit for having written "it was about day-break," instead of the bosh about Aurora's golden fingers opening the portals of the day, whereby the happily anonymous editor undertakes to describe that very everyday event of morning succeeding night. Daniel Ellis was simply a resident of Eastern Tennessee; had been a soldier during the Mexican war; had come home, and was quietly settled down, with wife and children, plying the honest trade of wagon-maker, when the war broke out. The Federal Government, late in 1861, ordered that the bridges in this region should be destroyed. Daniel was among those who helped to carry out this order. Meanwhile the Confederates, who claimed Tennessee as a part of Davisdom, denounced the sharpest penalties against all Union men in this region. Judah Benjamin, then Confederate Secretary of War, put forth in November, 1861, his noted order touching the "traitors in East Tennessee." All who had been engaged in bridge-burning were to be "executed on the spot by hanging;" and, adds Judah, "it will be well to leave their bodies hanging in the vicinity of the burnt bridges." The contest in Tennessee soon assumed a sanguinary character. The Union men were to be forced into the Confederate ranks or extirpated. Shut up among the mountains their only way of escape was by crossing the ridges into Kentucky by wild paths, or rather by no paths at all, for every road was carefully picketed. To make their way through the mountains a guide was required. Ellis acted as guide to many parties, and his "thrilling adventures" were mainly undergone in this capacity. He has, however, to relate incidents of murder and outrage going beyond any thing recorded of late generations among civilized men. One can hardly find their parallel among the

atrocities committed by the British in the late Seppoy insurrection, or, more lately, by and against the Indians upon our Northwestern frontier. We wish that we could disbelieve the accounts which Ellis gives of the atrocities perpetrated in Tennessee. But his narrative is too circumstantial, is too full of dates, places, and names to leave us any room to doubt of its truthfulness. War as waged by regular armies is fearful enough. But its horrors are as nothing when compared with those witnessed in irregular warfare; as when Semmes on the high seas plundered and burned every vessel that he could encounter which sailed under the American flag; or when, in parts of the debatable lands of Tennessee and Missouri, the fact that a man took the side in the contest opposite to that taken by his neighbors was a sure warrant for the use of the torch and the halter. The hostile feeling between North and South, properly so called, will be easily allayed; but the bitter animosity upon the borders will, we fear, be of longer life.

Manual of Physical Exercises. By WILLIAM WOOD. The author of this work has long stood among the very foremost of instructors in physical training. Not a few of our best men owe more to him than to the Faculty of Medicine for the physical health which alone can give zest to mental soundness. Mr. Wood worthily magnifies his calling. In this Manual he undertakes to give precisely the instructions which he would furnish to his pupils. Beginning with exercises in Calisthenics, Dumb Bells, Indian Clubs, and the like, many of which can be practiced at the pupil's home, he proceeds to those which require the special apparatus of the Gymnasium. Then he goes on to treat of "Aquatics," including somewhat comprehensively under this term Rowing, Sailing, Swimming, and Skating. Upon these topics Mr. Wood is a recognized authority. Then he gives full information respecting the two great national athletic games, Base Ball and Cricket. He concludes with two excellent chapters on Fencing and Sparring. Every part of his work is profusely illustrated wherever pictorial representations can aid or supply the place of verbal description. Of the hundred illustrations of Calisthenics and Gymnastics, nearly all are from his own sketches. The scores of illustrations for the chapter on Fencing are from photographs taken from experts in actual position. They represent every attitude from the poise of the body to the position of the feet and the grip of the hand, not vaguely, as an artist might suppose that they should be, but actually—more than pre-Raphaelitely—just as the camera showed them to be at the moment of action. This feature, we believe, has never been presented in any similar work. We are beginning to be aware of the value of physical training. We trust that, in the education of the generation now rising, Gymnastics and Games will be considered as indispensable as Reading and Writing; that they will be taught in schools—as they indeed now are in some of our best colleges—and practiced at home. We judge that this Manual of Mr. Wood will be adopted as a text-book for the student and a hand-book for the amateur. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Miss Ravenel's Conversion from Secession to Loyalty. By J. W. DE FOREST. If a clear plot, the story always marching on to its end,

characters who are human beings, not mere lay figures, and a style never bad, and almost uniformly very good, are sufficient to make up a good novel, we do not hesitate to pronounce "Miss Ravenel's Conversion" to be the best American novel published for many a year. To find its superior one must go back beyond Anthony Trollope and as far as Thackeray. The story runs somewhat thus: At the outbreak of the war Doctor Ravenel, Virginian by birth, long resident in New Orleans, finds it expedient, being a Union man, to leave Louisiana. He takes up his abode at "New Boston," a town which will be recognized as famous in New England for its elms and its college. With him comes his daughter Lilie, a most excellent secessionist, as were most of her sex of Southern birth. In New Boston the Ravenels make sundry acquaintances, notable among whom are Edward Colburne, a rising young lawyer, soon to be transformed into Captain Colburne of the Volunteers, and Colonel John Carter, Virginian by birth, West Pointer by education, now engaged in raising a regiment in the State of "Barataria," whereof "New Boston" is capital. This Colonel Carter is a character who is sketched with great vigor. He has all the vices and not a few of the virtues which army life gets into or out of a man. He drinks and gambles, quite ignores the third and seventh commandments, and in the end yields to strong temptation in the matter of those which forbid stealing. Yet, notwithstanding, there is in him a sort of great rough manliness which should have made him a good man; and which did win the love of Lilie, with whom he as well as Colburne had fallen in love. This love, indeed, came near saving Carter, and would have saved him only that it came too late. In a position of great trust he had proved untrustworthy. He dies on the battle-field, leaving Lilie a widow with one boy. Of course every reader will understand that Colburne's long love is finally to be crowned with success; just as Thackeray could not do other than marry William Dobbin to Amelia. The general plot is, indeed, somewhat enforced; but it is wrought out with great delicacy. One good character is said to be enough to make a good novel. In this there are certainly four: Carter, the type of a professional soldier of low order; not by any means a representative of the great body of men whom West Point has trained, but yet of a number sufficiently large to be denominated a class: Colburne, the model of the citizen-soldier: Doctor Ravenel, quite as wise as Bulwer's Ricabocca: Lilie, the "Miss Ravenel" who was to be converted: and her kinswoman, Madame La Rue, a Louisianian, perfectly good-natured, and altogether unprincipled, who plays a not unimportant part in the conduct of the story. To these might be added several others who play minor parts; such, for example, as the college people of New Boston. Anthony Trollope has set forth, at greater length, but not more faithfully, the life of an English cathedral town, than Mr. De Forest depicts life in this American college city. Though not strictly a war novel, this contains some capital battle-pieces, admirably done, for the author has in person borne no inconsiderable part in some of the most stirring battles of the war which he has described in this Magazine. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 29th of June. It is brief, for during the month there is little of actual event to narrate.

In Washington John H. Surratt is undergoing trial upon charge of complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln. It seems as though the testimony adduced would throw some light upon that mysterious affair, and disclose whether it was the act of a mere dissipated stage-player, or the culmination of a plot arranged by men of high authority and great place in the Confederate Government.

Little really new has come to light as to the paramount question of the reconstruction of the South. We gave last month an abstract of the opinion of the Attorney-General upon the questions relating to those who had, upon taking the oath, the right of registration and consequently of voting. The President has issued an order to the different military commanders, in which they are directed to govern themselves by the opinion of the Attorney-General. General Sickles, commanding in the Carolinas, sent in his resignation, but it has not as yet been accepted. The Attorney-General has furnished a further opinion, the general purport of which is that the military commanders have no authority to remove civil officers; and that therefore Mr. Wells is legally Governor of Louisiana, and Mr. Monroe Mayor of New Orleans. The President, as we write, is on a tour to New England, and in the mean while the vital question as to the interpretation which the Administration puts upon the Military Bills remains in abeyance. If the opinion of the Attorney-General is sanctioned, much of the action of several of the military commanders must be rescinded, and in such case it can not be supposed that they will desire or be permitted to retain their posts.—There can be little doubt that a quorum of the members of Congress will re-assemble at Washington on the 4th of July, as provided for in the vote for adjournment. The whole question of the construction to be put upon the Military Bills, of the authority and duties devolved upon the military commanders, and the actual position of the local governments now existing in the "military districts," must, we suppose, be defined by Congress at this session.—As far as a careful comparison of figures now enables us to judge, the voters registered in the leading States number about two colored persons to one white, so that the legal action of these States will be decided mainly by the votes of the freedmen.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

The disposition which has been made of Maximilian and his generals, captured at Queretaro on May 15, remains a mystery. Conflicting rumors have reached the United States, but the only thing which appears certain is, that Maximilian had not been executed up to the latest dates. The city of Mexico and Vera Cruz remain still in a state of siege, the two armies of the Liberals having concentrated before the capital, where every effort was making to reduce General Marquez.

The accounts of the war on the Plata River

are too vague and indefinite to find place in the Record.—In Peru another revolution seems to be in progress, but the details as reported are too general to enable us to pronounce upon its character.—In the United States of Colombia there is also a conflict between the various authorities.

The Queen of Spain has promulgated a decree declaring free all children born of slave parents in the island of Cuba after July 1, 1867, and permitting any slave to obtain his or her liberty on the payment of \$250.

EUROPE.

The European continent has been unusually quiet since our last Record, the settlement of the Franco-Prussian difficulty by the London Conference having apparently left the Great Powers without a disturbing element. The principal sovereigns and magnates have, indeed, been peaceably congregated at Paris in attendance on the French Exhibition. An attempt was made in the streets of Paris on June 6 to assassinate the Czar of Russia while riding with Napoleon, but the attempt was fortunately frustrated.

In Great Britain the Reform movement has proven the cause of one or two riots. On June 17 the House of Commons, after a protracted debate, adopted the Government plan for redistributing Parliamentary seats in the boroughs. The announcement of the result of this vote, a defeat for the Reformers, so exasperated them that a large body of them marched to St. James's Hall, where a Tory mass meeting was being held, and storming the platform, drove off the Tory speakers and erected an English flag, surmounted by a Liberty cap. On the following day another riot occurred at Birmingham. The Reformers took possession of the streets of the city, and held them for several hours, but on the approach of troops quietly dispersed without having done any material injury.

The eighteen hundredth anniversary of the martyrdom of St. Peter is to be celebrated at Rome during the early days of July with great pomp. Already more than four hundred bishops and thirty thousand priests, from the four quarters of the globe, have congregated in the capital of Catholic Christendom. Among these are many from America, who brought with them offerings amounting to quite a quarter of a million of dollars. The proceedings of this great convocation were formally opened on the 27th of June, when the Pope delivered an allocution, setting forth the immense power wielded by the Church, and expressing his purpose soon to convene a General Council to deliberate upon the best means of repairing the evils by which the Church is now afflicted.

The war in Candia promises an early conclusion. The Turkish army has been repeatedly defeated with heavy loss, and the Sultan, who lately refused the offered mediation of the Great Powers of Europe, announced on June 2 his willingness to intrust the solution of the Eastern question to a commission of the European powers.

Egypt was declared by the Sultan of Turkey a separate sovereignty, its existence to date from June 11.

Editor's Drawer.

THAT notable man of the West—elongated John Wentworth—is as strong in stump oratory as he used to be with his pen when editing the *Chicago Democrat*, and in political organizations was as indispensable a man as our brother Watkins used to be in a certain church—“a difficult man to get along *with*, and a difficult man to get along *without*.” During the last campaign which resulted in his election to Congress his unnecessarily long form was seen towering at all public assemblages where the merits of opposing men and measures were “cussed and discussed.” It is to be borne in mind, so they say, that attenuated John has one verbal habit so inveterate that it forces itself upon the attention of those who happen to listen to him. If any doubt is expressed as to the accuracy of his statements, his prompt response is: “I’ll bet you a hundred dollars it’s true.” On the occasion to which we allude Mr. Wentworth had made an eloquent speech, intending to close by quoting Bryant’s well-known lines:

“Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers.”

But unfortunately he could only remember the opening words, which he repeated thus:

“‘Truth crushed—’

“How is that?—it’s by Bryant, you know—that beautiful poem of his—

“‘Truth crushed to earth—’ [Another pause.]

“‘Truth crushed to earth will rise again—’ [Another.]

“‘Truth crushed to earth will rise again—’

“Well, boys, I don’t remember the rest of it, but *if any of you doubt it, I’ll just bet you a hundred dollars that she will!*”

WE have nothing against Boston. We do not hate Boston. There are really good people in Boston; who believe in Boston; who have got it bad. “That,” as Mr. Webster remarked about the Falls at Rochester, “is an interesting fact.” Boston is celebrated chiefly for Faneuil Hall, Ticknor and Fields, and a clever thing in the way of monument erected to the memory of Mr. Bunker. A new peculiarity, or notion, of that city has recently been mentioned to us by a gentleman from, not *of*, Boston. It is what he calls, with no feeling of irreverence, the “Boston Prayer.” He says that he attended several places of worship where the opening prayer generally commenced in about these words: “We thank Thee, O Lord, that we were born in Boston. Especially do we render Thee, O Lord, our thanks that, having been born *in Boston*, we are not as other men, and therefore it is not necessary that we should be born again!” And after further congratulatory and supplicatory words, all very proper and in good Boston taste, the psalm was given out. We had not heard of this little peculiarity before, and thought it might perhaps be well enough to mention it.

FROM New Westminster, in far-off British Columbia, in the calligraphy of a gentleman evidently accustomed to make “copy” for the press, we are made acquainted with an oddity of that region known by the *sobriquet* of “Bloody” Ed-

wards—so called, not from his sanguinary disposition, but from his frequent use of that prefix in ordinary conversation. He is said to be a fair specimen of an old salt, and always intersperses among his words an abundance of sea phrases. Upon one occasion, while riding a bobtailed mule past a camp of miners, the animal seemed bent upon bringing his journey to a close. Edwards pulled his head in the right direction, but the body would not follow; and at last, after progressing in a sidelong manner for some distance, the brute succeeded in fairly running over a tent in which three or four miners were enjoying a noonday nap, very much at the risk of some broken bones. Of course there was a vociferous attack upon the unlucky rider, who, as soon as he could make himself heard, replied, pointing to the curtailed member:

“How do you suppose that I can steer the bloody craft? Don’t you see he has lost his bloody rudder?”

THE same correspondent speaks of an oddity who had worked his way to that region from the State of Maine—a Simon Pure Yankee, not even wanting the squeaking voice and nasal drawl so typical of Down Easters. His name is Jack N——. In a recent examination in an important case before the highest tribunal in the Colony, one of the counsel found it extremely difficult to extract the whole truth from him. His Yankee ingenuity and ignorance combined enabled him to evade many of the questions. At last the lawyer, losing patience, exclaimed: “Why, Mr. N——, do you prevaricate so much?” Jack, supposing that he referred to his peculiar manner of utterance, convulsed the Court and audience by the indignant reply: “How *can* a fellar help prevaricatin’ when he has *lost three of his front teeth?*”

THE Drawer has uniformly made it a point to encourage in the rising generation a taste for arithmetic, to the end that correct and rapid computation might come easily to the infant intellect. We are happy to announce the success of this treatment in the case of little Clara T——, a three-year-old, who has been allowed to accompany her parents in the cars and stages. Not long since they took her to church for the first time, and as she deposited her contribution in the plate, she turned to her mother and said: “Mamma, I told the man that *that* was for *three*; was that right?” The statement did “not appear to be controverted—it was *not* controverted.”

THE incident narrated in the May Number of the Drawer, of the young lady from the country who experienced certain qualmy sensations when indulging in the “mazy,” reminds a correspondent at Brookfield, Missouri, of an occurrence that took place during the winter of 1863-’4, when the Federal army was stationed in and around Chattanooga. Although the male inhabitants in that region were opposed to the sway of our common Federal Uncle, the women were disposed to Unionism, and one of the results of

this sentiment on the part of the gentle sex was a disposition to go in strong for every thing in the way of dances. The junior officers, and sometimes the seniors, reciprocated this admirable feeling. Among the subalterns was a Lieutenant of a Pennsylvania regiment who was a great lady-killer, and prided himself thereon. On one occasion this sanguinary young man found a young lady who could waltz—a rare accomplishment among the rustics of Tennessee and Georgia. He was in ecstasies! and, as the damsel was quite good-looking, paid her any number of compliments both on her dancing and beauty. In fact, there is no knowing where his flattery would have led him if he had not been brought up all standing by a brief statement of fact, which was as follows: “La me, stranger! you call me good-looking *now*? Why, you just ought to have seen me before I had the *diarrhea*!”

FROM one of the “stable” men of St. Louis we learn that, in the spring of '61, John A——, a lumber-merchant of that city, organized a company for the war. The members were mainly of “Oirish” descent. One evening, when forming for drill, the boys became slightly riotous—perhaps from the combined effects of the then growing enthusiasm and something equally exciting but not so durable. In fact, the boys got into a row. A——, with a gesture of indignation and command, exclaimed, “Men! men! I want no *fighting men* in this company!—this thing must stop!” The defenders of our liberties, dubious as to the precise import of their commander’s phraseology, after brief but rapid cogitation, adopted his views and fell into line.

JOHN VAN BUREN once sauntered into one of our city courts, and seated himself beside a friend who was conducting an important suit. After several questions had been put and exceptions taken, Mr. Van Buren, thinking that the ruling of the Bench was a little odd, asked, in his peculiarly quiet way: “Who is on the other side, in this case, *besides the Judge*!”

ON another occasion, some years back, when the Hudson River Railroad was being built, “Prince John” happened to be passing a few days at “Undercliff,” the beautiful country-seat of the late General George P. Morris, at Cold Spring. The line of road was directly in front of the house, and men were at work excavating the ground in which to place the ties. Not having seen any thing of the kind before, the General asked: “What are those little narrow pits for?”

“Those, my dear General,” replied Mr. Van Buren, “are *graves for little stockholders*!”

Such, we believe, was the financial result to the early investors in that undertaking.

WHEN the hopeful and conscientious Mr. Micawber alluded in terms of endearment to Mrs. M. as the “partner of his affections and mother of his babes,” it was without intent to put up that excellent matron to public vendue, although he had frequently “sold” her in other ways. Less affectionate, and more impelled by the spirit of greed than the admirable Wilkins, Paul M. Dishong, of Belfast Township, Pennsylvania, as will be seen by the following au-

thentic document, in consideration of the munificent sum of “seventeen dollars *or the cow*,” agrees to let his wife “go with James Wilson, the churn pedler,” provided she goes before the 1st of April, 1867, and “gets away the best way she can.”—*Vide* the “artikle” ensuing:

BELFAST TOWNSHIP, Feb. 14th, A.D. 1867

Artikle of agreement made and fully agreed upon this year and date above written, between Paul M. Dishong & Wife and James Wilson, the conditions of this agreement are such: Paul M. Dishong doth agree to bind and obligate himself that he Will Not disturb his Wife and family, Nor Wilson (the churn pedler) and is Willing that Mary Ann Dishong, his Wife, and children, go with James Wilson; and Paul W. Dishong is willing to give her what Property she claims in the house, and also agree for them to get away on or before the first day of April, 1867, and also to get away the best way they can. Paul M. Dishong is to have his oldest Daughter in the spring of 1869, when calling for her, Mary Catharine, and his wife Doeth agree to let him have her, & the afore said Wilson is not to go so far away but what Paul M. Dishong can cum and see them, and Will Be treated with *respect*. Paul M. Dishong is to have seventeen dollars in money for a fore said Wife an Children, or the amount of a bill of accounts, or to have the *Cow*, and also to have his Bed, & Plate, & Bucket & Lamp. And if the afore said Wilson Can manage the Children without abusing them, he has Privilege to come and get them at any time and is welcome to all of them. Paul M. Dishong doth agree that Mary Ann, his Wife, can sell the *Cow* to Enny one she pleases, only not to make sale to Enny of the Hesses, in Presence of William Fohrner.

PAUL M. DISHONG,
MARY ANN DISHONG,
JAMES WILSON, which

is the Churn Pedler mentioned in the afore said Article of Agreement, and is now *proprietor* of Mary Ann Dishong.

Attested—WILLIAM FOHRNER.
OBEDIAH MELLOTA.

SOME months since a colored citizen was arraigned for petty larceny before the Court of General Sessions of Sussex County, Delaware, presided over by the learned Chief Justice Gilpin, a gentleman of small stature, with gray beard and mustache. The ebony party, on being asked if he had counsel, replied that he had not—he was too poor to employ one; and, besides, he had no witnesses. Whereupon Judge G., turning to the Attorney-General, said, with a smile: “I will conduct the defense,” and called for the indictment. The trial proceeded, the prisoner duly cared for by the Judge. No case being made out, Sambo was told by the Judge that he was free to go where he pleased. “Thank you,” said the freeman; and as he retired from the presence he was met at the door by his friend Bill, who asked what lawyer he had. “Well, I don’t know,” replied Sam, “but it was that little gray-whiskered fellar sittin’ up there in the middle, and a deuced good little ’un he is too!”

PEOPLE who have traveled over the Placerville route, by the Pioneer stage to and from Nevada, are familiar with one of the drivers known as “Old Put,” who has two prominent ideas on which he converses freely—viz., horses and democracy. “Put” is an out-and-out Democrat, and his beacon-light, guide, philosopher, and friend is Dan Gelwicks, of the *Mountain Democrat*. Recently at Placerville occurred a revival of religion, inaugurated by the Rev. Mr. Earle. Sinners had been brought to repentance irrespective of political sentiments. “Put” was coming into Placerville one evening when a passenger seated on the box with him inquired the

reason of all the churches being illuminated. "You see," says "Put," "there is a revival on religious matters raging here, and it's working things terribly. Most all the leading Democrats have got religion, and the whisky-shops have about gone in; and, to cap the climax, they say Dan Gelwicks, our leader in politics, has caved, and h—is to pay generally. My candid opinion is that this chap Earle was sent out here from the East by the Black Republicans to bust up the Democratic party, and *if the brakes are not put down on him* he's in a fair way to do it!"

Whether "putting down the brakes" would be likely to arrest a revival in California may be open to debate. It would be as unsuccessful hereabout as to have attempted to arrest another "Old Put" in a rapid ride, made some years back, down a sharp grade at West Point, by putting down the brakes on that equestrian manœuvre.

WHILE the Eighty-third Illinois were stationed at Fort Donelson some of the officers occasionally accepted invitations from citizens to attend parties. One of these officers detested the use of tobacco in any form, and was loud in his condemnation of the habit of some Southern women of using it for *dentifrice*, or "dipping." At one of these parties our friend approached a fine-looking young lady and politely solicited the honor of her hand for the next quadrille. She answered: "Well, no, stranger; I have danced four or five times, and *I reckon I'll dip this hitch!*"

IN matters purely legal reckoning and guessing are seldom of much account, especially where papers are to be served and copies must be letter-perfect. Our legal readers will appreciate the painstaking accuracy displayed by a deputy-sheriff in Shelby County, Indiana, who was called upon to serve a summons "by copy," and who saw the necessity of having every word spelled correctly and in its proper place. Turning to the indorsement on the back he discovered that the imprint was different from that of the original, the latter having been printed at Indianapolis, while the former was done in Shelbyville. Carefully erasing the name of the home printer he made it read instead, "Printed by W. & J. Braden, Indianapolis." This, in his judgment, met the strict legal requirements of the case, and he "went, and saw, and served" it. No exception taken.

A CORRESPONDENT at Waterbury, Connecticut, from whom we shall be pleased to hear again, feeling the necessity for a more general diffusion of mirth, dots down the four following, which now become history:

One of our Methodist brethren was lately giving in a religious meeting the experiences of himself and family, saying, among other things, that his first wife was a very good woman, but she sickened and died in a very happy frame of mind, and he should be rejoiced *if his present partner would go just the same way.*

Or another temper was Job Norton, who lately lost his wife. Job was not a man of very strong emotions, and what he did think and feel he kept pretty much to himself. Some of his neighbors

had remarked that he took his bereavement quite coolly, and one even ventured to say to him one day that he took his affliction but little to heart. "Wa'al," says Job, "I hav'n't blurted round much about it, but *innardly I'm as mad as any of ye!*"

OUR Wilkesbarre friend, Walker, went to a Dutch tailor and had his measure taken for a pair of pantaloons. He gave directions to have them made large and *full*. Walker is a heavy man and likes his clothes loose, and when he came to try on the new unmentionables found that they stuck tight to his legs, whereat he thus remonstrated: "I told you to make these pants *full*." After some objurgatory expressions of a profane nature, the tailor ended the controversy by declaring, "I dink dese pants is full enough; if dey was any *fuller* dey would *shplit!*"

THERE is now stationed not far from Gotham a happy, ruby-faced, fun-loving clergyman who has several sons brimful and running over with wit and mischief—unsanctified chips of the old block. Among them one we will call Sam is a ringleader. A few months ago Sam was arraigned one morning before the domestic judiciary, when the following dialogue occurred:

"Now, my son, you are getting to be a very bad boy. Why will you not mind your parents and act more like a man, and not be getting into all sorts of scrapes?"

Sam, looking down to the floor quite serious and demure, meekly replied, "Yes'r."

The reverend parent, thinking he was getting a good hold of the boy's feelings, added: "My son, if you do not take a different course I have very grave fears. Do you know what my great fear is, Samuel—the fear that distresses me day and night?"

"Yes'r," said Sam, his long face looking almost ready to give way to tears; "I know well enough—it's *burglars*."

Sam had leave to start for school about that time.

DURING "the late onpleasantness" there was a cool, unquenchable sort of a Yankee named Gunn, who ran a stage in Western Virginia over a route much infested with bushwhackers. We frequently told Gunn that he would some day get smashed up and gobbled, and he had better give up his job; but all to no purpose; for he kept on driving stage and pocketing the greenbacks. So three of us concluded one night we would give him a thorough scare that he would accept as a warning. In coming in from his stables late at night he always took a short cut across an old burying-ground. To this point we repaired. One of our number, wrapped in a sheet, lay down "stark and stiff" on one of the newly-made graves, while the others dodged behind some tombstones, and impatiently awaited Gunn's arrival. Soon he came along, whistling and swinging a pair of heavy bridles, when all at once he confronted the counterfeit spectre. There he stood for a few moments with arms akimbo, and coolly eyed the object from head to foot; then raising his bridles began to give it a tremendous thrashing, bawling out at the same time, "Consarn you old pictur! what you out here for this time o' night? Get into your hole!"

get into your hole!" We concluded to let Gunn alone after that.

OWEGO, or, in the original and more euphonious Indian, Ahwaga, on the banks of the historic Susquehanna, boasts of wits the outside world wots not of. We all know that one brief, pithy sentence has made more than one man famous, and the sequel shall determine whether Charles Lewis is not entitled to the laurels with which the Drawer can crown him.

Charley, as every body familiarly calls him, is one of those poor, weak, simple-minded souls who furnish the target for small-brained bores to shoot at, and is supposed to be a fool. Although weak in intellect he is very strong in his prejudices. His maiden vote was cast for Abraham Lincoln; and, like some of the original supporters of Andrew Jackson, having no clear conception of parties or principles, he still continues to vote, and will for ever vote, the "Lincoln ticket." On account of his many infirmities our hero at times has been under the necessity of taking rooms at the public hotel, called the "County Poor-house." As he emerged last spring from winter-quarters a kind-hearted old bachelor conceived the idea of setting poor Charley up in business. He procured the necessary equipments, and was without ceremony installed into office as the village boot-black. His polishments were crowned with success, and at the end of the shiny season he had brushed together goodly greenbacks to the amount of fifty dollars. To the end of economizing his hard-gotten earnings he resolved to spend the winter once more in his old "home," at the expense of the people. On the eve of departure he sought out his business benefactor, and depositing in his hands the new-made fortune requested that, in case of his (Charley's) death during the days of separation, the money should be devoted to the purchase of a good coffin and suitable tombstone. The trust was cheerfully accepted, upon condition that Charley would then and there instruct his friend as to the precise inscription that should adorn the marble.

Our hero stood for some minutes absorbed in deep thought, when he replied: "Just put my name on, and say he died a 'Christian.'"

There was a moment's pause, when his countenance brightened up with a new idea, and he triumphantly exclaimed: "Upon reflection, I will change that a little. Say on it:

"CHARLES LEWIS.

"HE VOTED FOR ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

Verily a most comprehensive epitaph!

LAST fall, as a recognition of the village boot-black's public services, and in view of the dilapidated condition of his wardrobe, his numerous friends and patrons resolved to present him with, not a service of plate, but a serviceable suit of broadcloth and cassimere. A complete outfit was furnished, including the crowning glory in the shape of a white hat of the stove-pipe pattern and latest style. Never was war-horse prouder on parade than appeared Charley as he sallied forth the first Sabbath in his magnificent holiday attire! He had scarcely struck the pavement when he encountered Judge H——, of the Supreme Court, arrayed for the sanctuary in a tile of similar shape and shade, but toned down

by the appendage of a wide bombasin band, betokening a recent bereavement. Charley stopped, struck an attitude, and was for several moments lost in admiring survey of this surpassing mode of decoration. Early next morning he repaired in hot haste, hat in hand, to the establishment of Smith, the hatter, and forthwith ordered "a black band just like Judge H——'s," when the following dialogue ensued:

SMITH. "You don't want that, Charley. It is the badge of mourning, and signifies that the Judge has lost near and dear friends."

CHARLEY. "Condemn it, so have I, and I must have the trimming!"

SMITH. "I am surprised! I thought you had no near relatives. Whose loss are you called to lament now?"

CHARLEY. "Why, my father and mother."

SMITH. "Your father and mother! I thought they died fifteen years ago."

CHARLEY. "To be sure they did; but I never could *afford* to mourn for 'em before!"

THE last overland mail brings a communication to which the critical energies of several cultivated people have been bent, and who have, on the whole, concluded that the public interests will be promoted by its publication. It proceeds in this wise:

MR. EDITOR,—I, too, have a four-year-old, equal to any you stow away so nicely in the Drawer, and he occasionally indulges in some odd questions, which indicate to me that my system of education is having its proper result, *i. e.*, leading him to think. A few mornings since I found him contemplating a dilapidated tub, which, too long exposed to the sun, had sprung a leak. On my approaching him he asked why the water which he had just poured into the tub had run out, and I endeavored to show him that it leaked, and why. I evidently impressed the fact on his mind, as you will see presently. My wife has a chicken-coop in the yard, in which she keeps an occasional spring chicken or two for fattening and *other* purposes. Several hours after the tub affair she called to our boy to know who had opened the coop door and let the chickens out. Four-year-old didn't know. "Well, how did the chickens get out of the coop?" she asked. Sammie glanced first at the coop, then at the tub, and then at her, and answered: "I guess de chickens must 've *leaked* out, mamma!"

A BAPTIST and a Presbyterian happened one day to be walking together when a slight shower began to fall. The Baptist brother proposed to take refuge in a neighboring store, when the Presbyterian observed:

"Surely you don't mean to leave me? You are of a denomination that professes especially not to be afraid of water."

"Certainly," replied the Baptist; "but we object to it by *sprinkling*."

"I suppose so," retorted the Calvinist, "even though the sprinkling be sent from above!"

This seemed to throw a *damp*er on further discussion, and the parties separated.

BAPTISTS, take them as they run, are pretty sharp at repartee. It wasn't very bad of that aqueous brother who disputed the assertion of a Wesleyan that the Methodists were of older date

than the Baptists, "for," said he, "the New Testament *does* speak of John the Baptist, but I b'lieve it don't say nothin' 'bout John the Methodist!"

MISTAKES will occur in pathology as well as in phraseology. Hydrophobia is really a disagreeable disease, but it doesn't always kill men; for is it not recorded by that esteemed practitioner, Dr. O. Goldsmith, in a celebrated case in which he was consulted, that

"The man recovered of the bite;
The dog it was that died?"

It is to be hoped, while this frightful poison is prevailing to an alarming extent in Dayton, Ohio, that no human life may be sacrificed; nor will there be if the proclamation of the Mayor of that city is strictly enforced, and the owners of "curs of low degree" are kept closely confined as he directs in that document, from which we segregate the ensuing paragraph:

"I hereby issue my proclamation to the inhabitants of the city of Dayton, warning them that it is *unlawful for any person owning, or having control of, or harboring any dog, or animal of the dog kind, to run at large for the term of sixty days from the publication of this proclamation, without being properly muzzled.*"

Barring its inconvenience, this is a sure way of getting the "upper holt" of the thing. Shutting up a human party and muzzling him for sixty days to prevent hydrophobia is rather rough, but, as against the dog, a sure thing.

A SANGUINARY individual—a "horse-marine," we infer, from the barrack-room whence he dates at Portsmouth, New Hampshire—lately came across the plains, where, among other legends, he heard one from a teamster, which, after careful thought, he has manufactured into the following stanza:

Pat had stolen a watch. Tim had stolen a cow.
Both in jail. Tim asks Pat: "What *time* is it now?"
"Botheration!" says Pat; "you may dry up your row;"
"Tis just the right time you were *milking the cow!*"

THERE is some controversy going on, we notice, between Mr. Craven, Chief Engineer of the Croton Water Department, and certain Common Councilmen and other parties interested, in reference to putting down the Nicholson or some other wooden pavement. At last accounts the question had not been definitively settled; there was much difference of opinion as to the relative durability of the various kinds proposed. A similar controversy recently agitated the legislators of a Western city, where a strong effort was made to introduce the Nicholson invention. One member, who was against Nicholson and in favor of the old-fashioned boulder, became quite excited in debate at the last meeting of the Council, and sarcastically asked the gentleman from the Third Ward (who is strongly Nicholson) if he knew what the "boulder" pavement was. The member from the Third was not sure, but supposed it was a pavement made of stones known as boulders, being any kind of hard and smooth, natural-shaped stones, mostly round, etc. To which Anti-Nicholson replied: "No, Sir; you're mistaken; it is a pavement invented by a Mr. Boulder, from which it derives its name; and is not, as some call it, *bouldered*, but '*Boulder's*' pavement. Mr. Boulder filed papers in Washington for a patent. All of which I can prove."

The Nicholson member begged leave to inquire where Mr. Boulder lived. He was informed that Mr. B. was dead, but had lived somewhere in the East or Washington City—didn't exactly know. The member from the Third said he supposed Mr. Boulder had probably died of *gravel*. This didn't appear to be controverted, and the municipals thereupon adjourned to a saloon of the tertiary form and slaked.

WE are rapidly accumulating material for an Encyclopedia of Meanness. The last incident is narrated by a clergyman, recently in attendance at the Diocesan Convention of Massachusetts. He was quietly burning a weed and chatting with a brother minister in the study of a city rector. The brother had been settled for more than a third of a century in a rural parish, which he had left a short time before, and the brother with whom he was talking was his successor. The conversation turned upon clerical experience in the parish:

"Mr. R—— is still living?"

"Yes; one of the best men in the parish; not very liberal, but a good man, and very rich."

"What does he do for your support?"

"Not much; but he pays his pew rent."

"Does he sell vinegar now?"

"Oh yes; he has one of the largest orchards in the parish, and is so conscientious that his cider is all made into vinegar."

"Does he give you any vinegar?"

"Not he."

"So it was in my day. His vinegar was made to sell. When his daughter sickened I went there almost every day, about five miles off. When she died she had a great funeral, and I sat up most of the night to write a funeral sermon. I called the next day. Then a few days after I went, and thought I would carry my vinegar-jug, which just then happened to be empty. The jug was filled. I did not like to take it away without offering to pay, and so I said, as meekly as possible: 'What shall I pay you?' 'Well,' said my good parishioner, 'I generally charge twenty-five cents a gallon; but seeing as how you've been so kind to me in trouble, I won't charge you but *twenty cents!*' At this time I had eleven children, and was living on a salary of \$600 per annum."

A GENTLEMAN staying at the water-cure establishment in Columbus, Ohio—his name is Mr. Partington—remarked, the other day, to a Radical boarder, that, in his opinion, "a man that had more *Anglo-Jackson* blood in his veins than African *ort* to vote." And that we judge to be about the popular notion.

ACCURACY of statement is a good thing. In legal documents *the* thing. In the subjoined it is a big thing. It comes from Pennsylvania, and neatly and succinctly sets forth the verdict of a coroner's jury in a case where an infant was supposed to have been murdered by its mother. Thus:

"That one Mary Smith, the mother of Mary Ida Smith, not having the fear of God before her eyes, but moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil, on the night of the 2d of May inst., with force of arms, at the canal, in the city of Williamsport, in and upon the aforesaid Mary Ida Smith, then and there being in the peace of God, and of the Commonwealth,

feloniously, voluntarily, and with malice aforethought, made an assault, and threw the body of the said Mary Ida Smith into the water in the canal aforesaid. And so the said Mary Smith then and there feloniously suffocated, drowned, killed, and murdered the said Mary Ida Smith, against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth.

(Signed) "G. A. C—, J. P."

ARTEMUS WARD frequently had about him a few persons, some of the gin-cocktail sort—"clever fellows"—who listened with admiration to his quaint sayings, and were good laughers. In Chicago one of these people glued himself to Artemus with a pertinacity quite extraordinary; was first in the morning to greet him; first to smoke and "nip" with him; walked with him; rode with him; went to printing-office with him; never failed to attend the evening entertainment; and usually occupied a front seat. As the lecture was given at an hour after there had been frequent quenchings, our friend entered the hall and proceeded to his accustomed reserved seat in a manner that might be called uncertain and irregular. "On this occasion," said Artemus, who told the story in his irresistibly droll way, "my friend was all eyes and ears, and saw every good hit. At one point I introduced something new, which tickled him so much that he jumped up from his seat, roared with laughter, and instantly dropped down dead in a fit of apoplexy. I assure you," said Artemus, with a most demure look, "I never felt so *mortified* at any thing in my life as that chap's falling down there *in that way!*"

THE subject-matter of the following lyric possesses that general sort of popularity with the young fellows, and the old fellows too, that we present it for their kind consideration and approval:

AIR—"Let me kiss him for his mother."

Let me kiss her for her mother—
The bewitching Polly Ann—
Let me kiss her for her mother,
Or any other man.

Let me kiss her for somebody,
Any body in the world,
With her hair so sweetly auburn,
And so gloriously curled.

Let me kiss her for her "feller,"
And I do not care a red
If he taps me on the smeller
With his "billy made of lead."

Let me kiss her for her daddy—
The pretty, pouting elf—
Or, if that don't suit the family,
Let me kiss her for myself!

You have our consent; fire away!

FRIEND SAMUELS, of Topeka, Kansas, ruminating on the events of the past, has felt moved to indite the following war incident, which occurred in his propinquity:

In '62, just after the organization of the Eleventh Kansas Infantry, the regiment was ordered to Northwest Arkansas, to join General Blunt, who was then making his famous campaign which terminated in the battle of Prairie Grove. One dark night, when the regiment, tired out by a long march, was buried in slumber, an alarm was given that the pickets were attacked. Colonel Moonlight, always prompt, ordered the long roll to be sounded. Lieutenant M—, standing by greatly excited, rushed off, but in a few

minutes returned with the announcement that he "had searched all over camp, and through every company, *but the long roll could not be found!*" The good fellow learned better before many weeks of service, and was promoted to the chaplaincy of the "Second Ironclads," which position he filled with much satisfaction to himself as well as to the dusky warriors of the famous "Second Nigger," which our present Governor raised and commanded.

THE Honorable James Sanborn, of Port Huron, Michigan, is much in the log and lumber business. He employs many men. A few weeks since an import from Erin applied to him for work.

"Can you raft and boom logs?" was Mr. Sanborn's first inquiry.

"Av coorse I can."

"Very well; go up on the gap above the railroad-bridge and boom all the logs you can find with my mark. Any of the raftsmen will tell you as to the locality of the gap, the mark, etc."

Pat started out, but as he opened the door, turned and said: "Mister Sanborn, I don't know as ye boom as we do in the ould country. *Is it wid the shovel that ye boom 'em?*"

Mr. Sanborn regarded the question as shadowing forth a want of familiarity with the business, and stated as much to the noble laboring man. The N. L. M. thereupon withdrew, and elsewhere sought the remuneration of honest toil.

A BALTIMORE correspondent, brought up on canvas-backs and terrapins, and who of course knows something about a gentlemanly complaint superinduced by diet of that sort, was walking through the streets of that city a few days ago, and saw painted on a bit of tin, by the door-side of a shop whose proprietor was desirous of closing his business, the following notice:

SELLIN

GOUT

AT COST.

Curiously enough there didn't seem to be any rush in that direction, probably for the reason that, in Baltimore, there are more sellers than buyers of what is set forth in the middle word of the sign.

THERE are persons even in the State of Indiana who are in a condition of dubitancy as to the truths of revealed religion. The Hon. W. C—, one of the popular lawyers of that State, happened one day to drop in at an office where an ancient citizen was arguing eloquently in favor of Universalism. Mr. C— listened attentively until the speaker had finished, and remarked: "My friend, that is a very comforting doctrine—very. It reminds me that a few years ago a minister of your denomination came to our county and preached a sermon advocating the doctrine of universal salvation, and the people were very much pleased. One man in particular was so taken with the sermon that he went up to the preacher, shook hands with him, and told him how much he was pleased with it; 'but,' said he, 'after all, I'm afraid there is some catch in it!'" The by-standers smiled just a little, and the old Universalist was not entirely sure but that there might be.

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THE DODGE CLUB; OR, ITALY IN MDCCCLIX.



THE BARRICADE.

XLI.

PLEASANT MEDITATIONS ABOUT THE WONDERS OF TOBACCO; AND THREE PLEASANT ANECDOTES BY AN ITALIAN BRIGAND.

APULL apiece at the brandy flask restored strength and freshness to the beleaguered travelers, who now, intrenched behind their fortifications, awaited any attack which the Italians might choose to make.

"The *I*-talians," said the Senator, "are not a powerful race. By no means. Feeble in body—no muscle—no brawn. Above all, no real *pluck*. Buttons, is there a word in their language that expresses the exact idee of *pluck*?"

"No."

"Or *game*?"

"No."

"Or even *spunk*?"

"No."

"I thought not," said the Senator, calmly. "They hav'n't the *idee*, and can't have the word. Now, it would require a rather considerable crowd to demolish us at the present time."

"How long will we have to stay here?" asked Mr. Figs abruptly.

"My dear Sir," said Buttons, with more sprightliness than he had shown for many days, "be thankful that you are here at all. We'll get off some time to-day. These fellows are watching us, and the moment we start they'll fire on us. We would be a good mark for them in the coach. No, we must wait a while."

Seated upon the turf, they gave themselves up to the pleasing influence that flows from the pipe. Is there any thing equal to it? How did the ancients contrive to while away the time without it? Had they known its effects how they would have cherished it! We should

now be gazing upon the ruins of venerable temples, reared by adoring votaries to the goddess Tabaca. Boys at school would have construed passages about her. Lempriere, Smith, Anthon, Drissler, and others would have done honor to her. Classic mythology would have been full of her presence. Olympian Jove would have been presented to us with this divinity as his constant attendant, and a nimbus around his immortal brows of her making. Bacchus would have had a rival, a superior!

Poets would have told how TABACA went over the world girt in clouds that but set off the more her splendid radiance. We should have known how much Bacchus had to do with *τὰ Βαρχεῖα*; a chapter which will probably be a lost one in the History of Civilization. But that he who smokes should drink beer is quite indisputable. Whether the beer is to be X, XX, XXX; or whether the brewer's name should begin with an A, as in Alsopp, and run through the whole alphabet, ending with V, as in Vassar, may be fairly left to individual consideration.

What noble poetry, what spirited odes, what eloquent words, has not the world lost by the ignorance of Greek and Roman touching this plant?

The above remarks were made by Dick on this occasion. But Buttons was talking with the wounded Italians.

The Doctor had bound up their wounds and Buttons had favored them with a drop from his flask. Dick cut up some tobacco and filled a pipe for each. After all, the Italians were not fiends. They had attacked them not from malice, but purely from professional motives.

Yet, had their enemies been Tedeschi, no amount of attention would have overcome their sullen hate. But being Americans, gay, easy, without malice, in fact kind and rather agreeable, they softened, yielded altogether, and finally chatted familiarly with Buttons and Dick.—They were young, not worse in appearance than the majority of men; perhaps not bad fellows in their social relations; at any rate, rather inclined to be jolly in their present circumstances. They were quite free in their expressions of admiration for the bravery of their captors, and looked with awe upon the Doctor's revolver, which was the first they had ever seen.

In fact, the younger prisoner became quite communicative. Thus:

"I was born in Velletri. My age is twenty-four years. I have never shed blood except three times. The first time was in Narni—odd place, Narni. My employer was a vine-dresser. The season was dry; the brush caught fire, I don't know how, and in five minutes a third of the vineyard was consumed to ashes. My employer came cursing and raving at me, and swore he'd make me work for him till I made good the loss. Enraged, I struck him. He seized an axe. I drew my stiletto, and—of course, I had to run away.

"The second time was in Naples. The af-

fair was brought about by a woman. Signore, women are at the bottom of most crimes that men commit. I was in love with her. A friend of mine fell in love with her too. I informed him that if he interfered with me I would kill him. I told her that if she encouraged him I would kill him and her too. I suppose she was piqued. Women will get piqued sometimes. At any rate she gave him marked encouragement. I scolded and threatened. No use. She told me she was tired of me; that I was too tyrannical. In fact, she dared to turn me off and take the other fellow. Maffeo was a good fellow. I was sorry for him, but I had to keep my word.

"The third time was only a month ago. I robbed a Frenchman, out of pure patriotism—the French, you know, are our oppressors—and kept what I found about him to reward me for my gallant act. The government, however, did not look upon it in a proper light. They sent out a detachment to arrest me. I was caught, and by good fortune brought to an inn. At night I was bound tightly and shut up in the same room with the soldiers. The inn-keeper's daughter, a friend of mine, came in for something, and by mere chance dropped a knife behind me. I got it, cut my cords, and when they were all asleep I departed. Before going I left the knife behind; and where now, Signore, do you think I left it?"

"I have no idea."

"You would never guess. You never would have thought of it yourself."

"Where did you leave it?"

"In the heart of the Captain."

XLII.

FINAL ATTACK OF REINFORCEMENTS OF BRIGANDS.—THE DODGE CLUB DEFILES THEM AND REPELS THEM.—HOW TO MAKE A BARRICADE.—FRATERNIZATION OF AMERICAN EAGLE AND GALLIC COCK.—THERE'S NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.

"It is certainly a singular position for an American citizen to be placed in," said the Senator. "To come from a cotton-mill to such a regular out-and-out piece of fighting as this. Yet it seems to me that fighting comes natural to the American blood."

"They've been very quiet for ever so long," said Mr. Figgs; "perhaps they've gone away."

"I don't believe they have, for two reasons. The first is, they are robbers, and want our money; the second, they are Italians, and want revenge. They won't let us off so easily after the drubbing we gave them."

Thus Buttons, and the others rather coincided in his opinion. For several miles further on the road ran through a dangerous place, where men might lurk in ambush, and pick them off like so many snipe. They rather enjoyed a good fight, but did not care about being regularly shot down. So they waited.

It was three in the afternoon. Fearfully hot, too, but not so bad as it might have been.

High trees sheltered them. They could ruminate under the shade. The only difficulty was the want of food. What can a garrison do that is ill provided with eatables? The Doctor's little store of crackers and cheese was divided and eaten. A basket of figs and oranges followed. Still they were hungry.

"Well," said Dick, "there's one thing we can do if the worst comes to the worst."

"What's that?"

"Go through the forest in Indian file back to Perugia."

"That's all very well," said the Senator, stubbornly, "but we're not going back. No, Sir, not a step!"

"I'm tired of this," said Buttons, impatiently.

"I'll go out as scout."

"I'll go too," said Dick.

"Don't go far, boys," said the Senator, in the tone of an anxious father.

"No, not very. That hill yonder will be a good look-out place."

"Yes, if you are not seen yourselves."

"We'll risk that. If we see any signs of these scoundrels, and find that they see us, we will fire to let you know. If we remain undiscovered we will come back quietly."

"Very well. But I don't like to let you go off alone, my boys; it's too much of an exposure."

"Nonsense."

"I have a great mind to go too."

"No, no, you had better stay to hold our place of retreat. We'll come back, you know."

"Very well, then."

The Senator sat himself down again, and Buttons and Dick vanished among the trees. An hour passed; the three in the barricade began to feel uneasy; the prisoners were asleep and snoring.

"Hang it," cried the Senator, "I wish I had gone with them!"

"Never fear," said the Doctor, "they are too nimble to be caught just yet. If they had been caught you'd have heard a little firing."

At that very moment the loud report of a rifle burst through the air, followed by a second; upon which a whole volley poured out. The three started to their feet.

"They are found!" cried the Senator. "It's about a mile away. Be ready!"

Mr. Figgs had two rifles by his side, and sat looking at the distance with knitted brows. He had received some terrific bruises in the late *mêlée*, but was prepared to fight till he died. He had said but little through the day. He was not talkative. His courage was of a quiet order. He felt the solemnity of the occasion. It was a little different from sitting at the head of a Board of bank directors, or shaving notes in a private office. At the end of about ten minutes there was a crackling among the bushes. Buttons and Dick came tumbling down into the road.

"Get ready! Quick! They're here!"

"All ready."

"All loaded?"

"Yes."

"We saw them away down the road, behind a grove of trees. We couldn't resist, and so fired at them. The whole band leaped up, raving, and saw us, and fired. They then set off up the road to this place, thinking that we are divided. They're only a few rods away."

"How many are there of them?"

"Fourteen."

"They must have got some more. There were only ten able-bodied, unwounded men when they left."

"Less," said the Doctor; "my pistol—"

"H'st!"

At this moment they heard the noise of footsteps. A band of armed men came in sight. Halting cautiously they examined the barricade. Bang! It was the Doctor's revolver. Down went one fellow, yelling. The rest were frantic. Like fools, they made a rush at the barricade.

Bang! a second shot, another wounded. A volley was the answer. Like fools, the brigands fired against the barricade. No damage was done. The barricade was too strong.

The answer to this was a withering volley from the Americans. The bandits reeled, staggered, fell back, shrieking, groaning, and cursing. Two men lay dead on the road. The others took refuge in the woods.

For two hours an incessant fire was kept up between the bandits in the woods and the Americans in their retreat. No damage was done on either side.

"Those fellows try so hard they almost deserve to lick us," said the Senator dryly.

Suddenly there came from afar the piercing blast of a trumpet.

"Hark!" cried Buttons.

Again.

A cavalry trumpet!

"They are horsemen?" cried Dick, who was holding his ear to the ground; and then added: "*Ἰππων μ' ὠκυπόδων ἀμφὶ κτύπος οὐατα βάλλει.*"

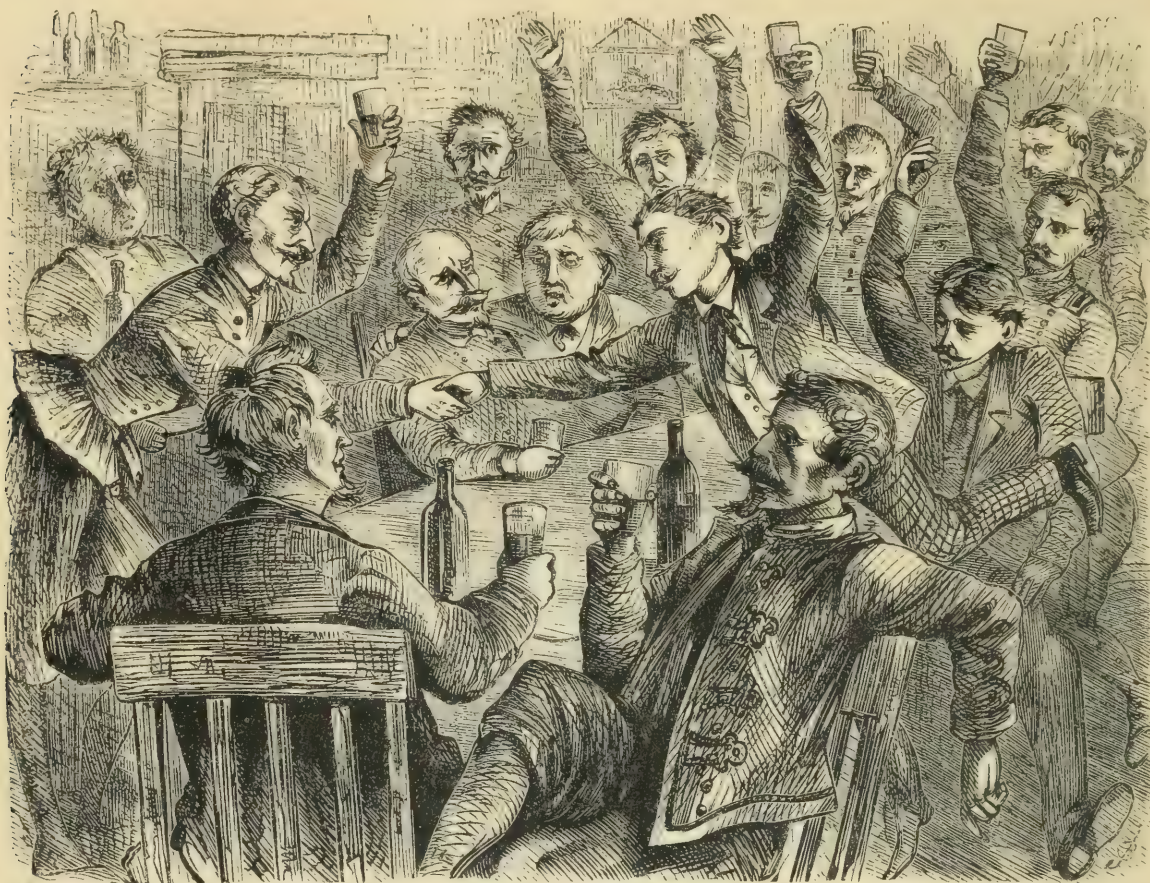
"Hey?" cried the Senator; "water barley?"

Again the sound. A dead silence. All listening.

And now the tramp of horses was plainly heard. The firing had ceased altogether since the first blast of the trumpet. The bandits disappeared. The horsemen drew nearer, and were evidently quite numerous. At last they burst upon the scene, and the little garrison greeted them with a wild hurrah. They were French dragoons, about thirty in number. Prominent among them was Pietro, who at first stared wildly around, and then, seeing the Americans, gave a cry of joy.

The travelers now came out into the road, and quick and hurried greetings were interchanged. The commander of the troop, learning that the bandits had just left, sent off two-thirds of his men in pursuit, and remained with the rest behind.

Pietro had a long story to tell of his own doings. He had wandered through the forest



AN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIR.

till he came to Perugia. The commandant there listened to his story, but declined sending any of his men to the assistance of the travelers. Pietro was in despair. Fortunately a small detachment of French cavalry had just arrived at Perugia on their way to Rome, and the captain was more merciful. The gallant fellow at once set out, and, led by Pietro, arrived at the place most opportunely.

It did not take long to get the coach ready again. One horse was found to be so badly wounded that it had to be killed. The others were slightly hurt. The baggage and trunks were riddled with bullets. These were once more piled up, the wounded prisoners placed inside, and the travelers, not being able to get in all together, took turns in walking.

At the next town the prisoners were delivered up to the authorities. The travelers celebrated their victory by a grand banquet, to which they invited the French officer and the soldiers, who came on with them to this town. Up roar prevailed. The Frenchmen were exuberant in compliments to the gallantry of their entertainers. Toasts followed.

"The Emperor and President!"

"America and France!"

"Tricolor and Stars!"

"The two countries intertwined!"

"A song, Dick!" cried the Senator, who always liked to hear Dick sing. Dick looked modest.

"Strike up!"

"What?"

"The 'Scoodoo abscook!'" cried Mr. Figgs.

"No; 'The Old Cow!'" cried Buttons.

"'The Pig by the Banks of the River!'" said the Doctor.

"Dick, don't," said the Senator. "I'll tell you an appropriate song. These Frenchmen believe in France. We believe in America. Each one thinks there is nothing like Leather. Sing 'Leather,' then."

FIGGS.

BUTTONS.

THE DOCTOR.

"Yes, 'Leather!'"

"Then let it be 'Leather,'" said Dick; and he struck up the following (which may not be obtained of any of the music publishers), to a very peculiar tune:

I.

"Mercury! Patron of melody,
Father of Music and Lord,
Thine was the skill that invented
Music's harmonious chord.
Sweet were the sounds that arose,
Sweetly they blended together;
Thus, in the ages of old,
Music arose out of—LEATHER!"

[Full Chorus by all the Company.]

"Then Leather! sing Leather! my lads!
Mercury! Music!! and Leather!!!
Of all the things under the sun,
Hurrah! there is nothing like Leather!"

[Extra Chorus, descriptive of a Cobbler hammering on his Lapstone.]

"Then Rub a dub, dub!
Rub a dub, dub!!
Rub a dub, dub!!! say we!"

II.

"War is a wonderful science,
Mars was its patron, I'm told;
How did he use to accoutre
Armies in battles of old?
With casque, and with sling, and with shield,
With bow-string and breast-plate together;
Thus, in the ages of old,
War was begun out of—LEATHER!

[Chorus.]

"Then Leather! sing Leather, my lads!
Mars and his weapons of Leather!
Of all the things under the sun,
Hurrah! there is nothing like Leather!

[Extra Chorus.]

"Rub a dub, dub!
Rub a dub, dub!!
Rub a dub, dub!!! say we!

III.

"Love is a pleasing emotion,
All of us know it by heart;
Whence, can you tell me, arises
Love's overpowering smart?
Tipped with an adamant barb,
Gracefully tufted with feather,
Love's irresistible dart
Comes from a quiver of—LEATHER!

[Chorus.]

"Then Leather! sing Leather, my lads!
Darts! and Distraction! and Leather!!!
Of all the things under the sun,
Hurrah! there is nothing like Leather!

[Extra Chorus.]

"Rub a dub, dub!
Rub a dub, dub!!
Rub a dub, dub!!! say we!

IV.

"Orators wrote out their speeches,
Poets their verses recited,
Statesmen promulgated edicts,
Sages their maxims indited.
Parchment, my lads, was the article
All used to write on together;
Thus the Republic of Letters
Sprang into life out of—LEATHER!

[Chorus.]

"Then Leather! sing Leather, my lads!
Poetry! Science!! and Leather!!!
Of all the things under the sun,
Hurrah! there is nothing like Leather!

[Extra Chorus.]

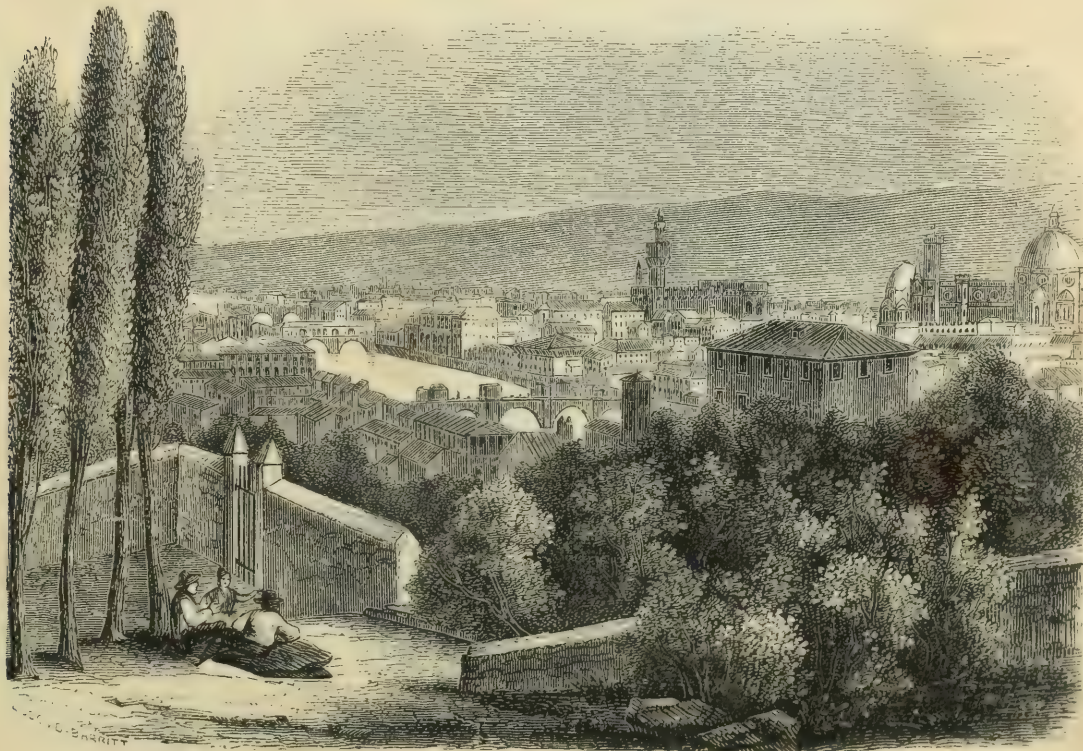
"Rub a dub, dub!
Rub a dub, dub!!
Rub a dub, dub!!! say we!

XLIII.

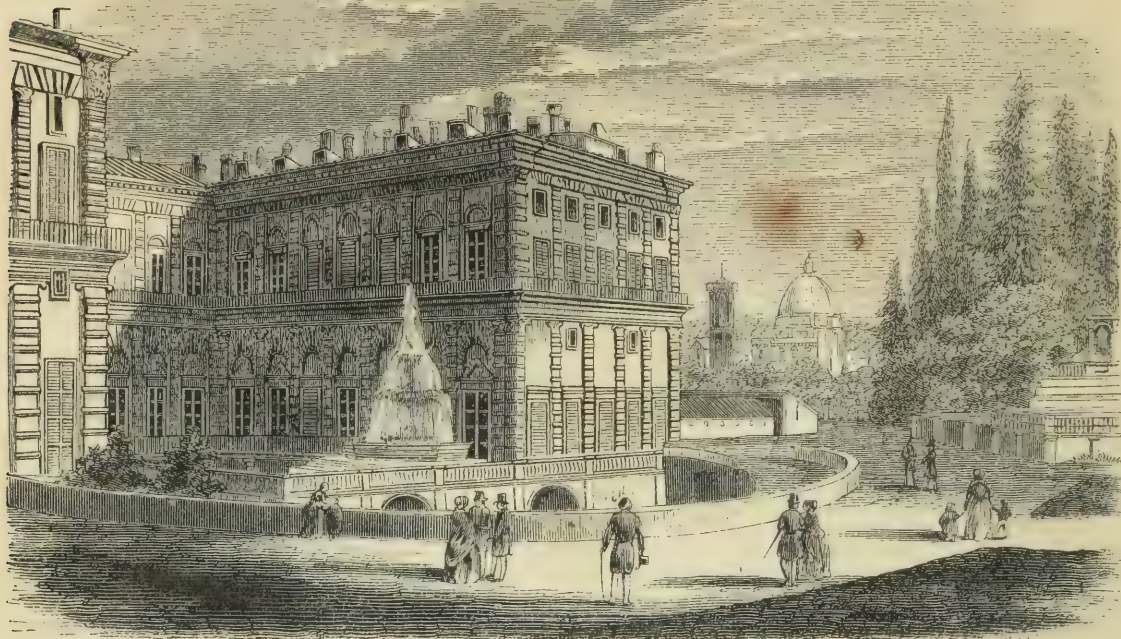
FLORENCE.—DESPERATION OF BUTTONS, OF MR. FIGGS,
AND OF THE DOCTOR.

FLORENCE, THE FAIR!—Certainly it is the fairest of cities. Beautiful for situation; the joy of the whole earth! It has a beauty that grows upon the heart. The Arno is the sweetest of rivers, its valley the loveliest of vales; luxuriant meadows; rich vineyards; groves of olive, of orange, and of chestnut; forests of cypress; long lines of mulberry; the dark purple of the distant Apennines; innumerable white villas peeping through the surrounding groves; the mysterious haze of the sunset, which throws a softer charm over the scene; the magnificent cattle; the fine horses; the bewitching girls, with their broad hats of Tuscan straw; the city itself, with its gloomy old palaces, iron-grated and massive walled, from the ancient holds of street-fighting nobles, long since passed away, to the severe Etruscan majesty of the Pitti Palace; behold Florence!

It is the abode of peace, gentleness, and kindly pleasure (or at any rate it was so when the Club was there). Every stone in its pavement has a charm. Other cities may please; Florence alone can win enduring love. It is one of the very few which a man can select as a permanent home, and never repent of his de-



FLORENCE, FROM SAN MINIATO.

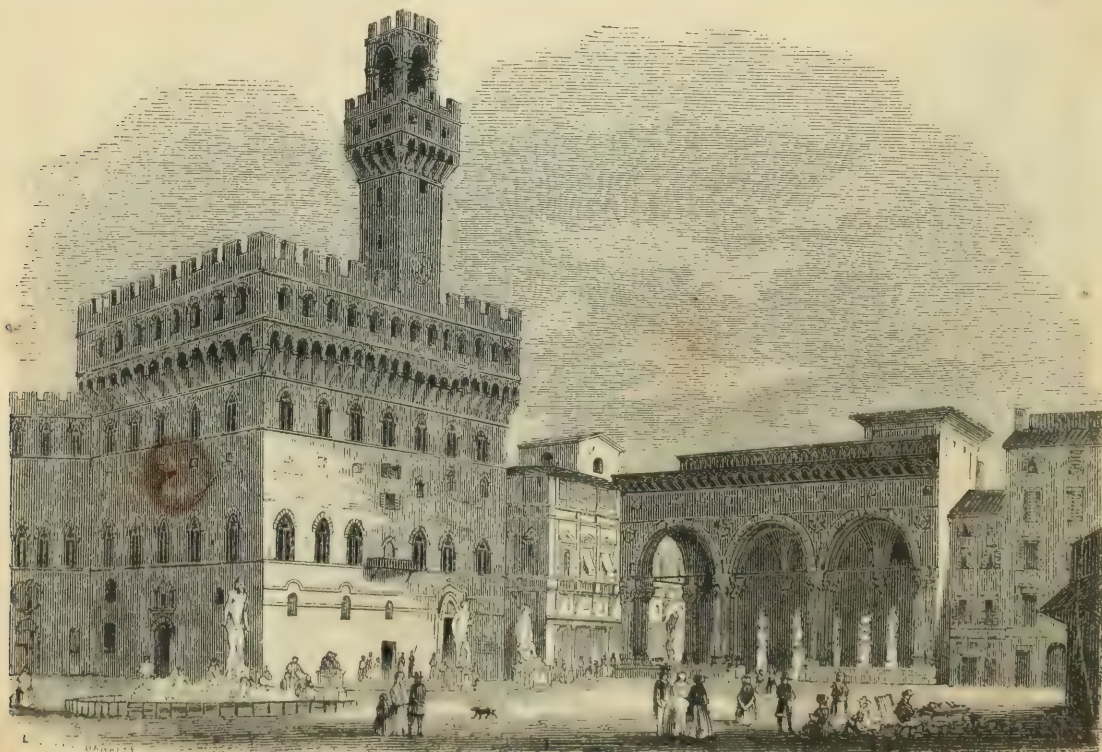


PITTI PALACE.

cision. In fact, it is probably the only city on earth which a stranger can live in and make for himself a true home, so pleasant as to make desire for any other simply impossible.

In Florence there is a large English population, drawn there by two powerful attractions. The first is the beauty of the place, with its healthy climate, its unrivaled collections of art, and its connection with the world at large. The second is the astonishing cheapness of living, though, alas! this is greatly changed from former times, since Florence has become the

capital of Italy. Formerly a palace could be rented for a trifle, troops of servants for another trifle, and the table could be furnished from day to day with rarities and delicacies innumerable for another trifle. It is, therefore, a paradise for the respectable poor, the needy men of intelligence, and perhaps it may be added, for the shabby genteel. There is a glorious congregation of dilettante, literati, savans; a blessed brotherhood of artists and authors; here gather political philosophers of every grade. It was all this even under the



FOUNTAIN OF NEPTUNE, PALAZZO VECCHIO.

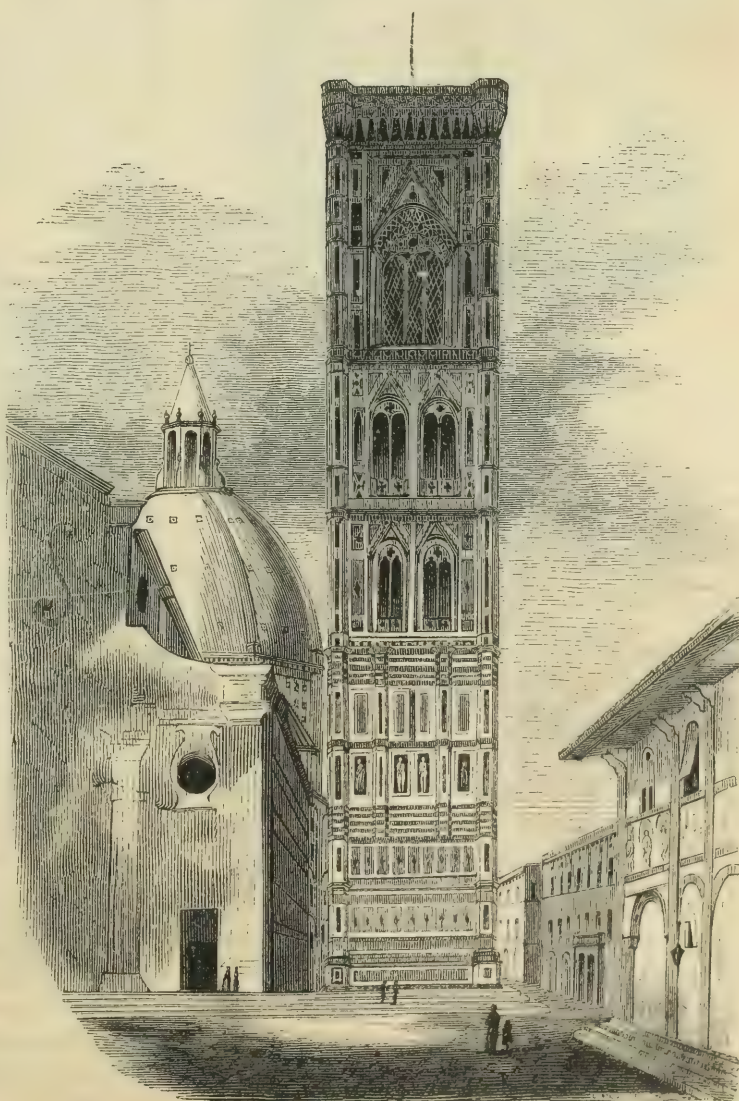


THE DUOMO.

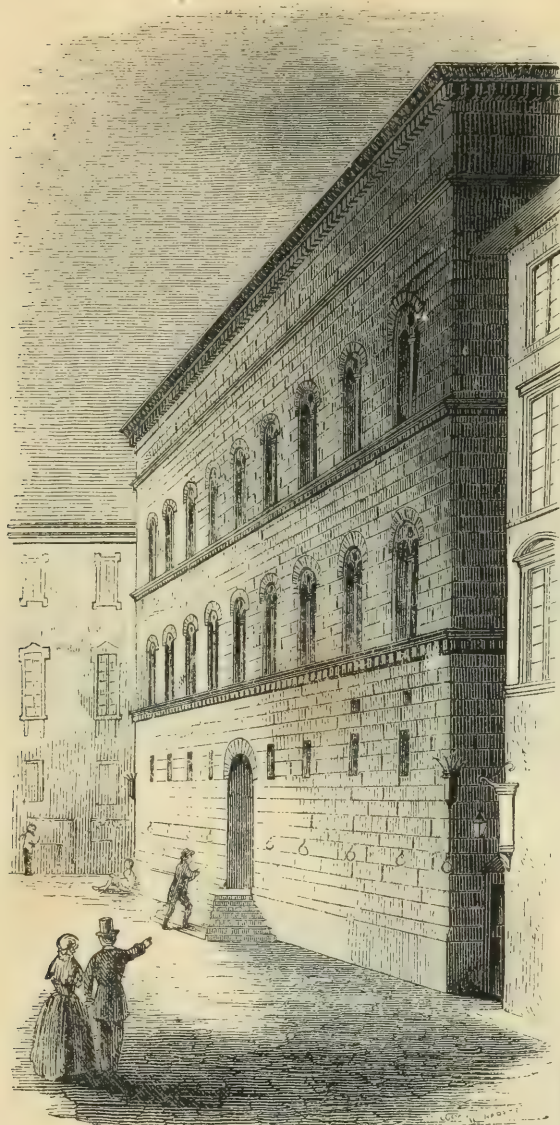
Grand Duke of refreshing memory; hereafter it will be the same, only, perhaps, a little more so, under the new influences which it shall acquire and exert as the metropolis of a great kingdom.

The Florentines are the most polished people under the sun. The Parisians claim this proud pre-eminence, but it can not be maintained. Amidst the brilliancies of Parisian life there are fearful memories of bloody revolutions, brutal fights, and blood-thirsty cruelties. No such events as these mar the fair pages of later Florentine history. In fact, the forbearance and gentleness of the people have been perhaps to their disadvantage. Life in Florence is joy. The sensation of living is of itself a pleasure. Life in that delicious atmosphere becomes a higher state of being. It is the proper home for poets and artists.—Those who pretend that there is any thing in America equal to Florence, either in climate, landscape, or atmosphere, are simply humbugs. Florence is unique. It is the only Athens of the modern world.

The streets are cool and delightful. The great high houses keep off the rays of the sun.—The people love to stroll away



THE CAMPANILE.



STROZZI PALACE.

the greater part of their happy days. They loiter around the corners or under the porticoes gathering news and retailing the same. Hand-organs are generally discountenanced. Happy city!

When it is too hot in the streets there is the vast cathedral—Il Duomo—dim, shadowy, magnificent, its gigantic dome surpassed only by that of St. Peter's. And yet in the twilight of this sacred interior, where there dwells so much of the mysterious gloom only found in the Gothic cathedrals of the north, many find greater delight than in all the dazzling splendor, the pomp, and glory, and majesty of the Roman temple. Beside it rises the Campanile, as fair as a dream, and in appearance almost as unsubstantial. Not far off is the Baptistery, with its gates of bronze—an assemblage of glory which might well suffice for one city.

Around the piazza that incloses these sacred buildings they sell the best roasted chestnuts in the world. Is it any wonder that Florence is so attractive?

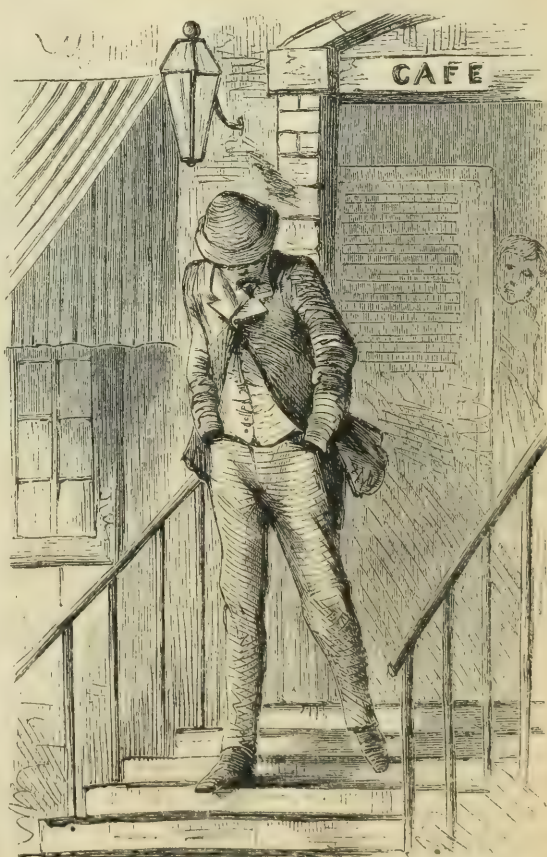
The Dodge Club obtained furnished apartments in a fine large hotel that looked out on the Ponte della Trinita and on the Arno. Be-

neath was the principal promenade in the city. It was a highly agreeable residence.

No sooner had they arrived than Buttons set out in search of the Spaniards. Three days had been lost on the road. He was half afraid that those three days had lost him the Spaniards altogether. Three days! It was possible that they had seen Florence in that time and had already left. The thought of this made Buttons feel extremely nervous. He spent the first day in looking over all the hotels in the city. The second in searching through as many of the lodging-houses as were likely to be chosen by the Spaniards. The third he spent in meandering disconsolately through the cafés. Still there were no signs of them. Upon this Buttons fell into a profound melancholy. In fact it was a very hard case. There seemed nothing left for him to do. How could he find them out?

Dick noticed the disquietude of his friend, and sympathized with him deeply. So he lent him aid and searched through the city as industriously as possible. Yet in spite of every effort their arduous labors were defeated. So Buttons became hopeless.

The Senator, however, had met with friends. The American Minister at Turin happened at that time to be in Florence. Him the Senator recollected as an old acquaintance, and also as a tried companion in arms through many a political campaign. The Minister received him with the most exuberant delight. Dinner, wine, feast of reason, flow of soul, interchange of latest news, stories of recent adventures on



BUTTONS MELANCHOLY

both sides, laughter, compliments, speculations on future party prospects, made the hours of an entire afternoon fly like lightning. The American Eagle was never more convivial.

The Minister would not let him go. He made him put up at his hotel. He had the *entrée* into the highest Florentine society. He would introduce the Senator every where. The Senator would have an opportunity of seeing Italian manners and customs such as was very rarely enjoyed. The Senator was delighted at the idea.

But Mr. Figgs and the Doctor began to show signs of weariness. The former walked with Dick through the Boboli gardens and confided all his soul to his young friend. What was the use of an elderly man like him putting himself to so much trouble? He had seen enough of Italy. He didn't want to see any more. He would much rather be safe at home. Besides, the members of the Club were all going down the broad road that leadeth to ruin. Buttons was infatuated about those Spaniards. The Doctor thought that he (Dick) was involved in some mysterious affair of a similar nature. Lastly, the Senator was making a plunge into society. It was too much. The ride over the Apennines to Bologna might be interesting for two young fellows like him and Buttons, but was unfit for an elderly person. Moreover, he didn't care about going to the seat of war. He had seen enough of fighting. In short, he and the Doctor had made up their minds to go back to Paris *via* Leghorn and Marseilles.

Dick remonstrated, expostulated, coaxed. But Mr. Figgs was inflexible.

XLIV.

THE SENATOR ENTRAPPED.—THE WILES AND WITCHERY OF A QUEEN OF SOCIETY.—HIS FATE DESTINED TO BE, AS HE THINKS, ITALIAN COUNTESSSES.—SENTIMENTAL CONVERSATION.—POETRY.—BEAUTY.—MOONLIGHT.—RAPTURE.—DISTRACTION.—BLISS!

THE blandishments of Florentine society might have led captive a sterner soul than that of the Senator. Whether he wished it or not, he was overcome. His friend, the Minister, took him to the houses of the leaders of society, and introduced him as an eminent American statesman and member of the Senate.

Could any recommendation be equal to that? For, be it remembered, it was the Revolutionary time. Republicanism ran high. America was synonymous with the Promised Land. To be a statesman in America was as great a dignity as to be prince in any empire on earth. Besides, it was infinitely more honored, for it was popular. The eyes of the struggling people were turned to that country which showed them an example of republican freedom.

So if the Florentines received the Senator with boundless hospitality, it was because they admired his country, and revered his dignity. They liked to consider the presence of

the American Minister and Senator as an expression of the good-will of the American Government. They looked upon him diplomatically. All that he said was listened to with the deepest respect, which was none the less when they did not comprehend a word. His pithy sentences, when translated into Italian, became the neatest epigrams in the world. His suggestions as to the best mode of elevating and enriching the country were considered by one set as the profoundest philosophy, and by another as the keenest satire. They were determined to lionize him. It was a new sensation to the Senator. He desired to prolong it. He recalled the lines of the good Watts:

"My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this."

He thought of Dr. Franklin in Paris, of his severe republicanism amidst the aristocratic influences around. How like his present situation was to that of the august philosopher!

The marked attention which the Minister paid to the Senator added greatly to the importance of the latter. The Florentines reasoned thus: A Minister is a great man. As a general thing his traveling countrymen pay respect to him. What then must be the position of that traveling fellow-countryman who receives attention instead of paying it? What would the position of an Englishman need to be in order to gain the attention of the British Ambassador? Ducal at least. Hence there is only one conclusion. An American Senator ranks with an English Duke.

Others went beyond this: Mark the massive forehead, the severe eye, the cool, self-possessed mien of this American. The air of one accustomed to rule. Listen to his philosophic conversation. One of America's greatest statesmen. No doubt he has a certain prospect of becoming President. President! It must be so; and that accounts for the attention paid by the American Ambassador. He, of course, wishes to be continued in his office under the next administration. After all, the Florentines were not so far out of the way. A much worse man than the Senator might be made President. In the chapter of accidents his name, or the name of one like him, might carry the votes of some roaring convention.

For two or three days the Senator was the subject of an eager contest among all the leaders of society. At length there appeared upon the scene the great Victrix in a thousand contests such as these. The others fell back discomfited, and the Senator became her prey.

The Countess di Nottinero was not exactly a Recamier, but she was a remarkably brilliant woman, and the acknowledged leader of the liberal part of Florentine society. Of course, the haughty aristocratic party held themselves grandly aloof, and knew nothing either of her or the society to which she belonged.

She was generally known as *La Cica*, a nickname given by her enemies, though what "Cica" meant no one could tell exactly. It was a sort

of contraction made up from her Christian name, Cecilia, as some thought; others thought it was the Italian word *cica* given on account of some unknown incident. At any rate, as soon as she made her appearance driving down the Lungh' Arno, with the massive form of the Senator by her side, his fame rose up to its zenith. He became more remarked than ever, and known among all classes as the illustrious American to whom belonged the certainty of being next President of the United States.

Rumor strengthened as it grew. Reports were circulated which would certainly have amazed the worthy Senator if he had heard them all. It was said that he was the special Plenipotentiary Extraordinary sent by the American Government as a mark of their deep sympathy with the Italian movement, and that he was empowered, at the first appearance of a new Government in Italy, to recognize it officially as a first-class Power, and thus give it the mighty sanction of the United States.

What wonder that all eyes were turned admiringly toward him wherever he went. But he was too modest to notice it. He little knew that he was the chief object of interest to every house, hotel, and café in the city. Yet it was a fact.

His companions lost sight of him for some time. They heard the conversation going on about the sayings of the great American. They did not know at first who it was; but at length concluded that it referred to the Minister from Turin.

La Cica did her part marvelously well. All the dilettanti, the artists, authors, political philosophers, and *beaux esprits* of every grade followed the example of *La Cica*. And it is a fact that by the mere force of character, apart from any adventitious aids of refinement, the Senator held his own remarkably. Yet it must be confessed that he was at times extremely puzzled.

La Cica did not speak the best English in the world; yet that could not account for all the singular remarks which she made. Still less could it account for the tender interest of her manner. She had remarkably bright eyes. Why wandered those eyes so often to his, and why did they beam with such devotion—beaming for a moment only to fall in sweet innocent confusion? *La Cica* had the most fascinating manners, yet they were often perplexing to the Senator's soul. The little offices which she required of him did not appear in his matter-of-fact eyes as strictly prudent. The innate gallantry which he possessed carried him bravely along through much that was bewildering to his nerves. Yet he was often in danger of running away in terror.

"The Countess," he thought, "is a most remarkable fine woman; but she does use her eyes uncommon, and I do wish she wouldn't be quite so demonstrative."

The good Senator had never before encountered a thorough woman of the world, and was

as ignorant as a child of the innumerable little harmless arts by which the power of such a one is extended and secured. At last the Senator came to this conclusion. *La Cica* was desperately in love with him.

She appeared to be a widow. At least she had no husband that he had ever seen; and therefore to the Senator's mind she must be a spinster or a widow. From the general style in which she was addressed he concluded that she was the latter. Now if the poor *Cica* was hopelessly in love, it must be stopped at once. For he was a married man, and his good lady still lived, with a very large family, most of the members of which had grown up.

La Cica ought to know this. She ought indeed. But let the knowledge be given delicately, not abruptly. He confided his little difficulty to his friend the Minister. The Minister only laughed heartily.

"But give me your opinion."

The Minister held his sides, and laughed more immoderately than ever.

"It's no laughing matter," said the Senator. "It's serious. I think you might give an opinion."

But the Minister declined. A broad grin wreathed his face during all the remainder of his stay at Florence. In fact, it is said that it has remained there ever since.

The Senator felt indignant, but his course was taken. On the following evening they walked on the balcony of *La Cica's* noble residence. She was sentimental, devoted, charming.

The conversation of a fascinating woman does not look so well when reported as it is when uttered. Her power is in her tone, her glance, her manner. Who can catch the evanescent beauty of her expression or the deep tenderness of her well-modulated voice? Who indeed?"

"Does ze scene please you, my Senator?"

"Very much indeed."

"Your countrymen haf tol me zey would like to stay here alloway."

"It is a beautiful place."

"Did you aiver see any thin moaire loafely?"

And the Countess looked full in his face.

"Never," said the Senator, earnestly. "The next instant he blushed. He had been betrayed into a compliment."

The Countess sighed.

"Helas! my Senator, that it is not pairmitted to moartals to sociate as zey would laiike."

"Your Senator," thought the gentleman thus addressed; "how fond, how tender—poor thing! poor thing!"

"I wish that Italy was nearer to the States," said he.

"How I adamiar your style of mind, so different from ze Italiana. You are so strong—so nobile. Yet would I laiike to see moar of ze poetic in you."

"I always loved poetry, marm," said the Senator, desperately.

"Ah—good—nais—eccelente. I am plees



LA CICA.

at zat," cried the Countess, with much animation. "You would loafe it moar eef you knew Italiano. Your langua ees not sufficiente musicale for poatry."

"It is not so soft a language as the Italian."

"Ah—no—not so soft. Very well. And what theenka you of ze Italiano?"

"The sweetest language I ever heard in all my born days."

"Ah now—you hev not heard much of ze Italiano, my Senator."

"I have heard you speak often," said the Senator, naïvely.

"Ah, you compliment! I sot you was above flattera."

And the Countess playfully tapped his arm with her little fan.

"What Ingelis poet do you loafe best?"

"Poet? English poet?" said the Senator, with some surprise. "Oh—why, marm, I think Watts is about the best of the lot!"

"Watt? Was he a poet? I did not know zat. He who invented ze stim-injaine? And yet if he was a poet it is naturale zat you loafe him best."

"Steam-engine! Oh no? This one was a minister."

"A meeneestaire? Ah! an abbé? I know him not. Yet I haf read mos of all your poets."

"He made up hymns, marm, and psalms—for instance: 'Watts's Divine Hymns and Spiritual Songs.'"

"Songs? Spirituelle? Ah, I mus at once procuaire ze works of Watt, which was favorit poet of my Senator."

"A lady of such intelligence as you would like the poet Watts," said the Senator, firmly.

"He is the best known by far of all our poets."

"What? better zan Sakespeare, Milton, Bairon? You much surpass me."

"Better known and better loved than the whole lot. Why, his poetry is known by heart through all England and America."

"Merciful Heaven! what you tell me! ees eet possbl! An yet he is not known here efen by name. It would please me mooch, my Senator, to haire you make one quotatione. Know you Watt? Tell to me some words of his which I may remembaire."

"I have a shocking bad memory."

"Bad memora! Oh, but you remember somethin, zis mos beautiful charm nait—you haf a nobile soul—you mus be affecta by beauty—by ze ideal. Make for a me one quotatone."

And she rested her little hand on the Senator's arm, and looked up imploringly in his face.

The Senator looked foolish. He felt even more so. Here was a beautiful woman, by act and look showing a tender interest in him. Perplexing—but very flattering after all. So he replied:

"You will not let me refuse you any thing."

"Aha! you are vera willin to refuse. It is difficulty for me to excitare youar regards. You are fill with the grands ideas. But come—will you spik for me some from your favorit Watt?"

"Well, if you wish it so much," said the Senator, kindly, and he hesitated.

"Ah—I do wis it so much!"

"Ehem!"

"Begin," said the Countess. "Behold me. I listen. I hear everysin, and will remembraire it forava."

The only thing that the Senator could think of was the verse which had been running in his head for the last few days, its measured rhythm keeping time with every occupation:

"My willing soul would stay—"

"Stop one moment," said the Countess. "I weesh to learn it from you;" and she looked fondly and tenderly up, but instantly dropped her eyes.

"Ma willina sol wooda sta—"

"In such a frame as this," prompted the Senator.

"Een socha framas zees.' Wait—'Ma willina sol wooda sta in socha frama zees.' Ah, appropriat! but could I hope zat you were true to zose lines, my Senator? Well?"

"And sit and sing herself away," said the Senator, in a faltering voice, and breaking out into a cold perspiration for fear of committing himself by such uncommonly strong language.

"Ansit ansin hassaf awai," repeated the Countess, her face lighting up with a sweetly conscious expression.

The Senator paused.

"Well?"

"I—ehem! I forget."

"Forget? Impossible!"

"I do really."

"Ah now! Forget! I see by youar face—you desave. Say on."

The Countess again gently touched his arm with both of her little hands, and held it as though she would clasp it.

"Have you fear? Ah, cruel!"

The Senator turned pale, but finding refusal impossible, boldly finished:

"To everlasting bliss"—there!"

"To affarlastin blees thar.' Stop. I repeat it all: 'Ma willina sol wooda sta in socha framas zees, ansit ansin hassaf awai to affarlastin blees thar.' Am I right?"

"Yes," said the Senator, meekly.

"I knew you war a poetic sola," said the Countess, confidingly. "You air honesto—true—you can not desave. When you spik I can beliv you. Ah, my Senator! an you can spik zis poetry!—at soch a taim! I nefare knew befoare zat you was so impassione!—an you air so artaful! You breeng ze confersazione to beauty—to poatry—to ze poet Watt—so you may spik verses mos impassione! Ah! what do you mean? Santissima madre! how I wish you spik Italiano."

The Countess drew nearer to him, but her approach only deepened his perplexity.

"How that poor thing does love me!" sighed the Senator. "Law bless it! she can't help it—can't help it nohow. She is a goner; and what can I do? I'll have to leave Florence. Oh, why did I quit Buttons! Oh, why—"

The Countess was standing close beside him in a tender mood waiting for him to break the silence. How could he? He had been uttering words which sounded to her like love; and she—"a widow! a widow! a widow! wretched man that I am!"

There was a pause. The longer it lasted the more awkward the Senator felt. What upon earth was he to do or say? What business had he to go and quote poetry to widows? What an old fool he must be! But the Countess was very far from feeling awkward. Assuming an elegant attitude she looked up, her face expressing the tenderest solicitude.

"What ails my Senator?"

"Why, the fact is, marm—I feel sad—at leaving Florence. I must go shortly. My wife has written summoning me home. The children are down with the measles."

Oh, base fabrication! Oh, false Senator! There wasn't a word of truth in that remark. You spoke so because you wished *La Cica* to know that you had a wife and family. Yet it was very badly done.

La Cica changed neither her attitude nor her expression. Evidently the existence of his wife, and the melancholy situation of his unfortunate children, awaked no sympathy.

"But, my Senator—did you not say you wooda seeng youself away to affarlasteen belees?"

"Oh, marm, it was a quotation—only a quotation."

But at this critical juncture the conversation was broken up by the arrival of a number of ladies and gentlemen.

But could the Senator have known!

Could he but have known how and where those words would confront him again!

XLV.

"MORERE, DIAGORA, NON ENIM IN CÆLUM ADSCENSURUS ES."—THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE SENATOR (NOTHING LESS—IT WAS A MOMENT IN WHICH A MAN MIGHT WISH TO DIE—THOUGH, OF COURSE, THE SENATOR DIDN'T DIE).

STROLLING through the streets day by day Buttons and Dick beheld the triumph of the Senator. They gazed on it from afar, and in amazement saw their old companion suddenly lifted up to a position which they could not hope to gain. The companion of nobles—the associate of *beaux esprits*—the friend of the wealthy, the great, and the proud; what in the world was the cause of this sudden, this unparalleled leap forward to the very highest point of honor? Who, in the name of goodness, was that dashing woman with whom he was always driving about? Who were those fair ladies with whom he was forever promenading? Plainly the chief people of the land; but how the mischief did he get among them? They were bewildered even though the half of the truth had not begun to dawn upon their minds. They never saw him to ask him about it, and for some time only looked upon him from a distance.

"Do you give it up?" asked Buttons.

"I give it up."

"And I too."

"At any rate the United States might have many a worse representative."

"But I wonder how he can get along. How can he manage to hold his own among these refined, over-cultivated, fastidious Florentines?"

"Goodness knows!"

"A common school New England education can scarcely fit a man for intercourse with polished Italians. The granite hills of New Hampshire have never been famous for producing men of high breeding. That is not their specialty."

"Besides, our good friend can not speak a single word of any language but his own."

"And frequently fails in that."

"He hasn't the remotest glimmering of an idea about Art."

"Not of the Fine Arts, but in the useful arts he is immense."

"He looks upon Italy as he would upon a field of stumps—a place to be cleared, broken up, brought under cultivation, and made productive."

"Yes, productive in cotton factories and Yankee notions."

"What in the world can keep up his reputation among the most poetic and least utilitarian people in the world?"

"There's the mystery!"

"The beauty of it is he goes as much with the English as with the Italians. Can he keep up his vernacular among them and still preserve the charm?"

"Well, whatever is the secret, I glory in it. I believe in him. He is a man. A more noble-hearted, sincere, upright, guileless soul nev-

er lived. Besides, he knows thoroughly what he has gone over."

"He is as generous a soul as ever lived."

"Yes, a stiff utilitarian in theory, but in practice an impulsive sentimentalist."

"He would legislate according to the most narrow and selfish principles, but would lay down his life for his friend."

"Think of him at Perugia!"

"Yes; the man himself with his brave soul and invincible courage. Didn't he fight? Methinks he did!"

"If it hadn't been for him it is extremely probable that you and I would now have been—well, certainly not just here."

Talking thus, the two young men walked up toward the Palazzo Vecchio. They noticed that the busy street through which they passed was filled with an unusual multitude, who were all agitated with one general and profound excitement, and were all hurrying in one direction. The sight awakened their interest. They went on with the stream. At every step the crowd increased. At every street new throngs poured in to join the vast multitude.

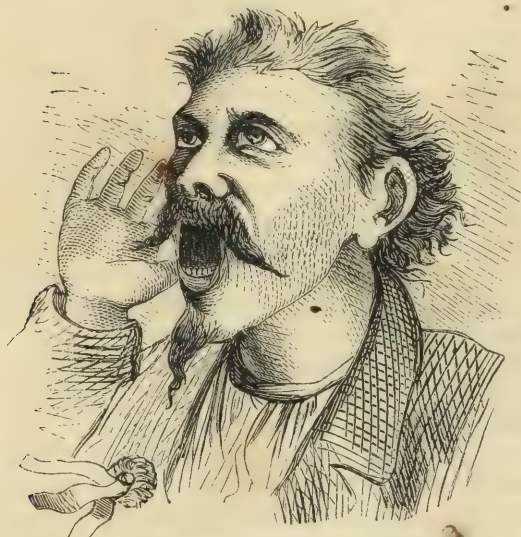
Confused murmurs rose into the air. Hasty words passed from mouth to mouth. They were unintelligible. They could only distinguish broken sentences—words unknown—Cavriana—Mincio—Tedeschi—Napoleone—Spia d'Italia. What was it all about? They could not guess. Evidently some mighty national event had occurred, which was of overwhelming importance. For the entire city had turned out, and now, as they entered the great square in front of the Palazzo Vecchio, an astonishing sight burst upon their view. A vast multitude filled the square to overflowing. Loud cries arose. Shouts of a thousand kinds all blending together into one deafening roar, and rising on high like the thunder of a cataract:

"Vittoria!" "Vittoria!" "Cavriana!" "I Francesi!" "Viva l'Italia!" "Viva Vittore Emmanuele! il nostro Re!" "Viva!" "Viva!!!" "VIVA!!!"

Words like these rose all around, mingled with thousands of similar exclamations. At length there was distinguished *one word*. It was passed from man to man, more frequently uttered, gathering as it passed, adding new volumes of meaning to its own sonorous sound, till at last all other words were drowned in that one grand word, which to this rejoicing multitude was the lyre of glorious victory, the promise of endless triumphs for regenerated Italy:

"SOLFERINO!"

"Solferino!" They did not know then, as they listened, the full meaning of that eloquent word. But on mingling with the shouting crowd they soon learned it all: how the accursed Tedeschi had summoned all their energy to crush forever the army of liberty; how the Kaiser himself came from beyond the mountains to insure his triumph; how the allied armies had rushed upon their massive columns and beaten them back; how, hour after hour,



SOLFERINO!

the battle raged, till at last the plain for many a league was covered with the wounded and the dead; how the wrongs of ages were crowded together in the glorious vengeance of that day of days; how Victory hovered over the invincible banners of Italy; how the Tedeschi fled, routed, over the river, no more to cross it as masters; how the hopes of Italy arose immortal from that one day's terrific slaughter; how Liberty was now forever secured, and a Kingdom of Italy under an Italian King.

"Viva l'Italia!" "Viva Luigi Napoleone!" "Viva Garibaldi!" "Viva Vittore Emanuele, Re d'Italia!"

In great moments of popular excitement people do not talk to one another. They rhapsodize; and the Italians more than any other people. Hence the above.

Buttons and Dick clambered up to the recess of a window and contemplated the scene. There was the innumerable crowd; swaying, embracing, laughing, weeping, shouting, cheering. High in the air waved hundreds of banners; and the tri-color flaunted in ribbons from thousands of breasts, or shone in rosettes, or gleamed in flowers. Ever and anon loud trumpet blasts arose triumphantly on high; in the distance victorious strains came swelling up from bands hurried there to express in thrilling music what words could never utter; while all around the whole air rang with the thunder of cannon that saluted the triumph of Solferino.

"Look there! Look! Look!" cried Dick.

He pointed to the large portico which is on the right of the Palazzo Vecchio. Buttons looked as he was directed.

He saw a great assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, the chief people of the Tuscan state. From this place those announcements had been made which had set the people wild with joy. There were beautiful ladies whose flushed faces and suffused eyes bore witness to their deep emotion. There were noble gentlemen whose arms still waved in the air as they cheered for Italy. And there, high above all others, rose a familiar figure—the massive shoulders, the

calm, shrewd, square face, the benignant glance and smile, which could belong only to one person.

"The Senator!" cried Buttons.

Every body was looking in that direction. The impulsive crowd having celebrated abstract ideas, were now absolutely hungering for some tangible object upon which to expend something of the warmth of their feelings. A few who stood near the Senator and were impressed by his aspect, as soon as all the news had been made known, gave expression and direction to the feeling by shouting his name. As they shouted others took up the cry, louder, louder, and louder still, till his name burst forth in one sublime sound from thirty thousand lips.

No wonder that he started at such an appeal. He turned and looked upon the crowd. An ordinary man would have exhibited either confusion or wonder. The Senator, being an extraordinary man, exhibited neither. As he turned a vast roar burst from the multitude.

"Good Heavens!" cried Buttons; "what's in the wind now? Will this be a repetition of the scene in the Place Vendôme?"

"Hush!"

The crowd saw before them the man whose name and fame had been the subject of conjecture, wonder, applause, and hope for many days. They beheld in him the Representative of a mighty nation, sent to give them the right hand of fellowship, and welcome their country among the great powers of the earth. In him they saw the embodiment of America!

"Viva!" burst through the air. "The American Ambassador!" "Hurrah for the American Ambassador!" "The Plenipotentiary Extraordinary!" "He comes to crown our triumph!" "Hurrah for America!" "Free, generous America!" "The first nation to welcome Italy!" "Hurrah!" "This is the time!" "He will speak!" "Silence!" "Silence!" "He rises!" "Lo!" "He looks at us!" "Silence!" "Listen to the Most Illustrious Plenipotentiary Extraordinary!" "Hush! AMERICA SPEAKS!"

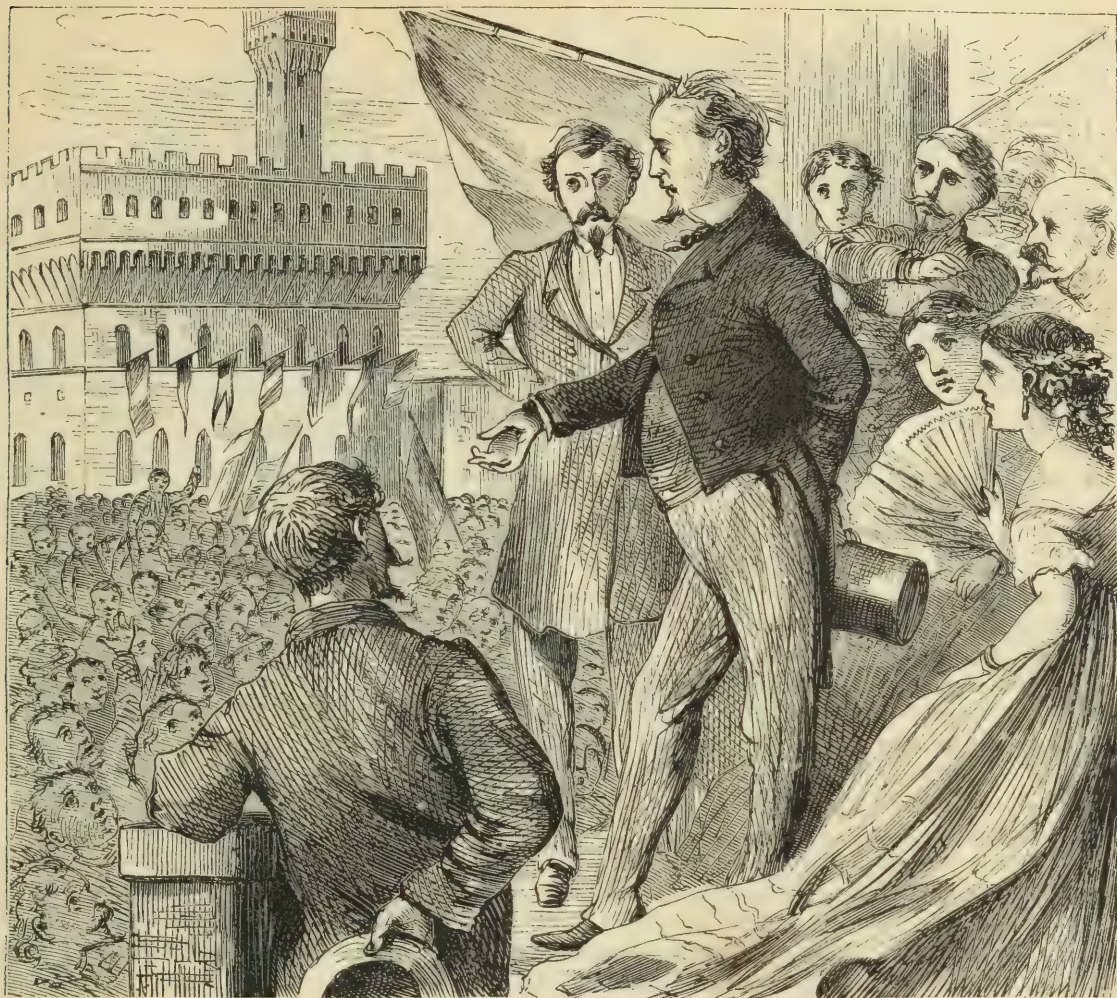
Such shouts and exclamations as these burst forth, with many others to the same effect. The crowd in front of the portico where the Senator stood were almost uncontrollable in their excitement. The Senator rose to the greatness of the occasion. Here was a chance to speak—to utter forth the deep sympathy of his countrymen with every downtrodden people striving for freedom. He turned to face them and held out his hand. At once the immense assemblage was hushed to silence.

The Senator took off his hat. Never before did he look as he looked now. The grandeur of the occasion had sublimed his usually rugged features into majesty. He looked like the incarnation of a strong, vigorous, invincible people.

The Senator spoke:

"Men of Italy!"

"In the name of the Great Republic!—I



THE SENATOR SPEAKS.

congratulate you on this glorious victory! It is a triumph of Liberty!—of the principles of '76!—of the immortal ideas!—for which our forefathers fought and died!—at Lexington!—at Bunker Hill!—and at a thousand other places in the great and glorious Revolution!”

The Senator paused. This was enough. It had been spoken in English. The Italians did not of course understand a word, yet they comprehended all his meaning. As he paused there burst forth a shout of joy such as is heard only once in a lifetime; shout upon shout. The long peals of sound rose up and spread far away over the city. The vast crowd vibrated like one man to the impulse of the common enthusiasm.

It was too great to last. They rushed to the carriage of *La Cica*. They unharnessed the horses. They led the Senator to it and made him enter. They flung their tri-colors in. They threw flowers on his lap. They wound the flag of Italy around the carriage. A thousand marched before it. Thousands more walked beside and behind. They drew him up to his hotel in triumph, and the band struck up the thrilling strain of “Yankee doodle!”

It would be unfair not to render justice to *La Cica*. She bore the scene admirably. Her

beaming face, and lustrous eyes, and heaving bosom, and majestic air, showed that she appropriated to herself all the honor thus lavished upon the Senator. It was a proud moment for *La Cica*.

“Dick,” said Buttons, as they descended from their perch.

“Well?”

“How do you feel now?”

“Obliterated. I do not exist. I was once a blot. I am expunged. There is no such thing as Dick.”

“Who could have imagined this?”

“And how he bore it! The Senator is a great man! But come. Don’t let us speak for an hour, for we are both unable to talk coherently.”

From patriotic motives the two young men walked behind the Senator’s carriage and cheered all the way.

Upon arriving at their lodgings in the evening they stationed themselves at the window and looked out upon the illuminated scene. Dick, finding his emotions too strong to be restrained, took his trombone and entertained a great crowd for hours with all the national airs that he knew.

XLVI.

THE PRIVATE OPINION OF THE DOCTOR ABOUT FOREIGN TRAVEL.—BUTTONS STILL MEETS WITH AFFLICTIONS.

"THE Italians, or at any rate the people of Florence, have just about as much cuteness as you will find any where."

Such was the dictum of the Senator in a conversation with his companions after rejoining them at the hotel. They had much to ask; he, much to tell. Never had he been more critical, more approbative. He felt now that he thoroughly understood the Italian question, and expressed himself in accordance with this consciousness.

"Nothing does a feller so much good," said he, "as mixing in all grades of society. It won't ever do to confine our observation to the lower classes. We must mingle with the upper-crust, who are the leaders of the people."

"Unfortunately," said Buttons, "we are not all Senators, so we have to do the best we can with our limited opportunities."

They had been in Florence long enough, and now the general desire was to go on. Mr. Figgs and the Doctor had greatly surprised the Senator by informing him that they did not intend to go any further.

And why not?

"Well, for my own part," said Mr. Figgs, "the discomforts of travel are altogether too great. It would not be so bad in the winter, but think how horribly hot it is. What is my condition? That of a man slowly suffocating. Think how fat I am. Even if I had the enthusiasm of Dick, or the fun of Buttons, my fat would force me to leave. Can you pretend to be a friend of mine and still urge me to go further? And suppose we passed over into the Austrian territory. Perhaps we might be unmolested, but it's doubtful. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that we were arrested and detained. Imagine us—imagine *me*—shut up in a room—or worse, a cell—in the month of July, in midsummer, in the hottest part of this burning fiery furnace of a country! What would be left of me at the end of a week, or at the end of even one day? What? A grease spot! A grease spot! Not a bit more, by Jingo!"

After this speech, which was for him one of extraordinary length and vigor, Mr. Figgs fell exhausted into his chair.

"But you, Doctor," said the Senator, seeing that Mr. Figgs was beyond the reach of persuasion—"you—what reason is there for you to leave? You are young, strong, and certainly not fat."

"No, thank Heaven! it is not the heat, or the fear of being suffocated in an Austrian dungeon, that influences me."

"What, then, is the reason?"

"These confounded disturbances," said the Doctor, languidly.

"Disturbances?"

"Yes. I hear that the road between this



A GREASE SPOT.

and Bologna swarms with vagabonds. Several diligences have been robbed. I heard a story which shows this state of things. A band of men entered the theatre of a small town along the road while the inhabitants were witnessing the play. At first the spectators thought it was part of the performance. They were soon undeceived. The men drew up in line in front of the stage and leveled their pieces. Then fastening the doors, they sent a number of men around through the house to plunder the whole audience. Not content with this they made the authorities of the town pay a heavy ransom."

"Some one has been humbugging you, Doctor," said Buttons.

"I had it from good authority," said the Doctor, calmly. "These fellows call themselves Revolutionists, and the peasantry sympathize with them."

"Well, if we meet with them there will be a little additional excitement."

"Yes, and the loss of our watches and money."

"We can carry our money where they won't find it, and our bills of exchange are all right, you know."

"I think none of you will accuse me of want of courage. If I met these fellows you know very well that I would go in for fighting them. But what I do object to is the infernal bother of being stopped, detained, or perhaps sent back. Then if any of us got wounded we would be laid up for a month or so. That's what I object to. If I had to do it it would be different, but I see no necessity."

"You surely want to see Lombardy?"

"No I don't."

"Not Bologna?"

"No."

"Ferrara?"

"No."

"Do you mean to say that you don't want to see Venice and Milan?"

"Haven't the remotest desire to see either of the places. I merely wish to get back again to Paris. It's about the best place I've seen yet, except, of course, my native city, Philadelphia. That I think is without an equal. However, our minds are made up. We don't wish to change your plans—in fact, we never thought it possible. We are going to take the steamer at Leghorn for Marseilles, and go on to Paris."

"Well, Doctor," said Dick, "will you do me one favor before you go?"

"With pleasure. What is it?"

"Sell me your pistol."

"I can't sell it," said the Doctor. "It was a present to me. But I will be happy to lend it to you till we meet again in Paris. We will be sure to meet there in a couple of months at the farthest."

The Doctor took out his pistol and handed it to Dick, who thankfully received it.

"Oh, Buttons," said the Senator, suddenly, "I have good news for you. I ought to have told you before."

"Good news? what?"

"I saw the Spaniards."

"The Spaniards!" cried Buttons, eagerly, starting up. "Where did you see them? When? Where are they? I have scoured the whole town."

"I saw them at a very crowded assembly at the Countess's. There was such a scrouging that I could not get near them. The three were there. The little Don and his two sisters."

"And don't you know anything about them?"

"Not a hooter, except something that the Countess told me. I think she said that they were staying at the villa of a friend of hers."

"A friend? Oh, confound it all! What shall I do?"

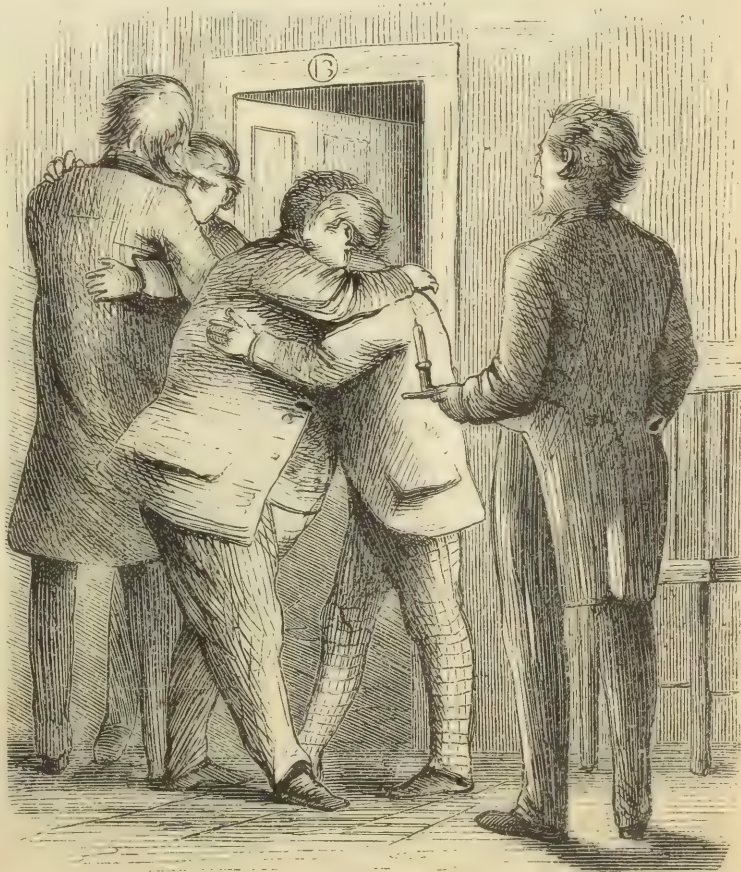
"The villa is out of town."

"That's the reason why I never could see them. Confound it all, what shall I do?"

"Buttons," said the Senator, gravely, "I am truly sorry to see a young man like you so infatuated about foreign women. Do not be offended, I mean it kindly. She may be a Jesuit in disguise; who knows? And why will you put yourself to grief about a little black-eyed gal that

don't know a word of English? Believe me, New England is wide and has ten thousand better gals than ever she begun to be. If you will get in love wait till you get home and fall in love like a Christian, a Republican, and a Man."

But the Senator's words had no effect. Buttons sat for a few moments lost in thought. At length he rose and quietly left the room. It was about nine in the morning when he left. It was about nine in the evening when he returned. He looked dusty, fatigued, fagged, and dejected. He had a long story to tell, and was quite communicative. The substance of it was this: On leaving the hotel he had gone at once to *La Cica's* residence, and had requested permission to see her. He could not till twelve. He wandered about and called again at that hour. She was very amiable, especially on learning that he was a friend of the Senator, after whom she asked with deep interest. Nothing could exceed her affability. She told him all that she knew about the Spaniards. They were stopping at the villa of a certain friend of hers whom she named. It was ten miles from the city. The friend had brought them to the assembly. It was but for a moment that she had seen them. She wished for his sake that she had learned more about them. She trusted that he would succeed in his earnest search. She should think that they might still be in Florence, and if he went out at once he might see them. Was this his first visit to Florence? How perfectly he had the



FAREWELL, FIGGS!

Tuscan accent; and why had he not accompanied his friend the Senator to her salon. But it would be impossible to repeat all that *La Cica* said.

Buttons went out to the villa at once; but to his extreme disgust found that the Spaniards had left on the preceding day for Bologna. He drove about the country for some distance, rested his horses, and took a long walk, after which he returned.

Their departure for Bologna on the following morning was a settled thing. The diligence started early. They had pity on the flesh of Figgs and the spirit of the Doctor. So they bade them good-by on the evening before retiring.

XLVII.

A MEMORABLE DRIVE.—NIGHT.—THE BRIGANDS ONCE MORE.—GARIBALDI'S NAME.—THE FIRE.—THE IRON BAR.—THE MAN FROM THE GRANITE STATE AND HIS TWO BOYS.

"THE great beauty of this pistol is a little improvement that I have not seen before."

And Dick proceeded to explain.

"Here is the chamber with the six cavities loaded. Now you see, when you wish, you touch this spring and out pops the butt."

"Well?"

"Very well. Here I have another chamber with six cartridges. It's loaded, the cartridges are covered with copper and have detonating powder at one end. As quick as lightning I put this on, and there you have the pistol ready to be fired again six times."

"So you have twelve shots?"

"Yes."

"And cartridges to spare."

"The Doctor gave me all that he had, about sixty, I should think."

"You have enough to face a whole army—"

"Precisely—and in my coat-pocket."

This conversation took place in the banquette of the diligence that conveyed Dick, Buttons, and the Senator from Florence to Bologna. A long part of the journey had been passed over. They were among the mountains.

"Do you expect to use that?" asked the Senator, carelessly.

"I do."

"You believe these stories then?"

"Yes; don't you?"

"Certainly."

"So do I," said Buttons. "I could not get a pistol; but I got this from an acquaintance."

And he drew from his pocket an enormous bowie-knife.

"Bowie-knives are no good," said the Senator. "Perhaps they may do if you want to assassinate; but for nothing else. You can't defend yourself. I never liked it. It's not American. It's not the direct result of our free institutions."

"What have you then? You are not going unarmed."

"This," said the Senator.

And he lifted up a crow-bar from the front of the coach. Brandishing it in the air as easily as an ordinary man would swing a walking-stick he looked calmly at his astonished companions.

"You see," said he, "there are several reasons why this sort of thing is the best weapon for me. A short knife is no use. A sword is no good, for I don't know the sword exercise. A gun is worthless; I would fire it off once and then have to use it as a club. It would then be apt to break. That would be disagreeable—especially in the middle of a fight. A stick or club of any kind would be open to the same objection. What, then, is the weapon for me? Look at me. I am big, strong, and active. I have no skill. I am brute strength. So a club is my only weapon—a club that won't break. Say iron then. There you have it."

And the Senator swung the ponderous bar around in a way that showed the wisdom of his choice.

"You are about right," said Buttons. "I venture to say you'll do as much mischief with that as Dick will with his pistol. Perhaps more. As for me, I don't expect to do much. Still, if the worst comes, I'll try to do what I can."

"We may not have to use them," said the Senator. "Who are below?"

"Below?"

"In the coach?"

"Italians."

"Women?"



IN THE COACH.

"No, all men. Two priests, three shop-keeper-looking persons, and a soldier."

"Ah! Why we ought to be comparatively safe."

"Oh, our number is not any thing. The country is in a state of anarchy. Miserable devils of half-starved Italians swarm along the road, and they will try to make hay while the sun shines. I have no doubt we will be stopped half a dozen times before we get to Bologna."

"I should think," said the Senator, indignantly, "that if these chaps undertake to govern the country—these republican chaps; they had ought to govern it. What kind of a way is this to leave helpless travelers at the mercy of cut-throats and assassins?"

"They think," said Buttons, "that their first duty is to secure independence, and after that they will promote order."

"The Florentines are a fine people—a people of remarkable 'cuteness and penetration; but it seems to me that they are taking things easy as far as fighting is concerned. They don't send their soldiers to the war, do they?"

"Well, no; I suppose they think their army may be needed nearer home. The Grand Duke has long arms yet, and knows how to bribe."

By this time they were among the mountain forests where the scenery was grander, the air cooler, the sky darker than before. It was late in the day, and every mile increased the wildness of the landscape and the thickness of the gloom. Further and further, on they went till at last they came to a winding-place where the road ended at a gully over which there was a bridge. On the bridge was a barricade. They did not see it until they had made a turn where the road wound, where at once the scene burst on their view.

The leaders reared, the postillions swore, the driver snapped his whip furiously. The passengers in "coupé," "rotonde," and "interieure" popped out their heads, the passengers on the "banquette" stared; until at last, just as the postillions were dismounting to reconnoitre, twelve figures rose up from behind the barricade, indistinct in the gloom, and bringing their rifles to their shoulders took aim.

The driver yelled, the postillions shouted, the passengers shrieked. The three men in the banquette prepared for a fight. Suddenly a loud voice was heard from behind. They looked. A number of men stood there, and several more were leaping out from the thick woods on the right. They were surrounded. At length one of the men came forward from behind.

"You are at our mercy," said he. "Whoever gives up his money may go free. Whoever resists dies. Do you hear?"

Meanwhile the three men in the banquette had piled some trunks around, and prepared to resist till the last extremity. Dick was to fire; Buttons to keep each spare butt loaded; the Senator to use his crow-bar on the heads of any

assailants. They waited in silence. They heard the brigands rummaging through the coach below, the prayers of the passengers, their appeals for pity, their groans at being compelled to give up every thing.

"The cowards don't deserve pity!" cried the Senator. "There are enough to get up a good resistance. We'll show fight, any how!"

Scarcely had he spoke when three or four heads appeared above the edge of the coach.

"Haste!—your money!" said one.

"Stop!" said Buttons. "This gentleman is the American Plenipotentiary Extraordinary, who has just come from Florence, and is on his way to communicate with Garibaldi."

"Garibaldi!" cried the man, in a tone of deep respect.

"Yes," said Buttons, who had not miscalculated the effect of that mighty name. "If you harm us or plunder us you will have to settle your account with Garibaldi—that's all!"

The man was silent. Then he leaped down, and in another moment another man came.

"Which is the American Plenipotentiary Extraordinary?"

"He," said Buttons, pointing to the Senator.

"Ah! I know him. It is the same. I saw him at his reception in Florence, and helped to pull his carriage."

The Senator calmly eyed the brigand, who had respectfully taken off his hat.

"So you are going to communicate with Garibaldi at once. Go in peace! Gentlemen, every one of us fought under Garibaldi at Rome. Ten years ago he disbanded a large number of us among these mountains. I have the honor to inform you that ever since that time I have got my living out of the public, especially those in the service of the Government. You are different. I like you because you are Americans. I like you still better because you are friends of Garibaldi. Go in peace! When you see the General tell him Giuglio Malvi sends his respects."

And the man left them. In about a quarter of an hour the barricade was removed, and the passengers resumed their seats with lighter purses but heavier hearts. The diligence started, and once more went thundering along the mountain road.

"I don't believe we've seen the last of these scoundrels yet," said Buttons.

"Nor I," said Dick.

A general conversation followed. It was late, and but few things were visible along the road. About two hours passed away without any occurrence.

"Look!" cried Dick, suddenly.

They looked. About a quarter of a mile ahead a deep red glow arose above the forest, illumining the sky. The windings of the road prevented them from seeing the cause of it. The driver was startled, but evidently thought it was no more dangerous to go on than to stop. So he lashed up his horses and set them off at a furious gallop. The rumble of the ponderous

wheels shut out all other sounds. As they advanced the light grew more vivid.

"I shouldn't wonder," said the Senator, "if we have another barricade here. Be ready, boys! We won't get off so easily this time."

The other two said not a word. On, and on. The report of a gun suddenly roused all. The driver lashed his horses. The postillions took the butts of their riding-whips and pelted the animals. The road took a turn, and, passing this, a strange scene burst upon their sight.

A wide open space on the road-side, a collection of beams across the road, the shadowy forms of about thirty men, and the whole scene dimly lighted by a smouldering fire. As it blazed up a little the smoke rolled off and they saw an overturned carriage, two horses tied to a tree, and two men with their hands bound behind them lying on the ground.

A voice rang out through the stillness which for a moment followed the sudden stoppage of the coach at the barrier. There came a wail from the frightened passengers within—cries for mercy—piteous entreaties.

"Silence, fools!" roared the same voice, which seemed to be that of the leader.

"Wait! wait!" said the Senator to his companions. "Let me give the word."

A crowd of men advanced to the diligence, and as they left the fire Buttons saw three figures left behind—two women and a man. They did not move. But suddenly a loud shriek burst from one of the women. At the shriek Buttons trembled.

"The Spaniards! It is! I know the voice! My God!"

In an instant Buttons was down on the ground and in the midst of the crowd of brigands who surrounded the coach.

Bang! bang! bang! It was not the guns of the brigands, but Dick's pistol that now spoke, and its report was the signal of death to three men who rolled upon the ground in their last agonies. As the third report burst forth the Senator hurled himself down upon the heads of those below. The action of Buttons had broken up all their plans, rendered parley impossible, and left nothing for them to do but to follow him and save him. The brigands rushed at them with a yell of fury.

"Death to them! Death to them all! No quarter!"

"Help!" cried Buttons. "Passengers, we are armed! We can save ourselves!"

But the passengers, having already lost their money, now feared to lose their lives. Not one responded. All about the coach the scene became one of terrible confusion. Guns were fired, blows fell in every direction. The darkness, but faintly illuminated by the fitful fire-light, prevented the brigands from distinguishing their enemies very clearly—a circumstance which favored the little band of Americans.

The brigands fired at the coach, and tried to break open the doors. Inside the coach the passengers, frantic with fear, sought to make

their voices heard amidst the uproar. They begged for mercy; they declared they had no money; they had already been robbed; they would give all that was left; they would surrender if only their lives were spared.

"And, oh! good Americans, yield, yield, or we all die!"

"Americans?" screamed several passionate voices. "Death to the Americans! Death to all foreigners!"

These bandits were unlike the last.

Seated in the banquette Dick surveyed the scene, while himself concealed from view. Calmly he picked out man after man and fired. As they tried to climb up the diligence, or to force open the door, they fell back howling. One man had the door partly broken open by furious blows with the butt of his gun. Dick fired. The ball entered his arm. He shrieked with rage. With his other arm he seized his gun, and again his blows fell crashing. In another instant a ball passed into his brain.

"Two shots wasted on one man! Too much!" muttered Dick; and taking aim again he fired at a fellow who was just leaping up the other side. The wretch fell cursing.

Again! again! again! Swiftly Dick's shots flashed around. He had now but one left in his pistol. Hurriedly he filled the spare chamber with six cartridges, and taking out the other he filled it and placed it in again. He looked down.

There was the Senator. More than twenty men surrounded him, firing, swearing, striking, shrieking, rushing forward, trying to tear him



A FREE FIGHT.

from his post. For he had planted himself against the fore-part of the diligence, and the mighty arm whose strength had been so proved at Perugia was now descending again with irresistible force upon the heads of his assailants. All this was the work of but a few minutes. Buttons could not be seen. Dick's preparations were made. For a moment he waited for a favorable chance to get down. He could not stay up there any longer. He must stand by the Senator.

There stood the Senator, his giant form towering up amidst the *mêlée*, his muscular arms wielding the enormous iron bar, his astonishing strength increased tenfold by the excitement of the fight. He never spoke a word.

One after another the brigands went down before the awful descent of that iron bar. They clung together; they yelled in fury; they threw themselves *en masse* against the Senator. He met them as a rock meets a hundred waves. The remorseless iron bar fell only with redoubled fury. They raised their clubbed muskets in the air and struck at him. One sweep of the iron bar and the muskets were dashed out of their hands, broken or bent, to the ground. They fired, but from their wild excitement their aim was useless. In the darkness they struck at one another. One by one the number of his assailants lessened—they grew more furious but less bold. They fell back a little; but the Senator advanced as they retired, guarding his own retreat, but still swinging his iron bar with undiminished strength. The prostrate forms of a dozen men lay around. Again they rushed at him. The voice of their leader encouraged them and shamed their fears. He was a stout, powerful man, armed with a knife and a gun.

"Cowards! kill this one! This is the one! All the rest will yield if we kill him. Forward!"

That moment Dick leaped to the ground. The next instant the brigands leaped upon them. The two were lost in the crowd.

Twelve reports, one after the other, rang into the air. Dick did not fire till the muzzle of his pistol was against his enemy's breast. The darkness, now deeper than ever, prevented him from being distinctly seen by the furious crowd, who thought only of the Senator. But now the fire shooting up brightly at the sudden breath of a strong wind threw a lurid light upon the scene.

There stood Dick, his clothes torn, his face covered with blood, his last charge gone. There stood the Senator, his face blackened with smoke and dust, and red with blood, his colossal form erect, and still the ponderous bar swung on high to fall as terribly as ever. Before him were eight men. Dick saw it all in an instant. He screamed to the passengers in the diligence:

"There are only eight left! Come! Help us take them prisoners! Haste!"

The cowards in the diligence saw how things were. They plucked up courage, and at the call of Dick jumped out. The leader of the brigands was before Dick with uplifted rifle. Dick flung his pistol at his head. The brigand drew back and felled Dick senseless to the ground. The next moment the Senator's arm descended, and, with his head broken by the blow, the robber fell dead.

As though the fall of Dick had given him fresh fury, the Senator sprang after the others. Blow after blow fell. They were struck down helplessly as they ran. At this moment the passengers, snatching up the arms of the prostrate bandits, assaulted those who yet remained. They fled. The Senator pursued—long enough to give each one a parting blow hard enough to make him remember it for a month. When he returned the passengers were gathering around the coach, with the driver and postillions, who had thus far hidden themselves, and were eagerly looking at the dead.

"Off!"—cried the Senator, in an awful voice—"Off! you white-livered sneaks! Let me find my two boys!"

OUR WORK.

OUR joy hath need of patience, our hope has need of faith;
We sow not this year's flowers, but the century's tree;
We hold the dead past only in the seed it bore at death,
For the better growth to be.

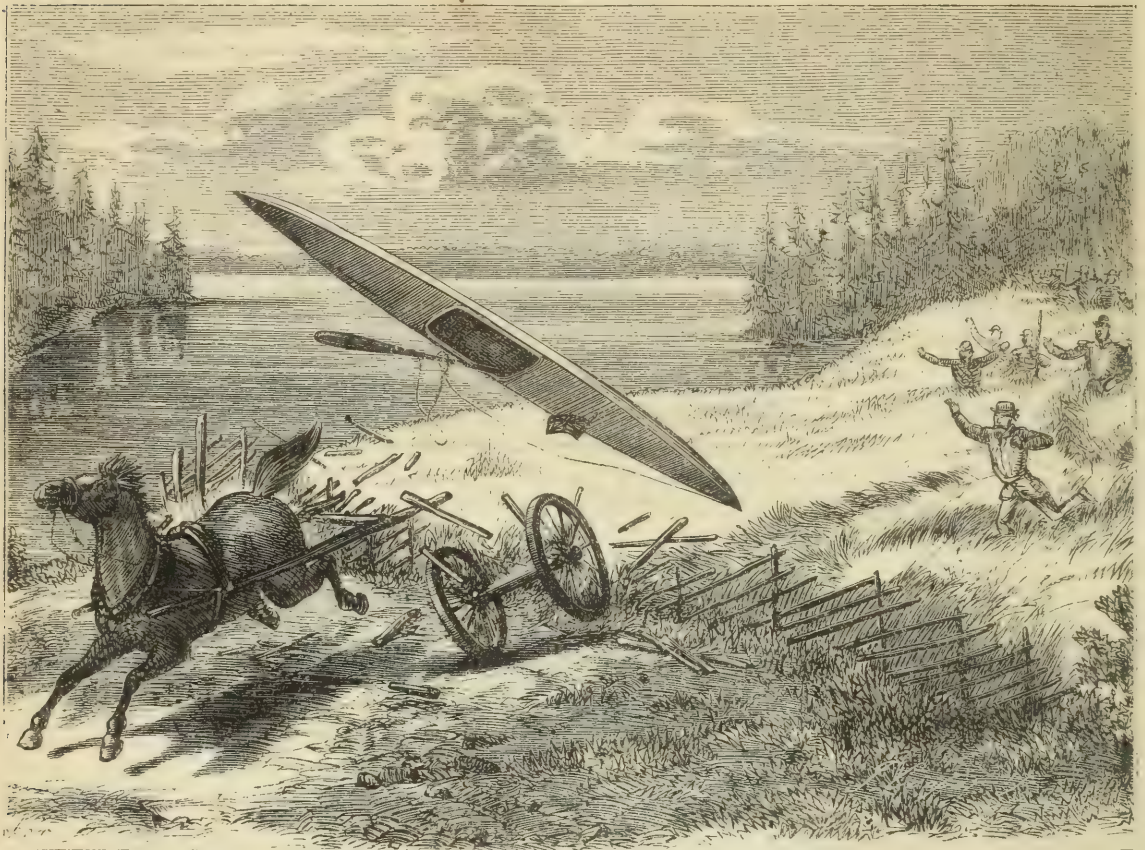
The future, the great future, the world has faced to-day;
The darkness lies behind her, her path is toward the sun;
But the glorious day she looks for is long upon its way,
And a great work yet undone.

While the mighty hand of labor builds its cities and its towers,
Without sound and without pause another work is wrought.
Ages laid its deep foundations, to-day the task is ours,
The fulfillment of their thought.

The great work rises slowly, for the laborers are few;
To the building of the Temple we have brought a stone.
Truth is doubly consecrated in the service of the True,
And we build to God alone.

O ye wiser generations! who shall take the upper stations,
And with stronger hands and purer the topmost stone shall lay,
Ye shall hail the work with shouting, though in silence and in patience
Stand the laborers to-day.

THE ROB ROY IN THE BALTIC.



FIRST UPSET OF THE ROB ROY.

AMONG the remarkable voyages which have attracted the attention of Christendom since Columbus discovered America, and Captain Cook circumnavigated the globe, the canoe cruises of amateur Captain J. Macgregor, M. A., Trinity College, Cambridge, deserve a place. The readers of the Magazine, some months ago, followed the course of the stanch little Rob Roy in her trip of a thousand miles. But although that expedition was a great success, the master of that enterprising craft was not entirely satisfied with her. He was in search of perfection. So he carefully designed another canoe, with every excellence possessed by the original Rob Roy, and a hundred more; and this, having been tested on many lakes and seas, proved to be the owner's *beau-ideal*—he has been unable to find a fault in her build.

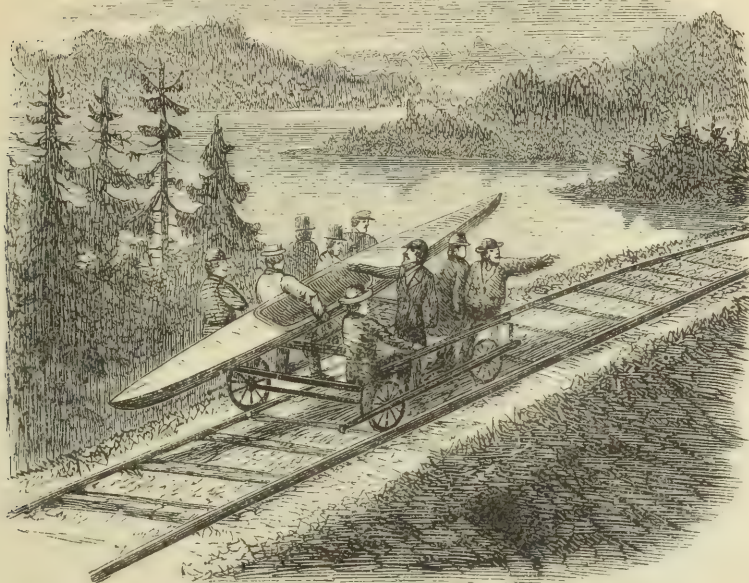
The new canoe—also christened Rob Roy—was built of oak, except the top streak, which was of mahogany, and the deck of cedar. She was shorter, narrower, shallower, lighter, and stronger than her predecessor, being only fourteen feet long, twenty-six inches broad, eight and one-half inches deep, and weighed, with all fittings complete, seventy-one pounds. He, she, or it was designed to sail steadily, to paddle easily, to float lightly, to turn readily, and to bear rough usage on stones and banks, and in carts, railways, and steamers; to be durable and dry, as well as comfortable and safe.

Mr. Macgregor's theory was that "a canoe

ought to fit a man like a coat;" and to secure this the measure of the man should be taken thus: The first regulating standard is the length of the man's feet, which will determine the height of the canoe from keel to deck; next, the length of his leg, which governs the size of the "well;" and then the weight of the crew and luggage, which regulates the displacement to be provided for.

The Captain was measured, and the canoe fitted. She was furnished with a little basket of cooking things, and rice, soup, tea, coffee, chocolate, sugar, salt, and a good supply of biscuits, also with a spirit furnace; the whole affair in the basket weighing only about three pounds, and the owner's personal luggage for a three months' tour weighing nine pounds. It was a mathematical problem to decide how many inches of portable soup, how many ounces of rice, squares of chocolate, cups of coffee essence, and spoonful of tea should make up the cargo; but when this problem was solved the captain, mate, crew, and passengers of the Rob Roy were ready to commence a canoe cruise through Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Schleswig, Holstein, the North Sea, and the Baltic.

Two days in a steamer from London brought Mr. Macgregor and his canoe to the town of Christiana; thence by the railway that runs along the lovely Glommen River, they were carried to Kongsvinger, about sixty miles north-east of Christiana. Norway and Sweden are



THE ROB ROY IN A DRESINE.

covered with an entanglement of waters in rivers, lakes, and pools, netted together all over the broad surface for a thousand miles; and our enterprising canoeist resolved to push his way through these, in some way or other, to Stockholm.

In giving a brief sketch of this tour, we shall keep, without special marks of quotation, the form of a personal narrative. And the reader must fancy himself listening to a recital of adventures by the justly proud owner of this little skiff.

The next morning after arriving at Kongsvinger, the Rob Roy was placed in a *dresine*—a carriage on the railway, moved by cranks and treadles, as a velocipede is worked, and to which vehicle there clung as many persons as could hold on. We rumbled along until the shore of a small lake was reached, when the Rob Roy was carried over the rank grass, and gently launched upon the water, amidst cheerful smiles and encouraging glances from many visitors.

The Rob Roy's engine soon settled down to work with a regular swing; and the even strokes of the dark-blue blades were long and strong in the new water. Then the mind, placid in solitude, turned itself inward, thinking of the length of the journey—the possible perils of the enterprise—the unknown difficulties to be met, the mysterious future of incidents to happen, the strange people and queer languages, and curious nights and days, the falls and deeps, the rapids and shallows, the waves and whirlpools, the upsets and groundings, the calms and breezes. These and all the other countless varied features of a lonely water journey in a foreign land were all imagined with an eager, intense longing to meet them every one.

At the end of the quiet lake, wooded thickly to its edge, the map showed a river; but, alas! no river was there; and as I wondered in si-

lence the quiet woods resounded with the blast of a trumpet. In a deep, sequestered nook there were three companies of men drilling amidst the trees. Every man of them had caught sight of the Rob Roy, and though they marched on in column, all had "Eyes right," for all were staring sideways at the canoe. The officer, being a wise man, dismissed his array, and down they rushed *en masse* to the water.

The captain explained to me in French that they were the local Landwehr, camping out for six days; and as the men crowded round, each holding his hat in his hand whenever he came within a certain radius of his captain's august presence; and caressing the little canoe with smiles of pleasure,

he posted a sentry with fixed bayonet to guard the Rob Roy, lying on the green rushes in the sun; and led me off to his hut, so prettily garnished with nasturtiums and pictures. After refreshments were served a cart was got, and we started for another lake. The soldier leading the horse allowed it to go too fast, and in vain I shouted to stop. All the others shouted too. Off started the spirited nag down hill, and dragging the man after him, until the pace quickened into a full gallop; the more we shouted the worse it was; the horse kicked and plunged, and overthrew the man; then darting into a corn-field, he rushed headlong down to a gate, where the cart was dashed to pieces, the wheels going one way, while the shafts and canoe were dragged along at a racing pace, till at another fence the whole was overturned amidst a crash of broken palings.

While running at full speed I endeavored to become cheerfully resigned to the terrible catastrophe, and even to arrive at the scene with a laugh, which was probably hysteric. I heeded not the broken cart and the runaway horse, but rushed to my canoe. I turned her over as one would tenderly handle a child thrown from a carriage; and what was my wonder to find she was perfectly whole—only the flag-staff broken, and one or two ribs, and scarcely a scratch on the fine varnish, and not one crack in the cedar deck. Nay, there was not a bottle broken in my stores, and all this because she had made a somersault on the paling just broken, as she landed on it most happily on her strong oak stem, which still bears a deep mark, but no other injury.

A new cart took us to Oklangen Lake, deep and dark, with matted trees and luxuriant plants overgrowing its rocky sides. The roar of a waterfall announced that a river was near; so, after landing and satisfying hunger with soup and biscuits, we launched on this river, which

for miles was like a little trout stream, with purling ripples and long pools quite concealed by thick foliage, tangled ferns, and fallen larches, drooping so low as to cause me to stoop again and again. Sometimes I had to wade; but the warm sun made it pleasant to dabble in the bright crystal stream, and chase the water-ouzzels or grasp at the fish, always, however, in vain.

Another lake: and with it new pleasures—grander distances, lofty cliffs, rocks, and islets, stately trees, lively waves; or, in the evening sunlight, a beautiful picture on the liquid mirror, with floating clouds piled high in the air, is reflected from below. But these clouds are not always so romantic and so far out of reach. Soon they closed round, and very prosaic rain teemed forth and hissed again on the surface of the lake. There was no eluding this straight down-pour, and the crew might have mutinied had we gone on much longer in a deluge; so it was determined to stop at the only house, and to fish in the evening if the rain should cease. I put the Rob Roy safe under a bank, and walked through thick bushes to the humble dwelling.

Only an old woman was inside—all the men were away; but we praised the *scones* she was baking, so she brought them in with coffee, but was evidently uncertain whether it might not all be a dream to see, for the very first time in her life, a grown man dressed in gray flannel, and talking what sounded to her like gibberish, yet manifestly very well able to eat like the mortals of her acquaintance.

The worthy old dame was persuaded by signs

to give me a room; and I coolly pulled the canoe right into this bedroom. My bed, to be sure, was only straw, though the lady gave me a sheep-skin—and a great population in it—to sleep upon, with my cork seat and Macintosh for a pillow. The surrender of comfort which was made to the inhabitants of the sheep-skin was compensated for in some measure by the fresh air of the morning, the new sun of another day, and the soft dip of the blue-bladed oar.

In this northern tour, among lakes and intricate seas, it is not always easy to “find the way.” There is either no current to guide you, or an unseen one which deceives; and there are countless islands to mislead. You sit so low in the boat that one tree-clad rock may hide for an hour the very bay you are in search of. The sun behind the clouds is no index, and the wind changes with every bend of the shores. A compass, unless the needle is six inches long, only puzzles your pate. It gives the general direction; but what you want is the right or left of a particular islet perhaps only a hundred yards long. But one charm of the canoe trip is this very demand upon that instinct—for, after all, it is something like the faculty of an animal—which, being developed by months of travel in this manner, enables you to say, with confidence, “I feel sure that the inlet to such a village is behind that rock.”

In most of these lakes you can not *inquire* your way. There is nobody to inquire from. You are going where nobody else goes, and so nobody knows the way, and nobody could make you understand it, if he tried. “The map ought to help, then,” it may be said. Yes, the map helps much in the easy places, but it confuses you in the hard ones.

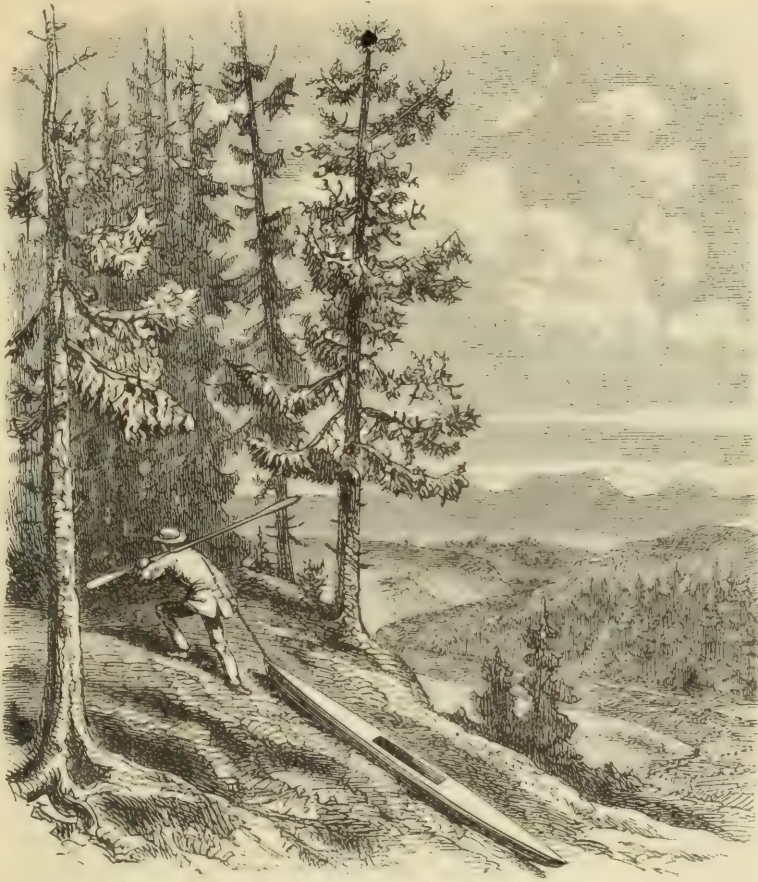
For example, you get among the 1400 islands in the Malar Lake; there are not thirty of them marked even on the largest map. Consequently any attempt to depend upon a map involves one in immense difficulties.

The obstruction of timber logs is another novel embarrassment. These logs are cut in the forests, and then tumbled into the water to find their way down stream. Men with long poles push them into the current when they get embayed in crooked corners. But in August these men are not allowed to walk by the river for this purpose, because the crops are grown up; and so one or two logs will become fixed, and then, hundreds and thousands gradually arriving, the whole water is covered with a brown-colored raft.

Once, in a very lonely spot



WADING.



THE OVERLAND ROUTE.

on the Vrangs, we found the timber reached as far as the eye could see, so we concealed the boat under a dark tree, and then toiled up a hill on a calm, hot day. The view was at once charming and alarming. Wood, wood, wood, on to the horizon; the wood on shore being green and growing, and every winding of the river entirely covered with dead logs, thousands and thousands, silent and brown. Nobody in sight, and no house, I sat and waited for events, but nothing would happen, nothing seemed disposed to turn up—only birds chirped.

Lunch and a cigar braced me up to the inevitable task, for we must drag the Rob Roy through the forest, or we must die and be buried there, like the Babes in the Wood. This was a heavy work to contemplate; but soon a vigorous spirit was aroused; the magnitude and novelty of the undertaking—the curious plans we had to adopt for getting over dykes, hedges, brooks, and hillocks—the exertion required to penetrate thickets and copses where no man (much less a boat) had ever roamed, became deeply interesting, and we worked for hours, until by double journeys the boat and things were transported to the open country, and we launched the Rob Roy on its proper element.

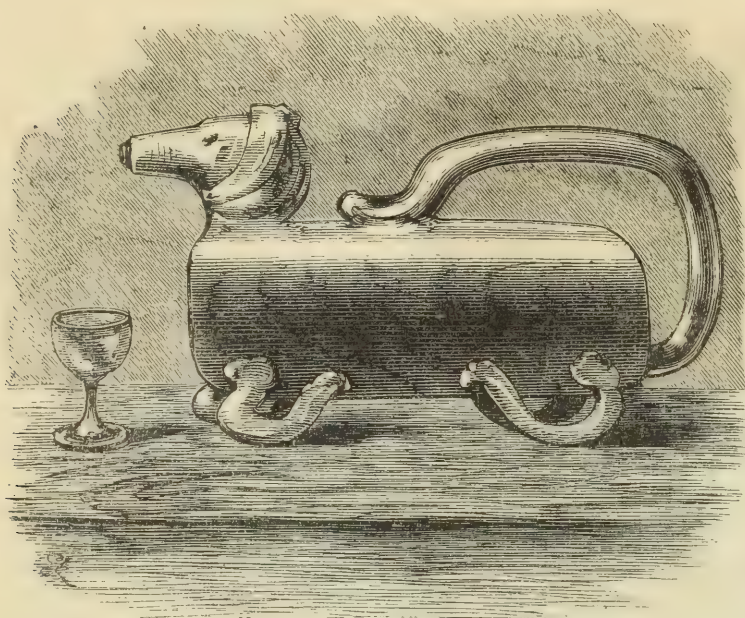
At length we passed the Swedish boundary, and entered a beautiful chain of lakes of all variety in size, shape, depth, color, and kind. Rocks of every shape and curve, covered with spruce, larch, and beech, with bays, promontories, and islands, opened in gradual panorama as we passed along; and a gladsome buoyancy of spirit in the fine fresh breeze forced me to shout and sing aloud and alone, or to whistle in bright merriment gayly by the hour.

One fine sunny evening we landed at the end of Lake Ranke, and walked up to a house where was a very old woman with one eye. She was terribly puzzled when I invaded her cottage and urged her to come and see the boat. But when she had seen it she at once took a motherly interest in the skiff, and we carried the Rob Roy to a cow-house, where it was concealed in the rafters, while I took my luggage to a fine farm-house, and knocked, and walked in. At

first only a cool reception; but when the host, his wife, and three comely daughters went down to inspect the canoe a complete change followed. "They came, they saw, I conquered!" Luggage may be brought by a tramp; but a boat, and *such* a boat, could not but certify the traveler and arouse great enthusiasm. Triumphant progress, therefore, of the Rob Roy on the shoulders of plow-boys—proud to bear her home—grand concert in her honor by the three maidens—admission free—feast of bacon,



THE ROB ROY IN ARMS.



CAPTAIN DAHLANDER'S DOG BRANDY.

pancakes, potatoes, rice and milk, in honor of the occasion.

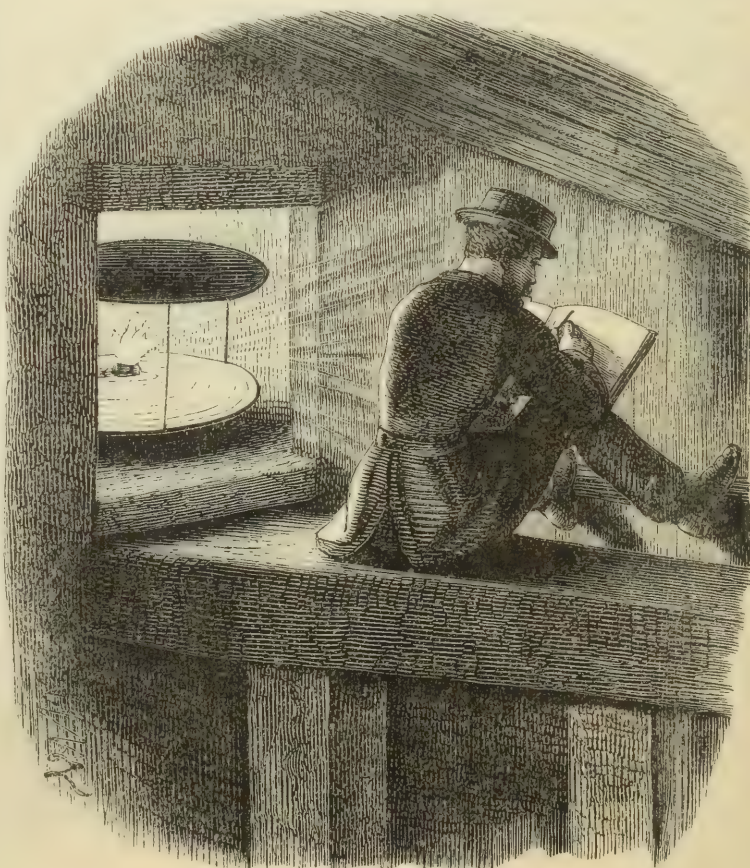
A sail on the lovely Elga Lake, through the glava Fjole and the Bjorno Sje, resting here and there as pleasure or convenience dictated, until at length, early one morning, the Rob Roy embarked on a squally sea; for the noble Lake Venern may really be called a sea. There were many interested lookers-on, and all hats were off, and warm adieux wished "happy travel" to the little boat, no doubt the smallest craft that had ever ventured on this great lake. For an hour or two the course was among land-locked bays and high hills, with dense wood to the water's edge, and we did not feel the strength of the breeze there; but, on facing round the last lonely wooded point, the white waves, and angry clouds, and thick drizzling rain, showed that full steam must be put on if we meant to reach Carlstadt that night, where letters were to be forwarded, and my packet of reserve provisions.

A more unpromising day could not have opened. Wind, rain, and fog; and each was vigorous in opposing me. Therefore I landed where I could ponder half an hour, with a cigar, and consult with the boatswain and mate over our chart; and the question was solemnly debated, "Is it not foolish to go on with thirty miles before me in this whistling mist, and on this huge lake?"

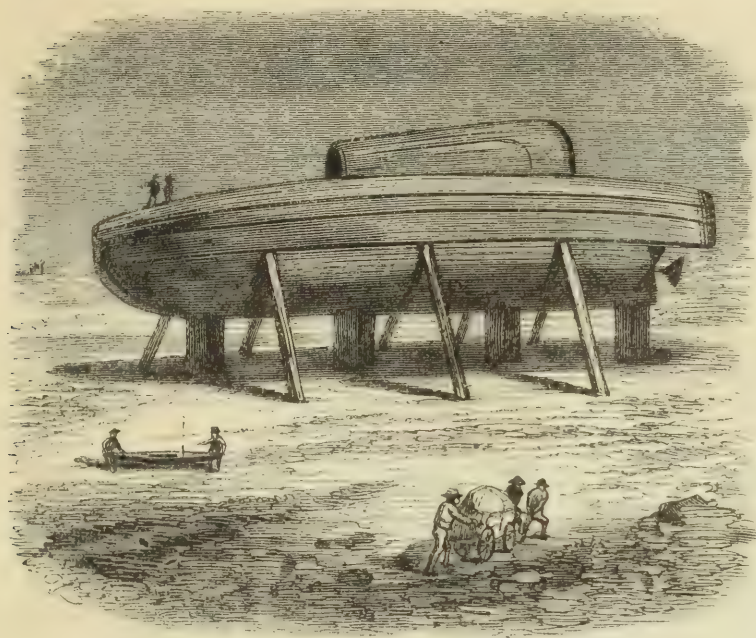
A black squall then varied the dull gray of the horizon,

and I had to land for shelter while its fury was spent on the rocks above me. Another portentous cloud followed, and I resolved to land at the very next house. It proved to be a poor fisher's hut, where two sailors, a rosy faced boy, and a woman with a dirty baby, were eating fish and potatoes in their hands. I gave some sugar to the baby and some rice to mamma; in return for which I received some bread, joined in the bowl of potatoes, and made my coffee by their fire. Then again into the tumbling waves! The numerous islands were perplexing, and the wind veered so that I was utterly puzzled. But overcoming all difficulties, we at length reached Carlstadt. The cholera, how-

ever, had been prevailing among the poor people living on the flat shore, and the air was pestilential; so it was with no small pleasure that I found a little steamer alongside the quay, and we were soon on its deck. Kind Captain Dahlander came forward with "How do you do? Are you wet?" "Yes, very." "Then change instantly; this is no place to get a chill in;" and in a few minutes I had his big great-coat around me, and a stiff glass of grog inside. The curious old bottle from which he poured this opportune brandy, that saved



WAITING FOR THE STEAMER.



PARVO COMPOSERE MAGNUM.

me from a chill, and probably from cholera, was shaped like a dog, with its tail for a handle, while the fiery fluid came from its mouth.

Not long after this adventure the Rob Roy and her Captain landed on the island of Bromö, where a steamer would pass at night, which might prove a convenient conveyance to West Gotha Canal. The evening was cold, and it was tedious work to wait seven hours for a steamer; but the keeper gave me the key of the light-house, and I rigged up my kitchen and made coffee there, and then put on two complete suits of clothes to keep me warm, and paced the harbor quay until the stars came out. Then, mounting into the lantern of the light-house, I sat by the camphene lamp both for light and heat, reading and sketching and thinking through the midnight hours, with a lonely feeling and anxious expectancy of a steamer's whistle in each gust of wind.

A quiet passage in the steamer brought us to Vadstena, where the canoe was laid out for a thorough overhaul and examination. The ship's carpenter duly reported that, with the exception of four ribs broken on the Vinger See, she was perfectly stanch and sound; and so we launched her with confidence on Lake Vattern, under a parting cheer from the assembly on the pier.

The Motala River, as it rushes out of Vattern to run through a chain of lakes, and by devious ways to the Baltic, is seized upon at once, that it may yield some of its water-power to every body on the banks, and so there is a net-work of barriers, dams, sluices, forces, falls, weirs, and rapids, with a ceaseless splashing sound, and the rap-ap-ap of busy water-wheels, and clang of great hammers, and hoarse hissing of swift saws—all mingled with the hum and bustle of many men at work. At Motala there was a Swedish gun-boat, very like a canoe in shape; and the Rob Roy was carried into the

building-yard and placed beside its enormous fellow of the waters to the great amusement of the workman and myself.

When washing-day occurred on board the ship Rob Roy all hands were piped on deck by the boatswain at an early hour; and the last pair that came up were told off to "scrub ship and wash clothes." All these articles were then put out to dry on the boom, where they dangled in the sun and the breeze, quite regardless of the public opinion or otherwise of land-lubbers ashore.

It was the duty, of course, of the mate to make a correct list of the washing, and to enter the same in the log. These lists were not dissimilar, nor were they voluminous. The following is a copy of the lon-

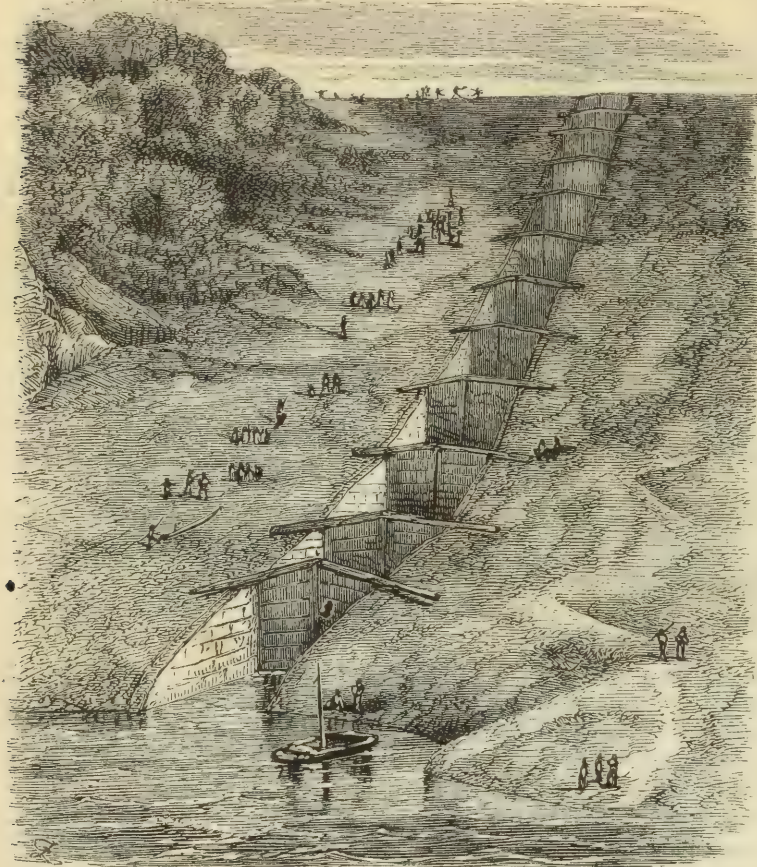
gest ever known: "List of washing—One sock, one pocket-handkerchief, another sock, the collar."

When it was necessary to wash the sails of the canoe (to maintain her respectable character under critical examination), this was done during her stay in some port, while she was dismantled for a time, and the crew had shore leave. Then the sails were sent to a regular washer-woman.

The head cook of the Rob Roy was an ignoramus in his art. His attempts were humble failures; and he trusted his guests to enjoy rather the circumstances and poetry of the repast than the delicacies thereof. His first attempt to make an oatmeal cake was most disheartening. He mixed the water and oatmeal, and had a round tin-plate heating on the flame, whereon the mixture was poured. It steamed, it set, it dried hard; and then he removed the plate from the fire, but, alas! the cake would not come off the tin-plate till it was torn away with struggles and a knife; and then all the lower part of the brown cake was covered with bright tin, and it had to be thrown away with a sigh, and gone was my only hope of breakfast; for even sea air does not enable you to digest sheet metal.

Practice taught by hunger improved the *cuisine* steadily, and in a rough way we soon learned to put smoking soup on the table, improved by the addition of bread, rice, or biscuits. Chocolate succeeded well, and tea and coffee; and the crew soon became accustomed to eat raw fish when they saw other people eating it with gusto.

Early one morning a crowd gathered to see the Rob Roy launched on the beautiful Lake Roxen. The canal by which I had reached the little village, where I had found a night's lodging, approaches close to the lake, but about seventy feet above it, and the usual descent is



FROM THE CANAL TO LAKE ROXEN.

by eleven locks; but as they are close together, the canoe had merely to slide down the grass sloping to the verge of the water. A large party of people happened then to be coming up the ascent, while their steamer would be delayed two hours or more in passing the locks; and a good deal of amusement was afforded to them by seeing the swift traverse of the Rob Roy over the grass.

Fishing was a grand addition to the pleasures of canoeing. In the lakes fish are caught best with the minnow and the trolling-line, they being dainty animals that like to dine methodically, and to begin by eating fish. As for the artificial fly, their ignorance of its satisfying sweetness is lamentable. Therefore, as I had brought only flies it was chiefly in the rivers that I had profitable sport, for sport it is even to fish without catching; and the man who fishes for the fishes, and not for the fishing, is not a true fisherman. But the streams were frequent, and good luck sometimes attended me. Once, casting my fly behind a great rock, it was taken by a huge fish, who played in the most puzzling manner, often jumping out of the water and drag-

ging the canoe near rocks and rapids. Three times he got under the boat; and at length, what with the fish, the paddle, the rocks, trees, and current, I got so entangled that my rod slipped from my hand. But it had no reel on, so it floated, and we gave chase up the stream and grasped it again—the fish still on. After various ineffectual attempts to secure the prize I fairly shoved him into the canoe—a nine-pound grayling, and well worth all the time and trouble. To fish, however, in a small canoe, when you manage the sails, the paddle, and the rod, when you have to attend to the wind, the current, and your flies, is a full tax on energy and demands great attention.

At length, emerging from the maze of inland waters, we reached the shores of the Baltic Sea.

To give me a good long day in the open sea, I arranged with a steamer to take us along the winding estuary of the Broviken, until she had to turn

southeast on her course, and there to drop me in the waves, to paddle and sail northeast for Stockholm.

When we came into the bay the steamer stopped, and I shoved the Rob Roy over her side, stepped in, and in a few seconds I was paddling away on my course. It was a supremely fine morning, and I glided along under the tall cliffs with a feeling of romantic solitude. Later in the day the wind suddenly turned about right in my teeth, and a great thick fog-



LED BY THE NOSE.



SAILING AND FISHING.

bank came hustling up along the sea, yearning to enfold the poor Rob Roy in its clammy and dim cloud, like soft cotton wool. I landed at a little village to wait for finer weather, which came not; and I resolved to wait for the steamer, which was to pass there about midnight, and to take my canoe on board.

The rain soon began to patter, and I had to pass weary hours in a very poor inn, away from my boat, and therefore miserable. At last, when the red lantern was run up as a signal for the steamer to stop, some of the men told me that this particular captain was "not good," and would insist on my going out to him. And so in fact he did. At the last moment I was obliged hurriedly to launch my canoe, wholly unaided, tumble my luggage in, and paddle away in the darkness. When the steamer stopped there were a dozen hands reached down, but all too short to get hold of mine; and just then a great lumbering boat came alongside, before I had handed up my rope to the steamer, but after I had resigned my paddle. It was a moment of great peril. The Rob Roy roared a loud shout, but the other clumsy boat would not hear. One foot more and we should be plunged under water with a broken bow. An instant decision was made to shove off from the steamer; and there was the luckless voyager standing up in a canoe in the dark, on the waves, without his paddle, and with his long rope dangling in the water.

It is easy enough to stand up if your paddle is retained as a balancing pole, but the position depicted in the wood-cut was one of no small difficulty. Still it was best to keep standing, because gradually the wind bore me to the steamer's side again, though I found her side far too well polished for me, as my nails vainly clung to the cold, smooth iron.

Nevertheless the Rob Roy was speedily housed on the steamer's deck; and I at length fell into a deep sleep, from which I was not aroused until we arrived in Stockholm. So ended my first paddle on the Baltic.

Stockholm is the place for a good rest, which was much needed by the crew of the Rob Roy. A comfortable hotel and

plenty to see and to do was a wholesome interlude. Stockholm, also, is the very place for a canoe, or any other pleasure-boat, though few are to be seen on the waters. But for the utilitarian purposes of traffic and speedy carriage the people make good use of their lakes and rivers. A fleet of lively little screw-boats play upon the waters. As these are of every size, some only as large as a small row-boat, their constant movement, and the puff! puff! of their tiny engines, creates an animation on the water



A PERILOUS POSITION.



STOCKHOLM STEAMERS.

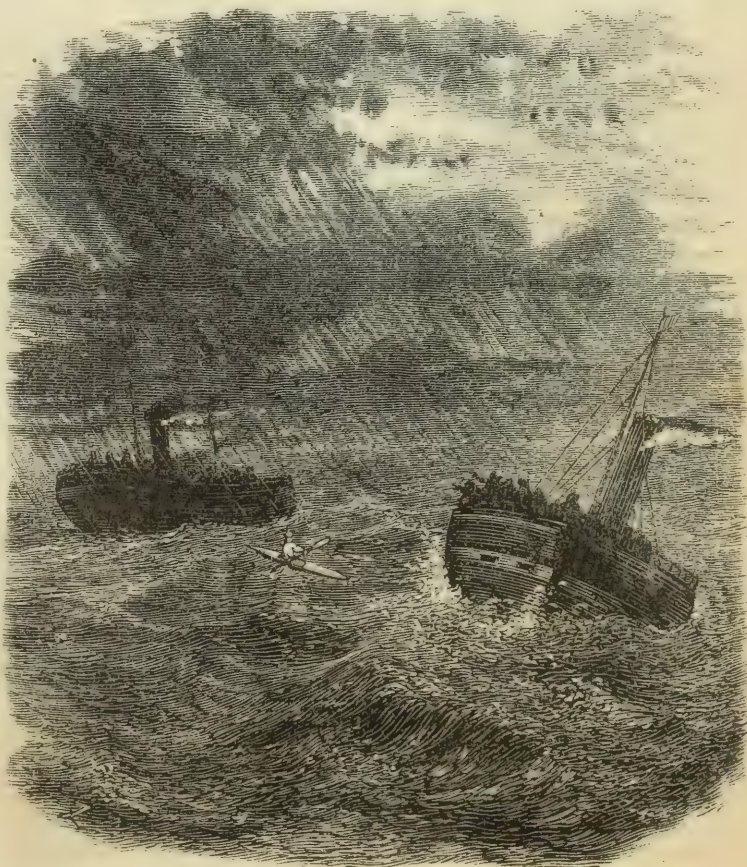
which relieves Stockholm from being dull—if, indeed, a place can ever be dull which rests upon the graceful eddies of a sunlit sea.

The Rob Roy went by steamer through Lake Malar by Orebro; thence in various ways, by steamer, by rail, or by the impulse of her own paddle, to the shore of Lake Venern; for the Captain had resolved to enjoy one more pull on its broad bosom. The great Lake Venern is one hundred and forty-three feet above the sea, and has more than thirty rivers pouring volumes of water into it; but only one stream, the Göta River, issues from the lake to the sea. This rushes out noisily, with a series of mad bounds and vigorous plunges. The eddies and regurgitations caused by this violent exercise produce some eccentric phenomena, one of which is called the "minute tide," in which a swelling of the water once every minute fills up and empties again a quiet pool a little withdrawn from the river's course.

The gale was blowing and the rain falling as we launched the Rob Roy on the waves of Lake Venern, amidst the plaud-

its of the spectators and their best wishes for my voyage. The wind was southwest, right in my teeth, and I had a hard pull to breast it; but then the current of water was with me, and when this expanded into Lake Vassbotten the voyage became exceedingly interesting. It was here that in the murky distance I noticed a steamer coming, and steered straight for her, to show to all on board how well the canoe behaved in heavy surf. Just as we neared each other a loud cheer came from behind me. This was from the crowded decks of another steamer, which had overtaken me unperceived, because of the deafening sound of the wind; and as the passengers and crew of both steamers cheered and waved handkerchiefs, crying "Bravo, Rob Roy!" it must be owned that the little boat felt a thrill of honest pride in its heart (of oak), and dashed the white spray from its breast with an exuberance of buoyant ener-

gy. But soon a black cloud came looming up; then a strange hull, foretelling one of those terrible squalls which cover the water with foam,



BRAVO, ROB ROY!

whisked from the crest of every wave, and borne along on the blast in a blinding shower of spray. Therefore I paddled swiftly to land, to find shelter there during the hurricane. This was the only squall the Rob Roy ever "shirked."

The two whirlpools on the Göta were, after careful examination, easily passed, amidst the cheers of a crowd of spectators. In previous trips I had found whirlpools of a similar kind, and had practiced crossing them until I thoroughly understood the proper method. I made a tour of the pretty town of Göteborg in the canoe, traversing its canals and carrying the boat over obstacles in the streets, until the crowd running after the Rob Roy got breathless in the pursuit.

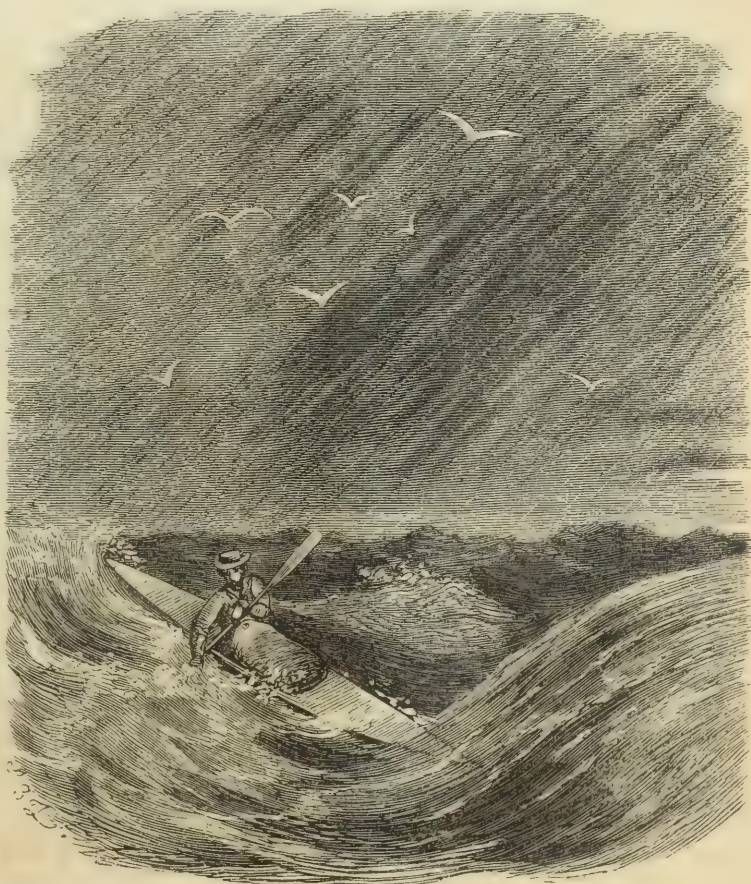
After a pleasant passage in the steamer Svea, we enter the Sound, with Denmark on the right hand and Sweden on the left; and the captain yields to my request to lower the canoe there and then into the sea, to the great surprise and amazement of all on board. Away goes the Svea; the engineer of the Rob Roy receives the command "Ahead easy," while the natives of Helsingborg line the shore, amazed to see a canoe approaching them from outside. Here the Rob Roy rested over Sunday; and then we were to cross over the Strait from Sweden to Denmark. It *sounds* grand as a feat to do, but the passage is at most only three or four miles; and in a gloriously fine morning the canoe was carried down to the water, and my paddle plashed in the new ripples, eager for the start, as a horse paws for a gallop. Ocean was at last in good-humor; but, nevertheless, he was not to be trifled with, so we skimmed over his face daintily, lest the sleeping sea might be awaked. Soon the old gray towers of the Kronberg, on the Danish side, showed clearer and looked almost lively under the morning rays, while the spray spurted up somewhat lazily against its sea-worn walls, now hoary with the splashes of many centuries.

Idlers we had left on the pier of Sweden, and we passed idlers also on the Danish pier, who had, of course, seen the little boat gliding over the waves, and welcomed her arrival eagerly.

A day was spent coasting along the pretty shores of Seland, until countless villas, pleasure-boats, and bathing-boxes announced that Copenhagen was being neared. The Rob Roy, carried through the streets of Copenhagen, of course, attracted a great crowd; and the head waiter of the hotel (being a man of *sénse*) conducted her up stairs, where the great ball-

room was allotted for a boat-house, and there the canoe rested gently on an ottoman.

After some delay at Copenhagen the Rob Roy was taken by rail across Seland. In the harbor of Korsør I launched her fearlessly, and had a charming time of it (quite wet, of course, with spray) bounding over the rollers and dashing through the white water, while the whole population assembled on the pier, longing to see how the bar would be crossed by the little "kayak," as they call it; but their plaudits urged me to more daring trials; and at last, having got out farther than usual, among waves sharpened by opposing wind and tide, I lost my head for a moment. When waves are long enough to allow the boat to descend the face of one and then to rise on the back of another without being caught in the trough between them, then it is really of no consequence how high they may be, for the canoe will ride over each wave like a cork. On this occasion I had got into a position where it was not expedient to turn the canoe round, and was therefore returning stern foremost, which practice enables one to do quite safely. The Rob Roy was progressing gallantly with the wind and against the tide, when, on arriving at the top of one of the billows, I suddenly saw that the next one was thin and the top curled over. Forgetting at the moment that I was going stern foremost, which, of course, reversed every operation, I gave a powerful stroke precisely in the wrong direction—that is to say, *forward*, and thus both my own arm and the high-topped crest drove the bows



THE FALSE STROKE.

of the canoe deep into the base of the wave before me. As the deck disappeared, foot by foot, but all in an instant of time, it flashed upon me that I had made a fatal error. My nerves shrank up as when a school-boy expects the cane. Down came the great crested wave full on my back, and deluged me with water. A good ducking was endured and a good lesson learned: "Never go stern foremost against short seas."

Sonderburg, which we reached by steamer, is a very pretty place; and the little inn was close by the water, and therefore convenient for the Rob Roy. Yet it possessed the usual features of an inn. First, the box bed, with sloping pillow and foot-board, far too short. Then there is the saucer of a basin, and tea-cup of a water-jug, and handkerchief of a towel, and the blind that won't pull down or stop up, and the pepper-box that won't pepper, and the door that won't lock, and the bell that won't ring, and, finally, the maid-servant that won't go away out of your room—nay, bolts in to see you at any hour—all hours, night or day—and without the slightest attempt at a knock beforehand. Pooh! these are the trifles of travel; and it is really too bad even to allude to them when so many days of glorious pleasure have been enjoyed with zest by the crew of the Rob Roy.

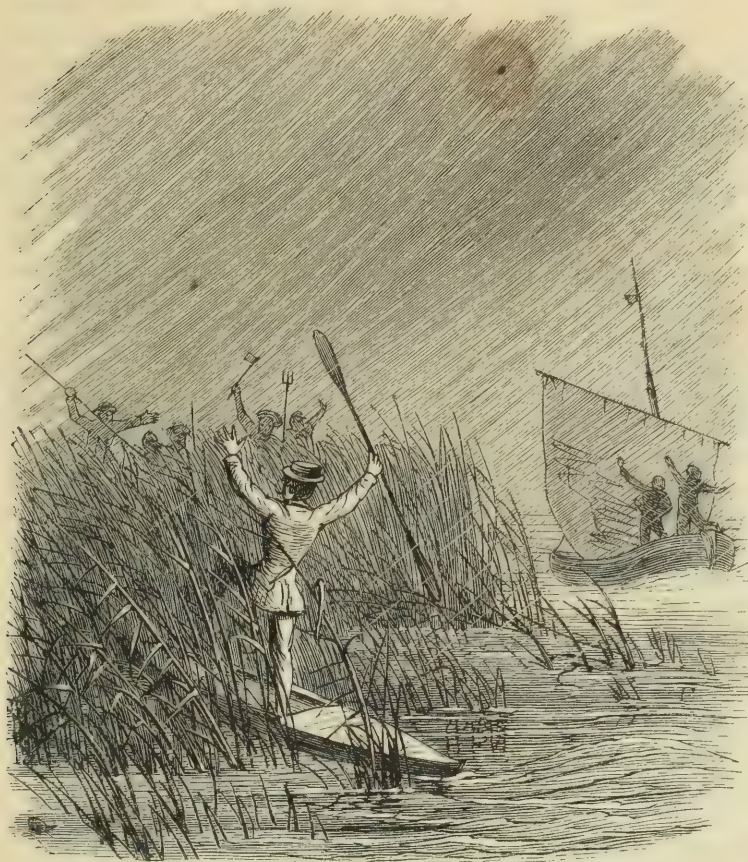
Our next destination was Flensburg, which place we reached after a series of romantic adventures. The little Rob Roy was put on the top of a railway carriage, while I went inside; and thus we arrived at Altona, a suburb of Hamburg; and next day I launched on the great, dull, white-colored Elbe, and paddled along the lines of tall ships, huge steamers, bright-colored smacks, and boats of every rig, hue, and nation in this fine, rich harbor. I had resolved on a three days' cruise on this broad river, and amidst the pleasant canoeing came many a curious adventure. The first night was passed at Glückstadt, a quaint, old-fashioned village in Holstein. The people and the place seemed to be so interesting that I resolved to make a canoe voyage into this strange country; but this was by no means an easy matter, for the navigation is intricate, and the language unutterable; but then the Rob Roy was not to be stopped by difficulties; and when it was given out in the town that "the Englishman" was to sail up the Rhyn River, and get on the net of canals which go forty miles into this flat land, every one was astir. The river led through a perfect series of market gardens, full of most magnificent fruits and vegetables, with every foot of ground tilled to



GRANDMOTHER AND GRANDSON.

the water's edge, and pear-trees drooping over the canoe. They were capital, sweet pears, I do assure you. Then we came, after some miles, to a village where the school-children rushed out *en masse* upon the rustic bridge, screaming joyously, and every house was emptied. Next came the fishers' boats, and then the vegetable-boats, with women rowing them, and then the Rob Roy emerged from trees and gardens among the verdant pastures, with tall reeds and pink clover brushing my blue paddle-blades, and wondering cows staring, but not convinced. In one village I noticed a man among the crowd, who at once ran away; but he presently returned, carrying upon his back no less a person than his grandmother. Her position was by no means a comfortable one, for he held her by her wrists over his shoulders; but his young face was ruddy with delight that he had brought her in time to see. With due respect to hoary heads, I approached and made a profound salam to the lady; while she stared at me over her grandson's shoulder, evidently not at all satisfied with the arrangement of things in general.

A thick drizzling rain was falling, the wind whistling, and muddy waves were tossing on the Elbe, when the time came to paddle through them from Glückstadt, if we would catch the steamer to Heligoland. This steamer would come along the other side of the river, it was said, and to reach it we must paddle through an angry sea; moreover the labor, and two hours' wetting, would all be in vain unless the captain would stop his steamer for the canoe, which was doubtful on such a day. Therefore I engaged a pilot-boat, which would sail further up the river, and hail the steamer some way above me, to point out the Rob Roy in the waves; and while the crowd wondered at it all, I pushed out from the little harbor into the great, white, rolling Elbe. After an hour's



A WILD CHINAMAN.

hard work, during which the Rob Roy, buffeting and boxing the waves, behaved nobly, I ran the canoe into a mass of tall reeds to see if she had any water in her. Only three "spongefuls." The swell rose and fell sleepily among the tall reeds, which only rustled; otherwise there was blank silence. Soon I heard a sharp conversation between the pilots and a number of men on the bank, who could not then see me among the reeds, but who had crowded down to the spot. Suddenly the pilot called out, "Come away, Sir! Come away, Sir, instantly! The men are going to catch you!"

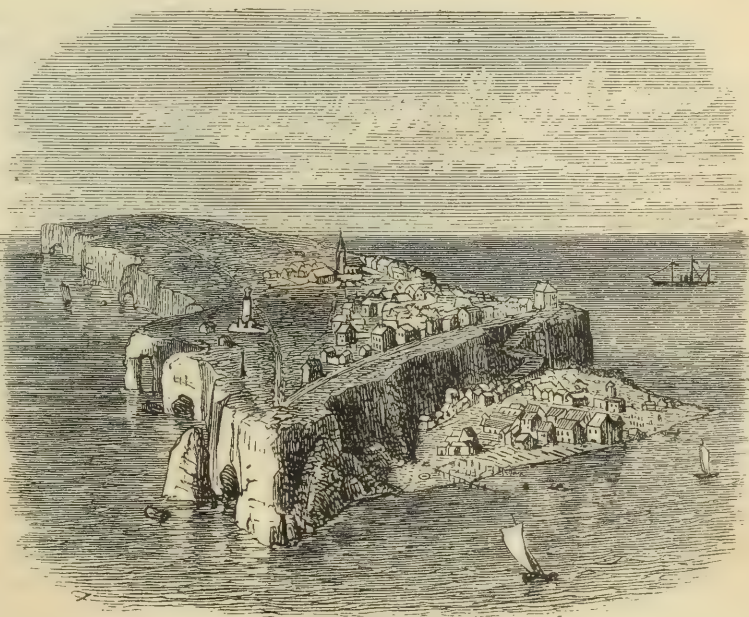
These natives had watched us riding over the waves, and could not make out what all this meant; but the pilots had told them I was a wild Chinaman escaped from a ship, and that they were in chase of me. Away went the duped natives, and presently brought clubs, sticks, and a great hatchet. They were a clumsy and ignorant set; but I thought it was all meant for fun, so up rose the captain of the Rob Roy, his head only over the reed-tops, and his face grimacing, and paddle whirled aloft, just as an escaped Chinaman would doubtless do, with wild shrieks as an accompaniment. The natives became frantic;

grave. If in the upset now certain I let go my boat and hold by my paddle, the steamer people will save only me and let the canoe drift away, for why should they stop for her? Therefore I must loosen my hold on the paddle and cling to the boat, however difficult, for then they will rescue us both. But how?" and looking up (this the last thought vivid on my brain), "by that boat hanging on the davits, I see it is ready." All this was as a flash of instant thought, and then a thud of angry, muddy water struck my cheek and knocked off my straw-

but there was only mud there—no stones to be had. The pilots, to humor the joke, sailed after me, splashed with their oars, lowered their sails, and shouted aloud; while the canoe darted hither and thither wildly, but always eluded their grasp, and sought refuge again in the reeds.

At length the steamer came in sight; the pilots hailed, and I placed the Rob Roy where it could plainly be seen as it rose and fell on the waves. It was a moment of suspense, as the great black hull came looming on. But suddenly it stopped, and I shouted, "Hurrah!" "Thanks, Captain, thanks!" Then before me, in the jumble of waves, mist, and rain, there rose up two great pointed crests, where the steamer's swell crossed the waves of the Elbe, and these must be passed.

As the little canoe came rapidly to the first of these waves it was so much higher and sharper than usual that I felt, "Here is the Rob Roy's



HELIGOLAND.

hat (luckily secured by a cord), and then down, down, down we swooned, and again a blow, a twist, and a squeeze, and both waves were past, and I could hear the end of the word "Bravo-o-o!" as the mate shouted loud from the steamer above.

Right swiftly leaped I by the side of the vessel, while a last spiteful wave followed me running up the steps, and embraced me with one cold grasp about the loins—a drench to say "Good-by." The Rob Roy was safe aboard, and I rushed into the steamer's cabin, still trembling with a certain thrill of excitement, and repeating over and over again, "I never will again board a steamer in a gale."

During the three days we spent at Heligoland the sensation of "incongruity" was most powerful. A charming island quite neglected. An English land full only of foreigners. A rock with wooden houses. A poor town with rich visitors. A splendid beach without a pier. The airiest of nests with drains so foul. Crowds of thinking Germans, but only one book-shop. Planks for pavement where no tree grows. One church, one school, a good brass band, and a beautiful glee chorus. What a neat, little, pretty, open, confined, old-fashioned, interesting, neglected place to be sure!

We had a holiday trip in the Rob Roy around the island, and then a paddle up the River Geste, before we met the Falke steamer which was to take us to England. About ten miles below Gravesend the Rob Roy became impatient to be paddling again, and was let down into the

water. She sped on and on, till in the distance I saw the funnel and masts of a great steamer, which had been sunk by a collision in the river, and we made straight for her midships; and though the men in boats around shouted to warn, and ordered to go back, the Rob Roy actually paddled right over her deck, with a powerful stream rushing and hissing through the rigging, and many tangled ropes all hanging about, exulting that she had certainly run over a steamer, though no steamer had ever run over her.

One more danger must be encountered, one last peril bravely met, before the Rob Roy and her Captain could rest in quiet at home. A dreadful current must be passed, on which no steamer or ferry-boat could sail, and where it would be madness to paddle my canoe. The waves of the Baltic looked insignificant, and the deepest part of Lake Venern seemed shallow, in comparison with this surging stream. I sought in vain for aid while gazing into the fearful vortex; then nerving myself for a desperate effort, I dashed in with a shout. A short, fierce struggle and we had safely crossed the Strand, and landed on the dark old bridge of Temple Bar.

Here we will bid our hero—whose language we have so freely used—good-by, and join in the words of the poet:

"Now let us sing, long live the King,
Macgregor, long live he;
And when he next doth sail a voyage,
May I be there to see!"



RUNNING OVER A STEAMER.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE AT WATERTOWN.



THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

IT is a low-roofed, rambling structure, half-hidden by a grove of sombre hemlocks, and standing not far from the main road which leads from Cambridge to Waltham, in Massachusetts. In its front cluster a few graceful elms and maples, and in its rear a plowed field slopes gently up to a level ridge from which one may see, spread out at his feet, the town of Boston and the net-work of roads which, branching outward from it like the spokes of a wheel, bind its glittering tire of villages to the "Hub of the Universe."

The place has been a human habitation for twenty years, and yet an air of desolation and decay hangs over it, which well accords with the received notion of a house that is haunted. The grass around is thin and starved; the weeds grow thick and rank on the lawn; the encircling wall is fast crumbling away; and the one window which looks out on the drive-way is boarded up, as if the mortal tenants of the house would shut from view the ghostly visitors who are supposed to alight nightly from a spectral vehicle at its doorway.

From the high-road it seems a modest cottage of very moderate dimensions; but as one comes nearer he sees, stretching back from the main edifice, a rambling row of low, disjointed buildings, containing more than a dozen rooms, and

giving the whole a spacious look which well becomes a country mansion. In these secluded rooms, shut out by dense masses of shrubbery from the gaze of passers-by, were, it is said, enacted the dark deeds that have given the "Haunted House" its ghostly reputation in the neighborhood.

Its original owner was a cultivated gentleman, lineally descended from an early Governor of Massachusetts, and connected with some of the most distinguished statesmen of New England. His college life was wild and dissipated; but after he was graduated he is said to have reformed, and, marrying a daughter of one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the State, to have settled down in the pleasant cottage which had been built for his occupation. Here for several years he led an aimless but otherwise blameless life, following no regular pursuit, and living, as was supposed, on the income of an ample property. His widowed mother-in-law came to reside in the neighborhood, and soon two or three children were born in his family.

This was not far from twenty years ago, and the few of his neighbors who are still left in the vicinity speak of the unity and affection which then seemed to exist in the little household.

But in an evil hour the domestic harmony

was broken. A young woman came to reside in the house as governess to the children. She was an orphan girl, without friends, and is said by the aged woman who then served in the family to have been accomplished and very beautiful. She had a queenly form, dark, dreamy eyes, and a wealth of wavy brown hair that was a wonder to look at.

At first no change occurred in the relations of the household; but before many months the servant observed a growing coldness between the husband and the wife, and a growing intimacy between the former and the young woman. This intimacy increased until the approach of summer, and then the husband, leaving his desolate wife at home, began to go upon long rides with the governess. They would go almost daily, setting out late in the afternoon, and often not returning till midnight. Then, giving the door-bell a sharp ring, or quickly turning the bolt with the latch-key, the governess would enter the house, and, with a light step and a furtive look, pass swiftly up the front stairway to her chamber in a remote part of the upper-story. On such occasions she always wore a dress of black silk, a heavily-fringed black mantle, and a black lace bonnet, with a veil of green barége, thrown back so as to fully disclose her features.



UP THE STAIRS.

Mornings and afternoons she would go with the children into the library, and there the two would read or talk together, the young innocents being unconscious witnesses of their father's shame.

Meanwhile the neglected wife and mother pined away until she became little more than a skeleton. With a patience beyond words she

went about her household duties, and with all of woman's winning ways tried to lure back the love of her erring husband; but at last the daily torture became unendurable, and she left the cottage—going, it is thought, to her mother's house. About this, however, the old servant is not clear in her recollection.

Her absence left no check on the guilty intimacy, but the evening rides became less frequent, and soon the morning interviews in the library ceased altogether. Conscience had begun its work, or sin had wrought a surfeit.

Whichever it was, the man grew moody and abstracted, and the woman pale and emaciated; and soon, like the deserted wife, she went about the house a living skeleton. At times he would be away for weeks, and when he came back would spend whole days in his library in a state of almost beastly intoxication. Then his financial affairs became involved, and he grew well-nigh desperate from want of money. At this time one of his little children heard him say to himself, as he was one day pacing to and fro in the hemlock grove near his doorway: "It seems to me I would murder a man for a single-dollar."

But his wife's mother now came to the rescue. With true womanly generosity she relieved his pressing needs, and paid off a mortgage that was endangering his possession of the property. One night soon afterward the governess suddenly and mysteriously left the cottage. It was supposed that the husband, brought to a sense of duty by the generosity of his mother-in-law, sent her away that he might again take his deserted wife into his household.

The name of the governess was Alice, and the aged servant states that directly before her disappearance she was a sight to melt the coldest heart to pity. Her flesh was wasted, her once blooming cheeks were white as snow, and her large dark eyes blazed with a hectic fire that seemed to be burning at her vitals. By day she would keep her room, weeping and lamenting, and often at dead of night the old servant would come upon her walking the lower hall, wringing her hands and moaning as if her heart were breaking. She was never seen or heard of afterward.

The wife returned to the cottage, but her presence wrought no immediate change in the habits of her husband. Day and night he would be shut in his library, his senses drowned in intoxication. Gradually, however, the long-suffering woman lured him from his evil ways, and won him back to himself and his children. Then some few months went away—months when the faithful wife thought she saw some returning gleams of the peaceful light which had shed such blessing on the early days of their marriage. But again, in an evil hour, another "strange woman" crossed the unhappy threshold.

She was a niece of the Colonel's—by that title was he known—the portionless child of a widowed sister, and young and very beautiful. She too taught the children; and, ensnared

by the arts of this wicked man, she too fell from true womanhood. Then the sad history was repeated! Again the wife was driven away, and again the conscience of the woman wasted her frame, and made of her a living skeleton. Once more, too, his financial affairs began to trouble the Colonel. The estate was again mortgaged, but the avails paid only his pressing debts, and soon he was again bankrupt for a dinner.

Suddenly, however, he was seen in possession of considerable sums of money. Where this money came from was a mystery; but no one connected his having it with the disappearance of a certain itinerant vendor of watches and jewelry, who for years had been in the habit of making periodical visits to the neighborhood. This peddler is well remembered by the old residents in the vicinity. He was a foreigner, and had no settled place of residence in this country. All that was certainly known of him was that his name was Carrol, and that he often carried about with him large amounts in money and jewelry.

One afternoon, about the time of the peddler's disappearance, the niece and the uncle were heard in loud altercation in the library. The same day the young woman left the cottage, and went to live with some relations; and soon afterward the children were taken away by their grandmother. Then the solitary man was left in his wretched home with only the old servant, who through all his wickedness had clung to him with the affection of a mother.

But not long were the wretched master and the faithful servant left together. Soon the silent messenger came and tore him from the scene of his crimes forever. But was it forever? Could the history of the "Haunted House" be truly told an answer might be found to this question.

He died about fifteen years ago, and the house remained vacant until sold under foreclosure some four years afterward. Then it was occupied by a gentleman of Boston, who designed to make it the permanent residence of his family. They remained only a few months, and then removed, unable to longer endure the mysterious noises which, day and night, they said echoed through every apartment of the cottage. Another family succeeded them in the occupancy, and then another, and another; but all were unable to endure the strange sounds, and all soon sought more peaceful habitations.

Then it began to be noised abroad that the house was haunted. It was left vacant; the country people shunned it; timid night-travelers went by on another road, and the unknown author of the mysterious sounds, whether spirit or mortal, was left to hold his noisy carnival in its dingy rooms unrestrained by the presence of living man or woman.

How long the house was without a tenant I have not been able to ascertain; but it is certain that about four years ago it passed into the

hands of a well-known gentleman of Watertown, and then once more became a human habitation.

This gentleman was proprietor of the adjoining estate, and having added to it this property—which contains about forty fertile acres—he appropriated the "Haunted House" to the use of his newly-engaged farm superintendent. The proprietor had heard accounts of the strange noises, but regarding them as idle tales he omitted to mention them to the new superintendent. This person, whose name is King, is a robust man, in the prime of life, with nerves of iron, and an unusual degree of courage and resolution. To his absolute fearlessness it is mainly owing that so much has come to light of the secret history of the strange domicile. His family is small and the house is large, and he has therefore been allowed by the owner to rent to others a portion of the premises. Thus, during the four years he has lived there, seven different families have been his co-tenants, but none of them have been able to live more than a few weeks under the "haunted" roof. That Mr. King has had the courage to undergo, for four years, the ghostly ordeal should be a subject of satisfaction to all earnest explorers of the misty border-land which lies between this life and the dim world of shadows.

Mr. King's family consists of himself, his wife—a delicate woman of about thirty—a young son, and a little daughter of some dozen years. Their first night in the house was sometime in February, 1863; and on that occasion they had for guests an aged lady and her sick husband, who occupied the front chamber over the parlor. Their own room was on the opposite side of the hall, and looked directly down upon the front doorway. The children slept in an adjoining apartment.

Overcome with fatigue, Mr. King and his wife slept very soundly, and that night heard no noises. On going down stairs in the morning, however, they were asked by their lady-guest who it was that had been moving about in the upper rooms after midnight. Further remarks disclosed the fact that during the night this lady had thought she heard loud raps all about her room, the house creak from foundation to attic as if rocked by a strong northwest wind, and the several doors of her apartment open and shut with great violence. In the morning she had found these doors open, though she said she had carefully closed them all before going to bed. Mr. King, who had not yet heard of the reputation of the house, naturally concluded that all this was the offspring of a timid imagination.

On the following night all in the house retired early, and nothing occurred to disturb their slumbers until about an hour before midnight. Then, suddenly, Mr. King was aroused by a pounding on the door of the wood-house—the most remote of the disjointed outbuildings. The blows were those of an axe, and the thought of the startled man was that burglars



THE GHOSTLY CARRIAGE.

were attempting to break into his dwelling. Springing out of bed, he hastily threw on a portion of his clothing, and hurried down the stairway. As he went down the noises increased; blow after blow sounded on the door, and echoed through the building; and then, with a loud crash, the iron-banded frame seemed to give way, and to fall inward into the wood-room. "I shall be too late," thought Mr. King, as he rushed to the outer door of the kitchen. This was fastened, and, placing his foot against it, he awaited the attack of the burglars. At first he heard low voices in earnest conversation, and then sharp, quick blows as of an axe hewing the fallen door into ten thousand fragments. Making no sound he waited and listened; but in a few moments the sounds suddenly ceased, and a deadly silence fell upon the gloomy out-buildings. Then this man of nerve lighted a candle, and, holding it above his head, went coolly into the wood-room. Every thing was in its appropriate place, and the barred door hung, as usual, firm and strong upon its hinges!

Thinking his ears had deceived him as to the true location of the sounds, and that they had really come from a detached outbuilding, Mr. King refastened the kitchen-door, and, with the candle in his hand, went back to his sleeping apartment. His step was light, for he was in his stockings; but as he went along a heavy tread kept pace with his every footfall. Holding the candle above his head, he turned about again and again, but nothing was there but the impalpable air and the now unearthly silence. Followed by the sounds he went slowly up the stairs and entered his chamber; and then the echoing tread died away, and lying down on the bed he soon fell into uneasy slumbers.

As the clock down stairs struck for midnight he was roused again by his wife, who said the bell at the front entrance had just rung violent-

ly. Getting up, he went down and opened the door, wondering what visitor could be coming at such a late hour. The moon was at the full, not a cloud obscured the clear, wintry sky, and the hemlock grove, the vacant barn, and the leafless trees which girdled the silent road were all lighted up by a sort of dim daylight. He saw, or thought he saw, in the clear moonlight, a carriage, drawn by a white horse, standing at the door. Just then a sudden gust of wind blew out the light which he bore. He turned to relight it with a match. The interval was hardly a moment; but when he again looked out he could see or hear nothing that wore the semblance or gave out the sound of moving mortal. Turning round he re-entered the house, and then a soft hand was laid lightly on his arm, and an unseen form glided swiftly by, with a rustling sound, as of heavy silk brushing against some solid substance. It rapidly ascended the stairway, and, bolting the door, he quickly followed, holding the light above his head. He saw nothing; but still the soft rustle smote on the air, and now a gentle footfall sounded on the carpet. Past his own room it went, past his children's, and then paused at the door of a remote chamber, which, as if touched by some invisible hand, swung open at its coming. Then the brave man entered the room, and found it as empty and as desolate as a beggar's pocket.

He went back to his chamber, threw himself upon his bed, and closed his eyes for another short slumber. His wife lay awake, not alarmed, but with the thought that no earthly visitors were breaking the quiet of their peaceful dwelling. Soon she heard a loud rap on the open door of their bedroom, and, springing up, awakened her husband. "Who are you? What do you want?" asked the startled woman. A low, rattling, and yet musical laugh was the only answer.

As the man rose from the bed and went to the doorway his wife suddenly exclaimed: "It's against the wall—a woman in a silk dress and mantilla!" Her husband looked but saw nothing. Some eyes, it is said, are naturally open, and some naturally closed to ghostly spectacles.

Again the man went to sleep, and again was awakened by loud noises in the lower part of the cottage. This time they seemed to come from the kitchen. At first he thought that the room door was broken in, then that the chairs were tossed wildly about, and then that the stove was thrown across the room with a crash which shook the whole building. He rose again and went softly down to the lower story; but so little of ghostly impression had all this made upon him that he opened the kitchen door fully expecting to encounter three and perhaps four mortal burglars. But no human being was there. The stove was where it had been, the chairs were in their former places, and the window stood in no need of a glazier.

Perplexed and annoyed, he went again to his chamber and slept out the rest of the night soundly. Happy result of healthy nerves and a good digestion.

In the morning the aged lady who was their guest said to Mr. King and his wife: "About midnight a strange man came to my bedside. He so frightened me that I couldn't make an outcry. He stood and looked at me, and then, after a while, began to walk up and down the room, with his head down and his hands behind him. I saw him as plain as I see you. He was tall, had large features, slightly gray hair, and wore a long dressing-gown."

Two or three years afterward the family learned that this was a true description of the Colonel, and that the room in which the old lady slept had been his bedchamber.

On the following night no sound broke the quiet of the infested house till the clock again struck the hour of midnight. Then the noise of wheels echoed on the graveled drive-way, and the inmates heard the crack of the driver's whip, and his loud "Whoa!" to the horses. Soon there was a sound as of some one alighting from a carriage, and, a moment later, a quick, sharp ring at the door-bell. This, surely, could be no ghostly intruder, and Mr. King rose, partly dressed himself, and went out to admit his midnight visitor. He had gone only as far as the upper landing when he heard the grating of a latch-key in the lock, and saw the outer door open and close again. Then the soft rustle of the silken dress, and the same light but rapid footfall ascended the stairway. Swiftly it swept by him, and was once more lost in the silence of the deserted chamber.

Not an hour afterward the noisy carnival began again in the lower story. Again the wood-house door was battered down, the kitchen window broken in, the chairs tossed about, and the stove thrown across the room with a crash that shook the building. The man of the house

listened for a while, but he had begun to suspect the character of his nocturnal disturbers, and, with the philosophical reflection that "he could endure the racket as long as they could," he closed his eyes and went soundly to sleep till morning.

The noises were continued, with some slight variations, till far into April. Then they subsided for a time, but only to break out again with greater violence. Every night, for long, the carriage came to the door, the bell rang, and the light footfall went up the stairway, and every day a heavy tread echoed in the library. Then these sounds ceased and a woman was heard weeping and lamenting. Then this went away and there was a shoveling of earth in the cellar, the grating of a saw in the wood-house, the falling of the door, and the noise of the axe, hewing it in pieces; and then the general letting loose of all the ghostly artillery. There was method in the "manifestations." Who knows but they were the terrible refrain of some awful tragedy which, first enacted here, was being repeated in eternity!

Space would fail me if I were to recount all the strange sights and sounds which, now for four years, have been seen and heard in this perturbed domicile. Unless my own senses have been deceived, and a multitude of good men and women have borne false witness, all the laws which govern well-regulated matter have here been set at defiance; and some unknown agency has demonstrated that there are more, many more "things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy." In broad day wood is split by an invisible axe; doors are opened, and furniture displaced by invisible hands; and at dead of night the house is shaken when there is no wind; earth is upturned and graves are dug without shovel or spade; unnatural moans and laughter issue from unoccupied apartments; and the whole building is at times so illuminated by spectral lights dancing from room to room that passers-by on the road rush to the door, thinking the house on fire and the lives of its inmates in danger.

But somewhat similar things are related of other houses that have been "haunted," and therefore I need detail only such incidents as cast some light—it may be a dim, un-religious light—on the unhappy history of the original tenants of the cottage.

On one occasion, when the lady of the house was sitting alone in her room in the daytime, she experienced an indescribable sensation as of a palpable but invisible human presence. In a few minutes she distinctly saw the shadowy figure of a man glide along the wall and disappear through the closed window. His form, features, and clothing were vividly impressed on her memory, and not long afterward she described them to the aged woman who formerly served in the family. She recognized them at once as those of her old master. Many times since the same man has been seen by her and by others emerging from the guest cham-

ber, or from the room which was formerly the library, and passing slowly through the hall and out at the front doorway with his head down and his hands behind him.

One day the same lady was ironing at the kitchen-table when her attention was arrested by a sound like the whetting of a knife on a flint-stone in the pantry. Laying the flat-iron down softly she suddenly opened the door of the pantry; but no knife and no stone were there, and the sound ceased suddenly. On another day, while she was in the kitchen, she heard the grating of a saw in the adjoining wood-room; but on opening the door she found the wood untouched and the saw hanging idly on its peg by the window. Again, while in a lower room of a summer afternoon, she heard loud sobs and moans issuing apparently from the empty upper chamber, which is said to have been occupied by the governess. Going softly up the stairs she opened the door, and in that moment all was silence. After this, time and again, she and her husband heard the same sounds coming from the same empty chamber; but they went about their work and left the unquiet spirit alone with its sorrow. Many times at midnight the man of the house has been aroused by a sound like the shoveling of earth in the cellar; but going down has found nothing but darkness.

Hundreds of curious people have visited the house in the hope to explore the mystery of the strange noises, and among them is a respectable lady living in the neighborhood, who is said to have the gift of spirit-vision. Once she came with a male friend to watch through the night, and her companion relates that not far from midnight they heard the same shoveling of earth in the cellar. He rose to ascertain the origin of the sounds, but she held him back, saying, "Don't go; it is the tall, dark man; he is digging a grave for the woman he has murdered." The same night they heard footsteps in the hall, and sounds as of a woman weeping. As they opened the door the sounds ceased, but the lady states that the spectre-woman kept on in her walk, wringing her hands, and every now and then lifting her eyes imploringly to heaven. She had a queenly figure, a beautiful but pallid face, a wealth of dark brown hair, and wore a flowing dress of black silk, with a heavily-fringed black mantle. For half an hour she walked there; then slowly, still wringing her hands, she went up the stairway. This was long before the old servant had been discovered, or any thing was definitely known of the history of the former tenants of the haunted domicile.

Not long after this another lady, who is also said to have the gift of spirit-sight, visited the house in the daytime, in company with two female companions. She relates that she had no sooner crossed the threshold than she was accosted by a beautiful woman in a flowing gray robe, who begged permission to speak through her to her friends and the family who live in the cottage. She assented, and a dozen men

and women having assembled in the parlor, she fell upon her knees and made a prayer that is reported to have drawn tears from all who were present. Then rising to her feet, she told, in the person of the ghost, her story. She was, she said, the niece of the Colonel. She had lived there in unholy relations with him until the murder of the peddler. The deed was done in broad day, when both she and the old servant were in the cottage. The Colonel had asked the peddler to saw some wood for the family, and coming upon him when he was off his guard, had taken his life without his making a struggle. In his haste to hide the body and the poor pack which was the reward of his crime the Colonel neglected to spread with fresh earth the blood-dampened ground, and to wash off the stains which covered the whole door of the wood-house. These tell-tale tokens of the terrible deed she saw before the day was over, and she charged the crime upon her uncle in the library. He only said that rather than starve he would kill every peddler in creation. Then she left the house, after he had gone out to cover the traces of his deed, to sprinkle the ground with earth and hew the wood-house door into ten thousand pieces. She had kept the terrible secret, for she loved the wretched man, and after ten years of miserable life had followed him to the world of retribution. He was still chained to the scene of his crimes, but she, by years of penitence and prayer, had made some expiation. Her final release from the place, whose very sight was to her a torment, was conditioned on her making this public confession.

The real facts connected with this unhappy household had at this time become whispered about in the neighborhood; but it is said, I know not how truly, that the lady through whom, or by whom, this strange revelation was made had never heard the story.

Among the many who have been attracted to the "Haunted House" are several professional "mediums," but the tales they tell are so inconsistent and contradictory that no reliance can be placed upon them. More interesting than their disclosures are the physical manifestations which have attended their presence on many occasions. In broad day the house has rocked like a cradle, the furniture has danced all about the rooms, the stove has sung hymns and "talked like a book," light articles have risen from the floor and floated through the air as if they had wings, and, stranger still, while the little daughter of Mr. King has played the accordeon an invisible voice has accompanied the instrument, and sung a dozen as merry staves as ever set mortal legs in motion. These things have been seen and heard by so many reliable persons that they can not well be doubted; but they throw no light on the mystery which envelops the cottage.

It is now about a year since the writer of this article had his attention first attracted to the haunted cottage. During this time the family in the house have given him every fa-

cility for investigation; but with the coolest and most careful scrutiny he has utterly failed to fathom the mystery. His vision is defective when directed to invisible objects, and it may be for this reason that he has not *seen* the spectral sights of which others speak so confidently. His hearing, however, is good, and he has *heard* the ghostly sounds—nearly all that he has enumerated—and to these he is willing to give his unqualified testimony. To the *facts* that he is now to recount he can also bear true witness; but the “ghostly” disclosures that occurred during the strange interview he would have the reader accept or reject according to their intrinsic credibility. The facts were as follows; and that they may impress the reader as nearly as possible as they impressed the writer he will relate them with every remembered detail of manner and circumstance:

During the last autumn he was passing an evening with a highly-gifted lady residing in his vicinity, when the subject of the mysterious noises was alluded to. Though living but a few miles away, the lady had never heard of the “Haunted House” or of its original occupants. She expressed a natural desire to witness some of the singular manifestations, and the writer at once got up his horse and drove her to the infested domicile. They arrived about an hour after dark, and were shown by the mistress of the cottage into the sitting-room—the apartment which had been the Colonel’s library. There they sat down, no one, so far as they knew, being in the house but they three and the two young children. It was a balmy autumnal night. The moon was up, the stars were out, and not a breath of air stirred the great trees in the court-yard; but they had no sooner taken their seats than the house shook as if rocked by a hurricane. The lady is a devoted church-woman, and no believer in spirits or “spiritualism;” yet, startled from her self-control, she threw up her hands and exclaimed, “What a dreadful noise! and the air—how it stifles me!” The writer, more familiar with ghostly ways, had scarcely time to assure her that there was no danger, when, springing to her feet, she struck an attitude, and, with eyes blazing and arms moving like a wind-mill, shouted out, “Who are you that are trying to probe this mystery? Do you hope with a two-foot rule to measure the Almighty?”

“Not exactly. But you act well; with a little practice you would rival Ristori.”

“Act! It is you who act—you mortals who crawl between heaven and earth, your heads down and your hands in your pockets.”

“It would trouble any one to *crawl* with his hands in his pockets; but if you are not mortal what are you?”

“Your peer—every way your peer; and when I was a man I would have scorned to creep into strange houses to rob the dead of their secrets.”

“They should have no secrets—when one dies he is expected to leave all his real and personal estate behind him.”

This was too much for the good-nature of the ghost. Taking a few strides forward the dead man, or the living woman, raised an arm, and pointing to the door, shouted, “Go! Leave this house? It is mine! Go!” and then a foot came down on the floor with a force that set the chairs a-dancing.

The writer had heard that a strong human will can exorcise the worst devil in creation, and, rising to his feet, he said: “It is for *you* to go. If you are that bad man, and have possessed this woman, go this moment!”

Instantly, as if struck by some invisible power, the lady staggered back and fell into the chair from which she had risen. Placing her hands quickly to her head, she said: “How strangely I feel! What is the matter with me? What has happened?”

The circumstances were briefly explained, and a short conversation followed. In the midst of it the lady, again raising her hands, and lifting her eyes, which all the while had been fully open, began to chant a low psalm. It was a sad, weird air, and yet strangely musical. At its close she sank to her knees, and uttered a prayer that was full of mingled penitence, love, and adoration. When it was over she resumed her seat, and, turning to the writer, said: “You will forgive him; he knows not what he does; he has not yet come to his right reason.”

“Who is he?”

“The unhappy man who lived here—who lives here still, bound to this wretched house by the sins he has committed.”

“Is that the law—that spirits are bound to the scene of their earthly crimes till they have made expiation?”

“It is—bound by an irresistible force which keeps them down, doing over and over again their wicked deeds, till, at last, the soul grows weary of wrong-doing, looks upward, and the angels come to it.”

“Then there is forgiveness in eternity?”

“There is forgiveness every where—God is all-merciful; but there is no remission—no escape from punishment. Every crime must be expiated, every sin worked out; if not in your world, then in ours.”

“And why do you take such interest in that bad man?”

“We sinned together, we must rise together. It is my work to lift him up and bring him to his right reason.”

“And you are—”

“Alice.”

“Not bound here, I hope, as he is?”

“Not now; long penitence has wrought my release. I can now go up, far up; but I came back to aid and uplift him.”

“He led you into sin, and yet you have forgiven him?”

“He led me into sin, he took my life, and yet I died forgiving him. I loved him then, I love him now, the more because I know he is almost utterly lost and forsaken.”

"If you loved him so why did he take your life?"

"Because my remorse was torture to him—the sight of me a constant reproach and torment."

"I have great faith in the power of human love—it would seem to me that such love as yours might lift a spirit from the very abyss."

"There is no abyss except the abyss of sin, and that is in one's own bosom. My love is lifting him; with me already he is all gentleness and goodness."

The writer leaned his head upon his hand, pondering those strange doctrines, so foreign to his own belief, and to that of his companion, and in a moment she said, "I should go. Come here, place your hand upon her head, and will, gently and kindly, that I shall go away."

He did as he was bidden, and in another instant his lady companion was a member of the Episcopal Church, and a devout believer in the Apostles' Creed and the Thirty-nine Articles. She thought she had been far away, in a beautiful garden, playing with little children.

As he has intimated, the writer does not know what to make of the facts which form this strange story; he only trusts that what he has written may lead some clearer head than his to attempt a solution of the mystery which enshrouds the "Haunted House at Watertown."

Since writing the foregoing the writer has learned that in a vault near the haunted building has been found a luxuriant head of woman's hair. It is wavy, of a golden brown, and is described as a "wonder to look at." It was apparently not cut from the head, but taken off with the scalp, and some remains of flesh still cling to its roots. The cellar in which the body of the peddler is supposed to have been buried is to be thoroughly dug over, and, when that is done, another chapter may be added to this strange history.

A PLEASANT MORNING.

I AM an illustrator to a weekly newspaper—now and then drawing from nature for material; now and then upon my fancy.

In the path of my duties many strange experiences occur. On one day, sent to sketch the launch of the great inter-oceanic steamer, it falls to me to see the stalwart hero strike the blow with his proud arm that knocks away the last obstruction, and then retreat that one second too late, in which the first slide of the plunging monster shears off that arm like a leaf from the stem; or, at another time, commanded to furnish text and picture of the life in forests, I camp with the lumbermen far up among the else untrodden snows of the Canadas, and hear all night the wolf and catamount howl around my pillow.

I do not find my post a sinecure at any time,

and there are occasions—as when I portray the stories of a battle-field, or am dispatched, one of the chosen ticketed, for the inside of the yard at some pet execution—when it grows ghastly.

Now and then there is a pretty pageant of a procession to picture forth on its path; a reception; a portraiture; but as a general thing tame subjects go to tame pencils, and mine is kept for the turmoil of some riotous mob in a seething scum of the streets; for the imaginations of some famous burning ship at sea; for any thing stirring and strong, and needing a sharp, bold touch.

In a life so busy as mine, odd as it may sound, I have never found time, not to attend to the affairs of other people, but to attend to those of my own, by which means not only have I been subject to the caprices of my landlady, and the bondslave of my bootmaker, but I never had the chance to get myself let into any nice little thing in petroleum or silver, and never had that moment to spare in which to fall in love.

That being the case, fate arranged it that love should fall in with me, and straightway took me to the opera one night, ostensibly in order to obtain the closing tableau of the present rage upon those boards, but really that I might see Emily come in, a radiant vision of yellow curls, and cheeks like rose leaves, while she glided on, shifting her blue gauze scarf across her shoulders, and dazzling all beholders.

To declare that I fell in love upon the spot would be a mild statement. I plunged, I dived, and I can not say that I have ever yet come to the surface. That is not so extraordinary. But the thing which is extraordinary is that I did not plunge alone. Emily went under with me. It is years since; but how the upper world looks, other than as we see it through our but partially lucid walls of separation, we are still ignorant; nor can I say that the sea-serpent has ever entered this, our, so to speak, submarine paradise.

I often say to myself now that "I am the happiest man alive." The Brigadier, it is true, gave us no property over and above his blessing; and, Emily's dowry consisting chiefly of the antique jewelry descended from her mother, we are far from wealthy. Nevertheless, our circumstances are easy, for we own our house and garden. I earn sufficient for all our wants, and my life is so assured that should death and disaster overtake me my wife and children shall never know the sordid suffering of poverty. But as there are some people who never take the thorough enjoyment of any heavenly June morning, with its breadth of blue and its floods of golden sunshine, its winds streaming with perfume, and all its commotion of dews and flowers and music; never take enjoyment of this without perpetual prognostication and sky-searching, lest the divine day be after all only a weather-breeder; so I myself never fairly look my happiness in the face without a tremor.

Like the ancients, I shudder at felicity—perhaps because it seems too bright to last—and to the present day I never go home at night, when to my mind's eye is rising the likeness of a little rosy face in a flush of curls pressed against the window-pane, whose transparence shall let me see Emily sitting beyond in the sparkle of the fire-light, her beauty only subdued by our half dozen blissful years, with the other little head nestling beneath her own; I never go home, calling up this bit of a welcoming scene, without first bracing and preparing myself, lest with the next step beyond the door some fatal sight may meet my eye, or some dread sound my ear.

I take myself often enough to task for this nervousness of mine, and tell myself a thousand times that, instead of being presentiment, it is recollection; that it all comes from that morning, the day but one before our marriage, when my first gray hairs came with it. But I have not yet learned to conquer it, although I summon the whole dreadful drama so vividly before me as to be freshly aware of the gulfs then opening beneath me, so black and loathsomely terrible as to exempt me, one should think, from all penalty of gloom or sorrow for the rest of life, as one who has paid the fee to death and destruction, and is thenceforth free for his term of years.

There had been announcement of a remarkable collection of animals just arrived from Egypt, where they had but lately been the amusement of the Pasha, and now on exhibition in the temporary wooden buildings at the corner of Fifty-third Street and Clinton Crescent. Persian Plains, snowy peaks of Himalaya, African Deserts, Archipelagos of Indian Seas, and all those quarters of the globe which seem to be still fermenting with the primeval imperfection, had alike given tribute to this assembly; and among the number of trophies from wood and wild there was a famous lion, by name Abdul Medjid, whose fierce feats had won him an unenviable renown in two hemispheres—the true Numidian beast, tawny as his native sands, bristling and untamable. He had destroyed every keeper but his last one, and on the opening day of his exhibition in this country he had sprung upon a man in the very act of receiving from him his rations, and rent him in so furious a manner that his life was despaired of, although the victim still survived, paralyzed through all the region of his wounds.

Of course public curiosity was in great measure excited by the perpetrator of such evil deeds, and to take fortune at the flood, for the benefit of distant purchasers of this week's issue, it was deemed desirable by my employer to obtain Abdul Medjid's portrait, and equally desirable that I should obtain it, which, nothing doubting and nothing loth, I at once undertook to do.

I did not mention my projected work of the morning to Emily, for thought it might have been pleasant for her to accompany me and

stroll through the rooms unhindered by any crowd, yet I knew she was in a cloud of the laces and silks of her paraphernalia, from which I could not ask her in that last trying day to emerge. So I contented myself with the Brigadier's little Skye terrier, which had followed me unawares, and, saving his presence, fortunately, I went alone. It did not at the moment seem ominous of any sinister occurrence that on my way, in endeavoring to evade the onslaught of a wild white bull that had got loose from a drove of cattle hastening to the shambles, I should have stepped into an inclosure where I was confronted with an enormous placard of "Beware the Dog;" nor that on the steps of the exhibition buildings an urchin should have let fly in my face a Pharaoh's serpent with a hiss and splutter worthy of the great original of the Garden.

I did not imagine that it would be a very difficult task to fetch the salient features of his African majesty's countenance, and so loitered along the curious compartments of the place, looking at one and another object of interest, till I should reach the room of the lions.

It was a fresh morning, and rather cool in the buildings, for the windows were all unglazed—a temperature pleasant enough, doubtless, to the Polar bears, who every afternoon drowned their spotlessness in ceaseless drenchings, till, far from the snowy guardians of the pole that once they were, they seemed only animated heaps of dust and water, but one in which the tropical beasts howled and shivered. The exhibition had none of those summer-day attractions which kindred shows possess in the open country, when one slides between the canvas walls into the open arena, full of a white light sifting down from the tented top, and the wicked sweetness of crushed and trodden grass, but it was notwithstanding well worth the seeing. I was particularly entertained in one section, where monkeys chattered and birds whistled, and spent more time than I had intended over an investigation of the Darwinian theory; over the wonders of a pelican, and the beauty of a white peacock; watching the singularly splendid eyes of an ostrich, which, however, always had an effect as if he were wearing glasses; and listening to the voice of the bird of the tolling bell, while all around me every shade of color and degree of lustre plumed its feathery loveliness, and mocking-birds and nightingales made charming rivalry; and, like the supporters of an armorial piece, behind the dark green of the iron railing two harmless young alligators lay motionless, as if they were merely a grotesque ornamentation of the railing itself. I could fancy the garment of some intent lady heedlessly overlying these ornamentations, till, chancing to look down and catch the horrid sidelong leer of their jaws, she gathered herself up in shrieking dismay. Possibly when the exhibition had arranged itself more permanently these two young remnants of early monstrosity, however innoxious, would not be al-

lowed such liberty, and the cases in the next apartment, where all the reptiles of the world had taken up their abode, would be made a trifle more secure. As for these latter, Eve never would have been tempted by one of them if first she had seen them all together. Here was a hoop-snake amusing himself by trundling to and fro in the shape of a self-acting circle; hard by another specimen spread his tail like a fan, and flitted it to all appearance as indolently as any lady of fashion, although it was the swiftness of the motion that in reality gave it its resemblance; then there was a jewel-snake sunning in a mass of splendor; just beyond two boa-constrictors, in a huge glass case, stretched their length over the dead boughs of a great tree inclosed with them, and, as the long wave of breath swept its slow palpitation through their vast volumes, their sides showed iridescent with fairest rose and tenderest blue, with shining scales, and all delicate commingling of divinest color; and in still another spot there were coils of rattlesnakes and adders, ruby-headed cobras, and Lavengro's yellow king of the vipers himself. I did not linger long in that den, but hastened then to my task in the room of the lions.

This was a spacious room, much more so than the others, whether out of deference to Abdul Medjid or the throngs who were expected to view his innocent gambols. It was at once lighted and ventilated by a row of openings on one side, as I said, without glass. There was nothing in the room but the cage of Abdul Medjid and his family, which stood quite at the upper end, though through the open doors yet beyond one could see further divisions filled with their respective properties, whether it was the mild-faced gray Indian cow, so beautiful that it is no wonder it is sacred, or tigers, with their green eyes glowing like live emeralds, the low-crawling panther—a beast so disgusting that it is difficult to believe God made it—leaping leopards, too rounded and velvety soft to hold the fierce flames of life within, that kept them in a tireless ramble, bounding now like elastic balls, now rampant and aspiring in their sport, flames that seemed to come and go in the black and brilliant spots upon their golden sides, or elephants, giraffes, and the other various riffraff of a traveling menagerie.

This portion of the buildings was full of all manner of discordant yells and howls that resounded across the smothering susurrus of hisses from the ophidian apartment behind me, in which the morning merriment of birds and monkeys was lost, and through which, and commanding it, the long, low, occasional growl of Abdul Medjid, as he roused from an uneasy slumber, roared and rumbled like the distant thunder of some storm below the horizon. It was a pandemonium where the fallen spirits had been imbruted into wild beasts, and a man would have need of firmer nerve than mine not to have felt some slight qualms of dismay at his loneliness there; for these apartments having been cleared and

cleaned for guests, the attendants were sweeping and fitting those still further on, or preparing the noonday meal of their several charges in the outer shanties of all.

However, since the thing was inevitable, I took to myself what heart of grace I could find, and established my sketch-book within a convenient distance of the resting-place of Abdul Medjid, and dotted down my preliminary outlines with a sufficiently steady hand.

The lion at that moment was asleep—that majestic sleep which does not condescend to forget itself, but now and then opens a drowsy eye and relapses into indifferent ease. This suffered me to sketch his principal points without difficulty, notwithstanding the young lioness, who kept a frowning watch upon me while her two whelps hugged and fawned and bit and rolled over one another to their heart's content. Once in a while, glancing up from my work, I saw the somewhat laughable contrast presented by the little Skye terrier, who, in the dilemma of daring neither to leave me nor to remain with me, when he found what were the terrors entrapping him, had taken refuge in the remotest corner of the room, and, on catching my eye, had the appearance of giving a melancholy whine for sympathy or help; which whine, however, if uttered, was inaudible in all the other tumult.

Before long I grew interested in my work: it brought to me the African solitude of burning sun and sand; I saw the creatures sporting in great open plains or crouching in reedy jungles at the head of secret river-sources: he became the typical lion as I wrought, the one embodiment of torrid East. I remembered the beast in the court of King Francis:

"One's whole blood grew curdling and creepy
To see the black mane vast and heapy,
The tail in the air stiff and straining,
The wide eyes, nor waxing, nor waning.

* * * * *
Ay, that was the open sky o'erhead!
And you saw by the flush on his forehead,
By the hope in those eyes wide and steady,
He was leagues in the desert already,
Driving the flocks up the mountain,
Or, cat-like, couched hard by the fountain
To waylay the date-gathering negress:
So guarded he entrance or egress."

But suddenly, while the lines were running through my mind, Abdul Medjid was the thing itself! It seemed to me as if he had all at once become aware of the liberty that was being taken with him, and bounding erect, with a roar that shook the rafters, he had caught the iron wires of his cage between his two terrible fore-paws and shaken them as if they had been bamboos, while his eyes glowed and glared like red-hot coals, and his fierce breath swept hot and rough across my cheek.

My heart stood still so instantly that hands and feet were powerless; I could not stir; I could not even have cried out. I only noticed that the noises from the adjoining rooms had somehow ceased, whether through fatigue, or fear, or perhaps just awed by the full report of

Abdul Medjid's awful voice. I can see the brute now, rearing about me, so supple and swift and terrible. I wondered for a single thought if I were doomed to die the death of his victim. But with the next rebound of the blood that came rushing over me in one hot surge, I must have turned—turned, great God in heaven! to find myself in the very jaws of death itself.

The blank silence that followed the roar of the lion was being broken by a stifling, sweeping sound, like that of the wind through a lattice, and creeping in long curves and convolutions the great boa-constrictor, from the room behind, was coming over the floor like a wave.

It was this, then, against which the lion's yell had resounded—against which the poor little whine of the Skye, before the advance of which, as the long coils came loosening from the broken case, the other beasts had subsided into whimpering stillness. As for me—I saw the thing while my eyes protruded with horror—it seemed that I must be the object of his desires and effort. I gave one glance at liberty. Was there no escape? The serpent, with his bulk, barred either exit; I might try the windows—high as my head, almost as small—with neither step nor ladder; another curve and his gigantic fleshy ring lay between me and them—he had nearly encircled me—was almost upon me: truly there was no escape.

Then, as my eyes got glued upon his deadly approach, all the blackness of my fate overwhelmed me. To be lapped about in the cold and mighty coils till every bone was broken, crushed more sorely than the criminal upon the cruel wheel, or alive to endure the slow suffocation of slime and nausea till all ceased in slippery darkness. He had looked so fearfully splendid a sight when hanging in his glittering loops from the branches of the withered tree inside his prison, wrinkle after wrinkle ridging itself in light—now nothing but a mass of quivering and disgusting grayness, he spread his loathly surfaces in foul pulsations along the floor. One mad thought of yesterday and of the morrow—a pang of Emily—struck me like a knife. Then annihilation of thought and memory, till for me the universe seemed swallowed in those hideous folds. There are no words to tell the sick horror of that moment; language is powerless; thought fails; only mere animal sensation can realize it—and mine, thank God! was growing torpid with terror. When he reached me I should be no longer a man, but a mere thing, a piece of flesh already carrion.

Suddenly a head darkened the window right before me. I hardly could have seen it, though I knew it was there. A voice cried out in words which I must have heard, since I remembered them, and since they somehow intensified my pain: "Keep still! Don't stir! Don't move an inch! It's your only chance! Be a log! He'll take you for a fixture and go by. Don't move an eyelash! Don't breathe!"

Stir? I could not have lifted a finger.

Breathe? The breath seemed already to have left my lips. Yet consciousness and thought returned at the man's words like an agony. Would he go by—this revolting mass of being? Might I, by any possibility, seem an inanimate object—I, so crowded with pain, shaking and quaking with it for all I knew, perhaps letting my heart-beats be heard. Could he go by?

Suspended over hell by a hair! How I watched—my eyeballs burning out their sockets—watched that great leaden length of hide rise and fall—watched the dull impervious countenance, capable neither of mercy nor knowledge, a flat field of half-gorged desire! With what a slow torture of advance he came; it seemed to me as if suns rose and set and years went by in every moment. Billow after billow swept up and down with that lingering and ponderous advance—he was close upon me!

Swerving! Swerving ever so little, a hair's breadth, a line—ah, merciful Father in heaven be praised! the head had passed beyond, the terrible jaws had gone by, men were entering from behind with quilts and blankets to secure him in their smothering folds. I was safe—but the little Skye terrier, which had caught the filmy glow of the stolid eye, was stone-dead with fright.

They spoke to me, shaking my shoulders, and brought me soon some brandy. Their voices sounded leagues away; I seemed, though still standing, to be coming out of a swoon; my clothes were as wet and chill as if a cataract had been emptied upon me.

I thanked my friends, and paused only to give one glance at the lion, where, dark and glossy with sweat, he yet reared and pressed his paws against the bars; but the portrait of Abdul Medjid was never finished.

THE YANKEE BEFORE THE THRONE.

OUR position was a most delightful one in many respects, when I was in my seventeenth year of life on earth, and my first year of life in Paris. Louis Napoleon was our friend. My daily companions were the ladies and gentlemen of his court. It was well known that we were on terms of unwonted intimacy at the Tuileries, and it was generally believed that to get admitted to our *salons* was equivalent to setting foot in the very ante-room of royalty. I now had my first taste of the power of Power—or, more properly speaking, of the power of supposed Power. There were all sorts of people at our doors incessantly, wanting all sorts of favors—from the sale to the French government of a patent valued at a million francs to the securing of a seat in the Imperial Chapel at the Tuileries for the coming Sunday morning. There were French people, and English people, and people of all lands among these haunters of our threshold, but more than all others there were Americans.

Ours was a delightful position in many re-

spects, as I have said; but in respect to the Yankee before the Throne it was apt to be annoying.

The ordinary observer of the period would hardly have suspected, I am sure, what a vast number of impecunious Americans there were in Paris in the year 1858. What amazed me always, was that such very poor people could ever have obtained money enough to pay their passage across the ocean. The generality of these, like true-born Yankees as they were, had "inventions" which they were anxious to sell to the government. Generally, it was something in the way of fire-arms, though sewing-machines, bread-baking machines, and many other machines, found their way to our residence in the Faubourg St. Honoré for inspection. To find an *American*—one of their own compatriots—in such a very exceptional position, was something most extraordinary: a person who could look at your inventions in one minute, and twenty minutes later stand in the Emperor's presence and speak directly to him about them—it was wonderful! Such a person *must* be got at—must be propitiated, and made to take a personal interest in every inventor's cause.

It was not difficult to say a good word for these worthy men. Generally, however, the inventions were chimerical illusions, or delusions, whose uselessness it only required a practical test to clearly demonstrate. One of these, I well remember, was a bread-baking apparatus, presented by a gentleman of Cincinnati, whose cause I espoused with especial enthusiasm in view of his hailing from the Western city, where my mother, brother, and sisters lived. To hear of the operations of this wonderful apparatus was like listening to a fairy story, or to a modern rivalry of the miracle of the loaves and fishes. For this inventor permission was obtained to land his apparatus in Havre free of duty; and there the matter ended, because the machine stopped working in America, and refused ever to resume its marvelous operations.

One of the Yankees—though not one of the impecunious—was Mr. Cyrus W. Field. He spent much time at our house, in his efforts to secure a concession from the French Government of the right to land a submarine cable on the French island of St. Pierre and Miquelon. My interest in this matter was very strong. While it was still pending I left Paris for a few weeks' sojourn at Biarritz, the Imperial sea-bathing village. M. Mocquard was there with the Empress, and I wrote to him on the subject, urging him, if possible, to let me have the concession for Mr. Field at once. Mocquard's position as Napoleon's right-hand man, his mouth-piece, his confidential adviser, was well known. To apply to him was as good as, or better than, to apply to the Emperor himself. With his never-failing courtesy Mocquard expressed to me his regret at not being able to respond to my desire. He wrote:

"I must, before writing to Paris, confer about this matter with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, now at

Biarritz. Repose in me the care of giving it an active impulsion. Believe in my affectionate sentiments.

"MOCQUARD."

I had frequent opportunities of observing the peculiar nervousness of Mr. Field's temperament, superinduced, no doubt, by his exciting labors. I remember one day, when we were driving about from one *Ministère* to another, receiving disheartening answers from all (for people were then disposed to look upon the whole business as a chimera, and on its projector as an amiable lunatic), how amused I was with Mr. Field's eccentricity. While discussing the glories of his pet scheme with great volubility in English, he would repeatedly interrupt himself to punch the astonished driver in the back, and ejaculate the one word *Allez!*—"Go on!" The man was already racing his horses at their full speed, but Mr. Field's eagerness far outstripped their shodden heels. The style of the utterance was somewhat this:

"I tell you it is not a mad idea"—[Punch—*Allez!*]. "The day is not far distant when you will see the two countries joined"—[Punch—*Allez!*]. "Just think of it! Instantaneous communication between London and New York!"—[Punch—*Allez!*].

The scene was brought to a farcical climax when the driver, impatient at last beyond endurance, turned around in his seat and mumbled in that tone of suppressed rage common to the French and English subordinate when angry,

"*Ah ça! vous m'embetez à la fin!*"—"Come now! you pester me at last!"

This mild protest against the punches and the reiterated *allez*, Mr. Field did not take the pains to notice, if he even understood.

When he was just on the point of receiving the concession, Mr. Field discovered that a mistake had been made in a date—purposely, as it afterward appeared.

"The date is wrong," said honest Mr. Field. "I can not sign a petition which states that I shall be in Paris on that date."

"I know that you will be gone, Monsieur," said the official, blandly, "but as a matter of form it was necessary that the date should be thus."

"But I shall be on the ocean at that time," said Mr. Field.

"Where you will," rejoined the official, shrugging his shoulders. "It does not matter. Sign, all the same."

"No," said the American gentleman, with noble simplicity, "I can not sign. Who knows but I may be lost at sea on this trip? In that case I could not bear the thought that almost my last act in Europe was to indorse a falsehood."

The concession was obtained at last, however, and Mr. Field proved the feasibility of his scheme.

Among the numerous applicants for another kind of favor—the obtaining of a contract—was a person who now "enjoys" a somewhat

unenviable reputation from having had a price set on his head by the American Government just after the death of Lincoln. I allude to Mr. Beverly Tucker, whose term of office as United States Consul at Liverpool had just expired, and who was now in Paris for the purpose of working what he joyously but erroneously quoted as his "gold mine." In other words, he hoped to obtain a contract for supplying beef to that portion of the French army then operating in China. A circumstance here unnecessary to relate led the voluble Southerner to implore my assistance in the matter. In a weak moment I consented, and writing to M. Mocquard obtained a letter of audience for myself and (alas, for French ignorance of a patronymic so distinguished!) for my *pro tem.* protégé, M. BEWERLY TUKE!

To make my folly complete I had consented to act on this occasion in the somewhat undignified capacity of interpreter, as Mr. Tucker was unable to master more than half a dozen words of French.

On the day appointed for the audience we drove to the Tuileries, and were admitted to the presence of the *Chef du Cabinet*. I could not have conceived it possible that a man of Beverly Tucker's years—one who had so recently held a somewhat important post in England, a person of considerable consequence, no doubt, in the South—would be so completely overthrown by the august presence of M. Mocquard. Royalty itself never should have abashed an American gentleman thus; and Mocquard, important as he was, was not royalty at least. Tucker's self-possession immediately deserted him, and during the entire interview he never once recovered it. Naturally of a florid complexion, with sandy hair, and fiery red beard, his tinge now deepened into a gorgeous scarlet. I was almost frightened myself when I looked at him—not that I was awed by Mocquard, but that I feared Tucker would presently fall into an apoplectic fit.

Mocquard's cabinet was immediately contiguous to that of the Emperor, on the ground-floor of the Palace of the Tuileries, looking out upon the English garden which the Emperor had recently cut off from the public inclosure for the exclusive use of the Imperial family—an act, by-the-way, much to the annoyance of the Parisians, who looked upon the Tuileries, every square foot of it, as the natural playground of the children of France, the rendezvous of the be-capped *bonne* with her soldier-spark, the home of the coco-vendor, the land of the *marchande de plaisirs*. Gazing out upon the floral beauties which smiled thus at our feet, staring amazedly at the antique glories of upholstery and fresco which the room afforded, my companion, for the first time in my acquaintance with him, became thoroughly oblivious of his "gold mine," and of the presence of the person whose capital of influence—not money—was to work the treasure. It was not until I recalled him to a sense of where he

was, by repeatedly pronouncing the Secretary's name, that he became conscious of the great breach of etiquette he was committing by his *gauche* and oblivious manner. Then began the embarrassment and the redness; and on the part of the Secretary an impatience and dislike of this beefy-looking man whom he evidently considered a boor, which showed me I had a delicate part to play. The matter of the "gold mine" explained, M. Mocquard answered that it was something which did not come within his province, and that all he could do for Mr. Tucker was to give him letters of introduction to the head-officials of those *Ministères* who "occupied themselves" with contracts and shipments of stores. This in itself was a great favor, and when I explained it to Mr. Tucker he was so very grateful for it that he took upon himself to use four out of the six French words he knew. They were these, dropped slowly, and with dire emphasis on the last one:

Je—remercie—votre—Excellence—("I—thank—your—Excellency").

Here was a bit of insolent ignorance! Mocquard, the life-long friend of the Emperor—the last and best-beloved lover of his mother, Queen Hortense—the pet of the Empress—Commander in the order of the Legion of Honor—*Chef* of the Cabinet; to whom the Emperor had offered every title from Duke to Baron, and who had refused all to retain the simple, illustrious, and, as he thought, world-known name of MOCQUARD—to be addressed by the *banal* and mediocre title of "Excellency," by an unpleasant American with ill manners and a red face! It was like a slur thrown on the device of the Rohans.

<i>Roy ne puis.</i>	King, I can not.
<i>Prince ne daigne.</i>	Prince, I deign not.
<i>Rohan, je suis!</i>	Rohan, I am!

Again came the fatal phrase, "*Je—remercie—votre—Excellence.*"

"Tell him I am no 'Excellency!'" said the indignant Mocquard to me, haughtily rising to put an end to the interview.

Alas! Tucker heeded not, and again,

"Je—remercie—"

"*Diable!*" ejaculated Mocquard, stamping his foot; "he pesters me!"

I edged my unfortunate compatriot out of the presence as expeditiously as possible, and when we were again in the carriage, I asked Mr. Tucker why he had not taken my hint, at the same time explaining how very annoying it was to Mocquard to be called "Excellency."

"Oh, sho!" said this perfectly self-complacent son of the sunny South, "that's all gammon! He liked it, never tell me! They all like it. I tell you it *tickles* 'em to be called Excellencies, these Frenchmen!"

I explained the peculiar nature of this case, but to no purpose. The obtuseness of this really kind-hearted but stupid "chivalrous" person was very amusing.

Our first visit, after leaving Mocquard, was to the Ministry of the Marine, where a polite

but imperative "impossible" from the lips of M. Dupuy de Lome effectually closed up Mr. Beverly Tucker's "gold mine," which was never heard of more.

But it is not alone the Yankee inventor or would-be contractor who comes before the throne of Louis Napoleon. American authors and publishers are also much in the habit of courting imperial notice. To what an extent this is done few people in this country are aware; because, as a rule, with most rare exceptions, these efforts to obtain notice from Napoleon or Eugénie fail utterly of accomplishing any thing. Once in a while an American author or publisher gets a letter of praise or a present of jewelry; but even in that case it by no means follows that the work is really valued by the Emperor or Empress. The letter or the present may be a whim, or it may be a piece of policy.

I recall the case of a well-known publisher who sent the Emperor the most beautiful specimen of the bookmaker's art on which my eyes ever feasted—a Worcester's Dictionary, printed on satin paper, soft as a baby's cheek, bound gorgeously in green morocco decked with gold, with the imperial arms and cipher dextrously inserted at every available point, gilt-edged, perfumed, a very triumph in its way. Arrived at the palace, this book carelessly knocked about from one room to another, cared for by nobody; until, feeling sorry for it as if it were a living thing, I one day asked why it was so ill-treated.

"*Ah Diable!*" said M. Mocquard, impatiently, "these things pester us. I, for one, wish people would stop sending them. If you want it you can have it."

"But will not the Emperor object to my having taken it?"

"*Parbleu!*" said the Secretary, shrugging his shoulders, and laughing with a manner half droll, half contemptuous, "what does the Emperor of France care for *Woochestaire Sauce's Dictionnaire!*"

This case is not related because there is any thing out of the common in it. Quite the contrary. It chanced to be the first of several elegant books which were freely given to me, which came to the Tuileries in the same way. Nearly all of these were from American authors or publishers, though a few were from English sources, and, it is easy to conceive, were the centre of many a fond hope, and prepared at great expense of time, labor, and money for their special purpose.

MY MEXICAN MINES.

SOME four or five years ago I went to California. Why I went there I have not yet been able to determine. There was no necessity in the case—certainly nothing in the world is easier than *not* to go to California. But I went. With reckless economy I chose a new route; the voyage was tedious and protracted

but profitable. For during its continuance I had ample time to reflect upon the errors of the past and form good resolutions for the future—chief among which resolutions was one to never again attempt the same line of travel. Of all the resolves entered into at the various critical periods of my life, this latter one I fancy is the least likely to be broken.

Just six weeks after going out from Hell Gate the Golden Gate swung to behind me, on hypothetical hinges. The great city of San Francisco loomed up before me in all its fragrance and freshness. Of all the happy moments experienced in a somewhat checkered career, two are so particularly memorable that they never can be forgotten: one is when, after that terrible sea-voyage with its dirt and discomforts, I landed in San Francisco—the other when I left it. Do not imagine that in this statement I intend to bring discredit or contempt upon the Queen City of the Pacific Coast—that Mecca which all pilgrims praise, but where few take up permanent residences. Rather let the confession turn to my own disadvantage; set it down to the peculiarity of a roving and restless temper, which could scarcely be happy and contented in Paradise—at least in such a Paradise as is commonly painted for the edification of the popular mind.

At the time of my arrival in San Francisco the mining excitement was at its height. Joint stock companies under every conceivable name for "developing" mines in the most extraordinary localities were every day organized, the list of the incorporations regularly filling a column in the morning papers. Nearly the whole coast was staked out into claims. People bought any thing and every thing that was offered as "feet." The man who blundered over a boulder fell into fortune, for he could come into town, report that he had found a lead "as good as the Gould and Curry," and sell out at any price he pleased. (Gould and Curry, a mine situated on the famous Comstock Ledge, selling at \$5000 a foot and paying a dividend of \$150 a month, was the favorite standard of comparison.) Tunnels were run through granitic mountains, shafts were sunk nearly to the centre of gravity, until square miles of ground looked as though it had been bored over by gigantic gophers. Especially was this the case in Nevada, through which State one can not travel even at this time without incurring the risk of falling into pit-holes from which there could be no resurrection. Those were flush times indeed. Had the scheme suggested itself to a glib-tongued operator, a company could have been organized with innumerable millions of capital to tunnel the moon or prospect the larger planets, in the expectation of finding horn-silver or, at least, pyrites in the centre. All was bustle, confusion, extravagance, and anticipation. In the very city of San Francisco mining claims were entered. No man's cellar was safe against the persevering prospector. Even the dead were disturbed.

A company called "The Lone Mountain Gold and Silver Mining Company" was organized for the purpose of working a fancied vein in that silent cemetery. Fortunately the lead gave out at an early period, or the poor pioneers who for uneventful years had slumbered beneath the clover and daisies would have been turned out from what they had considered their last resting-place, to take compulsory glimpses of the moon. Tunneling the tomb of an ancestor in search of the precious metals may seem too outrageous for belief; but I solemnly assure the reader that the company above-mentioned was actually incorporated and that ground was broken. Yea, I will even own that I had stock in it myself. There were no bounds to the excitement and enterprise of the frenzied treasure-seekers. An aerolite was found one morning within the Custom-house grounds. Before nightfall there were a dozen holes drilled through and through it, and nearly half its substance was chipped off to be submitted to the subtle tests of the assayer. Never before, never since, was there seen such a frenzy. Picks were at a premium, and spades were indeed trumps. Digging became a duty, and the husband and father was considered neglectful of his family if he failed to respond to the call. When it is considered how many holes can be dug in the earth's surface without finding gold, one ceases to wonder at the many failures which followed.

But the great States and Territories of California, Nevada, Oregon, Arizona, Idaho, and Montana did not afford a field wide enough for mining ambition. Mexico stretched out her golden arms. Mines that had yielded millions of dollars under the crude manipulations of native hands were to be had for mere songs—for the promise of a song. Mines that were opened, mines that stood ready to be rifled, like the legendary pigs that in the good old days ran about the streets of London ready roasted and clamoring to be eaten. Did you doubt the stories! Lo, were not the pages of Ward's History of Mexico unfolded to your gaze! Was it not there put down, in the plainest black and white, how the San This and the Santa That had turned out treasure faster than all the mules that the country contained could pack it away? These mines, abandoned by their improvident owners, only needed the *open sesame* of capital at their doors to again unlock their riches. If they yielded so enormously by the imperfect native method of treating ores, what will they not yield under the improved system which American skill and capital can command, cried the sanguine soul of the speculator?

Wood, water, and labor—the great requisites in a mining country—were plenty and cheap. The mining laws were in favor of the worker. What wonder then that there was a rush for Mexican investments! Those who had made money at home sought to double it abroad; those who had lost expected to make up their losses and more in this new field of enterprise.

My seat was among the latter. Reaching California when speculation was at full tide, I was just in time to launch my little boat on the top wave, and get the full benefit of the ebb. A friend gave me "points;" he had the "inside track," he said. And he had, as I found to my cost, quite the "inside track" of *me*. The stock which he kindly sold me, with the assurance that its certain appreciation would enable us to visit Europe together, fell on my hands to a merely nominal figure; my name appeared on the delinquent list at the Brokers' Board about the same time that his was registered in Paris.

But I was not bereft of friends by my misfortune; I found scores of friends—sympathizing friends. One, in particular, expressed a great desire to see me get even. The way that he proposed to get me "even" was decidedly odd—though, after all, but an application of the hair-of-the-dog-that-bit-you principle. A benevolent old Spaniard with one eye was in town to dispose of a mine which he owned in Durango. There were 1800 feet in the mine (putting my foot in made it 1801); he wouldn't sell the whole of it, not even to his best friends—he couldn't, he said, in justice to his family. But he would sell half at \$100 a foot, for the sake of raising the money to purchase and erect the needful machinery. The mine was called *El Tigre Colorado*—Spanish for "The Red Tiger." He had a drawing or plan of the mine with him, beautifully executed and highly colored—the reason, perhaps, that it was called Colorado. There were galleries and chambers, and columns and pillars without end; it all looked not unlike a five-story hotel. The columns and pillars, he explained, had been left there in accordance with a law of the country, which insisted upon that solid support. Even if the rest of the mine "petered out," those pillars—nearly pure silver—could be taken out, and made to yield millions! The course of the vein—he called it *veta*—was marked and accompanied with marginal notes. Here it was only four feet wide; there it branched out to twenty; here it would not yield more than two or three hundred dollars a ton; there, where the *veta* was widest, as many thousand. It was easy enough to calculate the profit to accrue from first workings. The mill which it was proposed to erect would crush and work thirty tons of ore a day; but suppose it only worked twenty. The ore would easily average \$1000 a ton; but suppose it only yielded \$500. Twenty times \$500 was \$10,000. Allow \$250 for expense of working—there you had a clear profit of \$9750 a day. Counting twenty-six working days to a month, and you had \$253,500, which gave a dividend of about \$140 a month to the share. Or suppose it were only \$100—the fortunate possessor of twenty shares would even then have an income in gold of \$24,000 per annum. Was that to be sneezed at? And the investment was so small! Who could resist the temptation? I, for one, could not; a present Judge of the Supreme Court of the

United States could not; any number of widows and orphans and young men ambitious of matrimony could not—my friend who indorsed the character of his friend, the benevolent old Spaniard with one eye (and who, we afterward ascertained, got 100 shares gratis and ten per cent. commission on all he sold for his pains), was persuaded to use his influence to procure us stock: we “went in” with avidity. Fortunately the Fool-killer did not come round about that time, or I should not be here to tell the tale of how we came out.

Well, machinery was bought and shipped, and the old Don went down to superintend things. This was July. He assured us that about Christmas we might look for returns. And we did look for them—but I anticipate. His single eye fairly shone with philanthropy and promise when he wrung our hands on the wharf at leave-taking; and as he waved his snowy cambric from the hurricane deck—he was very faultless in his dress as became an old Castilian—he shouted something in Spanish, which was undoubtedly meant for “Good-by till I see you again!” The machinery went with him, and both were safely landed at Mazatlan.

Every steamer thereafter brought us most excellent news. The machinery was almost at the mine; and at the mine every thing was prepared for its reception—the beds were placed for the batteries, the engine-house was nearly completed, and the gist of all was that we might expect dividends about Thanksgiving time instead of Christmas. The mine looked better and better every day, he said; he had got the old works connected with the new—we would see what he meant by reference to the map of the mine which he had left with us—and the result surpassed his most sanguine expectations. He had laid bare a stretch of metal 600 feet in length and 6 feet wide, which assayed some \$2500 a ton, and would not work less than \$2000; and with a fine burst of that poetry for which the mellifluous *lingua Hispaniola* is noted, he wound up by saying, “Compose yourselves, my children, and prepare to be astonished. I will send you some specimens which will cause you to open your eyes wide as your beautiful plaza.” Consequently we were jubilant, and paid the little assessment of \$20 a share, which it was found necessary to levy, without a murmur; and so the months wore on. Christmas came and went. The news was always excellent, but that was all. Once the Don sent us a drawing of the mill and works as they would appear when completed, with the American flag flying from the roof, and the smoke of the furnaces rolling to the skies in great volumes; but there the news ended. We could not exactly understand how, with the machinery so near the mill all the while, we never received intelligence of its actual arrival; nor why a little detail of facts was not indulged in instead of these glittering generalities; and an assessment of \$30 a share

coming pat on the last assurance that we all might consider ourselves millionaires, made some of us look grave, and set the older ones thinking. The result was that a purse was made up, and one of the stockholders appointed to go down and look into things. With admirable judgment the gentleman—my friend—who sold us the stock and acted as a sort of *factotum* for the old Don throughout was selected for the mission. By return steamer we heard from him. Every thing was lovely, and all that we had to do was to possess our souls in patience, pay our assessments regularly, and our fortunes were made; and the next steamer brought up the gentleman himself. When questioned closely there was a vagueness about his answers which suggested a suspicion, and another meeting of stockholders was called. It was then ascertained that our ambassador, discovering that the mine was some three hundred miles in the interior, and only to be reached by muleback, never stirred out of Mazatlan, contenting himself with sending us the statements transmitted to him by the old Don, from whom he received another gift of shares in the Red Tiger of Durango. His reports turned out to be nothing but echoes!

So we dispatched another envoy—a practical, hard-pated, thorough-going old Englishman, familiarly known as “The Baron.” For three months we heard nothing at all from him. At the end of that time the Baron landed from the steamer, and the cause of his silence was soon explained. On arriving at Mazatlan he found that not a pound of the machinery had ever left that port for the interior. The Don had mortgaged it for all it was worth, and there it lay, subject to the order of a private money-lender. On inquiring the way to our mine, the famous Tigre Colorado, the citizens of Mazatlan stared at him in surprise; they had never before heard the name! So he purchased a mule and saddle and pushed for the interior, where he hoped to find the population better posted. After many hardships and much soreness of flesh he succeeded in reaching Tamsula, a town which we had been told was five leagues distant from our mining property. Here he inquired if any one in those parts knew any thing about El Tigre Colorado. “*Si Signor*,” cried one of the natives, clapping his hands; and, turning to a crowd of by-standers, he explained with a caramba or two that here was one of those fools of Americans come down to look for the mine sold them by Don Enrique. Volunteering his services as guide, this same native set off with the Baron. The Tigre Colorado proved to be located on the top of an inaccessible mountain—I forget how many feet above the level of the sea—where it defied both mule and man. As near as I could make out from the Baron’s report, the facts of the case were about as follows: In the first place, it was impossible to get to where the mine was said to be. In the second place, if one could have got there he’d have found no mine. In

the third place, could one have got there, and had he found a mine, it would not have been worth the working. Never was there a more complete swindle.

Retracing his steps, our Baron set out in search of Don Enrique. At last he found him on a plantation which he had purchased, incurring debts in the Company's name and selling off the produce in his own. What was raised on the place I do not now remember, and do not know that ever I knew, but whatever it was the crop was all disposed of long before the Baron arrived. But not so the debts. The Don had paid nothing to his hands, and they were on the eve of an outbreak. In a brief speech to the excited mountaineers the Don introduced the Baron to them as a plenipotentiary who had come to pay off the outstanding debts of the Great American Company. The consequence was that the unsuspecting and unwitting Baron alighted from his mule in the midst of some hundreds of peons, all clamoring for money. He not understanding a word of Spanish, and they not speaking a word of English, it was some time before one party to the discussion knew what the other was at. That point once explained, however, the "plenipotentiary" very concisely and clearly stated to them that he came *after* money, not to *pay* money; that he had nothing but bread and cheese in his capacious wallet. On this, off they rushed to Don Enrique, howling like a pack of wolves. He counseled them not to believe a word of what the American said; that was the way these sharp, shrewd traders always talked; they must persist in their demands, and not be put off by empty words. So they returned to the charge. The poor man reiterated his assertions, and endeavored to explain the matter. As well might he have talked to the winds. Satisfied that he was endeavoring to cheat them out of their just dues, and in reality had stores of gold and silver in his saddle-bags that was of right theirs, they set upon him in wild fury, and would have beaten him to death had it not been for the opportune arrival of a file of soldiers. As it was they pounded him so severely that he was confined to his bed for a month, and landed in San Francisco with his eyes still poulticed and the sense of hearing in one ear totally destroyed.

A few of the company were not yet satisfied, and made me liberal offers if I would undertake a Mexican mission for the representation of our common interests; but not having a head for skillful financiering, still less a head for the punching that the Baron's experience so plainly prognosticated, I declined the appointment with thanks; and that was the last of El Tigre Colorado.

But it was not the last of my Mexican ventures. Throughout the whole of the affair above narrated it will be seen that we plainly invited our fate. Buying a mine that not a soul of us ever saw, on the representation of a stranger whom none of us knew save by the indorsement of one with whom we were almost

equally unacquainted, and shipping machinery in the dark—was ever there seen such folly? But here came an opportunity to retrieve my fortunes and avail myself of the experience gained at such cost—picking my path through the future by the aid of the stern-lights of the past. A brawny ex-captain of the British army, who had long been sojourning in Guaymas as British Consul or something else that carried with it buttons and consideration, came to San Francisco with his pockets full of maps and papers pertaining to two noted mines—mines that had a history, that were mentioned in Ward's Mexico, that were famous in the annals of the country. Moreover, he bore with him letters of introduction from Mexican magnates to San Francisco financiers—careful, prudent men, whose lead the multitude deem it safe to follow in all cases. There was no chicanery about this concern—here I speak by the card—for the organizers and officers of the company were and are among my best and dearest friends. We all went in together—and I considered myself extremely fortunate to get *in*. This was a very different affair from the Red Tiger. Here we knew what we were about; had documentary evidence to begin on, and no lack of capital to go ahead with. One of the best theoretical and practical miners on the coast—a graduate of the famous Gould and Curry—was selected for superintendent. He took stock. Engineer, blacksmith, carpenters, firemen—all were Americans and practical miners; and all of them took stock. There was no one connected with the Company in any capacity whatever who did not manifest confidence by putting in capital—the last test. The machinery which we purchased was of the most expensive and improved kind; nothing was left undone or unbought that could in any way contribute to that success which none doubted. Stores for the men, garden seeds, soap, sugar, calomel, raisins, pepper, canned fruits, pickled lobsters, and oysters—all the necessaries of life and many of the luxuries of the season were shipped in profusion—a year's supply. We watched our argosy go out with triumphant hearts, and our eyes might have been taken for diamond editions of the Pleasures of Hope.

That the reader may not think that we built entirely without foundation I append the prospectus, cut with some remorse at the sacrifice from the little pamphlet once so dear to me, and which I have long preserved as carefully as one does a memento of a girl who has jilted him, a token exchanged when all was love and confidence. I only change the names slightly:

PROSPECTUS OF THE HUMBUGGIO MINING COMPANY.
Capital Stock, \$206,700. 4134 Shares, each Share representing one Spanish foot, at \$50—\$206,700.

The property consists of 800 varas of the Mine called "Nuestra Senora del Humbuggio," and 578 varas of the Mine called "La Motherinlawo;" altogether 1378 varas, or 4134 Spanish feet. 2800 are offered for sale at \$50—\$140,000; the remaining 1334 feet are reserved by the proprietors.

Will be paid for the two Mines, in cash, the sum of	\$50,000
For the erection of Reduction Works and for working capital will be required the amply sufficient sum of	62,000
Leaving a reserve fund of	28,000
	<u>\$140,000</u>

The sum set down for Reduction Works and Working Capital includes every thing required for the successful working of the Mines, so that Shareholders will only have to pay \$40 per foot.

The sum of \$15 upon each foot, or share, will be paid on subscription, and the balance will be called in by the Directors of the Company in installments when needed.

The sum of \$32,000 will be paid for the mines on delivery of the title-deeds, and the balance of \$18,000 will be gradually paid, according to the assessments made. The ores are argentiferous, charged with gold; are docile in their reduction, and will average at least \$125 per ton; the expenses of their extraction and reduction by the barrel process may be estimated at about \$25 per ton.

At a distance of one mile and a half from the Mines there is a suitable place for the establishment of Reduction Works, dwellings, etc., never-failing and healthy water being supplied by a creek, while timber, fuel, and pasturage are in abundance close by. A wagon-road may be made from the Mines to the Reduction Works at an outlay of a few hundred dollars.

A steam-engine of sufficient force, and a twenty-stamp battery, with the corresponding number of barrels, will be required for the reduction of twenty tons of ore daily. This amount of ore can be extracted from the Mines at present, but may be greatly augmented in a few months, when the present workings have been expended. During the erection of the machinery the Company intend to reduce the ores in the Mexican patio process, so that the proceeds of the Mines will pay at once a profit of from \$150 to \$200 a day.

The Mines of the Company are situated in the celebrated Jesus Maria, in the Sierra Madre, or Mother Mountains, in the State of Chihuahua, Mexico, close to the boundary line of Sonora, at a distance of 250 miles from the ports of Guaymas and Agiabampo, on the Gulf of California. There is a wagon-road for about two-thirds of the distance; a couple of hundred pack-mules can be had at a few days' notice, and the entire freight from San Francisco to the Company's Mines will not exceed \$100 per ton.

The climate of this part of the Sierra Madre is delightful and healthy; provisions are low, and labor is abundant and cheap.

The above Mines hold out a most profitable investment in the Sierra Madre, which is generally admitted to contain the richest Mines of the Mexican Republic.

Do any wonder that with such a prospectus, which in every word and syllable stood to us as does the Koran to the Faithful, we were jubilant and exultant? The stock had then cost the original subscribers \$25 a share. A little changed hands at \$100—very little, however, for few would sell at any price. And this firm and favorable feeling was immensely strengthened by the first letter of the superintendent, who wrote that he found the mine better in all respects and more promising than had been represented; that it *was* better than Gould and Curry—and he being an old employé of the latter Company, it seemed likely that *he* should know. For my 100 shares I was offered \$100 each in gold—\$10,000 in all. It had cost me but \$2500. The temptation was strong to sell, but who likes to fling fortune away? However, I wrote to the resident Guaymas correspondent of a newspaper with which I was connected,

who I knew had just returned from a tour of inspection to the mines of Chihuahua, telling him my offer, and asking his advice. He most emphatically and decidedly advised and exhorted me not to sell. *Such* a mine he had never seen; Golconda paled its ineffectual ores in comparison. And the surroundings; the wood, the water, the climate! Well, I refused the offer, and held on.

Our Secretary went down there and spent two or three months, returning in a great state of excitation, with his pockets literally "full of rocks," as specimens. He had seen the wealth of our possessions with his own eyes; there could be no doubt about it; and he bought stock right and left of all who could be persuaded to part with any.

By-and-by came news that the mill was up and ready to run. But unfortunately it was the dry season, and the mill could not run without water. Anon came the rainy season, and then the mine could not be worked because the shafts were full. It struck me that if the mill could not be run at one season for want of water, and the mine could not be worked at another because of it, returns might be rather indefinitely postponed. But this little objection was explained away; a hydraulic ram would moisten the mill, and a tunnel would drain the mine. And again all went merry as marriage bells.

We received regular letters, and not an unfavorable one among them all. One steamer brought a letter, but not the usual accompanying report. This, however, was susceptible of explanation by the complaint that they were out of gunpowder. How could they make a report without it? A barrel or two was shipped, and reports were at once resumed.

At last came one which startled every stockholder into ecstasies. Three hundred and fifty tons of ore, averaging \$125 to the ton, were ready for the mill. The next day the batteries were to commence their poundings and the quicksilver its subtle work of amalgamation. "Look for a shipment of \$25,000 or \$30,000 by the next steamer!" wrote the superintendent.

I was now offered \$150 a share for my stock—but no. This was my opportunity, and I was resolved not to lose it. Bets were offered that the shares would go to \$500 in six months; to \$1000 within the year; that a dividend of \$5 a share would be declared within sixty days. Who would be such a fool as to sell under such circumstances?

I was such a fool as not to!

In due time came the steamer—bringing intelligence that the three hundred tons of ore worked did not pay expenses, owing to some difficulty in its proper treatment, and that we must not expect a shipment for some little time. Then I was perfectly willing to sell, but the buyer was not to be found.

Still, we were not disheartened; assessments were levied, but all paid them cheerfully—for we had confidence in the mine. And this confidence seemingly brought its reward when we

soon got a hurrah-letter—a regular Fourth of July sort of a document—from the superintendent. “I have the pleasure of informing the Humbuggio Company,” he began, “that the mine is in *bonanza*.” (“Bonanza” really means smooth sailing, a fair breeze, etc.; but is used by the Mexican miners to express very rich ores, or “shoots.”) Specimens of the *bonanza* accompanied the letter—lumps of soft, blue-looking rock, not much harder than clay, all spangled with beads and threads of pure silver. Unfortunately, however, it seemed that just as the shaft was well timbered up for extraction of ore in large quantities, the water rushed in from some old works and drove the miners out. So another delay was indicated.

And so the thing went on for a year and more—hope and disappointment alternating, yet a secret trust underlying the stratum of despair, which moved us all to pay the regular assessments with tolerable composure.

Once embarked in an enterprise of this kind, your position is somewhat like that of an eel in a mud-pipe—there is no backing out, and the only way is to wriggle on in the hope of getting out at the opposite and larger end. Justice compels me to say that assessments could have been levied with no greater regularity by any set of directors than they were by ours. As regularly as the month came round the stereotyped advertisement appeared in the proper newspapers that, at a meeting of the Directors of the Humbuggio Gold and Silver Mining Company, an assessment of \$2 50 a share had been levied upon each and every share of the capital stock of the Company, and that all shares on which the assessment was not paid before a certain date would be advertised for sale at a given time in accordance with the by-laws of the Company. Two hundred and fifty dollars in gold is not to be picked up each month of the year in every bush. For the first time in my career I found that I had a definite aim in life—to clear up my assessments as fast as they became due. It was nip and tuck with me between holding on to my stock and being sold out; but by great industry and prudence I managed to keep a little ahead and my mouth above water. Not so the mine; it was flooded the greater part of the time; but a tunnel which was being driven through an interminable mountain would effect the work of drainage—when completed. The mountain being of a peculiarly adamant construction progress was only made at the rate of about six inches per diem; but, as there were only four or five hundred feet to be tunneled, that didn’t matter much. It was simply a matter of time.

In the mean while dissatisfaction was felt with the superintendent, and his removal was decided upon. The fault, it was claimed, was all his. Comparing the sanguineness and universal approbation with which his administration was accepted with the result, it sometimes occurred to me that the fault perhaps lay in the mine. But no—several of the stockholders,

practical miners, who had examined the mine, and were familiar with its every inch, were confident of its value, and that only gross mismanagement could have thus far prevented returns. So another superintendent, an original subscriber to the stock, and a man of extensive experience in various mines and mills all the world over, was appointed and sent down. He, too, was highly elated on arriving at the scene of action. Of course he found fault with every thing that the former superintendent had done, and remodeled and reorganized all the workings. More, he wrote up offering to take all the stock that was offered for sale, and urging and imploring all his friends to buy in.

Just as the new superintendent got fairly in the saddle, the resident Director at Guaymas and original projector, the ex-Captain, died. At a meeting which was held in consequence one of our directors piously spoke of the untowardness of the poor Captain’s being taken away just as every thing looked so bright, lamenting that he could not have been spared to witness the successful fruition of the great enterprise. To my mind it seemed that the regret was equivalent to an aspiration for the immortality of the deceased party; but still I hoped.

Under the new management Humbuggio stock looked up—being flat on its back it could not well look any other way—and I had an offer for mine which would have let me out a little ahead. The temptation to take it was sore upon me. For I began to say to myself that the established fact upon which we all had been accustomed to build so confidently, that the mine *had* yielded immense sums of bullion, was rather an argument against its promise than otherwise. It proved that the natives knew something about mining, and the inference was, that they would not have abandoned work had they not found that it could not be continued with profit. It occurred to me that if *they* could not make the mine pay, and our first superintendent with *his* eminent character and Gould and Curry experience could get nothing out of it, the chances were that the mine was indeed impracticable if not valueless, and had been abandoned for that very reason. And one morning I started out, strong in my common-sense deductions, to find a purchaser. “What, sell *now*!” cried a friend whom I met and conferred with, “after holding on so long; absurd!” I gave him my reasons. He explained them all away. The upshot of it was, that when the man who had made the offer for my stock called on me to learn the decision I refused. For the second or third time during my Humbuggio probation two fools met.

But why prolong the details when the reader must already have anticipated the *dénouement*. The second superintendent was found fault with and dismissed, and a new one appointed. My good friend the secretary, after a severe fit of sickness, brought on not so much by his own disappointment as by the fact that he had innocently been the means of causing his friends

to incur losses which they could ill afford, took the steamer for Guaymas and a mule for the interior, affirming his determination never to return until the enterprise was successful.

"Then good-by forever, old fellow!" I said, as I shook hands with him on the wharf.

The mine was then deeply in debt, and the rainy season was at its height. But, rain or shine, the assessments went on with unvarying regularity. These I paid with a Christian composure, hoping against hope, and loth to sacrifice what had cost me so much for so little, until one fatal day the end came. The good Bank of California, which had stood my faithful friend through thick and thin, refused to make any further advances. The wonder to me was that they had not nipped me in the bud long before, for the stock was, and had for some time been, hypothecated to them for twice what it was worth. But all bankers are not blood-thirsty, and occasionally you meet one like Ralston, who consents of his own accord to temper the wind to the shorn sheep. Turning my stock over to his bank—the only institution I knew of that was able to carry it any longer—I fled the country and reached this glad haven, where assessments cease from troubling and the speculator who repents of his stupidity is comparatively at rest.

I have not heard from the Humbuggio directly since leaving San Francisco. Once a man, who said he came directly from the mine, called upon me to give the latest news from there; but I sent out a servant for a policeman immediately he made his errand known. In an accidental and indirect way I have heard that they "struck a horse" soon after my leaving, and that the mill has since been running on custom-work. I expect to yet hear that, diverted from the glorious purposes for which it was originally intended, it is grinding mule-feed for the rude ranches of the primeval people who inhabit that damnable country where Juarez and Maximilian have held alternate sway.

"We have not abandoned the enterprise," wrote a friend from there some time since; "we are simply lying on our oars." Lying on and *about* their ores is the only thing the wretched owners of those worthless mining properties have been known to do since a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

In conclusion I have very little to say. I have merely given my experience, and the reader can draw his own deductions. Far be it from me to discourage mining enterprises. Many have proved successful beyond the wildest dreams of their originators. I simply wish to warn the multitude of their uncertainty in general, and disabuse them of the idea that mines which will turn out millions of dollars a year are often sold for a few thousand in cash. So far as the uncertainty of the thing is concerned, what can be more instructive and suggestive than to know that in the matter of this Humbuggio the best experts, men of the oldest experience, were deceived? Of all our three superintendents there was not one who did not in his very soul believe that the Humbuggio was richer and more valuable than any mine the famous Comstock Ledge of Nevada contained, and would make larger returns, investing their own money and persuading and beseeching all their friends to do the same. Of all the hundred reports that came from the mine, from travelers, prospectors, and men who had not a dollar's interest in the affair, not one spoke in its disfavor—all were agreed as to the great value of the mine. Yet it never yielded a dollar, and in all probability never will until the red locks of Mars have grown gray. Lay your money down on the green cloth and you know precisely what you are to lose. Stake it on a mining venture and you are entirely at sea in that particular. For it is not only the first step there that costs. The sly sapping of the inevitable assessments is as insidious but as sure as the encroachments of rust or the wearing of rock by a constant dropping of water. My little investment in the Humbuggio cost me first and last just \$10,000 in gold—more money than ever I expect to see again in the whole course of my natural life. From the periling of such an amount at one dash I would of course have shrunk with horror; but it was taken by installments. It is almost incredible how speedily one's life-blood can drain out in a tiny trickling. My other little mining adventures in dear delightful El Dorado cost me about \$5000 more in gold. And the first dollar I have ever received from any connection I have ever had with mines comes from this article narrating my experience. Not only is it the first, but also, in all human probability, the last.

THE KING.

THE King rode royally into the town,
In splendor and dazzle of rank rode he:
The people they followed him up and down,
And each one wished that a king he could be.
But the King *he* thought, as he graciously bowed,
"Ah! would I were one of this happy crowd!"

The King lay still on his royal bed,
Still in deep death did the great King lie:
"Alas!" cried the people, "his Highness is dead!
How hard must it be for a king to die!"
But the King ere he died was heard to pray,
O God how I thank thee for this sweet day!"

EIGHT CASTLES IN SPAIN.

CASTLE III.—THE PEERLESS MUSIDORA.

UNCLE JOHN came to my desk the other day, and, tapping me on the shoulder, asked, in his mild, quiet way, if I would be kind enough to tell him what I was doing.

"Not that I desire," he said, apologetically, "to be rude or inquisitive; but it has struck me, when, looking up from my work during the past hour, I have glanced at you, as if you were engaged in some pleasant occupation. I knew you could not be watching your balloons go by, for your eyes were bent upon your papers, and yet you did not seem to be studying them. I confess, too, that for a while I thought you were asleep, and I said to myself that yours must be a very easy conscience to allow you to slumber over your accounts, and you, too, so far behind-hand with them. But I soon discovered that you were not asleep, and have ever since been puzzling my poor old head with conjectures as to what was occupying your attention. Now, will you please to tell me what you were doing?"

"Certainly," I replied, "I was traveling."

"Traveling!" echoed Uncle John, in a tone of voice which implied an additional mystification; "traveling, eh?" he repeated, this time interrogatively.

"Yes," I answered.

"Where?" he asked.

"Uncle John," I said, "do you see this pile of papers?" placing my hand on them.

"Yes," he replied, "I had them at my desk this morning. They are manifests, and no vessel can clear from port without her manifest being duly signed and countersigned by the proper officers."

"You are mistaken, Uncle John," I said; "those are mere red-tape formalities, which I can cut as easily as"—and here I flourished my eraser—"as—"

"As easily," interrupted Uncle John, drawing back a pace or two, "as you just came to cutting off the end of my nose."

"I beg your pardon," I said, returning the eraser to its case, "but, as I was about to say, I can myself clear any vessel from this port without either the owner or any Custom-house officer being the wiser for it. I should not mind, either, sailing without a manifest."

"You would be running a great risk by so doing," said Uncle John, "and make your vessel liable to seizure and confiscation."

"Ah!" I exclaimed, "that is an old foggy notion. The fact is, Uncle John, that I have cleared this afternoon no less than half a dozen vessels."

Uncle John looked at me over his spectacles as if he half doubted my word, and then, taking up the papers on my desk, carefully examined them to see if they possessed the proper signatures and stamps for the clearance of their respective vessels. Not discovering them, he shook his head sadly, and turned to go to his seat.

"Uncle John," I said, placing my hand on his arm and gently detaining him, "here is the manifest of the Spanish brig, *Bella Donna*, Don Juan Fernandez, master. I sailed on her this afternoon, going direct to my castles in Spain. The sea was smooth, the breeze was fair, the sky was clear, and the air balmy and soft. We made a good run, in a little less than no time, as I think you will find it recorded in the log-book. A few glasses of sherry, made from the grapes which grow in my vineyards in Xeres, and a handful of olives, raised in the orchard on my Spanish estate, sufficed for my bodily wants. By-the-way, Uncle John, try an olive or two," and I drew several from my pocket, and offered them to him.

"I think one will do," said Uncle John, as he took it and bit into it.

Uncle John, I could see, was not fond of olives.

"Olives, Uncle John," I said, "especially picked olives, are the finest condiments in the world. But they are greatly improved by being carried in the trowsers' pocket for three or four days, until they become softened, or macerated, as my old friend, the Professor, hath it."

Uncle John said, however, that his taste did not incline that way, and that for his part he would as lief eat green plums as pickled olives.

"But," said Uncle John, "pray tell me how you reached your Spanish estates."

"As I approached," I replied, "the music of guitars fell on mine ears. A *troupe* of dancing girls, with castanets, and tinkling bells upon their ankles, and flirting their short dresses in the movements of the dance, came forth to meet me. Banners more beautiful than the sunburst of Ireland, the lilies of France, or the flag of the Union waved from every turret of my castle. The draw-bridge was lowered, and, as I passed across it, my serfs and vassals, gorgeously appareled, arrayed on either hand, received me with shouts of welcome."

"It must have been a very fine affair," said Uncle John, stroking his chin with his hand, "and equal to a review by the Mayor of the Seventh Regiment in the Park on Fourth of July."

"As I passed up the marble stairway, leading to the grand hall, with its sparkling fountains, Moorish in its architecture, and suggestive of the Alhambra, to where the peerless Musidora, magnificent in her diamonds, stood ready to greet me, a thousand birds broke forth in song, and a thousand distinct perfumes floated in the air."

"Which must," said Uncle John, "have been rather overpowering. But who, by-the-way, is Musidora? Is your wife acquainted with her?"

"Uncle John," I replied, "I knew Musidora long before I ever met my wife. She was the daughter of old Carbon, who owned a diamond washing in Golconda, and had more money laid away in bonds and mortgages than would buy Wall Street from Trinity Church down to the ferry."

"He must have been quite wealthy," said Uncle John.

"He was," I replied, "but his greatest wealth was in his daughter: this woman with little heart but surpassing beauty. She was a princess in her way, and held her court right royally, surrounded by scores of gallant gentlemen, who felt it an honor to do her lightest bidding. She had wealth greater than she could use, and she wore more diamonds than Tiffany ever imported."

"Do you know," asked Uncle John, in a statistical tone of voice, "the amount of diamonds imported by that house in the course of even one year?"

"I do not," I replied, "know exactly, nor do I care to know; but I do know that the diamonds worn by Musidora were almost fabulous in their amount, and with her stately Juno-like form, her dark velvet robes, set off with old lace obtained in the Old World at an extravagant price from some dead queen's wardrobe, and her flashing eyes, more brilliant than the diamonds themselves, she could wear them imperially, and without being overshadowed by their magnificence. One looked at Musidora before noticing her diamonds. Her face was indeed glorious, and in her smile there lurked a power which enchanted the luckless wight on whom it fell, so that he became her slave and follower forever. And this was so with me."

"Ah! Musidora," I exclaimed, "you have much for which to answer. Your smiles lured me from the memory of my earliest love. You, with your diamonds and your roses, made me to forget Azelia with her simple pearls and orange blossoms. You charmed me, like a serpent, with your eyes, and beguiled me, with your soft, low voice, from the narrow path in which I was walking. I plucked roses and carnations for you, and crushed, heedlessly, the lilies of the valley and the violets under foot. For your sake, Musidora, I became a dreamer and a poet; I built castles in the air; I blew bubbles which carried on their rounded forms the hues of the rainbow, and, breaking, passed into nothingness. Your presence was as Paradise, your absence as Purgatory. But you trod upon my heart, Musidora, you cast my love aside like a withered flower, and built up between us an impassable barrier."

"Then why," asked Uncle John, in a wondering sort of way, "did you visit her to-day?"

"Uncle John," I said, impressively, laying my hand upon his shoulder, and looking straight into his honest, though dimmed, old eyes, "there are things in this life of which even you, in your deepest philosophy, do not dream, and this concerning Musidora is one of them."

"It must be so," he replied; "but will you oblige me by telling me if Musidora is living or not?"

"Musidora, Uncle John," I answered, "like the King, never dies. Nor do I need to visit my stateliest castle in Spain to see her. As I go up and down Fifth Avenue, or drive in the

Central Park, or listen to the opera, Musidora in all her youth and beauty and diamonds, as she was more than twenty years ago, meets my sight. It is true she is not my Musidora, nor has she any knowledge of me. But she draws, as I was drawn, a throng of youths in her train, and she dazzles them by her diamonds, as I was dazzled. For aught I know, however, the identical Musidora, whom I knew in the lush days of my youth, may still reign a belle in the circle where she dwells. If I should ever encounter her I am certain I should recognize her, and though the old love I bore her—which once lay smouldering in my heart—long since burned itself to ashes, which have been scattered broadcast over many hearts—ashes is a good fertilizer, Uncle John"—Uncle John nodded—"I could not see her without a pang—"

Uncle John looked into my face inquiringly.

"A pang," I repeated, "of pity for her that she had lost so good a husband as I, judging from my wife's happiness, would have made her, and a smile that I had gained, through her scorning, so dear and loving a woman for a wife as I have gained. And now, Uncle John," I added, after a pause, during which he had taken the opportunity of wiping his spectacles with his handkerchief, "how does this strike you?"

Thereupon Uncle John, placing his glasses on his nose, and looking steadily at me, replied, that he thought it one of the most remarkable cases of which he had ever heard. And then, more than ever perplexed and wondering, he went back to his desk.

CASTLE IV.—THE FAIR AZELIA.

It is many years—I think about twenty-five—since I built my first castle in Spain. It was a magnificent structure, and resembled in many respects the one which Cole, in the second of his series of pictures, entitled the "Voyage of Life," so skillfully erected in mid-heaven. I was a young man then, and had hopes which have never yet been realized. Often, though, at the close of these mild spring days, when I enter my little cottage, where Ruth and the children welcome me with kisses and loving words, I feel that the time is close at hand when many of my youthful desires will be consummated; though as yet much is vague and undefined.

Looking back into the past I recall with pride and satisfaction the number and grandeur of the castles I have raised. I remember too with tenderness and thanksgiving the many beautiful women who have from time to time inhabited them, and, departing, have left as souvenirs their portraits on the walls of memory. Not a few of them have been apotheosized and become blessed saints to me for evermore.

When, as I sometimes do, I steal quietly from my desk at mid-day, and, seeking the open door of Trinity, pass into its sacred precincts, just as the organ peals forth the *Te Deum* of praise, I sink down upon the nearest hassock, and that peace which passeth all understanding

comes over me. When, the service ended, I rise, and see in the holy women whose figures are emblazoned on the windows the semblances of some of those fair beings who in the days of long ago held court within the walls of my fairest castles, I recognize that sweet and pure maiden, Azelia of the pearls, and that still sweeter and purer maiden, Alice, the bride of my soul.

It is years since Azelia in her purity and loveliness walked beside me; years since I clasped her hand or listened to the tones of her voice; and yet I can recall the time when to be out of her presence was banishment, and my only joy was to be near her. She to me was more than woman ere again can be, and yet, in all the years wherein we two were cast together, I never told her of the love I bore her. Whether she ever divined it or not I can not tell. I only know that she said, "My coming cast a sunshine and my going left a shadow on her path."

"Why, then," asked my wife, laying her hand tenderly on my arm, and heaving a little sigh, "did you not marry her?"

"My dear," I replied, "in the romantic and chivalrous days of my youth, before I had grown selfish and worldly, before I weighed hearts and money against each other in a balance, but when I did weigh friendship against love, there was one dearer than a brother to me who equally with me loved Azelia. It was a dark hour to me, Ruth, when he, in the gathering twilight of a summer day, as we walked together within sight of the Catskills, behind which the sun had just gone down, told me of his love for Azelia. There were reasons, which even now I can not give, why I felt very tenderly for my friend. I knew, too, that he had wealth, while I had none, and that she, reared in all the luxury of a Southern home, would miss, as the wife of a poor man, the more than simple comforts to which she had been accustomed."

"You did not know," said my wife, "how much a woman would resign for one she loved."

"True, my dear," I replied, "I did not then, but you have shown me by your faithfulness and love through these many years how much a true woman will resign and endure for the sake of one whom she devotedly loves. But, feeling as I then did, you could not deem it strange if, pressing his hand, I told him, as I did, that she was worthy of his love, and that he could find no better mate."

"And they were married?" asked my wife.

"They were," I replied, "and I have never seen either of them since. And yet I often ask myself, loving Azelia as I did—as earnestly, I believe, as he loved her—whether she is any happier with him than she would have been with me. I had a distrust of myself in those days as to my power to make a woman happy, and I felt that my friend would prove a better husband than I could hope to be. Indulged as I had been as a youth, and accustomed to hav-

ing my own way, I feared that I might play the tyrant, and bring more tears than smiles to Azelia's cheeks. And because I loved her so well I feared to risk her happiness in my keeping."

"Is she living now?" asked my wife, with a tremulous voice.

"Yes," I answered, "and though her pleasant Southern home was laid waste in Sherman's victorious march; and the orange-trees, with the blossoms of which she used to crown her brows in the years of her girlhood, were destroyed; and her husband, fighting for a wrong cause, lost an arm, yet they have managed, I hear, to rear on the ruins of their old home a roof for their household gods, and to see again the orange, the magnolia, and the palm flourishing around them."

"Would you not," asked Ruth, "like to see Azelia again?"

"No," I replied; "the picture which I retain of her in my memory is too fair and precious in its character—even, perhaps, idealized in some of its tenderer expressions, and enriched with a halo which only the purest love could give it—for me, in these latter days, to desire to look on that which might prove a complete disillusion and destruction of what now to me is simply a sweet memory and a thoughtful 'might have been.' The years which have brought gray hairs and wrinkles to me have not, I fear, passed over Azelia less indulgently. When last I saw her she was fairer than the lily, sweeter than the orange flower, and more modest than the violet. Have years, think you, with the increasing cares of wife and motherhood, added to or taken from these delicious qualities? No, my dear, I do not want to see Azelia with these added years upon her head. Not until in the hereafter I shall meet her purified from all earthly taint, and wearing the white robes of righteousness, do I desire to look upon her face or walk beside her as in days of yore. The book of the past is closed forever upon earth, and though, gazing toward my Western possessions, I may behold Azelia presiding in one of my fairest castles, ready to welcome me with her sweetest smiles and tenderest words—such smiles and words as I shall never see and hear again—it can be only as a dream and a vision, which disappeareth like the mist before the morning sun."

My wife drew nearer to me as I spake, and, when I ceased, placed her hand within mine own, and looked fondly into my face. I bent over and kissed her, and as I did so the roseate light faded out in the western sky, my fairest castle crumbled and disappeared, and the glittering stars of evening peeped one by one into the window and watched us two seated there in love and silence.

CASTLE V.—MY CHILDREN'S UTOPIA.

My little ones called to me the other morning to look out of the eastern window and see their chateaux d'Espagne. It was just before

sunrise, and stretching along the horizon was a line of roseate-hued clouds, fantastic in form, and more ethereal than the smoke which rises from meerschaum pipes. Although the little ones called them chateaux, they could scarcely be dignified by such title, as they more resembled the House which Jack built, or the pretty little parlor into which the polite spider invited the fly to walk.

I said as much to the little ones, but they replied that, as I was in bed, I could not discern them clearly, and, as I simply observed the reflection of the clouds in the mirror opposite the foot of my couch, it may have been that I was in error. It may even have been that my eyes were still clogged with sleep, and I only saw as through a glass, darkly.

Children, I have observed, look toward the east for their possessions, while their elders invariably turn their eyes westward. The one sees them only at sunrise, the other at sunset. The morning stars sing together in glory for the first, the evening stars chant sad dirges for the last. The former oftener see the Star of Bethlehem, but the latter oftener the rainbow of promise. The little ones dream of the future, their seniors of the past. Their castles are just rising, ours are crumbling into dust. A child's Utopia is very different from that of a grown person's; as a rule, too, it is divided into boys' and girls' quarters, though there is a portion of the estate common to them both.

After the sun had risen, and the beautiful chateaux which my children possessed had disappeared from sight, they climbed upon my bed, and enthroning themselves amidst the pillows—the extra pillows with lace borders, which Ruth keeps more for show than use—they severally told me of their Utopian possessions.

"Mine," said Miss Em, who, being the eldest, was permitted to speak first, "is a lovely cottage, with honey-suckles and roses clambering all over it, and a pond in the garden with white swans swimming to and fro. Birds of beautiful plumage and sweetest voices sing all day long from the peach and nectarine and plum trees which grow about the house, and ring-doves coo around their cots. Arbors with grapes—especially the large white Malaga grape—are very numerous, and within them, when the sun shines warmly, I go and sit and eat fruit, and read nice story-books. Sometimes I have syllabubs and floating islands and jellies and ice-cream, and in the early morning before it gets very warm I go to the lawn, wearing a jockey-hat and a short dress and high-laced boots, to play croquet. Then I go into the cottage and play beautiful tunes on the piano—I don't have to practice any, for somehow I know every thing without having to study it—and then I sing some, and after that I dress dolls for little Mary."

Here little Mary opened her eyes widely, as if she hadn't yet seen it done.

"And then," continued Miss Em, "I dance, and read more story-books."

"Well, is this all you do in Utopia?" I asked.

"Yes, pretty much," she answered, "except that sometimes I go a strawberrying, and take walks in the woods, and look for wild flowers, and gather mosses."

"After all," I said, "that is not a very satisfactory life to lead; don't you often get tired of it?"

"No," she replied, "not often; but when I do I go to sleep."

"Ah!" I exclaimed, "there may be something in that. Going to sleep is not such a bad thing to do, especially after every thing else in the way of enjoyment fails. And now, Master Will, what have you to say?"

"Well, I live on an island," said Will, "and I have one little black boy, whom I named Saturday, because I like Saturdays, and wish they would run all through the week. And he picks up my ball for me when I throw it, and gets my kite up in the air, and cracks my walnuts for me, and does errands for me generally."

"Why, you must be pretty lazy when you are in Utopia," I said.

"Yes," he replied, "I am. I don't go to school; I don't study any lessons; I make mud-pies; I don't wash my hands; I tear my trousers whenever I please; I wade in the water and get my feet wet just as much as I want to; I eat nothing but pound-cake, with frosting on it, and sweetmeats sometimes; and I never take any medicine; and I'm never sick; and I never have the tooth-ache, nor the—"

"Never mind," I interrupted, "about that other ache—go on."

"I own a hand-organ and a monkey; and always have plenty of five-cent pieces in my pockets, and lots of marbles and tops, and a four-bladed knife; and I go to the circus whenever I like; and I don't go to bed until nine o'clock; and I don't get up in the morning until after breakfast."

"Well," I said, "that is certainly a pretty life to lead. I am surprised, my son, to hear you talk in that way. Your manner of living in Utopia is highly discreditable, and I shall deem it necessary to put a stop to it."

Master Will was evidently taken aback by my serious manner, and said, in excuse, that he was only funning, and he was just as good a boy in Utopia as he was at home. Which, after all, is not saying a great deal.

"And now, Miss Mary," I said, "we will hear from you."

This young lady is rather sly and quick, and had evidently taken warning from her brother's experience. So she started off with saying that her chief occupation in Utopia was going to Sunday-school, and keeping her hands clean and her hair smooth. After which preliminary she branched off in this wise: "I cut out paper dolls and eat candies—I like peppermints best, and I wish papa would bring some home for me to-night. I eat pea-nuts, too, and I wish I had some now; and I want a wax doll on my birth-

day, with eyes that open and shut, and I don't want to have to take care of the baby; I pick flowers and currants, and find eggs in the barn; and I study spelling, and make sums on the slate, and draw pictures with a red lead-pencil, and I help mamma sew, and that's all I do."

This report was so much better than that of either of the others, that I commended the little girl, and promised her that she should have a wax doll on her birthday. Then I asked the baby-boy what he had to say, and all that he answered was, "Oranges;" which, of course, I assured him he should have.

"Now," I said, "listen to the Utopia of my boyhood. It is a spot where the hours of play, study, and sleep are about equally divided; for one can not enjoy play unless one has been studying, and one can neither study nor play unless one has been strengthened by sleep. Santa Claus makes this Utopia his head-quarters, and there it is Christmas or Thanksgiving Day, more or less, all the year round. Just around every corner, too, an old woman sits at a stand, where she sells fruits, and nuts, and candies for a thank you. Toy-shops and book-stores are in every block, and nice little ponies, with long tails and manes, stand already saddled and bridled, at almost every post along the streets, for good little boys and girls to get upon and ride. It is a noteworthy fact, however, that they always manage to throw over their heads, upon the soft sward, any naughty child who refuses to learn definitions or the multiplication table, and the smart little boys call this act of the pony's a sum in subtraction.

"The wind is always favorable here for flying kites, and marble and ball playing are always in season. If one wants to skate or ride downhill on a sleigh, it is always practicable; and so, too, is boating and swimming. Fruits of all kinds grow here in perfection; and as for going nutting in the woods it is the easiest thing to do imaginable. Bird-nesting is not, however, so available, and seldom do any kind-hearted boys indulge in it. Fourth of July happens several times in the year, and the display of fire-works on these occasions is immense. Every hydrant runs with iced lemonade, and tarts and mince-pies may almost be said—so prevalent are they—to grow on every bush. Magnificent wax dolls, dressed in the height of the fashion, with *chignons* a foot long, sit all day on satin sofas and receive calls. Milliners take great pleasure in having little girls come into their 'establishments' just to 'try on' their newest and prettiest bonnets. Jewelers like to present them with diamond rings, and pearl necklaces, and gold bracelets, and earrings, and brooches, and all kinds of costly jewels. Confectioners fill their satchels with bonbons; the dry-goods men—especially the Stewart of Utopia—send home to them patterns of silk dresses; the furriers cover them with costly furs; and the bouquet-man gives each one of them every morning a magnificent bouquet of choice flowers. Armies of wooden soldiers

march to and fro every Saturday, and fight bloodless battles wherein both sides are victorious. School 'keeps-in' during the morning, but 'lets-out' all the afternoon. Church 'holds,' however, twice every Sunday, but the sermons are so short that no one ever gets a chance to go to sleep. As to amusements, they 'come off' six days in each week, and they are of the most entertaining character. Barnum has a museum there, but it is conducted on much better principles than the one he keeps in the city. Nice arm-chairs are placed about the doors of the blacksmiths' shops, so that little boys tired with play can sit down comfortably and watch the big smith beat the red-hot iron into horse-shoes, and then nail them fast to the horses' hoofs. This last is a very delightful spot to visit. Carpenters' shops are always open in Utopia to good boys, and edged-tools of every kind are kept sharp on purpose for them to use. Painters, too, keep pots of paint—especially red paint—with brushes in them, for boys to paint any thing they like—fences or stable-doors—with.

"In short, the number of enjoyable sights and scenes in Utopia is almost marvelous; and I have often thought, seated at my desk in the 'receipt of customs,' watching the boys loitering through Wall Street, and stopping to gaze through the windows of the money-changers at the piles of gold and silver coin displayed therein, that I would like to be a boy again, if only for the purpose of visiting once more that Utopia of childhood where so many of my earlier years were passed."

When I asked Uncle John if he would like to be a boy again, he replied that he thought he was a little too old for it; and when I added, "and go with me to Utopia?" he answered that that was a port of which he knew nothing, and that no manifest of any vessel had ever gone through his hands with a clearance for that place, and he did not believe it was down in any chart or survey.

And I think Uncle John is correct.

PAIRING OFF.

I.—IN ECCLESIA.

I AM a minister of the Gospel at Big Injun. Though not on the map, we are on something very like one—to wit, that vast prairie which stretches from Egypt to Lake Michigan. We are an ungallant rebutter to Mrs. Browning's assertion that "no creature holds an insular point in space." We are five miles from the nearest railroad, and, until three years ago, the most sanguine optimist couldn't pretend to carry his grist to mill a distance of less than ten.

I say three years ago, for about that time an immense double house began building on the least depressed site in our town; and a mile below us, on the Chicken River, at a sudden pitch of several feet in the surface of the prairie, we saw masons at work on a dam and the foundations of a mill. Simultaneous with these devel-

opments was the rumor that two Massachusetts gentlemen, partners in the mill business for many years, had had the good taste to become smitten with our unparalleled advantages and made up their minds to emigrate to Big Injun.

Every one familiar with prairie-mills and water-courses will know that Chicken River could only part of the year be auxiliary to a steam-engine. In August Chicken was well-nigh as invisible as if the earth had never hatched him. In February or March he was wont to stray over the coop-rail of his banks, and revel over many square miles of prairie, in what, out of gallinaeous metaphor, we call a freshet.

Both the Pratts and the Spotmans had "letters" to my church. As the families entered their pews for the first time, a little late, as new-comers of high respectability usually are, we were singing our first hymn, and I had ample time to look at them.

Somehow, I instantaneously felt Mr. Pratt to be that thin, timid man, with a chestnut scratch awry over an anxious, deprecatory eyebrow; who came at the rear of his household, on a sort of Sabbath day's dog-trot, and siding me as he closed the pew-door, seemed bent in so many places that it could have caused me no great astonishment to see him fold up and disappear like a pocketed two-foot rule the moment he sat down in the pew. I was obliged to rebuke my son William for a remark which, although improper on the Sabbath day, is still sufficiently accurate in point of fact to excuse its slanginess. William said Mrs. Pratt was "a horse of another color." Physically she was a tiny atom—not above four feet ten—her lower jaw was disproportionately large and strong; her straight, coarse hair was thick as moss and black as jet; her great, eager black eyes roamed the congregation over like a pair of human revolving lights; the expression of her thin lips was that of a stern and dry, a wronged and an angry nature, dragging some clog it despises. In the same pew with the parental Pratts sat three little Pratts, of ages more or less morally responsible, and an infantile Pratt of two years, who at first seemed to occupy but a small corner, but being fatuously permitted by his father to run out and play day-day in the aisle, came suddenly in prayer-time over a hot register, and conceiving the idea that he had been brought to meeting to be baked, showed his ability to fill a much larger house than ours. In the next pew behind sat several boys old enough to behave themselves (as boys do), and the two oldest members of the family, Young and Maggie Pratt. The latter was a brown-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl—in every way her mother's contrast—very pretty, and eighteen. Her brother, eight years older, had the same eyes, but brimful of that strength of purpose which was expressed in his mother's mouth, and saddened to much more than the natural soberness of his seniority, by such sore man's experience as Maggie's hopeful spirit could never know.

Mr. Spotman advanced up the other aisle with

his family and the Pratts in parallel columns. As his family was as large as Mr. Pratt's, and occupied as many pews after it got seated, Mr. Spotman's mind had at once grasped the idea of this imposing flank movement on the congregation, and as usually happened, when he did grasp an idea, induced Mr. Pratt, sorely against his will, to conform to it. Mr. Spotman himself was the only member of either house who executed the manœuvre with any thing like the grace and dignity demanded of a highly respectable family's first attendance at a new meeting-house. Mrs. Spotman—like Mrs. Pratt, a little woman, but feminine and sympathetic to the finger-ends—came after him almost shyly, with a blush on her matronly face at the sudden turning around of so many strangers. Tidd Spotman, a sturdy, bright-eyed youth of twenty, rose behind his little mother like some noble Gothic tower above a modest rural church; there was no "teeter" of vanity in the elastic step of his young manhood. The little gipsy who followed Tidd Spotman had a pair of the sauciest brown eyes, and the most winning mouth which ever redeemed from the charge of homeliness a large nose and creole complexion. William, my youngest, never smiled with more innocent unconsciousness of self than did she, coming up the aisle and recognizing one or two of the reverted faces in my congregation. The younger Spotmans diminished at irregular intervals down the aisle, as near two abreast as they could be induced to stay without punching each other in the ribs—beginning with Matilda and her brother Disraeli—ending with Lemuel Augustus and Samantha Ann. The two last-named were twins, aged three. Four boys and four girls in all—straggling up the aisle like a vista of telegraph poles, drawn by a young man bad in line but good at perspective. From the gipsy's motherly care of them in the pews, I credited her also with that electric shock, known to children as having the face washed, which had evidently glanced down the vista some time that morning. I shared in her equally evident regret that the impulse, as occurs with electricity, had become greatly enfeebled by distance, and was entirely extinct before it reached that vortex of much taffy the mouth of Samantha Ann. I am sure we commingled our sighs when we further beheld that Athanasius Spotman, on the threshold of fourteen, had not removed a large quid from his cheek before entering the sacred edifice. Now, none of all this was at all calculated to add dignity to the flank movement. To the rest of his family Mr. Spotman was a chivalric contrast and a withering reproof—spurning the cocoa matting at the head of all the Spotmans, with the tread of one climbing an invisible ladder to sit beyond the stain and jostle of sublunary things. Personally, he would strike you as a man who had never in his life been called "Spotty" or "Spot;" never been approached in childhood for the loan of a bat or a jack-knife; never been sent from the table for bullying his Ma; never been thwarted or coerced in

any respect, from missing a fortune to finding a button off or waiting for his tea. A man of immense frame, well-clothed with ruddy flesh; flaxen of hair, plethoric of face, mealy of eyebrows; with cyclopean arms, and fists whose resemblance to a couple of well-matched hard-shell crabs, found no concealment in a sumptuous pair of orange-colored kids—No. 10½ gentlemen's. Never did the brow of attendant janissaries wear more anxiety, ere it was certain of a morning how the sultan's coffee agreed with him, than was displayed by both the gipsy and her mother as they gave one final glance, on sitting down, at the elaborately-fluted ruffles of Mr. Spotman's dazzling frill. A kidney-potato—done in carnelian, and set in much gold—dangled at the end of a fob-chain of broadly-braided links, half-way between his waistband and his knee-pan, and he fluttered a large white handkerchief in his hand, as if he were offering some magnanimous truce to mankind represented by the congregation.

This was my first impression of my new parishioners. On our way home to my small parsonage I observed that the "Inestimable" woman (my name for Mrs. Prodder) was in deep thought. Knowing that a silent woman must have abundant reason I made no attempt to disturb her brown-study till we arrived at the gate.

"I was thinking," said the Inestimable, "how we ever should invite the Pratts to meet the Spotmans!"

II.—GEMINI LODGE.

In external elevation Gemini Lodge was but a single building. This simplicity was compensated by a charming combination of Grecian architecture with a Spanish veranda in the first story; hooded Gothic in the second; and a Byzantine third story with a French roof—all elaborately gingerbreaded from eaves to basement with wooden lyres and cornucopias, and the whole painted that uniform Jersey mud-color fashionable in villas. Such a variety of cheap pinnacles and statuesque chimney-pots adorned the space between the gilt lightning-rods that I was not surprised to hear from Mr. Spotman that he had Milan Cathedral in view when planning the edifice, which, though internally two distinct houses, and possibly connected with Mr. Pratt in some distant way through the medium of the carpenter's bills, was always alluded to by Mr. Spotman as a personal "Great Babylon which he had built." Indeed, we noticed that not only by Mr. Spotman, but by his own wife and a number of the smaller fry of both families, Mr. Pratt was systematically ignored. Young and Maggie, Tidd, the Gipsy, and their mother, I was glad to see treat the poor gentleman with habitual consideration; hovering round him as one would shield a feeble rush-light, whenever the wind blew from his wife's or his partner's quarter; dragging him into social notice; deferentially luring out his opinion on things; cutting him

easy channels into conversation, and altogether just managing to keep him above the sea of oblivion by the nape of the neck.

Mrs. Spotman, having ironed herself sick, was compelled to yield Mrs. Pratt the pleasure of first inviting her minister's family to tea. We found the Pratts quite *en famille*, with the exception of Tidd Spotman and the Gipsy, who severally sat by the side of Maggie and Young at table, their presence seeming quite a usual matter which incommoded nobody unless the weakness of their tea indicate a feeling of that kind on the part of Mrs. Pratt. Before my second tea-cup I was quite prepared for the revelations made my Louisa—enthusiastic and sixteen—by those charming girls Maggie and the Gipsy, to the effect that the first would never marry for Ma or any body—any body but Tidd Spotman, as long as she lived; and that but for her Ma, and that ironing-board and the children, the second would long ago have eloped with Young Pratt. Mrs. Pratt and Mr. Spotman alone opposed the unions; but the willfulness of their natures made them terrible obstacles. Mrs. Pratt's objection summed itself up in a statement, rather parried by the lovers than denied, that thus far every partnership between a Pratt and a Spotman had resulted in a lion's share of advantage to the latter; and it went against her grain to see any more members of her family "ordered about by Spotmans." Mr. Spotman's real objection was possibly the feeling that nobody was good enough for a Spotman; but he offered no explanation for the refusal of his sanction save a despotic avowal of "other intentions" for his children, mysterious as the decrees of Fate. The lives of people about him had hitherto yielded so easily to the straight, unreasoning impulsions of his will that the whole world had come to seem to him created only as so much new cheese for his jack-knife. "Oh, what do you think?" concluded Louisa. "Maggie's got a brother that hasn't been heard of for years and years!—the one between her and Young. She cried when she told me, for she and her father and Young loved him so dearly; but Mrs. Pratt said she couldn't stand his slack ways, and pestered him till she drove him away from home. It was ever so long ago, and they've only had two letters from him since. The first time he was at sea homeward-bound from Hong Kong—the last time he was driving mules to Denver, and Mrs. Pratt said he'd gone to the dogs. Do you believe he's gone to the dogs, papa?"

"It's rough experience, but not always so bad for a man, my dear. Luxury might have hurt him worse. Lazarus got better treatment from the dogs than he did from Dives. Besides, we can never tell what sort of a peg a boy'll turn out till we see him in the right hole. I've seen lots of moral consumptives cured by a change of climate. Mrs. Pratt *may* be rather hard to live with—let's hope the best for Jack, my dear!"

But to return to our tea-cups. With our-

selves and the lovers distributed at intervals between them the children ran down like a pair of stairs from Mrs. Pratt at the tea-pot extremity of the table to Mr. Pratt at the milk-toast end. Mr. Pratt began asking a blessing, when a loud "*Hem!*" from Mrs. Pratt reminded him that there was a clergyman present, and opened his eyes like the shock of a battery. His usually vellumy countenance became scarlet, and by saying "Beg your pardon—Amen!" left things in such a hopeless tangle that I was relieved when Mrs. Pratt gave a peremptory thump on the salver with a knife-handle, and said, "Blessing, Mr. Prodder!" in as realistic a tone as if she were calling on a waiter for steak.

Adjusted to our situation by the second biscuit, we found no difficulty in understanding how Jack was driven from home. The Pratts were governed to death. Every thing was the subject of legislation. The wrong peg on the hat-rack, and the moral screw loose, fell under the same Draconian Code. Mrs. Pratt had read hygiene and family medicine; her children grew up under a stern protest against half that they put into their mouths. She saw if you had too much butter though you held the slice upside down; she knew when you had taken two kinds of meat by the color of the gravy you left; she could tell to a spoonful how much pudding would give any one the stomach-ache.

Her husband was originally inclined to leave every body alone. Nagging did not come to him naturally, but Mrs. Pratt had so drilled him into a sense of his responsibilities by reading him one chapter per evening of Blobb's *Mother's Companion* till the book was done that he had at length painfully accepted the position of her precentor. Thus, when any one of his children flew into the face of Sociology or Hygiene—especially if he had his attention called to the error by some other child who was a promising disciple in its mother's art of Naggerly—immediately, in an indescribable drawl, he administered the appropriate reprimand. For instance, George, being an active boy of eleven, was disposed to squirm from that upright position which belongs no less to table-manners than to hygiene. He frequently thus squirmed. Now, had he been William, my youngest, mentally at least I should have said, "William, squirm!" It is good for boys—stretching both the intercostal and intervertebral cartilages. It is a process contributing to growth not only, but to the legitimate discharge of that nervous accumulation which is almost always overdrawn in the man but has no outlet, save squirming, in the boy. Mrs. Pratt, however, could none of squirming, and had repeatedly said so. Accordingly, when George Pratt had been sitting a trifle out of true for the space of two seconds, Hannah Charlotte Pratt, a thin, little girl of eight, remarked to her mother, with Mrs. Pratt's look but in Mr. Pratt's voice,

"Mo-o-other! Jest look at Ge-aw-ge, sittin' *croo-oo-h-ked!*" Upon which Mr. Pratt, as if reciting some penciled passage out of Blobb, woke to consciousness, saying:

"Ge-aw-awge! Ge-aw-awge! Hah-ow often hev I to-o-old ye'd have *cu-u-uyv*ature of the spine?" And scarcely had the words gone out of his mouth when Mrs. Pratt, though really the main body, came in ostensibly as a reinforcement with,

"George! George!! s't up straight 'n yer chair d'rec'ly!!!"

The unhappy George put himself beyond immediate reach of spinal meningitis, only to be hauled up on another tack.

(*Loquitur* little Jessie Pratt—aged six—and drawing on the paternal model)—

"Mo-aw-ther! Mo-aw-ther! Jest look at Ge-awj puttin' gi-i-in-gerbread into his mi-i-ilk!"

(Suddenly resuscitated with half a biscuit pausing mid-way to his mouth, Mr. Pratt *loquitur*)—

"Ge-aw-aw-ge? Ge-aw-awge? How many ta-a-a-imes hev I to-o-old ye ne-e-eh²-ver to put gi-i-in-gerbread in-to yer mi-i-ilk?"

(Mrs. Pratt, again coming up as a reserve, hard on the rear of the attacking column)—

"Jawj! Jawj! Tak'er ging'bread right out that milk d'rec'ly!"

Mr. Pratt and I sat alone after the ladies had strolled out to talk garden seeds, by a bay-window in the tea-room, possessing a view of the bend in Chicken River only inferior to that from Mr. Spotman's. The sunset was not particularly nice this evening; not like the departure of an army with banners, as on our prairie it generally is in summer; rather like a lingering bruise on the sky—a black and blue spot variegated with unpleasant greens and purples. With the poor broken being who enjoyed the second best view of Chicken from the seat beside me, such a sunset seemed to relish; and with his hands clasped over one listlessly upbended knee, he sat gazing at it, his face wearing the same expression with which he would have told me that a fine day was "a weather-breeder," or a northeast storm "just what he expected."

I learned that he and Mr. Spotman had for twelve years been mill-partners in the eastern village where they recently lived, and that the world had not been easy on him—why he had no idea. He seemed to regard life as a comparatively simple Chinese puzzle which, out of his own stupidity, he had, on the whole, put very badly together, though assisted to every piece by Mrs. Pratt and Eliacham Spotman.

Of a sudden the black and blue sunset turned orange and apple-green. Mr. Pratt, reviving in a ruddy beam, got all at once a livelier hold on mundane things, and spoke as of some sanctified affliction, saying:

"La-a-argish family—ain't it?"

"A noble family, my dear Sir! Blessed is he who hath his quiver full of them!"

"You hain't seen 'em all. Look here—I'll show ye the best of 'em!"

With the first sign of human interest I had seen in him, and a sort of slipshod alacrity, he shuffled across the room to an old table-drawer, which did service as his secretary, and after fumbling a while brought back a small packet. Unwrapping this he disclosed two daguerreotypes. One of them, though greatly faded, represented a cheerful, good-natured young man of thirty, with a childish expression of confidence about the mouth, and kind eyes resting proudly on a lusty baby which nestled cowering against his shoulder, and might well have excited self-gratulation in a much less sympathetic father.

"*Me and Jack*," said Mr. Pratt, with a dreamy tremulousness in his voice, and mechanically pointing at the portraits as if to obviate a mistake in identities. "Me—at 29 and 8 months; Jack—1 year 6."

I looked long and earnestly at the picture, not daring to revert my eyes to Mr. Pratt's existing face, lest they should betray my sense of the contrast. But he paid no attention to me; and when at last I said, "A lovely picture!" without replying he opened the other case. This contained the much more recent likeness of an impetuous face shaded by wavy chestnut hair, sunshiny in expression, with a firm but conciliatory mouth, and fearless yet soft blue eyes. A broad pair of shoulders, and a wiry, well-knit chest, covered by a vest which did honor to Sunday in a perfect wilderness of purple sprigs, were, besides the shirt front, the only part of the original which the daguerreotype showed beside.

"Jack," said Mr. Pratt, still more mechanically—like a man looking into a new grave. "Jack—grown up and gone away."

It pained me inexpressibly to see him sitting there so haggard and dry-eyed, like a man who, having lost his way and despairing of help, sits down to die on some measureless sand-heap alone. Just then, all childlike without ceremony, my little Will burst into the room to show me a plover-chick he had just caught in the tall grass. When I asked him to wait till Mr. Pratt had shown me his keepsakes he stood patiently by my side, according to his frequent wont, with his arm around my neck, and patting my cheek caressingly.

"Grown up and gone away," repeated Mr. Pratt, mechanically. Closing the case with a lingering hand, he slowly raised his head and noticed my affectionate little boy for the first time.

"Oh—oh—oh!" groaned the poor old man, suddenly choking; then jumped up with his daguerreotypes and shambled hastily out of the room; not reappearing till he came to the gate to shake hands with us (what American is ever crushed enough to forget that?), limp but freshened—like a muslin half done up—decidedly needing starch, but all the better for a sprinkling.

III.—PRATT AND SPOTMAN.

If Mrs. Pratt had invited us to dinner Mr. Spotman would have bidden us to an evening entertainment. As she had only made tea for us, Mr. Spotman invited us to dinner.

On what, from a vulgar point of view, we dined upon that sumptuous occasion I have not yet made up my mind. I only know that the atmosphere of grandeur which hung around Mr. Spotman outside the domestic circle at table spread to the viands, etherealizing every platter. We sat under a pavilion of enchantment, where the world's common baked and boiled became something roseate; where I constantly caught myself trying to solve how every thing tasted so familiar when it was made by a jealously-preserved Spotman recipe handed down through Ude only knows how many generations; where the smallest salt-spoon had a history, and the castors had been a testimonial to some member of the family who, on a certain occasion, had done something which only a Spotman could do. What that was now escapes me. It may have been in the Revolution; it may have been on the Mayflower; at all events it was something which threw a hallowed ray over the mustard, and made Mr. Spotman handle the pepper-pot reverently, as if it had been patted over the porridge of Epaminondas. Probably it was on the Mayflower, for the furniture of Mr. Spotman's parlor included a chair which seemed to have been used considerably by pilgrims and such; the plaited seat bulging so artistically, and the whole structure being such a harmony of startling age with overwhelming preservation that I could easily imagine old Governor Winthrop having sat down hard in it when he was tired, a couple of hundred times.

Indeed, Mrs. Prodder, who during her last visit in New York, with her cousin the banker's wife, went through the establishment of Mr. Marley (much patronized by Puritan aristocracy short of ancestral chairs), assured me that elegant artificer had no better matured Mayflower in the shop. "Ah! they made things in those days!" said Mr. Spotman, for a pensive moment folding his arms to gaze at that miracle of immortality as if it were the Pyramids.

All the older members of both families fell into a very civil—some of them into a very agreeable—acquaintance with mine. All the ladies save Mrs. Pratt harmonized at once, and in every interview of theirs nothing could make her other than she was by nature—an odd one. From the beginning I made friends of the two young men. Tidd Spotman was a confident, dashing fellow, full of life, and very angry at his troubles, so not needing much consolation. Young, much the elder of the two, was a more experienced and introverted man; and he, I think, never left my study without a wrinkle the less in his painfully knit forehead. His cross had been life-long repression. His favorite brother had been banished; his father nul-

lified. His mother, though she hated Spotman, had worked to the same effect. The girl of his heart was constantly before his eyes and detained from his arms. He'd have run away with her long ago—so'd have Maggie and Tidd—if they hadn't hoped against hope, and trusted the Lord to make them happy sometime without a terrible smash up. I could not help respecting Young greatly.

"We're the last brace and tenon, Maggie and I," said he. "Who'd hold the family together if we went away? Who'd keep a place for father, and for Jack too, when he comes home?"

No growling at the prodigal's veal and bagpipes in that brave heart—God bless the boy!

I regret to say that, either through natural depravity or lack of policy, the younger members of my family did not get on so well as their seniors in prosecuting the acquaintance of their Spotman contemporaries.

My William, an habitually-truthful boy, reported Disraeli an ensanguined torturer of cats, a hardened swindler at marbles.

As we have seen upon his first attendance of divine service, Athanasius was a tobacco-chewer in his roundabout. This I did not so much wonder at when I saw the enormous example set by his father's daily two papers of Solace. But I confess that I was unprepared for the spectacle afforded by so young a boy as Disraeli, who, having followed a German target-excursion one morning, entered my gate during the afternoon, and requested to be allowed to throw himself down my well, in an agony of penitence and beer. A still deeper gulf of precocious depravity was opened to me when, after getting him sober, I sought to do my duty as a pastor by mild remonstrance.

"It is terrible, Disraeli, to think of a boy of twelve getting drunk!"

My dignity and Disraeli broke down together when, with a flood of tears, he assured me that such a thing hadn't happened before since the Fourth of July, and I recollected that it was still early in August.

Could Mr. Spotman for one moment have admitted the disobeyableness of any command of his, he might have watched to see how far it was respected. When after uttering "BED!" in the voice of a muezzin the moment he felt personally sleepy, he solemnly hooked the windows, as if he were putting up the shutters of the universe; wound the clock responsibly, like a chief-engineer of the sidereal motions; and extinguished all the lights in the house, as if he were dousing the solar system. After this, if he had ever dreamed of a weak spot in his autocracy, Mr. Spotman might have staid awake to see whether his behest had been executed by the rest of the family. But Mr. Spotman never did dream; and so, while he slept like a log, boys of his were out robbing hen-roosts, or playing penny-ante, or pulling down the external staircases of people living in the second stories of houses which had no other means of ascent.

In these and other performances of rustic scampery, accomplished with signs or clothing-lines, I grieved to recognize the frequent hand of Athanasius and Disraeli. It took the entire lives of the Gipsy and her mother to manage the remaining children, and as fast as these grew up the laborious twain looked forward hopelessly to see them slip beyond the reach of woman's discipline and soap. All this was utterly unknown to Mr. Spotman, who demanded tangible results, and so long as he saw clean faces and pinafores, never bothering to ask how they came so. Before him, from the force of habit and seeing the respect with which their mother treated him, the children were usually on their good behavior. But half an hour of their father's company was as much as they could stand at a time—and I couldn't blame them, for he was a man that took up a great deal of room; I should have felt crowded by him myself on the Desert of Gobi.

Fortunately for the children their father saw but little of them. The mill was completed in time for the wheat-crop, and through the entire autumn a thirty-horse engine ran night and day, turning, with some trifling assistance from the Chicken, six run of stone. Mr. Spotman left home immediately after a five o'clock breakfast, and got back any time from nightfall till midnight. Many a warm evening, sitting on the piazza of her side of Gemini Lodge, with her husband on the sofa inside, snoring under his pocket-handkerchief, did Mrs. Pratt make a moment's halt in her restless rocking to fling a glance of angry admiration at the majestic Spotman striding home unwearied from his business, and snap between her teeth—

"Oh! you DRIVER!"

Mr. Pratt was habitually roused by the sharer of his connubial couch at the instant that lady discovered her own sleeve sufficiently knit up for all purposes of hygiene. Mr. Pratt, however, was one of those men who wake very slowly and to despondent views of all things; whose earliest matutinal sensations are those of a resuscitated drowned person; who look upon life as one long defeat till they get their clothes on; who, though possibly the best of Christians, are yet without God and without hope in the world till four o'clock in the afternoon. These are not much at any time, but after the blood has been pumping up into their brains all day, feel a cumulative impulse of activity compared with which their nerveless waking is indeed ghastly.

So, though Mrs. Pratt might call him at dawn, he was wont, the moment she got down the kitchen stairs, to draw around his poor ears again the blanket he had just made stern show of casting from him, to begin groaning in a broken manner, and to discover in his own sleeve many dropped stitches which sleep had never taken up again. Mr. Pratt seldom dreamed, and when he did it was mainly about bears, locomotives chasing him, falling off something, or other unsatisfactory themes of the sort. But,

such as they were, his dreams constituted the poor gentleman's sole remaining fabric of illusion; and when Mrs. Pratt's voice tore that gossamer stuff, what wonder that he was fain to bewail himself—fain even in groans to deplore the lean, unsightly elbows of his care sticking through the rent into cold white daylight?

Sometimes he groaned himself to sleep again. Then he was sure to be roused a second time the instant that his wife had set the kettle on. Oftener, however, Mr. Pratt found that the Balmy Knitter had put up her needles for the day. In that case he continued his passive defiance of Mrs. Pratt's summons by lying in the most fearfully unraveled state of mind till 11 o'clock. At such times he reflected on all the mistakes of his past life; took airy flights through the optative mood, and calculated to a copper how much better off he had been in pocket if, on a certain occasion, he had said, "No, Brown," instead of "Yes, Brown." He recollected how uncertain title was in every place where he owned real estate. One by one passed before him all the boils he had had when a small boy. He could almost hear his dear old grandmother's voice reciting, as of yore, how she had never in her life known a child come harder through the measles. He remembered his fingers—from time immemorial all thumbs—and he called the roll of the people who had laughed at them. He remembered how invariably when he went in the dark to hunt for a square thing, the first he put his hand on was a round one; how cheese had been his passion, and always disagreed with him; in fine, regarding life as an investment in the World's Ophir-Mine, how poorly it paid, and how much he had always been assessed for the benefit of the larger stockholders. After indulgence in such frames of mind the poor gentleman came down to a breakfast at which he found cold coffee and—Mrs. Pratt.

Had I been Brother Pratt grace might have supported me through one of these. Had it pleased Heaven to send both, I fear I should have fired one of the Providential dispensations at the other, and wildly fled the apartment. On such occasions Mrs. Pratt generally sat at the bay-window with second-best view of Chicken, knitting as if she were just able to keep her family's feet from the pavement. The poor old man sometimes almost flattered himself that such tremendous absorption must result in his getting away unpunished. Behind his watery potatoes and tallowy steak he cowered as if he would fain pack himself into invisible compass, and were mutely appealing to Mrs. Pratt not to notice him at all. But for those restless eyes not to notice was as impossible as for that restless tongue not to talk.

"I s'pose you know Spotman's hens keep getting through on to our grass-plot?"

"E-e-eh? Hens? Oh-oh-yes. Hole in the fence, my dear."

"Of course there's a hole in the fence. Told you that last Saturday."

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"Board 'n hammer—and nails," began Mr. Pratt, feebly pushing forward the nouns, with an air of uncertainty as to whether the idea needed any reinforcement in the shape of verbs or adjectives.

"Yes; and if the boards was here, so's the nails, so's the hammer, so's Young. He'd have 'tended to't long ago, any way, if you hadn't promised to take charge of it and send up boards from the mill.

"O-o-oh! I forgot all about it!" groaned the old man.

"Your shirts won't forget it *this* while!—bran-new bosoms too; and the run-round on my finger not well yet that I got makin' the button-holes. Hen-tracks don't come off, Mr. Pratt; an' the baby's two best aprons spoiled entirely!"

"Oh! o-o-oh! I wish I never had to have any shirts at all!"

"Well, the Lord will take you at your word if you keep on this way; and no shoes or stockings neither. Me and Margaret hev done all women can do to help it. 'What o'clock is it?' Watch stopped, eh? I told you it wouldn't stay in order two months when you got it. Well, it's twenty minutes past eleven—*that's* what it is; and if you'd ever had any forehand-edness you might have pulled out your own gold chronometer and told the time like Spotman."

In the bitterness of his soul, but appalled thereat the moment after, Mr. Pratt moaned the wish that Mr. Spotman were in Guinea.

"And so he is, by the geography, for Guinea's the place where the gold comes from. Oh! *ain't* he a driver! Not ten minutes after sunrise when he went past here fresh 's a new dime, with that carnelian seal danglin'! D'ye know what they call the mill all over town? '*Spotman's*!' Oh; don't you believe it, Mr. Pratt; nobody's a-going to find out you're alive if you don't know it yourself! You couldn't think of the fence, but *have* you been to the minister's?"

"No-au-an-t yet," groaned Mr. Pratt, through agony of mind buttering his thumb instead of his biscuit. "I'm a-going."

"Yes, and so's this fall. By the end of it you won't have a roof to sleep till 'leven o'clock under that isn't Spotman's. I told you the other day you were Spotman's clerk—the way things are going on, in three months he'll be your landlord. Law sakes! If a woman could only change into a man for five minutes without having to stay so!"

"I'll go this very minute!" ejaculated Mr. Pratt, galvanized by desperation into such youthful activity that he tipped a cup full of coffee over on the table-cloth, as he jumped up to rush for his hat, and was out of the house before Mrs. Pratt could find words for this last phase of her conjugal trials. The impulse never left him till it landed him in my study.

There is a New England notion, strange to find inherited from the martyrs of Anti-Prelacy,

that the minister can set every thing right. The poor old man seemed to feel a saving faith in me beyond the mere relief of unpacking his troubles into a sympathetic ear. I learned that although Mr. Spotman had come into Mr. Pratt's business as a clerk on a salary, he now owned by far the larger part of it; by the articles had power at any time to buy out Mr. Pratt's remaining interest for a song; and according to the books, which he kept himself, was Mr. Pratt's creditor in the sum of several thousand dollars. Mrs. Pratt thought this sca-a-arcely right—Mr. Pratt didn't know. It would hurt the children dreadfully to have a fuss, and, again, he didn't know. Perhaps Spotman had looked to the main chance—he always was a good provider—he might and he might not. "So really, Sir," said Mr. Pratt, "*I do'no.*" "Perhaps," he continued, after a pause, as if putting forward some dangerously revolutionary idea, "it might be a good plan to speak to him—I *do'no.*"

IV.—SPOTMAN.

As a result of this unbosoming I devoted the next bright November morning to a visit at the mill and an interview with Spotman. I had stated the case briefly, for the swelling of the veins in his forehead alarmed me, and was reminding Mr. Spotman of the apostolic injunction to call on an offending brother, with only one other brother as witness. Mr. Spotman loudly but pertinently interrupted me with:

"Well! where's the original brother? You're the other brother—now let's have Pratt! It isn't scriptural without Pratt! Hain't he known me long enough to come and talk to me on the square? Where's Pratt? Let *him* stand forth in the light of heaven and say, 'Spotman! on yourself and your little family I affix the blot of—of—of—'"

What Mr. Spotman stood ready to do about this hypothetical stigma never obtained utterance, for the half paper of Solace he had crammed into his mouth, at the first hint of our exciting topic, was too well macerated to coexist in the same mouth with any fluid of the nature of eloquence.

He leaned out of the window, and with a sharp "Thlupp!" like pulling the cork of a small bottle, sent down a deluge upon the dock and smart-weed bordering the sluice. Looking up the stream he evidently caught sight of something which changed his mood, for when he drew his face in the scarlet had left it, and his mouth wore a contemptuous smile.

He went to the door and roared his partner's name into the mill, but got no answer.

"Come, Brother Prodder, let's look for him," said Mr. Spotman, pleasantly; "perhaps the machinery prevents his hearing. He's probably down by this time" (pulling out the chronometer which caused Mrs. Pratt so many violations of the Tenth Commandment). "Oh yes—noon! he's as like as not to be down. We're doing a tremendous business," continued Mr. Spotman,

as he conducted me through the groaning lofts. "It's altogether too much for one man—or two, I should say"—he added, as if by the barest chance Mr. Pratt's existence had just occurred to him.

Feeling our way through a wilderness of mealy darkness and beams, we stumbled on a man who was just shoveling his way out of a heap of something, in which only a saucy pair of Irish eyes were distinguishable.

"Dennis," Mr. Spotman accosted him, "have you sacked that fifty bushels for Gladwin?"

"Shure and ye didn't say whether Gladwin was to have it or Boshtwick."

"I told you four days ago to ask Mr. Pratt," said Mr. Spotman, sternly.

"An a haporth o' good that did. '*I do'no,*' that's the whole ye can git out of him. I'll sack it for Gladwin—that's the besht—for the ould gentleman's one o' the sort that wouldn't say 'Good Lord,' for fear of offendin' the divil!"

"Come, come—no talk of that kind, Sir!" said Mr. Spotman, and we returned from our vain search to the office. Again Mr. Spotman put out his head and favored the fluviatile shrubbery. Again he looked up the sluice, and pulling in his face with apparent stupefaction, exclaimed:

"Why, blessed if the dear old fellow isn't right there under our noses!"

I also put my head out. Squatting among a group of his own and Spotman's children, a few rods up the sluice—one of the twins putting dandelion curls in his wig, the other borrowing his jack-knife, and kicking him in the stomach when asked to lend it back—Mr. Pratt was engaged, for their common delectation, in the construction of a make-believe mill.

Mr. Spotman smiled blandly. "Dear old thing!" said he, in a voice of dreamy tenderness, "he's just like one of 'em. He's really too feeble to be bothered with such things as we've been talking about. I know who hies him on—she'd distract any body. You're quite right, Brother Prodder, in coming to talk to me. I'm the best friend he's got, and he knows it. Won't you sit down and read the last *Advertiser*? No! Good-day—come often—I believe I'll pitch into work."

He had made an entry in his ledger before I was over the threshold. If all the parsons in Christendom were sent to Spotman, what lift could that give the fortunes of a man who rose at eleven and built toy water-wheels in the glare of noonday?

V.—YOUNG PRATT.

All winter long the lovers were unhappy. They never went out for a sleigh-ride without dodging Mr. Spotman when they started, and getting nagged by Mrs. Pratt when they came back. Both the eldest boys wanted to be admitted into the firm—Young with a view to the protection of his father's interests, Tidd because he had real love of business. Mr. Spotman refused Tidd, because he regarded him as an order for the great lawyer of the family, which

Heaven was going to fill as a matter of course. Why he did not want Young's fingers in his wires needs no telling; but the explanation which he vouchsafed for his denial was "his father's consumptive tendency." In view of this terrible heritage Mr. Spotman had said, "Make a minister of him, Pratt; feebleness don't tell so much there, you know."

But Young Pratt sternly repelled the suggestion, and staid at home in a room over the barn, where he was trying to make a chemist of himself. Some day, perhaps, he might go abroad to study a few years at Göttingen; get Ph. D. after his name; return to establish a lucrative laboratory or assay office; marry the girl of his heart; find snug places for all the children; furnish his mother funds to travel and visit her relations all the year round; and sit at his own fireside between his father and Jack, with the Gipsy on one knee and her baby on the other. O culmination of bliss! Icarus-like, at that radiant height, Young usually lost his wings, and remained mentally dashed to pieces for several days.

One morning, however, he came into my study quite radiant.

"You mustn't think I'm too easily elated," said he, "but really don't this look just a little like a way out?" And he handed me a letter from the Buckskin Joe Mining Company, stating that they had heard his scientific abilities honorably mentioned, and would like an assay of an accompanying ore sample in return for the inclosed expert's fee of one hundred dollars. "Who could have talked that balderdash about *me*?" asked Young.

From my study he rushed at once to drag his father to the hatter's; he bought a lovely chip, with real French flowers, which had periled Maggie's peace of mind every day for a week as she passed the milliner's window; he got himself taken in a locket for Miss Spotman; spoiled all the children's digestion with taffy for a week; and sent the remainder of his fee to New York with an order for chemicals. It was the first money his favorite pursuit had made him, and who that has ever been young forgets what an exhilarating epoch is the reception of such coin? His assay, which was a model of chirography, proved also so satisfactory in a scientific point of view that in six weeks he had a sample from another Colorado vein, accompanied by a similar honorarium. This second exhibition of interest felt in high places quite dumfounded him, and he repeatedly told the small bead-roll of his acquaintance without getting the least clew to his influential friend.

Saving this single bright spot, the sky grew darker and darker over Gemini Lodge all winter long.

It pleased the Lord to send ravens to Elijah. Considering the difference between the men, it was no wonder that Mr. Pratt found his messenger of succor in the Chicken. But of this a special chapter, namely:

VI.—MRS. PRATT AND MR. SPOTMAN.

The rains descended and the floods came. The drifts which for a month had been lying three feet deep each side our prairie railroads melted in a bland, oily air, which counterfeited May sufficiently to seduce half the inhabitants of Big Injun into draughts with their coats off, and keep even the third Chronothermal Doctor running all the time. The weather was mild but fearful. My diary gives me the exact date. "*Feb. 22. Mem. The Great Washington. Louisa detained by slush all night at the Pratts'.*"

About noon Young drove her home in a top-buggy. She was wet to the skin, poor lamb! and while she sat making mouths at a tea-spoonful of whisky, with my thickest lamb's-wool socks keeping her little feet from the direct blaze of the hickory, she told us that she'd come from—oh, *such* a scene! As Mrs. Pratt phrased it herself, that lady had decided it was time for her to "git up."

"Add such thiggs as she said to Bister Pratt!" continued Louisa, getting nasal from the effort not to taste her whisky. "Maggie went actually crying out of the room, and Young got white as a sheet. She said she would go and see a lawyer at once, and get an agreement drawn up to make an equal division of the partnership, take it down to the mill herself, and make Mr. Spotman sign it. Then—think, mamma, right before the children too!—she told Mr. Pratt that if he stirred from that room till she got back from the lawyer's and he'd signed his part of the agreement, she'd have the same contempt for him that she'd have for an L—. Mamma, can you conceive any circumstances under which you'd have the same contempt for papa you'd have for an L—?"

"An L?"

"What bites the poor soldiers so, mamma, you know."

"Oh my!" said the Inestimable; "dear Lord forbid!"

Let us now follow the footsteps of Mrs. Pratt. Carrying an umbrella, India-rubbered and generally water-proof, Mrs. Pratt brought her inner fire to the lawyer's not only still alive, but fanned to a blaze. She did not leave Mr. Siggemboy's back office till two in the afternoon, but she found Mr. Pratt in the identical place where she had left him. So thoroughly paralyzed was he by her manifestations in the morning that if she had never come back he might unto this day be found there, like the sentinel at Pompeii, young Master Casabianca, or any body else who staid any where a good while after it was useless. There is no need of saying that a man who would wait that length of time for a document signed it the moment it was handed him; after which Mrs. Pratt blotted it herself, thrust it into her bosom, and, saying nothing but "Stay where you are!" as she passed out, started for the mill.

A little rail separated the Spotman's piazza from the Pratt's. Mrs. Spotman stood on her side of it, searching the wet horizon for Dis-

raeli, who should now have been making dispatch on an errand instead of determining the deepest puddle in Big Injun by actual measurement with his bare legs. As Mrs. Pratt went down the steps with a mere nod on passing, Mrs. Spotman said:

"What! going out in this weather? Why, you'll catch cold, sure as can be. I wouldn't."

"I'm agoing," was Mrs. Pratt's only reply.

"Well," said Mrs. Spotman, gently, "if you will go, had you just as lief hand these to *Him*? I can't see Disraeli any where," and she extended two papers of Solace beneath Mrs. Pratt's umbrella. "It's the only thing he can chew," she added, tenderly, as if speaking of some dear gazelle, whose sole feed was salads of "amaranth and moly." "It's just come from New York by express. He was all out of it when he left: he hadn't more'n a pinch; and I've pulled these two out of the box to last till he gets home. Could ye, now, jest 's easy as not? It's awful hard for a man to go without—quarter-day, too, when he's got all to do. He has, you know. I begin to feel for him already."

"I'll take charge of 'em with pleasure," said Mrs. Pratt, expressing that emotion in a peculiarly dry, hard smile, as she slammed the gate on her words and began splashing out into the prairie.

When she reached the mill she was spattered with mud from head to foot, and the wind had played such pranks with her umbrella that it looked like a mourning vase of tulip patterned in the hands of some very unsuccessful glass-blower. Dennis met her at the door, and after a few moments' conversation with him she ascended to the office. Spotman scarcely looked up as she entered, but gave one jerky nod over his ledger, like Orthodoxy's involuntary assent to an afternoon sermon in August. Not that he was by any means to be thought napping, for the next instant he drove his pen into his ink-stand with a force which broke one of the nibs.

"Well, ma'am," said Mr. Spotman, tossing the ruins into a drawer, with eyebrows of unimaginable profanity, "what can I do for *you* to-day?"

"I suppose I can have a chair," replied Mrs. Pratt, immediately acting on that hypothesis. As she drew her wringing dress to her knees, spurned her overshoes, and planted her feet on the hearth of a box-stove, roaring with seasoned hickory, she had the most unmistakable and aggravating look of not caring where she slopped.

"Well, ma'am!" said Mr. Spotman, regarding her much as he would look at a drowned kitten which somebody had just picked out of a puddle. "Out for your health, I suppose! You *are* an object, I *must* confess!"

"And I have come for an object too," said Mrs. Pratt, dumping that lump of variegated pulp, her bonnet, on the last *Price Current*, and following it with her water-proof. "I've come for an object, and for an object I'm going to stay."

"Oh, stay as long as you like, ma'am. You don't disturb my writing. But to save you the trouble of looking round the mill, your object ain't here, ma'am. It's not too early in the morning for him, because it's afternoon, but this weather is too much for *his* constitution; and he may have had his rest disturbed last night, though postin' you up on *that*, ma'am, is carrying coals to Newcastle."

"Mr. Pratt is in his own house, as I asked him. There's another kind of person here to-day, Spotman; another kind altogether."

"You're right there, ma'am," said Mr. Spotman, majestically expanding himself to his Sunday size.

"And 'tain't you either, Spotman," said Mrs. Pratt, fixing on him those harsh, feverish eyes, which could hide neither their wrath nor their defiance. "Come, you may as well get another pen and turn to your writing. You needn't jam so hard next time, and you'll find it a saving. How soon will you be through? You and I are going to have a little talk, so you'd better be getting other things off your mind."

"Ma'am!" roared Mr. Spotman. "If I should see my pulpit cushion square off some Sunday to thump me back I should scarcely be more stupefied than was Mr. Spotman at this sudden self-assertion of the Pratt family."

"Come, Spotman, don't you get red in the face at me. There's apoplexy in your family. How soon are ye going to get through that writin'?"

Mr. Spotman strove to express himself, but failing, returned to his balance-sheet, and for fifteen minutes of fluent silence worked away, with no interruption save Mrs. Pratt's rhythmical drip and an occasional sniff, in the nature of a *cæsura*, with which she pointed it, as she sat enacting the sublime epic of *Catching Cold for One's Family*. At the expiration of the quarter Mr. Spotman, in miners' parlance, had dug himself through "pay rock," and found the seam "pinch in" to a terribly tough ledge of "wall"—coming off a page of figures which footed largely to his credit upon one which would not foot at all. Each successive addition left him in a more terrible state of mind. He felt that Mrs. Pratt saw through his back every time he recommenced the column. After getting five different results, with a face like fire he laid down his pen and felt in his pocket. It was tantamount to the confession of a check, but he could not help it. A lump of tin-foil as large as an almond was all he found. He opened it over his palm, and in attempting to pinch up the few dry threads of Solace left there turned them to dust.

"Well, ma'am!" said Mr. Spotman, flinging himself into a chair, with the profane eyebrows making a yellow V below his swollen forehead, "Now that I've five minutes to give you, let's hear the present business."

"Five minutes won't do it, Spotman; you'd better just keep to your writin'!"

"Mrs. Prat, *air* you aware that this is the

close of quarter? *Air* you aware that accounts are getting made up? *Air* you aware that business is nothing without keeping books posted? *Air* you aware that business is getting settled? *Air* you—"

"Come! That's enough 'awares.' I ain't a political meeting. Business is gettin' settled, is it? Well, that's what I'm here for!"

Drip—drip—sniff. For three minutes more drips and sniffs in that proportion.

Finally, said Spotman, rising:

"If you won't state your business, mum, don't. I'll step out a while."

"I'll go 'long!"

She had her rubbers on as soon as he had reached his hat from the nail. Her state of readiness affected him as a still greater executive genius was once affected by Bismarck's. He hung his hat up again, and concluded not to "mobilize." Never mind the Rhine—Luxembourg would do. Forgetful of his helplessness he felt for a chew. In the other pocket at the side; the outside breast on the left; the inside breast on the right; the change pocket—three in the vest—as many in the pantaloons. Not a pinch of snuff for a cat! Two successive sniffs and an apparent aggravation of drip on the part of Mrs. Pratt.

"Mum," said Mr. Spotman, sinking into the nearest chair, "the writing's through with. Shall you wind up before dark, or shall I see that the candles are handy before you square yourself?"

"There! Lamp-oil 'll do, Spotman. You know there ain't a candle about the place, only that's your way of swelling. You can be home to tea if you like. That's for you to say. I've got a little paper in my pocket for you to sign. When that's signed *I'm* going, and you can go too if it suits you."

"Let's see the document, mum," said Mr. Spotman, gentle through paralysis.

Mrs. Spratt handed him the paper. When he saw that it amounted to a declaration of co-equal rights on the part of both partners, and the full audacity of the proposition had burst upon him, he deliberately tore the paper into longitudinal strips, arose, bunched them neatly, as if he intended to put them by for some future holiday when the recreation of making lamp-lighters might amuse him, walked round to Mrs. Pratt's end of the stove, and, opening the door, shelved them on the hottest stick in reach. Then, returning, he sat himself down like one of the gods in Olympian council who has uttered his irrevocable say.

Mrs. Pratt smiled with her eyes, and her mouth drew down at the corners as she said, in a voice very like a man's:

"I thought you'd do that. So Siggemboy's young man made me a copy. I've got it *here*!" and she significantly tapped herself on the corset-board. "I've got it *here*. The other one was to *read*—this one is to *sign*!"

"You can't expect me to argue the point with you, ma'am," said Mr. Spotman.

"You can take your pick who to argue with, me or Siggemboy. F'r if ye give me trouble!" continued Mrs. Pratt, herself and her voice simultaneously rising, "it'll go hard with you, sure as there's such a thing as law!"

"Law be durned!" said Mr. Spotman, again involuntarily feeling in his pocket, and concealing the mortification of his failure by a motion to the door.

Mrs. Pratt advanced in the same direction.

"If you do mean to argue," said she, "argue inside the mill. It ain't your strong point, Eliachim Spotman, so you may 's well take your hand off that knob. I'm the only person that hears you when you bellow now—and I knew you before. There! don't get ready to raise your voice at me. There's no talking to do. I'm here's for business!"

Spotman instantly threw the door open and strode out.

Mrs. Pratt's grasp was on his sleeve in an instant.

"Spotman!" said she, in a voice husky with rage, and shaking in his face the duplicate agreement—"Spotman, sign this ye *shall* before ye leave the mill to-night!"

Perhaps even he would not have done it had she not bereft him of his prop, but he turned on her and caught her by the wrist as if she had been another man. With a cry of mingled pain and fury she spat at him like a cat between her teeth, but retained her hold on the paper. Snatching at it repeatedly, Spotman clutched one corner and tore it in two. The violence of his wrench added unconscious tightness to his other hand's grasp of Mrs. Pratt's wrist, and giving a shriller cry she fainted against the bosom of her foe.

Suddenly outside the mill there was a confused jingle as of a large posse hushing itself down for a surprise. Pallid as death, bewildered as idiocy, Mr. Spotman in an instant recollected all the Eastern bogy-stories about Judge Lynch, as one's sins flash through his mind when drowning. In the lowest story of the mill there was a clattering as of many staves. Through Siggemboy that cursed woman had set the mob on him. The gurgle grew more multitudinous—he could almost hear men laugh his name—it *was* Lynch! There, victorious in defeat, lay his terrible enemy, half the disputed document in her hand, marks of violence on her wrist; in connection with the traces of her exposure on the prairie, these would make her the most dreadful-looking corpse that ever came up against a man before the coroner.

Glub—glub—glub! The sounds came more tumultuous—he felt an odd kind of strangling as if the rope were already round his neck. One wretched instant he snatched the damning evidences from the relaxed grasp of Mrs. Pratt; the next, and from bed to ridge-pole a great crash shook the mill like thunder. For one brief moment the great gear-wheel clattered round like mad. The next, and the whole ma-

chinery stood motionless. There succeeded a steady rush and trampling, as of many feet, across the lower floor. Spotman ran to the window, and beheld his antagonist. Not Justice Lynch but the Chicken, which had topped its banks and treated his new dam as a mere impertinent suggestion. The dam had gone when he heard the thunder—the wheel when the machinery stopped. He plunged down the stairs, but brought up five steps from the bottom with an abruptness which just saved him from a bath. The Chicken was muddily meandering between fifty barrels of his best “Spotman Brand,” in at one window and out at the other. Looking through either window Mr. Spotman could behold one dull, gray sheet of water extending over the prairie, and, in an agony, he saw that his momentary *tête-à-tête* with Judge Lynch was only exchanged for one with Mrs. Pratt, of Heaven only knew what duration. From the rest of the race they two were as much cut off as if they had been alone together in a small boat in the middle of Lake Michigan.

“Well!” gasped Mr. Spotman, turning back up the stairs, “two thousand dollars gone to the devil if it’s a cent, and that woman fixed here!”

Mrs. Pratt must have been marble not to revive under Mr. Spotman’s resuscitatives. He thrust burning paper up her nostrils as if it gave him a positive pleasure, and slapped her palms till they were black and blue. He was debating whether to roll her on a couple of empty barrels—an attention he would have paid her all the more cheerfully had it been on the edge of something steep—when she feebly opened her eyes and whispered, “Water!”

Spotman burst into a roar.

“Water, eh? Oh yes! Oblige you to any extent, mum! Perhaps you’d like to walk down stairs and try a bath on the first-floor? Water!”

And the exquisite humor of the demand under existing circumstances so convulsed him that involuntarily, of course, he emptied the entire contents of a bucket on Mrs. Pratt’s head.

“St-o-op!” cried that lady, jumping up without help to avoid being strangled. “D’ye want to drown me?”

Spotman considered her for a moment, and answered,

“Yes, I do. But you sha’n’t have that satisfaction. You can walk off those stairs and drown yourself.”

VII.—SOLACE.

Without further explanation, and leaving Mrs. Pratt to conclude that he had gone mad, he strode back into the office, slammed the door, and poked the stove till it was red hot. Mrs. Pratt had not many minutes regained the use of her feet before she discovered the facts which explained Mr. Spotman’s grim hilarity. Returning to the room and finding it too hot for her, she left the door open without a word of apology and sat down opposite her antagonist.

“No need o’ burning out all our wood. We may need it before we get away from here,” said Mrs. Pratt, composedly.

Spotman did not speak.

“Come, Spotman, there’s no use in you ‘n I making each other uncomfortable. There’s plenty of time to argue now. Let’s have a pleasant evening together. I’ve put a wet handkerchief round my wrist, and I guess it won’t inflame, so’s to lose the use of it, before I can get to a doctor.”

Still no reply from Spotman.

“There’s no chance of being taken off here for a day or two, you know. Old Miss Larkin told me yesterday the Chicken *would* be up. She’s lived here ever since there was two houses on the prairie, and every freshet *she* ever saw kept the people to home as long as I tell you.”

Again Spotman caught himself feeling in his pocket, and added confusion to silence.

“It’s a pity when we’ve got to be shut up here so long you haven’t got any tobacco.”

“Ma’am!” said Mr. Spotman, as thus Mrs. Pratt at last cast the button off her foil, “don’t go *too* fur! There *is* such a thing as—as—as—”

“A nice box of Solace—waitin’ for you at home—come by express to-day from New York. I saw it myself.”

“You saw it—you *saw* it—and did not bring it down?” said Mr. Spotman, involuntarily starting from his chair under the pressure of his feelings.

“Supposing I *had* brought you down two papers, if I gave it to you would you make a copy of the agreement from my repeating it—”

“Mrs. Pratt!”

“Would you sign it and put the office seal on it?”

Head advanced toward her. She changed places with him, and took her seat by the stove door.

“S’pose I give you a chew, will ye do that, Spotman?”

Now fully convinced that his Solace was detained on Mrs. Pratt’s person, fury shook him from head to foot.

“Give me that *instantly*!” roared the gentleman, and made as though he would come nearer. But the lesson of her sprained wrist had not been lost on Mrs. Pratt. Quicker than a wink she snatched the poker from its bed of glowing embers. A few eccentric curves of its white hot tip in planes nearly intersecting Mr. Spotman’s nose, promptly removed that gentleman to a respectful distance. In face, no less than weapon, the little woman looked thoroughly Tartarean. Spotman’s countenance turned a livid pale, and he sank into his seat, groaning,

“You devil!”

“You *calf*!” replied Mrs. Pratt, and intrenched herself in her chair, resting the knob of the poker on its elbow, like the pitchfork in pictures of Britannia ruling the waves.

“Oh, *don’t* you think you’ve got Mrs. Spotman to deal with! It’s nobody who’s at all afraid of you! It’s a woman—a woman who’s

sat still and seen all your iniquity years and years—but she's up now! You see that Chicken? You've thrown things acrost it—you've muddled it—you've headed it back—you've turned it out of its way—it's ground '*Spotman Brand*' for you—you've dammed it without mercy, and you've used it without thanks. You thought you'd got it—but you hadn't; and all you've ground and lied and stole out o' folks since you come to Big Injun is gone like *that*, when the Chicken gets up! Two thousand won't begin! I don't wonder you want tobacco. You can git mad at it—you can dash your head into it—but the water won't mind you more'n jist to splash your face. That's the way when a woman gets up like me. You'd twisted her about and made her a drudge—and you thought she was another Mrs. Spotman because she went along quiet and turned your mill. But hark you!" concluded Mrs. Pratt, bringing down the poker with an emphasis which stunned him, "the woman that *has* got up don't mind Eliachim Spotman more'n the Chicken did his dam!"

Mrs. Pratt's voice had risen till it ended in a shriek. Bereft of all human comfort, and demoralized as any cock that was ever hen-pecked off his late imperial dunghill, the wretched Spotman wandered forth into the mill. It would have been sunset if there had been any sun; but the rain was still falling heavily, and between the slanting sheets was visible only a boundless sea, with islands of wood and masonry dimly descried great distances apart. Still he snatched at the wild idea of getting free that night. He might build himself a raft—paddle home—pole home—any thing to avoid further confrontal with that dreadful woman. The wind was against him—the mill stood right in mid-current of the Chicken—and his house was a mile up stream. Still the deepest water on the prairie could not be over five or six feet deep—there were poles about the mill which would reach that—and with Dennis's help he might stem the flood. Already the ecstatic tin-foil sparkled before his eyes; in a tremulous dream he toyed with the delicate wafers and the sapid fibres of the Solatial package. He could, he would get home that night!

"Dennis, *Dennis!*" he roared into the mill, with all the new voice and courage of some greatly refreshed bull of Bashan. The Chicken's steady gurgle over the floor below was his only answer. Then he recollected that, not having happened to want Dennis while busy at his books, he had not seen that admirable hindrance, hired as help, since Mrs. Pratt's direful figure entered his office door. Of course the jackass had gone home! Or else he'd been in the way when the dam went down and got carried off with it. Mr. Spotman was not particular which. In either case *he* went without his Solace.

For two hours he wandered about the grim, dead mill in a state of mind which popular parlance exhaustively describes as feeling as if one could fly out of his skin. Every nerve of his body was hungry for Mrs. Winslow, yet every

drop of his blood seemed coffee and capsicum. He sat down on five successive piles of sacks five times apiece in twice as many minutes. He had eaten nothing since breakfast, but his faintness was not that of the stomach—it was that worse goneness of the back-bone. Sometimes he felt a strange torpor creep half-way up his legs only to slip back into his feet with a thud like dropping mercury. Sometimes for a numb, semi-somnolent second he lost himself—regained consciousness with a jerk which jarred him all over—and invariably found himself fumbling in his pockets. About nine o'clock his pride struck flag to intolerable woe, and he loitered back into the office. Mrs. Pratt had lighted the office lamp, but there was nothing else to show that she had been less immovable than the Sphinx since he left her.

"I've been thinking of that idea of yours," said he, conciliatorily, "and it seems to me there's a way we can manage it. Say we alter a detail or two, and really now, Augusta, I don't know but the thing might strike me favorably. So—I concluded—I'd ask the favor of you, Augusta, to give me—about ten minutes for consideration—and—just the least taste in the world of that Solace to put in the corner of my mouth while I'm thinking! Could ye, now, Augusta? It clears the head wonderfully!" said Mr. Spotman, in an enthusiastic voice, his lips already watering at the picture.

"Ten minutes?" replied Mrs. Pratt. "I'll give ye till to-morrow morning! But not one living thread goes into that mouth till you've signed what I told you."

Groaning aloud, Mr. Spotman once more slammed the door between that stony woman and the spectacle of a most un-Roman anguish. After this she sat for an hour engaged in calm metaphysical speculation as to whether Spotman were staying out so long for the purpose of drowning himself, as Blobb's work on Hygiene declared to be a case of no rare occurrence with persons suddenly deprived of a degrading indulgence.

Through the outer darkness came to Spotman one of those ideas of stratagem by whose fox-skin great lions in distress are won't to piece too narrow fortunes. There was no witness besides Mrs. Pratt. Why *shouldn't* he sign the document? Cursing himself for a fool as having borne the last seven mortal hours simply because he persisted in withholding his name from a wholly invalid bit of paper—yet on tip-toe with delight at the visible dawn of his release—he went back to the office for the last time, and after a feint of wearily dropping into his chair, said, in a voice of mild submission:

"Well—Augusta—I've been a kinder turning that matter over, and I've come to the conclusion for old acquaintance' sake—"

"And the tobacco."

"To sign that paper. We were in school together, Augusta—I never spit on my slate when you sat beside me. With you I might have been another and a happier man. Years

ago—many—'t may be thirty—Augusta—I believed you—loved me!”

And he stretched out his hands half as toward the past—half as for the tobacco.

“Well,” answered Mrs. Pratt, with unthawed severity, “I didn’t—which makes all the difference. I liked Pratt very well when I married him—I’d like him well enough now if he’d only stand up to you, man-fashion. Will you get at that writing?”

“Could you give me *just* a thread, Augusta—*could* you now? My hand trembles so—I’ve worked *ma-arsterly* to-day!”

“Not a thread till it’s signed,” said Mrs. Pratt, irreversible as Æacus.

Spotman turned his back in silence, and stood with pen in hand ready to begin.

“It’s hot as pepper in here,” said Mrs. Pratt, going to the door and looking out with a shiver. “Shall I commence repeating it to you?”

“Well—no!” said Mr. Spotman, pleasantly, after an instant’s thought. “It was very short and very easy—and I guess I can remember it myself.”

“Well, you go on then, and when you get through I’ll look it over to make the corrections. While you’re at work I’ll run out and scoop a little flour in the tin dipper. We’ll have to cook some kinder hot bread on the stove to keep from getting clean beat out before morning.”

She groped her way alone into the dark refusing a lamp; and, after a few minutes’ clattering among distant barrels, returned with her dipperful as proposed, and sat down to mix the yeastless sponge without shutting the door after her.

“There!” said Spotman at last—“now it’s ready to read, mum!”

With her feverish, insatiate eyes just on a level with the parting of his voluminous waistcoat, the gaunt, draggled little woman whom this giant might have crushed by stumbling on, read Spotman’s composition through aloud with the grimness of the most inveterate school-ma’am—showed him where to alter it—saw that he did alter it—stuck to him till he put his signature under it broad as the Queen’s arrow, and after asking him to sit the other side of the stove and stir her dough, handed him a paper of Solace from her pocket. His ravenous hands tore out the first beatific mouthful as Augusta Pratt climbed upon the high stool and signed her name clear and fair on the witness side of the document.

“There’s one thing,” said Spotman, giving the dough-stick a twitch as his old malicious self began to wake under the first blissful thrill of indulgence—“there’s one thing may make us just a *leetle* informal in point of law—that’s those witnesses. Takes two of ’em, you know, to make that paper hold worth a rap. But never mind!” added he, blandly, stowing the paper of tobacco in his inmost pocket. “We can straighten that trifling formality in the morning.”

“Not much *morning*, Spotman! We’ll do a *leetle* better than that—Dennis, come in!”

Mrs. Pratt’s entire “rising” dropped from Mr. Spotman’s hands as the Irishman, for whom three hours since he had nearly split his lungs, pushed the door still farther ajar, and grinning, cap in hand, awaited Mrs. Pratt’s orders.

“Did you hear me read this paper, Dennis?”

“I did that, mim!”

“Can you write your name, Dennis?”

“Thank Hivin, thin, I kin, mim!”

“Did you just look through the crack of the door and see Mr. Spotman sign his name *here*?”

“Troth an’ I did, mim!”

“Then take this pen and put yours *there*.” Dennis obeyed.

“That’s it! You could swear to all these signatures any time, could you, Dennis?”

“If ye were to wake me out of a sound shlape at three in the mornin’, mim!”

It was blotted, put under the office seal, folded, and thrust into the stony fastness of Mrs. Pratt’s bosom before Mr. Spotman gathered words from his chaos to construct a remark.

“Dennis! Dennis!” finally said he, faintly, as one stammering out of a dream. “Where were you just now, when I was calling for you all over the mill?”

“Sure’n wasn’t I to shtay out of your hear-in’ till the Missus gave further orders, and where was there a softer or dacenter place than this flure bran bin with the cover on, t’other side the big beam and right forninst the hopper?”

“So—you—must have heard me all the time!” gasped Mr. Spotman, with the mildness of complete moral stupefaction.

“An’ is it me that’s to blame when I did me besht to be out o’ harin’? If a gintleman’s got a voice to go clane through a bran bin, faith and isn’t that the fault of his lungs?”

“Dennis,” said Mr. Spotman, tremulously, “I discharge you! You are commanded to leave this roof at once!—that is,” added Mr. Spotman, on a moment’s reflection, “as soon as it dries. Consider yourself from this hour sent forth again to the charities of a cold and heartless world.”

“I’m tould that can’t be done without the consint of both partners,” said Dennis, with an additional wrinkle in his habitual pleasant smile.

After this Mrs. Pratt made a bed for herself on the table with her water-proof and some newspapers, turned the men out, locked the door, and pushed her couch against it; then went to the well-won slumbers of triumphant grit, with Dennis stretched just outside the threshold, and Spotman solacing himself as best he might on a distant pile of sacks till morning.

VIII.—THE SUN ENTERS GEMINI.

The three were beleaguered in the mill the whole next day, and till nearly sunset the day after that; or, as Dennis told my hired girl, if they’d staid over one night more they’d have

spent a day apiece between them. An idea of how they lived during that time may be constructed from the easily calculable elements of plenty of flour, plenty of dipper, especially plenty of water, embarrassingly little split wood, and no salt. "Hould yer whisht!" said Dennis again to my sexton, seeking further details. "Says the Missus, 'Don't you shpake and I won't'—no more will I. It was all aisy enough to shtand when the Missus tould me it was for keepin' somethin' to lave Miss Maggie; that she may lave it her soon, plase God, for the young lady's a darlint, begorra! I've got a gurrel of me own in the ould country—and we shtuck it through. But niver belave me if I let him git between me and that writin' all thim nights!"

The flood reached half-way to the door-step of high-stooped houses in many parts of Big Injun, but we managed to keep up neighborly connections by wading around on horseback or paddling on extempore rafts, to get news and give assistance. That none of the characters in this narrative were idle during the period I confide in my approaching sequel to show. We were not alarmed for the safety of the people at the mill, for a good field-glass showed how stanchly it bore its leaguer, and we knew it was well-provisioned for frugal tastes, while neither Mrs. Pratt nor Mr. Spotman could be materially the worse for a season of Lenten penitence. To tell the truth, despite present flood and absent friends, we were quite jolly. We even had a sensational news item afloat all round Big Injun when the Chicken, as Disraeli said, was doing his cussidest. A well-dressed stranger had suddenly been seen swimming into town on an iron-gray steed, and booted in rubber to the thigh. Rumor feverishly tracked him to the neighborhood of Jo Daviess Street, and there his last ripple vanished.

But we are unpardonably deserting Mrs. Pratt. About six o'clock on the last evening of their imprisonment the party heard a hail from the back of the mill, and rushed from the office to answer it.

"Jump down," said a man on a raft, poling close to the wall beneath an open window.

It was a leap of only four feet, and the man, whom none of them had ever seen before, a Herculean fellow in blue shirt and overalls, bronzed and bearded to the eyes, where a brown slouch completed his face's shadow, paid no attention whatever to Dennis and Mr. Spotman; but as soon as they had got on safely by themselves picked Mrs. Pratt down from the sill by the waist as one would take a crumb off the table-cloth, seated her comfortably on a dry soap-box, and gave her a smacking kiss as he let go.

Mrs. Pratt's indignation knew no bounds.

"You great, mean, low, ugly, good-for-nothing scamp!" said she, fiercely.

The big man threw back his head and laughed one of those grand, open, airy laughs, which rejoice both gods and men. Its species was unmistakable. Petrified with amazement, neither

Spotman nor the offended lady had more than enough breath to gasp in concert,

"Jack Pratt!"

"Sure's you live, mother! Right first time. Here, you Spotman, take that pole. Stand there, will you! Other man—grab this. Steady now—I'll take the stern—you just walk her along on the sides. Your end's swinging round, Spotman—give me that—steady! Other man—take off your coat while I hold—vest too, 'f I was you. Spotman—now take the pole again—don't jerk—walk her along—e-e-asy! as she goes!"

Standing right behind the soap-box, as he dug steadily away with his own pole, shoving and steering at the same time, Jack had his mother's private ear.

Imagine a captain on the bridge of a steamer getting out of Panama without a pilot, and a relative sitting on the ladder whom he has not seen for years—you can then unravel the intricacies of the following dialogue:

"Well, Jack," said Mrs. Pratt, glacially, as the end of a stroke bent him near her, "where've you been all the time?"

"Patagonia—Cape o' Good Hope—Azores—fend off that log on your side, Spotman! *Brayzil*—steady! San Francisco—Puget's Sound—as she goes! Rocky Mountains, New York, and Brooklyn."

"And the roving drop's there in the blood all the same," said Mrs. Pratt, severely, over her shoulder—eying Jack's rough attire with an unpleased curiosity.

"Oh, but I've settled down now, mother!" said Jack, showing as beautiful a set of teeth as ever brightened a smile. "Pole more inboard, other man!"

"And d'ye expect it's a place ye can keep?"

"Log! Spotman! Yes, I guess so. They seem to like me."

"Clerkin' it?"

"No; honest miner, mother!"

"Where?"

"Steady, other man! Out'n Colorado."

"P'raps Young could help you git a situation. He's had no less'n two hundred dollars worth o' chemistry work from one ore firm out there."

"You *don't* say! Steady, Spotman! Bully for *him*! I always told you he was the smartest one of our family!"

"Yes, he has. If he's got any left you'd better ask him to take you round to the store and git a few cheap new clothes. We know lots of people—and I don't like to have your appearance disgrace us when you *do* come home."

"Steady, Spotman! Well," continued Jack, with perceptible humiliation, "if I'd known you didn't care to see me as I can afford to dress I wouldn't have come. Steady, Spotman!"

"I don't go to say that; but you know what a shame you've been already, Jack, and—"

"Well, never mind. Has *he* signed the agreement? They've told me all about it. I got home the day you were corraled."

"He has," replied Mrs. Pratt, grimly.

"Then I'll offer to shake hands with him

when we get to the gate. Here we are, sure's I can judge of a coast I never sailed before, coming right into Big Injun."

The remainder of the journey—winding between sheds and fence-tops—took all Jack's attention, and the four slid forward, only the captain's orders breaking the silence until he had put them alongside the pier, extemporized of planks and weighted boxes, which ran from the invisible street line to the veranda of Gemini Lodge.

Along the entire front expectant faces thronged the windows, and as they saw the raft coming the remainder of both families, accompanied by Mrs. Prodder, Louisa, and myself, poured forth on a veranda, made one by the removal of the bar, to meet the returning exiles.

Dennis was the first to jump from the raft and secure its painter to a nail. Mrs. Pratt followed him eagerly. While Jack was bending down to ship the poles Mr. Spotman silently overlooked all mankind, and put on his clothes as if he were dressing for his coronation; then made a stride to the wharf.

Jack held out his hand and said: "Haven't had a chance yet to ask how you were, Spotman?"

But Mr. Spotman responded with the air of one shrinking from contamination.

"You can come back to live off us if you like—not to shake hands with *me*, if *you* please." Saying which the great being withdrew loftily up the planks.

Jack's only answer was to throw his head back and gratify gods and men with another such peal of laughter as he uttered at the mill.

The first person to seize Mrs. Pratt was her husband. He caught her about the waist, danced her into one corner, fell upon her neck, and burst into a flood of tears, able to sob nothing but "Jack! Jack!"

"Yes; I see Jack," replied Mrs. Pratt, frostily; "and in *those* clothes!"

"Why, ma!" cried George, "those are all for fun!"

"Ho! ho! ho! Let me tell it!" gasped Mr. Pratt, choking down his hysterics, with a hand over the child's mouth. "Ja-Ja-Jack's chief owner of the Buckskin Joe, and Head Superintendent! Oh-oh-oh!" And the old man's feelings once more resumed their natural supremacy.

Behind this vivid fore-ground, in a graceful group which opposed Mr. Spotman's full solar entrance into Gemini, stood Mrs. Spotman, a little anxious-looking, but very happy; my family and all the smaller fry, with the four young people who loved in couples particularly prominent, and arm in arm in sets.

"Well! what's *this*? Tableaux? Highly economical, considering half the mill's gone!"

"No, Mr. Spotman," replied Young Pratt, eying the great being with resolute but pleasant eyes, "Tableaux *are* expensive. *They* come often. I hope what we've been doing may never happen with any of us again as long as

we live. Last night we had a carpenter in to cut doors through the middle partition of Gemini Lodge above and below."

"Oh, my wood-work!" shrieked Mrs. Pratt; but Spotman took half a paper at a chew and stood dumb.

"Seeing that made one house of it, we thought we'd celebrate Jack's coming home to buy us all out, as I always said he would by uniting the families too. You know, mother, though we're all of a legal age to do as we like, we four have waited a good while to keep our families in peace and show respect to you and Mr. Spotman. Last night we concluded we'd waited long enough, and couldn't have a better time to improve matters permanently than when you were—well, where it couldn't trouble you. So we just called in Mr. Prodder and the whole four of us got married."

Coming on top of her long excitement this was too much for Mrs. Pratt's nature. She shook her fist impotently, gasped for breath, then with a shriek fell off into that feminine state of which Mr. Pratt's gurgles were but a feeble masculine simulation. Mr. Spotman wandered into the house mechanically, went to bed, and did not get up for three days.

Jack has now been Young's banker for two years, and intends to keep him living comfortably *en famille* at Göttingen, with the Gipsy, and a most complimentary namesake of his own, now aged eight months, until that happy nephew speaks both Dutch and English with sufficient fluency to hail his father *Ph. D.* in either language.

One morning last fall Mr. Spotman corroborated Mrs. Pratt's hint of apoplexy in the family; but the Spotmans still live in Gemini Lodge and are in comfortable circumstances, Mr. Pratt having bought out their interest in the mill for a sum justifiably large, considering the excellence of the business. Mrs. Pratt, racked off her lees into the sunshine of prosperity, has grown several shades less vinagery. The boy who squirmed seems likely to turn out a great American sculptor. All the children of Gemini are much improved since our first acquaintance; and if I say that Jack and Louisa are to be married next week, it is from no immodest wish to obtrude my private happiness upon the public, but that I may avail myself of the present invaluable medium to notify our friends that there will be no cards.

NEWSPAPER CURIOSITIES.

THE history of newspapers has been frequently, but perhaps never yet fully, written. However that may be, the history of the press of this country is very far from being complete. Many important facts are wrapped in obscurity, requiring incredible industry to bring them to light; and he would be a benefactor to literature who should reveal them in all their naked simplicity. One thing, however, is readily done, resulting perhaps more in entertain-

ment than instruction—namely, a collation of curious facts which form a part of history, and of curious extracts which may help to show the spirit and tenor of the times, and afford to a coming generation a view of the character of the editors of this day. It may be well, however, to make mere mention of the beginning of the newspaper enterprise, in order to introduce a few important facts.

The first press was established in Cambridge, Massachusetts, eighteen years after the landing of the Pilgrims, where it was operated for forty years without a rival in America. In 1644 censors of the press were appointed. In 1674 the first press was established in Boston. In 1704 the first newspaper appeared, called the *Boston News Letter*, of the size of a half-sheet of foolscap, edited by John Campbell, who announced, not long afterward, that he was thirteen months behind in giving the news from Europe! The contents of the first number were the Queen's Speech in the English Parliament, a few local articles under the Boston head, one advertisement, extracts from the London papers, and four paragraphs of marine news. Advertisements were inserted "at reasonable rates, from two-pence to five shillings."

Previous to this, however, in 1690, a monthly paper was issued, a copy of which is in the State Paper Office, London. Its contents are varied and interesting. After a preamble or introduction, pointing out the designs of this publication, which is to be monthly, or oftener; it states that the Christianized Indians in some parts of Plymouth appoint a day of thanksgiving for the mercies of God in supplying the late want of corn, and giving them the prospect of a comfortable harvest. Notwithstanding the great drawback in the departure of forces for Canada, the favorableness of the season has prevented their feeling the lack of laboring hands.—Two children, aged eleven and nine years, belonging to an inhabitant of Chelmsford, missing, supposed to have fallen into the hands of the Indians.—At Watertown an old man, having recently buried his wife and fallen into a melancholy mood, hanged himself.—Prevalence of fevers and agues; in some parts malignant fever runs through a whole family, often proving mortal.—The small-pox, which has been raging in Boston, now much abated; more cases, though not so mortal, than when it visited them twelve years ago. The number of deaths in the visitation from the complaint in Boston about 320, June, July, and August being the most obnoxious months. Prayers oftentimes in the congregations for above 100 sick. It even affected children *in utero*.—There was a great fire a few weeks since in Boston, with 20 houses near the Mill Creek burned. Another fire broke out about midnight, between the 16th and 17th instant, near the South Meeting-house, which consumed about five or six houses. The meeting-house, a handsome edifice, most wonderfully preserved. In the house where the fire originated a young man lost his life. The

best-furnished printing-press in America also destroyed; a loss not easily repaired.—Arrival at Piscataque of one Papoon, in a shallop from Penobscot, whence he had run away. He belonged to a small vessel bound from Bristol to Virginia that put in at Penobscot through distress, when the Indians and French seized her, and butchered the master and several of the men.—Account of the western expedition against Canada.—An army of near 2500 men and a navy of 32 sail started under command of Sir William Phipps. Meanwhile the English colonists in the West raised forces to the number of 500 or 600, with General Winthrop at their head. The Marquas join him. Other Indian nations expected, but they disappoint him. The Marquas invade the French territory with some success, but use great barbarity.—Misunderstanding between the General and the Lieutenant-Governor of New York, on the return of the former to Albany.—Two English captives escaped from the Indians and French at Pescadamoquady, came into Portsmouth on the 16th instant, and relate an account of the barbarities exercised at Port Real by Captain Mason on the Indians, who in return butchered forty of our people who were captives.—Letters of news arrived, *viâ* Barbadoes, to Captain H. K., of the 19th of August.—Account from Plymouth, of September 22. Pegypscot Fort surrounded on the night of the 12th instant, but not finding any Indians they marched to Amonoscoggin. There, on the Lord's Day, they killed 15 or 16 of the enemy, and recovered five English captives.—At Macquoit young Bracket makes his escape. They land at Saco, and meet with similar success, taking nine canoes and an English captive named Thomas Baker. Engagement with the Indians in Cascoe Bay, the various losses enumerated, etc.

In 1721 James Franklin established a newspaper in Boston. The paper was severely critical, and somewhat hostile to the clergy. Franklin was unpopular, and was censured and imprisoned for "scahdalous libel." He was strictly forbidden to issue the *New England Courant* without a "censorium," etc. He evaded this order of suppression by substituting his brother's name for his own. The *Courant* lived three years.

The *American Weekly Mercury*, of Philadelphia, issued in 1722, was the third newspaper printed in the colonies. It was made up of quaint advertisements and short paragraphs of antique news.

The *Pennsylvania Gazette*, edited by Dr. Franklin, and published in 1729, was the next step toward journalism. In its prospectus Franklin announces his intention to make a good, readable journal, and, in his ideas, it is easy to see that he was far in advance of his contemporaries. His paper consisted of four small pages, and the subscription was ten shillings a year. Among the curiosities in his paper may be noted the following advertisement:

"*Just Published and Sold hereof.*—Hooped Petticoats Arraigned and Condemned by the Light of Nature and Law of God. Price 3d."

In 1785 Thomas Fleet established the Boston *Evening Post*. Fleet was born in England, and learned his trade there. He was a humorous fellow and made money out of his paper. Among his advertisements was one for the sale of a negro woman :

"*To be Sold*, by the Printer of this paper, the very best negro woman in the town. She has had the small-pox and measles; is as hearty as a horse, as brisk as a bird, and will work like a beaver."

The *Pennsylvania Journal and Weekly Advertiser* was started about 1760. At the time of the Stamp act in 1765, the paper came out in mourning, with the motto, "The times are dreadful, doleful, dismal, dolorous, and dollarless." There was also a death's head in one corner of the page, and under it these words: "Oh! the fatal stamp."

The first daily in the United States, the *Pennsylvania Packet*, afterward called the *Daily Advertiser*, was started in 1794. The first idea of a daily press seems to have been conceived during the time the British troops occupied New York during the Revolution. The plan was to arrange the days of publication of the several weekly papers so that some one of them should fall on each day of the week.

After the Revolution the newspaper press multiplied in an almost indefinite ratio. The newspaper publisher penetrated into almost every settlement. He took with him his old wooden press, he carried his paper on horseback hundreds of miles, he delivered the numbers to his subscribers before post-routes were established; and all this he did usually for a subscription of \$1 50 a year.

At the close of the war of the Revolution in 1783 the number of newspapers did not much exceed forty; in 1798 there were two hundred. In 1818 the State of New York alone had nearly one hundred; it has now about five hundred.

New York, it seems, was twenty-one years behind Boston in newspapers; the first paper being established in 1725, by William Bradford, under the title of the *New York Gazette*. The size was about half a sheet of foolscap.

The first newspaper tolerated in Virginia was in 1780; the subscription price was \$50 per annum for one copy; advertisements of moderate length were inserted for \$10 the first week, and \$7 for each week succeeding.

It would seem that in very early days there was shown in this country a disposition to control the printing-press. It was supposed that it might be too freely used for refractory purposes. In 1683 the Governor of Virginia was instructed not to allow any person to use a printing-press upon any occasion. From the Minutes of the Council of Philadelphia, the 9th of the 11th month, 1685, we learn that the Secretary reported to the Council, that in "the cronologie of the Almanack sett forth by Samuel Atkins, of Philadelphia, and printed by

William Bradford, of the same place," there were these offensive words, "the beginning of government here by Lord Penn." The words "Lord Penn" were ordered to be stricken out, and the printer was charged not again to print any thing which had not the "lycence of the Council."

In 1686 Governor Randolph forbade any one to print without his consent. Four years before the Court of Massachusetts determined that there should be no press used but at Cambridge, and then only under the inspection of *two licensers*. This was "to prevent any abuse of the authorities of the country." The New York Governor stopped the press in 1733, in the case of Zenger, the printer; and the Governor of Virginia, when advertising a reward for pirates, in 1718, had to send to Philadelphia to get the printing done; and on another occasion said that he "thanked God they had no press in Virginia."

The oldest existing newspaper in the United States is the *New Hampshire Gazette*, established in 1757.

Consequent on the infamous Stamp Act of 1765, several of the newspapers then published in the "American colonies," as they were called, were obliged to come to a stand-still. Among these was the *Pennsylvania Journal and Weekly Advertiser*, which came out very strong the day preceding its dissolution, mounting a mourning heading, of which a skull and cross-bones were the principal features. Underneath appeared the following, which we copy with strict adherence to the original :

"I am sorry to be obliged to acquaint my Readers, that as the STAMP ACT is feared to be obligatory on us after the *First of November* (to-morrow), the Publisher of this Paper, unable to bear the Burthen, has thought it expedient To STOP awhile, in order to deliberate whether any Methods can be found to elude the chains forged for us, and escape the insupportable Slavery; which it is hoped, from the last Representations now made against the Act, may be effected. Meanwhile, I most earnestly Request every Individual of my Subscribers, many of whom have been long behind Hand, that they would immediately Discharge their respective Arrears, that I may be able, not only to support myself during the Interval, but be better prepared to proceed again with this Paper, whenever an opening for that Purpose appears, which I hope will be soon.

WILLIAM BRADFORD."

A singular fact is connected with the New Jersey press. In the year 1800, a newspaper of that State contained an editorial complimentary address to the female voters of New Jersey for unanimously supporting John Adams for President, in opposition to Mr. Jefferson.

A collection of the names of newspapers in different countries, and from the commencement of their history, would be both curious and entertaining. Many of those in the United States smack of originality of conception. In this respect, Ohio, perhaps, stands foremost. There is a *Screw Driver*, a *Warning Bell*, a *Fountain*, a *Star in the West*, a *Forum*, an *Aurora*, a *Dollar*, a *Rainbow*, a *Touch Stone*, a *Toledo Blade*, a *Torch Light*, and *The Ark*, among the Cincinnati and country press. A modest publisher

at Norwalk entitles his paper *The Experiment*. Another at Kalida calls his *The Venture*. A Cincinnati journal chooses the appellation of *The Nonpareil*, from the type on which it is printed. One at Mahoning goes by the name of *The Index*, descriptive of its exceedingly systematic arrangement. An editor up on the top of the ridge which divides the waters of Lake Erie basin from those of the Ohio Valley, appropriately styles his *The Summit Beacon*. Another at Van Wert, with a precision worthy of a government surveyor, calls his *The Section Ten Budget*. And a daily issue in the venerable town of Chillicothe is named *The Ancient Metropolis*. *The Proclamation Reformer* shouts unto the people of Cincinnati weekly. *The Crisis* occurs there once every month, and *Equal Rights* are disseminated once a week among the Democrats of Williams County. Nor are the religious journals behind in original titles. *The Practical Preacher* thunders once a fortnight at Coshocton. *The Regenerator* appears monthly at Fruit Hills. The Presbyterians at Zanesville peruse weekly *The Family Quarto*, while the United Brethren at Circleville are looking through *The Religious Telescope*. *The Golden Rule* is laid down once a month at Cincinnati, and *Bushy Martha* starts on her travels from Circleville twice a week.

Three daily papers published at Keokuk, Iowa, are called, respectively, *The Gate City*, *The Morning Glory*, and *The Keokuk Nip-and-Tuck*.

Newspapers have very queer names in Italy. In a given mail *The Inferno* and *The Garden of Mary*, *The Troubadour* and *The Frog*, *Minerva* and *The Ass*, *The Wasp* and *The Devil's Tail*, may be brought in more or less genial juxtaposition.

A new comic journal is announced to appear at Leipsic, with the pungent title, *Mixed Pickles*. The Germans are said to be fonder of eating than drinking, which may account for this curious title, akin to, but different from, *Punch*, favored by the English, who are a drinking people. Hans Wurst—Jack Sausage—is the German name for clown; the Hollanders call him Pickled Herring; and Faett-Narr—Fat Fool—is another of his German titles. It is a curious coincidence, by-the-way, and perhaps a token of the clown's popularity, that in most countries he bears the name of the favorite dish. In England he is called Jack Pudding; in France he is called Jean Potage; in Italy, Maccaroni; and in Russia, Kapustnik, which signifies Cabbage-Head.

It is not generally known, perhaps, that the leading article of a newspaper, or what is more commonly known as the "editorial," did not appear in the early history of the press, and was introduced from necessity, rather than for improvement. Mr. Macaulay tells us that it seldom appeared, even after the censorship of the press expired in 1695, unless there was a want of news. When there was a scarcity of intelligence, when the Dutch mails were detain-

ed by the west wind, when the rapparees were quiet in the Bog of Allan, when no stage-coach had been stopped by highwaymen, when no non-juring congregation had been dispersed by constables, when no ambassador had made his entry with a long train of coaches-and-six, when no lord or poet had been buried in the Abbey, and when, consequently, it was difficult to fill up four scanty pages, then the editor supplied a leading article.

Among the difficulties of editors, especially those in the country, the greatest are those of a pecuniary character. The country editor is almost always in debt, arising principally from the delinquency of subscribers. Few are they who can make more than a bare living. But for all this editors are prone to make light of poverty, and thus put a good face on the matter. William H. Clark, the editor of the Mendal (Illinois) *Clarion*, is one so addicted. He loves a good joke, and never lets an opportunity slip that promises a dish of fun. He says:

"We have got a new suit of clothes, and no man could be more effectually disguised. We look like a gentleman. Upon first putting them on we felt like a cat in a strange garret, and for a long time we thought we were swapped off. We went to the house, and scared the baby into fits; our wife asked us if we wanted to see Mr. Clark, and told us that we would find him in the office; went there, and pretty soon one of our business men came in with a strip of paper in his hand. He asked if the editor was in; told him we thought not; asked him if he wished to see him particularly; said he wanted to pay that bill; told him we didn't believe he would be in; business man left. Started to the house again; met two young ladies; one of them asked the other, 'What handsome stranger is that?' In this dilemma we met a friend, and told him who we were, and got him to introduce us to our wife, who is now as proud of us as can be. The next time we get a new suit we shall let her know beforehand."

Here is another in the shape of an affecting letter. A conductor on the New York Central Railroad, who deemed it his duty to inexorably enforce the new law in that State prohibiting the use of free passes on railroads, recently put off the cars at Utica a Fort Wayne (Indiana) editor who had a pass, but no money to pay his fare, and who thus tells his sorrows in a letter to his wife:

"UTICA, NEW YORK, May 31, 1866.

"DEAR WIFE,—Sell my t'other clothes for what they will bring, and remit at once. Had my linen-duster for supper, and my spare shirt will have to go for lodging. May be able to make a light breakfast on a German-silver comb and a pair of shears that I chanced to have with me. Don't know when I shall get home. It will depend a good deal on the walking. Don't marry for a few months; there is a bare possibility of my getting back.

SIMON."

A late number of the Fall River (Massachusetts) *Journal* contains the farewell address of its editor, proprietor, printer, and reporter, Mr. George Capron Robertson, "after a struggle of six years, 'mid poverty, perplexity, and care." Mr. R. some time since warned his patrons that the *Journal* might "one day die suddenly," but it seems that his appeals for assistance in publishing "the only independent paper in Fall

River were not heeded, and the "pet" was forced to succumb. Hear him:

"Months ago we asked our readers if six years was not long enough to live upon cold potatoes and Adam's ale. Our prayers, our tears, and our appeals have been as 'tinkling brass and a sounding cymbal;' like 'chaff before the wind;' like 'pearls cast before swine!'"

None can wonder, therefore, at the numerous "dunning paragraphs" of all sorts and sizes with which readers so frequently meet in our hebdomadal publications. Some neat specimens are given as "models." A Western editor, copying the story about the drowning man who at the time had a wonderful remembrance of every event of his life, advises some of his subscribers to bathe in deep water.

Here is something of the poetical order:

"Tell me, ye angelic hosts, ye messengers of love, shall swindled printers here below have no redress above? The shining angel band replied, 'To us is knowledge given; delinquents on the printer's book can never enter heaven.'"

Looking farther into editorial life we see that many are the annoyances to which editors are subjected by visitors. In this country they are *favoured* with all manner of callers on all manner of subjects. A London correspondent of one of our papers thus intelligently draws a contrast:

"In America it is customary among journalists to place the name of the editor at the head of the paper. This is not only not done here, but the utmost care is taken that the outside public shall know nothing whatever as to who edits this or that journal. Thus I doubt if there are fifty persons in London, outside of the literary men of the metropolis, who know who writes the editorials of the leading papers, or who even manage them. The individuality of the editor is rarely or never disclosed; and, all things considered, I feel satisfied 'tis the better way. It serves to prevent those personalities so common in American journalism, and gives a dignity to the profession it could hardly otherwise attain. To see an editor of any leading paper here you must first have an appointment with him by letter, and, unless your business is important, this is not easily obtained. You may go to the office a thousand times and never once get a glimpse of him unless this formality has first been gone through. And this reminds me of an incident which happened at the *Times* office the other day to a gentleman who came over with me in the steamer, and who had an important patent which he wished to bring to the notice of the Government. For this purpose he called at the *Times* office and asked if he could see the editor. The clerk in attendance asked if he had an appointment with him. Our friend answered in the negative, but that he wished one. The clerk inquired his business, and our friend answered, telling him what he wanted. The clerk listened, and then laughingly remarked that our friend evidently did not understand the peculiarities of English journalism, or he would not have requested to see the editor on business like this. He never saw visitors on matters of this kind at all, and never saw any one unless by special appointment, and on matters of grave importance. Our friend left in high dudgeon; but he knows now what he did not know before—that editors in England occupy a very different position from what they do in America."

Here may be seen a difference, and one most decidedly in favor of the English system, as by that an editor may have good opportunity to attend to *his own work* and to act with inde-

pendence. Various schemes have been adopted to rid the editorial sanctum of unwelcome visitors, but none perhaps more efficacious than at a newspaper office in Sydney, Australia, in which is a tablet informing visitors that the editor can not be spoken to unless paid for his time. Persons desiring an audience are invited to buy a ticket of admission at the door of the waiting-room—one hour costing ten shillings, half an hour six shillings, fifteen minutes three shillings.

A Western editor, however, whom we may suppose to have been annoyed by a certain class, leads off in an announcement over the door of his sanctum, "Lady visitors are requested to go to the devil when they wish to obtain an interview with the editor." Of course he speaks technically.

The editor of a country afternoon journal grumbles as follows. There is, however, a great deal of truth in what he says:

"There is a species of bore known only to editors and a terror only to the editorial sanctum known as the 'Infernal,' who to no capacity for writing unites the most consuming desire to see his weak effusions in print. He makes frequent calls upon the editor, whom he intimidates by presenting formidable rolls of manuscript at his head, with a request—very much like a demand—to peruse. He waylays him at night, after the editor has closed his labors and is crawling wearily homeward, and wants to know if he has read it. He sits for hours on the editor's door-step of a morning, waiting for his victim to arise, eat his breakfast, and come out; and then fastening on his button-hole he regales him with a recapitulation of the points 'in that little matter I left with you,' during which he remembers a little point, but very important, which he had left out, and requests the editor to be careful and be sure to insert it before it goes into the hands of the compositor. He sends private notes to the editor, 'How about that little affair of mine? will it appear to-morrow?' and runs in to look it over and make a trifling correction. If he worries us into giving him room in our columns to his communications his resources for information become great, and he spreads over pages of foolscap and reams of paper, which the editor is politely requested to lay before an eager public."

Were an Hibernicism to be allowed we should express a regret that some of the papers did not occasionally publish a few columns of rejected communications. Many of them would at least afford merriment, which, however, would be open to the objection that it was at the expense of poor human nature. But such a plan might work well to rust the pens which should never be used for the great public. The writer once made an estimate from actual experience that, of the articles received from correspondents by a country editor, not more than two in ten were fit for publication. Nevertheless, very much creeps into print from personal favor, much to the disgust of discerning readers. The country editor can not always afford to be independent. He can not always reject when he would, and hence publishes under protest, or with some explanation satisfactory to himself and his correspondent, but to them only. It requires courage to insert such a note as this:

"If 'Justice, Jun.,' desires to flourish by the *pen* we would recommend him to try the hog-*pen* next time

instead of the writing-pen, for he will shine brighter among a litter of pigs than in any other class of literature."

There are, however, other than scribbling bores who molest the editor's sanctum. There is the advertising bore, who insists upon a puff gratis; there is the newspaper-reading bore, who, too stingy to buy, makes his daily appearance to read the last number of a contemporary; there is the crotchety bore, who has some peculiar theory which he desires to push before the public; in fine, there is a large class of bores, from whom the editor daily and fervently prays, "Good Lord deliver us!"

Nor is this the only annoyance. Whatsoever good may be inserted in editorial columns will seldom elicit approbation, but the utterance of a single word which is distasteful, or that does not strictly comport with the sentiment of a class, will bring down complaints hot and heavy. And sometimes, should editors perchance be personal, or even appear to be so, they are brought into trouble. In illustration of this the "local" of the Buffalo *Express* says:

"We were waited upon on Saturday by about the ugliest-looking villain that ever cut a throat, who ordered us to apologize for a paragraph in our morning's issue, or look out for the consequences. The statement complained of was as follows:

"It is true, on the other hand, that the street in front of the office contained a dozen or more of the roughest-looking fellows this side of Sing Sing."

But the "local" not being as humble as Uriah Heep, it may be believed that the matter was not much mended. He *apologizes* as follows:

"We make the apology with pleasure, being convinced that we did the gentleman injustice. We withdraw our former statement, and are happy to call him not only the roughest-looking fellow this side of Sing Sing, but the roughest-looking one in Sing Sing or any where else. We trust the apology will be satisfactory. If any body has any apologies to demand, we hope they will apply while we have our hand in. We rather like the fun of the thing."

The following from another New York paper is one of the most amusing instances of the kind with which it is a reader's fortune to meet:

"We were sitting in our elbow-chair, ruminating on the decided advantage of virtue over vice, when a little withered Frenchman, with a cowhide as long as himself and twice as heavy, rushed into our presence.

"Sair!" and he stopped to breathe.

"Well, Sir."

"Monsieur!" he stopped again to breathe.

"Diable, Monsieur!" and he flourished his instrument about his head.

"Really, my friend," said we, smiling, for he was not an object to be frightened about, "when you have perfectly finished amusing yourself with that weapon, we should like to be the master of our own leisure."

"No, Sair! I have come to horsewhip you with this cowhide."

"We took a pistol from our drawer, cocked it, and aimed it at his head.

"Pardon, Sair," said the Frenchman. "I will first give you some explanation. Monsieur if you have write this article?"

"We looked it over and acknowledged ourself the author. It was a few lines referring to the great improvements in railroads, and intimating that this mode of traveling would one day supersede every other.

"You have write dat in your papair?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, den, Sair, stop my papair. I have live *quarante neufs ans*. I have devote all my life to ride de balloon—*c'est ma grande passion*. *Bein Monsieur!* I shall look to find every one wis his little balloon—to ride horseback in de air—to go round de world in one sunnair, and make me rich like Monsieur *A stair*, wis de big hotel. Well, Monsieur, now—you put piece in your dem papair, to say dat de railroad, Monsieur, de littel railroad, supersede—voila!—supersede. Dat is what you say supersede every thing else. Monsieur, begar I have de honnair to inform you dat de railroad nevair supersede de balloon—and also, Monsieur, *ventre bleu!* Stop you dem papair!"

"Locals" are generally intelligent men, and some of them "fellows of infinite jest"—hitting here and there with satire and *jeu d'esprit*, without mercy. The Boston Board of Brokers went down the bay on a fishing excursion a short time since, and had a good time. The Boston *Commercial Bulletin* cooks up the following in its "spice" column as the "Bill of Fare" for the occasion, which contains many clever hits that will be readily recognized:

BILL OF FARE.

Chowder(Tetes de la peuple).

FIRST COURSE.

Clams, dng at high water.

Spundulicks on the half shell.

Ditto, "shelled out."

Flounders, bought "flat."

SECOND COURSE—SOLIDS!

Bull Beef.

Bear Steaks.

Pluck.

THIRD COURSE—GAME!

Ducks (lame).

Canvas Backs.

Greenbacks.

ENTREES—FANCY!

Outsiders, Flatted out in Copper.

Ditto, done brown.

"Flyers," done in Oil.

Operators, in a pickle.

Speculators in a stewA Corner Mess.

Quotations, cooked up.

VEGETABLES.

The Great Toltec Squash.

Dead Beats.

Lucky Turn-ups.

Heavy Celery.

Specked-tatersfrom the Broker's Board.

DESSERT, FRUIT, ETC.

Water-Millions.

A Fig for the Profits!

Large "Plums" for the lucky ones.

Lemons that "went in."

Ditto that "came out"—squeezed.

Raisins from Canada Stocks,

(Small quantities.)

DRINKS.

The "Drop" in the Market.

Share-y Wine.

Mar-gin.

Stock Ale.

The Right Spirit.

Water Power-ful strong.

CIGARS.

Coupon "Sixes."

Another has both eyes open to business and makes the following schedule of bills for the benefit of those who need and seek after puffs:

For a modest puff.....3 juleps.

A tolerably good one.....1 box cigars.

A good one.....1 pair boots.

A very good one.....1 vest and 2 shirts.

A splendid one.....1 cloth coat.

A perfect sockdolager.....1 whole suit.

It has been suggested that the above tariff may suffice for country editors who, if unmarried, lie abed till their shirt is washed; or, if married, cultivate their own little acre, and live on its products; but for the editor of a first-class daily city paper the "tolls" should be about as follows:

For a modest puff. . . . A gold watch and chain.
 A tolerably good one. . . A fast horse.
 A good one A pair of horses and a carriage.
 A very good one A house and lot.
 A splendid one. A consulship.
 A perfect sockdolager. A Minister Plenipotentiaryship
 to St. James or the Hague.

Wondrous, as well as numerous, are the modes of collecting news nowadays. We can scarcely realize the difficulties and perplexities of the past, when editors were dependent upon slow coaches, or at the very best upon carrier-pigeons, and upon the latter only occasionally, and just immediately precedent to the introduction of the electric telegraph. The first announcement in this country of the death of the Princess Charlotte, of England, in 1817, was made in a little country newspaper in the town of Northampton, Massachusetts, about one hundred miles from the sea-board. The news was taken to Canada on a British vessel; and a passenger, who had a London paper in his pocket with the news, traveled by stage to Boston. Stopping at Northampton over night he accidentally spoke of the news, which the country printer was observing enough to take down and publish the next day. The Princess died November 15, 1817, but the fact was not published in this country for about six weeks.

When this is compared with the existing mode of transmitting news, we can begin to appreciate the value of the practical use of electricity. Now the news would arrive in an hour. But the question arises in all seriousness, whether even we have discovered the quickest mode of communication. What will it be in 1900? Although the time can not be much shortened, may it not be so that the transmission of intelligence shall be cheaper and more frequent, and that our children's children shall be brought into as complete communication with every part of the known world as readily as one city now corresponds with another? What, then, will be the newspaper of the future? Instead of being published daily, we can imagine its entirely new issue every hour, and that it will be prepared and printed by some other than manual and steam power, and distributed on the wings of the wind without waiting for Uncle Sam's mail. That will be the golden era of literature.

As a general thing, the inaccuracies of newspapers are unpardonable, as they mainly arise from sheer carelessness. Sometimes, however, they are intentional. The Abbé Raynal, for instance, in his "History of the British Settlements of America," has recounted a remarkable story, which implies the existence of a particular law in New England. Some Americans being in company with the Abbé at Paris, questioned the truth of the story, alleging that no such law had ever existed in New England. The Abbé maintained the authority of his history, until he was interrupted by Dr. Franklin; who was present, and after listening for some time in silence to the dispute, said: "I can account for all this. You took the anecdote from a newspaper of which I was at the time editor; and happen-

ing to be very short of news, I composed and inserted the whole story." Such conduct in a journalist is even more discreditable than a lying statement made by a private individual; for it will naturally have greater influence, and the evil effect produced will be of a more permanent character. The great statesman and philosopher would have shown more discretion by remaining silent on the subject, unless he spoke with the view of remedying what mischief he had done by his willful contempt of truth.

Country editors are not always nice in their choice of terms, while all are more or less guilty of the commission of blunders. One says, for example: "A 'Lady in Plymouth' shall have a place in our columns as soon as we can make room," whereupon it must be surmised that said columns must be considerably expanded.

Another writes: "For the effects of intemperance, see our inside," which, certainly, is an unfortunate admission.

It is only a few months since the London *Times* perpetrated a most perfect bull. In a review of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," the following sentence occurs relative to the self-denial of Enoch, who keeps his existence a secret from his wife, whom he finds married again and happy. "He died, but *not until he died*, did he mention to those around him who he was."

Something akin to this was a statement lately made by a Pittsfield (Massachusetts) journal: "A man fell dead in this town last week, and before assistance could reach him his life was nearly extinct."

A foreign newspaper, in giving an account of Toulouse, remarks: "It is a large town, containing upward of sixty thousand inhabitants *built entirely of brick*."

The following is a "relation of experience" apt to create a smile:

"It was once my fortune to be installed in the editorial sanctum of a country newspaper, during the absence of its regular editor. One day I was called upon to write the obituary of the belle of an adjacent town, who had died deeply lamented by the social circle of which she was the life and beauty. I wrote what I conceived to be an affecting tribute, and among other things dwelt tenderly on her dying injunction that no formal monument should be placed above the grave, but a plain slab, with the simple inscription 'Mary.' On reading the proof of my article, however, I became doubtful of the correctness of her Christian name, and hurriedly ran my pencil through it as preliminary to correction. One of the town-folk dropping in at that moment assured me that the deceased young girl's name was 'Mary,' and I accordingly dotted a line below the erased word, writing on the margin of the proof the usual direction, *stet* ('let it stand'). I was, however, somewhat astonished the next morning, in learning from the paper that the dying girl had requested as a last favor that upon her tombstone should be placed the simple inscription, 'Stet.' It availed me nothing that I endeavored to convince the indignant parents that the mistake, after all, was not so very bad. Many of the people believed that I had actually attempted to improve the poor girl's dying injunction with my 'college lingo.'"

Reporters and the types combined frequently give us strange and sometimes amusing blunders, but it is occasionally difficult to decide

where to lay the fault. Reporters very frequently labor under such disadvantages as to render accuracy almost impossible, as in the following case: Mr. William H. Russell, who represented the *London Times* in this country some time ago, was sent by that journal to report O'Connell's speeches during the Repeal agitation. One of the first meetings the reporter attended was in Kerry. Having heard of O'Connell's polite qualities, he thought he would ask that gentleman's permission to take a verbatim account of the oration. The "Liberator" not only consented, but in his oiliest manner informed the assembled multitude that "until the jintleman was provided with all writen convaniences he would not spake a word," assuming an extra brogue which was altogether unnecessary. Russell was delighted. The preparations began, and were completed. Russell was ready.

"Are you quite ready?"

"Quite ready."

"Now are you sure you're entirely ready?"

"I am certain, Sir. Yes."

The crowd becoming excited and impatient, Dan said: "Now, 'pon my conscience I won't begin the spache till the London jintleman is entirely ready." After waiting another moment or so, O'Connell advanced; eyes glistened; ears were all attention; and the reportorial pencil arose. Dan gave one more benignant smile on the correspondent, winked at the auditors, and commenced his speech in the Irish language, to the irrepressible horror of the reporter, and to the infinite delight of all Kerry.

But those who have a better opportunity are frequently at fault. The late Rev. Dr. Bethune, in lecturing upon a certain occasion in Newark, New Jersey, complained of the reporters. Once, when he stated that he was not by birth, but only ecclesiastically, a Dutchman, the reporter made him an "ecclesiastical deduction." At another time, he spoke of the devil as sowing tares, and was astonished the next morning to read that he had mentioned the devil as "sawing trees." On another occasion he was made to say that the patriarch Abraham taught Cecrops arithmetic!

At a meeting in New York, Elihu Burritt closed a speech with the following sentence: "Labor, thought-honored labor, may be the only earthly potentate that shall be crowned on this continent." This, however, was translated into print in a morning paper, "Labor, that honored labor, may be the nail lately patented that shall be crowned on this continent." Another, writing the sentence, "Shall awaken all along his path of glory," rendered it, "Shall wagon all along his path to glory." Another, reporting one of Dr. Chapin's sermons, heard the sentence, "Christianity has been the oriflamme of freedom in all ages," intelligently rendered it, "Christianity has been the hornblower of freedom in all ages."

Nor is the English press less faulty. Soon after the late Lord Glenelg entered the House

of Commons he made a speech in favor of the Roman Catholics, in the report of which occurred a ludicrous blunder. The speaker had said of the bigoted adversaries of emancipation, "They have taken up a position in the depth of the Middle Ages," and in the *Freeman's Journal* he was made to say: "They have taken up a physician in the depth," etc.

But a still more laughable error occurred in one of his later speeches, delivered at a public dinner in Inverness, in 1836. In ridiculing the Tory statement that Lord Melbourne's government had treated the agricultural interest with contempt, and that a change of ministry was called for, Lord Glenelg said: "It seemed to be thought that the military power of the Duke of Wellington would recruit agriculture, that the political influence of Sir Robert Peel would re-establish that great interest, and that their return to power would be as the entrance of Ceres and Triptolemus into this empire." The *Times* reporter announced the classic personages who were to enter as "Cyrus and Ptolemy."

The rapacity of country journalists is aptly illustrated in the story told of a provincial editor who, discovering that one of his neighbors had hung himself, would not cut him down, nor mention the discovery to any one, but kept the body under lock and key for two whole days. His reason was simple and sufficient. His paper appeared on Thursday, that of his rival on Wednesday; and "do you think," he triumphantly asked, "I was going to say any thing about the suicide, and let that scoundrel have the paragraph?"

This is only matched by the editor of a country paper who chronicled a suicide in his village—a perfect windfall of local news—with the remark that "the cause of the suicide of the unfortunate man was known only to himself, his Maker, and the editor of this paper." It is intimated that the cause will be revealed in "next week's issue." He was evidently determined to make the most of it.

A staple subject for all newspaper paragraphists is the state of the weather. Some of these are sentimental, some poetical, and all sufficiently commonplace. Now and then, however, the reader may meet with one of a humorous character, as, for instance the following, in which a writer conjugates the increasing heat of the summer:

"Hot, hotter, hottest; hottentot, hottentoter, hottentotest; hottentissimo, hottentissimus, hot as an oven, hot as two ovens, hot as seven ovens, hot!"

Another, referring to a different season, and not having the fear of Walker before his eyes, ventilated as follows:

"Well, yesterday there was some snow; the thermometer fell low; the frost pinched many a toe, and walking was no go. The hail fell to and fro, as the wind did keenly blow, while beauties looked so so, for reasons we well know, and 'twasn't about a beau, but because it was so co— The rest of this word froze on our pen, and isn't thawed out yet."

Newspapers are grievously tormented with propositions to advertise and take pay in trade.

One of the most doleful cases was that of the undertaker who tried to drive a bargain for a quarter-column advertisement and pay in coffins! The editor of the Winterset *Madisonian* has had his experience in a similar line. A patent medicine man forwarded his advertisement of "Mrs. Smith's Soothing Sirup," to be paid for in the article advertised. Whereupon the editor and his better-half held a consultation, the result of which was they came to the conclusion they didn't need any soothing sirup!

A Charleston editor, having received from a Northern city a proposition to publish certain advertisements, and take his pay in hoop skirts, replies thus:

"We are almost naked, our family escaped the flames with only what they had on, and nearly nine months have passed since then. Hoop-skirts will not cover our nakedness. Perhaps if you were to make some proposal to accompany them with cloth sufficient to fill up the interstices, they might be made serviceable."

Satirical announcements are not unknown to newspaper literature. Here is one from a Philadelphia paper, in April, 1855, which will be well understood:

"We are gratified to learn from the Buffalo *Democracy* that the 'Spring crop of books' promises well. A distinguished forger and two burglars have their autobiographies in press. 'The History of the Drop Game,' and 'Watch stuffing, by a Connoisseur,' will follow immediately upon the 'Swipesey Bob, the Bold Butcher;' and 200,000 copies, in advance, of 'The Milkman' have been ordered. 'Cold Coffee,' a sequel to 'Hot Corn,' will be issued in May. We learn from entirely reliable sources that 'Toasted Muffins, or the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Auctioneer,' was not written by Mr. Irving, and that Mr. Bancroft will not, at present, acknowledge the authorship."

There is seldom met with a neater morsel of satire than this, which is a good hit at a certain class of advertisements:

PORTSVILLE, July 29, 1866.

"DEAR DOCTOR,—I will be 175 years old next October. For ninety-four years I have been an invalid, unable to move except when stirred with a lever; but a year ago last Thursday I heard of your Granicular Sirup. I bought a bottle, smelt of the cork, and found myself a new man. I can now run twelve and a half miles an hour, and throw nineteen double summersets without stopping.

"P.S.—A little of your Alicumstoutum Salve applied to a wooden leg, reduced a compound fracture in nineteen minutes, and is now covering the limb with a fresh cuticle of white gum pine bark."

The following supposititious "charge" to an editor (especially supposing him to be newly installed in the "chair"), is quoted as an appropriate close to this article:

"*Firstly*—If any be in this office by purpose, he is not by rights. No boy was ever brought up for an editor. No father ever thought, 'I will educate my son for an editor.' No aspiring young man ever said, 'I will be an editor.' It is an accidental succession. Now if you desired to be an editor, lived for it, saw it coming, calculated it a week before you found yourself one, you are not in the regular line. (This is to test your calling.)

"*Secondly*—If you have any particular friend go and embrace him for the last time. For when you refuse his advice 'how to make your paper more interesting,' or exercise the editorial discretion in declining an article that he said, in a N.B., 'you might do as you

liked with it, without the least offense,' he is off, and ever after offish. (Encouragement.)

"*Thirdly*—Make to yourself friends of the Postmaster-General, and all the postmasters in particular. (Reasons obvious.)

"*Fourthly*—Do all the good you can, and as little harm: for these will be your main chances.

"*Fifthly*—Put away that delusive notion that all honest people pay their debts. (Exceptions.)

"*Sixthly*—Blessed are they that expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed; as you certainly will be if you expect an easy life or a rich living. (Instance.)

"*Seventhly*—Acquaint yourself early with those agents who do nothing, and strike them off, and those patrons who consider they do a favor by reading the paper, and have nothing to do with them. Neither ever yet supported a paper, and the more such friends it has the worse for it.

"*Eighthly*—Reject many of your own manuscripts, as well as other people's.

"*Ninthly*—Never think you are done, or through when you are through—begin again.

"*Finally*, and to conclude—Look out for all things. Be prepared to go through thick and thin—especially through thin."

HELD BY A THREAD.

I.

IT was a dismal sort of a day; an unbroken, lead-colored sky, and an ooze of rain, which some of the young ladies persisted in calling a sea-fog, though repeatedly informed by such high authority as Captain Jack Steyner, of the gun-boat *Muscatelle*, that it was a "stiff land-breeze." But how could they understand about land-breezes and "sou-easters," these girls who spent their lives on croquet-grounds? They were at Newport, and of course it was a sea-fog—one of the famous Newport fogs, which would serve them as a bath of beauty.

"Sea-fogs are so nice for the complexion," lisped Fanny Rowley, with a little ecstatic sigh of satisfaction, right in the face of Captain Steyner and his assertion of land-breezes.

Steyner didn't attempt to reassert himself. He wasn't a man to make repetitions, but a little satiric smile stirred the heavy mustache a moment as he listened. And then, when two or three more of these Rowley girls—for half the inmates of the house seemed to be Rowleys—took up the same lisping cry, "so nice for the complexion, etc.," Captain Steyner thought inwardly: "What fools girls are!"

They couldn't play croquet that morning, on account of the weather, so the pretty white jeweled hands were busied over pretty work of some kind or other. There were heaps of bright wools—all rainbow-tints and sunset-splendors seeming to fuse in their brilliant dyes. There were glistening, flossy silks dripping down from crochet-hooks, and flecking the white hands, with shimmering lustres. There was all that white mystery of countless stitches in braiding and *broiderie Anglaise*, and snowy wefts of chains and wheels, which make the wonder-world of knitting and netting.

"What's the use of all this?" asked Captain Jack, rather contemptuously, as he paused in his quarter-deck stride up and down the room.

"It diverts our minds in a safe and healthy way," answered one of the fair workers, in a demure voice.

If you had been looking, you would have seen Captain Jack turn quickly at this voice and dart a sharp glance at the owner of it. But he was too late to see the little involuntary grimace she had made over his speech, and the twinkling sarcasm in her eyes was hidden by the white drooping lids.

Observe this worker. She is sitting at the left of the great window, slightly apart from the rest of the girls. A sweet yet spirited face, showing capacity for a variety of emotions, shines calmly now beneath that "fawn-silk hair." The head itself would be a study if that hair—curled and frizzed and bowed and banded and puffed, and stuck all over with little quivering bows—didn't so cover and conceal the natural outline that you could make no guess at it. But the firm chin, the full closed lips, that never loll open-mouthed on any occasion of speech or silence, indicates the character you would find under the "fawn silk" fashionable wonder of hair-dressing.

She is the very smallest person in the party—even Margie Rowley, with her thirteen years, outmeasures and outweighs her in physical proportion. But when this little creature comes walking down the room there is something imposing about her, something which gives the idea of height. And it is this quality, or this power within her, which makes her presence felt though she sits silent. That charming Mrs. Howard, who talks so animatedly of spheres, etc., would tell you that Miss Erly's magnetism was strong. Whatever it may be, it is very certain that Maud Erly is not a person to be overlooked, or left "to bloom unseen." There goes that clear-headed, and some say a little cold-hearted, Captain Steyner now; and, for the life of him, he can't help being stirred with curiosity or interest or some such emotion at this slight remark of Maud Erly's, in reply to his question of use.

The Captain didn't stop to analyze the cause of his emotion. Nobody ever does in the first of an acquaintance, for the emotions are involuntary; but he knew that he was not indifferent to Miss Erly's opinion sometimes. When he had said a while before, "What fools girls are!" he didn't mean Maud Erly. He knew very well that she wasn't a fool, though she tortured her hair into all those bows, and bands, and frizzes, and was to the full as fashionable as her neighbors—all of which things or tendencies were very distasteful to Captain Steyner. She did worse than this too, in his eyes. She danced and rode, and report said flirted—but that isn't to be depended upon—with Mark Rowley, the emptiest-headed young dandy of the season. And not only this, but she had some of those curious fashionable faults of evading and ignoring any thing which she wished to get over. Sometimes to this stern sailor these things looked like very undignified falsehoods.

And yet, notwithstanding all this, Captain Steyner could not help paying a certain deference to Maud Erly. Not because she was pretty; not because she was popular; not because she was bright, and arch, and entertaining to an unusual degree did the man whom other men called cold pay her deference; but because of that-mysterious quality, or qualities, which you may call character, or magnetism, or what you will, but which is certainly power, and which makes itself felt beneath the most glaring artificial exterior. Character can not hide itself for any length of time. It may be subject to *misunderstanding* and false judgments by the manner of its interpretation through the person, but, given time enough, and the deep underlying truth will inevitably make itself felt. Thus, in spite of himself and his misinterpretations, and his false judgments of Maud Erly in many ways, the corresponding angel in his own soul would not let him go utterly astray from her, nor do her entire injustice. So on this lowering day, as he paced up and down the drawing-room, he felt the light sarcasm of her tones above and beyond all the sweet cooing insipidity of the Rowley girls; and he turned at last shortly about, as if half against his better judgment, and flung himself down into a great Sultana chair, which stood close by the window where she sat. As he did so he gave utterance to one of those hackneyed remarks which serve the brightest as well as the dullest sometimes.

"You are very industrious, Miss Erly."

"Yes; we women have the advantage of you men in such industry."

"Why—how?"

The Captain had lost his *brusque* air, and showed his real interest in her expected reply. She drew out her little black shuttle, with its white weft of thread, held it a moment suspended, inactive, as she said:

"Why—how? Because we can thus work off our restlessness of a rainy day at our fingers' ends—harmless, as I said before." And here she laughed up easily in his face.

A flush crossed the Captain's cheek. "You mean a sarcasm, of course," he blurted out in his direct, bluff way.

"No—do I?"

"Do you not?"

"Nay! you have already made the assertion that I do. Prove it, or state it, if you please."

There was a curious pause. In it the Captain looked straight into Miss Erly's eyes for one, two, three moments; and Miss Erly did not flinch from the gaze. One, two, three moments more, and then he exclaimed:

"Miss Erly, why do you tilt your lance so constantly at our sex?"

"I was not aware—"

"I beg your pardon, you—"

"You certainly are, you were about to say, Captain Steyner; you need not have hesitated. But go on; tell me more about myself. I am getting interested in Miss Erly." If she had not spoken in the softest tone, and glanced at

him in the gayest manner, there might have been a suggestion of impertinence in her words. Captain Steyner was evidently a little suspicious of this; but after one of those cool, keen glances of his, he answered her by quietly taking up the gauntlet she had so gayly flung down.

"I'll tell you what I know, or, rather, see of Miss Erly. She has, I think, a quick, intuitive mind, which would, I should suppose, lead her to see things and people as they are. Yet, in spite of this, she appears to persistently look upon life in a cynical and distorted manner, seeing things as they are not. This is a bad habit, Miss Erly, though I know it is a fashionable one."

There was a slight curl to Miss Erly's lip, and a little look of disdain in her eyes.

"So you think I affect disbelief and cynicism because it is a fashion?" she asked, in a low, even voice.

"I can not help thinking so; for how should a girl of your age have such bitter knowledge of the world as to tilt her lance from experience against all men?"

"How old is this Miss Erly whom you know, Captain Steyner?"

"Not over twenty, I should say."

"She is twenty-six, Captain Steyner."

"It isn't possible!"

"Not only possible, but true. If you are still inclined to doubt, and are sufficiently interested to investigate, we have a family register not quite a hundred miles from here."

Captain Steyner leaned back in his chair without reply to this. There was a little sense of confusion in his mind, a slight tinge of mortification. He had blundered somewhat. This woman of twenty-six he had treated in some ways like a child, and he felt as if she were laughing at him for it. But immediately following came a feeling of indignation against her. A woman of twenty-six, with a clear and open mind, giving herself up to the falsest follies of the world! So he sat in judgment again. And meanwhile there sat Miss Erly, weaving her little shuttle in and out of the white thread loops with the smallest, whitest fingers, I think, the Captain had ever seen.

But what did he care for white fingers, and all those fairy movements? Character, Principle, Individuality, these were the Captain's hobbies; all else was of little interest to him, he said to himself. Yet why did he keep watch with such fascinated eyes upon those swift-flying fingers? Why, when he slept, did those delicate hands haunt his dreams, weaving their snow-white meshes? Why indeed! Do you think the Captain asked himself those questions? Not he.

II.

"We are going to the Glen—a kind of picnic, you know—won't you go with us, Captain Steyner?"

Captain Steyner lifted his hat to Mrs. Macy and her invitation, but declined.

"I don't like your friend Steyner, Tom," she said to her brother just after.

"No—why?"

"He gives himself airs."

"Jack Steyner?"

"Yes, Jack Steyner. He appears to think that all our ways and amusements are greatly beneath his level. I hate such people. They are nothing but whited sepulchres themselves."

"Well, that may be about 'such people,' but Jack isn't one of those 'people,' Kate. He hasn't much *savoir faire*, perhaps, and all that sort of thing, but he's a thoroughly good fellow. He's been in the service, you know, a long while, knocking about at sea half the time, and I dare say he's a little rough with women."

"I don't care for his roughness. It's his *superior* air. That's always so disagreeable."

Tom laughed, and attempted no further vindication. "It was of no use," he always said, "trying to overcome a woman's prejudice." Mrs. Macy went down the piazza after this talk, and joined the party waiting in the carriage-drive. There were all sorts of turn-outs, from a barouche to an English dog-cart; red wheels and yellow wheels; and gold and silver mountings glistened gayly in the sunlight. Maud Erly stood drawing on her gloves with an absent, waiting air, as Mrs. Macy came along.

"Are you going with the Rowleys, Maud?"

"Yes. I can't think what keeps them; they are usually very prompt."

At this moment a footman in livery approached, and touched his hat to Miss Erly, offering at the same time a note to her. She ran her eye over it hastily, and then commenced drawing off her gloves.

"What is it—any thing the matter, Maud?" questioned Mrs. Macy.

"They have had a telegram from Baltimore. James Rowley is dead."

"Bless my soul! Uncle James Rowley! as Lou calls him. The only one of the family who has any brains—I beg your pardon, Maud."

"What for?"

"Well, you are intimate there, and—and—there is Mark—" blundered Mrs. Macy.

"Well, what of Mark?"

Maud Erly was so cool and unembarrassed that it was rather hard upon Mrs. Macy.

"Well, I don't know; but you have been riding with him a good deal, and people will talk, and some have said—that—"

"You needn't hesitate, Mrs. Macy. Some have said that I was engaged to Mark Rowley. I am not. But I don't despise him, though he may not have 'much brains,' as the saying is, for he has what is better, though he is a dandy—a kind heart. Don't repeat my long speech, Mrs. Macy."

"No, I won't, Maud. But you must forgive my light way about the brains. I don't know the Rowleys as well as you do."

"Oh, you are quite in the right about it, in one way; but I don't think so much of mere

intellect as I used, Mrs. Macy; a kind heart is better than intellect."

"But where they are united, Maud, it is better still; and that isn't unusual, certainly."

"Well, perhaps not; but sometimes I have thought the intellect was a snare to pervert the heart."

Mrs. Macy looked at Maud Erly curiously. It was queer, this little grave, metaphysical outbreak upon this occasion, but then Maud *was* queer. She never looked nor talked as she was expected to do. As Mrs. Macy pondered this up came her brother Tom.

"Ready, Kate? Where are you going, Miss Erly?" to Maud, who was turning away. "Aren't you of the party?"

"I was, but the Rowleys can't go."

"Oh yes, I heard. But it's too bad not to have you with us. I wish our carriage wasn't full."

"So do I," spoke up Mrs. Macy, cordially.

"What's that—you're not going, Miss Erly?" inquired some one else. "It's a shame!"

Captain Steyner here presented himself, hat in hand, with a slight look of half haughty embarrassment, which wasn't unbecoming.

"If Miss Erly will allow me, I should be happy to drive her to the Glen."

Miss Erly lifted a face of quick amazement. There was a momentary pause of surprise and indecision, and the next moment he was handing her into a dark green landau.

"Well, I *never*—" began Mrs. Macy.

"What now?" interrupted her brother.

"What's up? You never what?"

"I never knew any thing so strange as this sudden move, Tom. Fifteen minutes ago he refused my invitation flatly, with one of his grand airs. And suddenly he appears, like the Prince in the fairy tale. Where did he get his carriage, I should like to know?"

"Softly, Kate; you're getting into an awful boggle. I dare say he refused your invitation fifteen minutes ago. But *five* minutes ago he came up and found the fairy Princess in a fix, and his gallantry came to the rescue. Don't you see?"

"I see that, but I don't see where that carriage came from. Did he transform a pumpkin—old style?"

"He did better. With what you would call one of his grand airs, perhaps, but which I call his alert, decisive way merely, he negotiated in two or three ways with Eustace, who had just come driving down from the avenue. Eustace was very glad to oblige him, for he's fond of Steyner, as you are not, Mistress Kate."

"No, but I rather like this new move of his, however. I've got a clew, Tom. Drive fast, I want to follow it out."

"Sit still, Kate, or you'll be out of the carriage as we turn these corners."

The green landau came whirling in, just as they entered the grounds, and Captain Steyner assisted Miss Erly to alight with as matter-of-fact an air as if he had been accustomed to the courtesy for a score of years.

Nobody could have been more astonished than Maud Erly at the turn of affairs, but she kept all sign of it out of sight, after that first amazed glance, and was as much at her ease, and wore as matter-of-fact an air as her companion; so, if Mrs. Macy thought to follow her clew through any sentimental windings, she was mistaken this time.

It was a perfect day, not a cloud in the sky, and a breeze that was the breath of Heaven. On the soft sward strolled or reclined the party, pictures of idle happy ease. Only Maud Erly was employed. That "everlasting tating," as one of the Rowley girls had it, kept her hands in that swift noiseless movement.

"It's all an affectation," sneered one of the women who didn't like Maud Erly.

"She is quite aware of the fact that her hands look never so fascinating as when using that little black shuttle."

Captain Steyner overheard this remark without recognizing it as a woman's spite. And looking at the dainty little figure, throned like Titania in the mossy cleft of a tree, laughing, chatting, or listening, with a smiling face, to a court of admirers, while those fairy fingers, jewel-touched, here and there, flew fleetly backward and forward, like coquettish beckonings of some elfin wood-nymph—looking at all this, his old suspicion of her sprang up afresh. With all her intellect she was full of artifice and deceit; a vain and heartless woman doubtless, ambitious of a worldly marriage with such a man as Mark Rowley. He ground his teeth at these thoughts, and called himself a fool for his pains that day. Yet spite of such judgment he somehow found himself in her vicinity very often. "Courtesy demanded it," he would have told you, "as her attendant cavalier." And in this vicinity he could not, I suppose, keep his eyes from following those flying fingers, though bent, as he suspected, on vain display.

"What quantities of this stuff you must make, Miss Erly," remarked Mrs. Macy's brother, as he too watched the flying fingers.

Miss Erly smiled assent.

"Such industry would achieve great results on great objects," growled the Captain.

"It does, Captain Steyner," responded Miss Erly, with an inscrutable smile.

"Yes, yes," laughed one of the court of gentlemen; "the achievement is our enslavement. Don't you see it is witch-work—only an excuse to make magnetic passes at us? Here we are, all lured on by a thread!"

The rest, all but Captain Steyner, applauded this ingenious gallantry of young Halford's. Steyner thought: "So this is part of her work. She shall not lure me on." And directly he made one of his satiric speeches at her, which apparently did him much good.

"What ails Steyner? he's as sharp as a needle and as rough as a chestnut-burr with Miss Erly," asked and commented young Halford of Tom Blanchard.

"Well, you must ask Steyner himself, Hal-

ford. I don't pretend to understand him or his moods," Tom answered, guardedly. But riding home with his sister he was more confidential of his thought when she put the same question: "What *does* ail Steyner to be so snappish to Maud Erly? I think he's the rudest man I ever met."

"Kate, you women don't half understand men, though you think you do. I suspect that the old ailment of Love affects our friend Steyner, though he probably doesn't know it."

"Well, I wouldn't evince my love if I was he by striking a woman in the face like a big bully."

"Sh—, Kate, how you talk! Don't you see that a man in love is like a woman in love? If there is the shadow of a chance to get suspicious and jealous they'll improve it, because, with the one just as with the other, when an object becomes valuable in our eyes the imagination very often becomes morbid, and creates doubts and fears unknown in a calmer state. You women make the great mistake of thinking that men can do any thing they wish to do. You are all wrong. We wait and doubt, and hesitate and question, fearing all the time that we are being fooled."

"I don't believe a word of it, Tom."

"Well, it's true, if you don't."

"Where did you learn all this, pray, Master Tom?"

"Oh, I've been through the fire, Kate, though I didn't cry out at the time," laughed Tom.

"Did the fire burn deep?"

"It left a scar, Kate, which we won't discuss now;" and Tom Blanchard turned his kind, bright face toward his sister with a graver look than was usual, and the next moment he was chaffing her in his gayest manner about her "glower" at Steyner, as he called it. And the next moment they were at the hotel, and there was Steyner smoking furiously as he paced the piazza.

"In love!" flung out Mrs. Macy, disdainfully. "Nice lover that. He's driven her home like a whirlwind, that he might puff at that nasty pipe."

"Here, don't you go to abusing pipes now, Mrs. Macy," said Tom, laughing at her vehemence. But Mrs. Macy abused every thing connected with Captain Steyner. She "couldn't bear him," she said, "he put on such airs."

III.

The days came, and the days went. Bright and beautiful days of summer skies and summer wind, that seemed as if they might have set to the music of happiness every living thing. But the heritage of earth hung heavily over many hearts in spite of all this beauty. Maud Erly, sitting on one of these days by the long, open window, chanted that old song which tells this sad human story better than any other:

"Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care?"

"Who's full of care this lovely morning—not you, Maud, are you?" asked Mark Rowley, stepping in over the low window lintel.

"We're all of us full of care, Mark," answered Maud, in her airy, half-satiric way.

"No, by Jove! not all. There's lots of fellows as gay as larks."

"You, for instance, Mark."

"Well, I might be, Maud, if—if—Maud. There's a little thing I've wanted to say to you for a good while."

"Don't say it, Mark—don't say it. It's better not," interrupted Maud, with a sudden pained prescience of what this "something" was.

"But, Maud, I had rather—"

"No, no, Mark; I am in no mood to listen to any thing serious. My mind is full of an old pain which makes me full of care as the song says. It's an old story, Mark. I loved somebody once, and I suffered and lost through it. My mind is full of the suffering now, so that I have no room for any thing else, Mark."

So she saved Mark Rowley from mortification by this bitter confession. Some people would have said that there wasn't enough in Mark Rowley to appreciate this; but there was. He seemed like an empty-headed little dandy; but he had a kind heart, and I think on this occasion it was sorer for Maud than for himself.

"Don't say any more, Maud," he said. "I am very sorry—but I didn't know—"

And Maud, here looking up into his pitying face, suddenly put out her hand.

"Mark, we'll be good friends always."

"Always, always, Maud!" And then he got up and walked away, more agitated than he had ever been in his life before. And Maud, sitting there where he had left her, did not remark the soldierly figure that presently cast a long shadow in the sun. But there he stood—Captain Jack Steyner—*held by a thread*. To be more explicit, if not more expressive, as Captain Jack came sauntering down the avenue, he had, in glancing up, caught sight of a small, familiar hand, flying backward and forward on that slender fairy line of white weaving. It was the old fascination—the old irritation too. Why, I wonder, did he stop there? Why did he deliberately stay his steps to watch that "witch-work," as young Halford called it? I think he could hardly have told you himself; but certain it is that, as he observed her on this morning, as he caught the fragment of the old plaintive song that floated over her work, all his fierce resolves, all his stern defenses broke down, and obeying the swiftest impulse of his life, he crossed the sward, he made two or three quick strides over the dividing piazza, and in over the low window lintel, as Mark Rowley had gone before him, he suddenly appeared to her. As swiftly as he had come he made known his errand to her. You could scarcely have called it a wooing, you could scarcely have called it a suit he was urging. It was more like a confession which could

be stayed no longer, which he hardly expected would be met with any favor, and of which none knew the folly more than himself.

Maud Erly had listened to passionate protestations, to all manner of tender and ardent vows, but she had never listened to any thing like this. At first a spark of fire lit her eye at the singular tone he took, but at the last a softer look came into her face, for over and above all she recognized that this man was sincere, and so she answered him; but to save her life she couldn't keep that little string of indignation from quivering through. He meant well, doubtless, she told him, but he had made some great mistakes. The quiet of her voice, her manner, misled him; and what were these mistakes he persisted in knowing?

Then her patience gave way.

"What were these mistakes?" You have utterly and thoroughly misunderstood a woman, and done her entire injustice from entire ignorance of her life or her motives; and you have made your unjust judgments only from the narrow prejudices of your own mind, and the most external trifles. Then again—and here a little girlish malice showed fire—"you presumed unwisely in supposing that I should feel honored by a confession of a passion which implies such misapprehension."

And then she stood up in her small stateliness and bade him good-by and good-morning in a breath. There is a force in truth so indignantly uttered sometimes, which makes itself felt spite of anger and prejudice. So now the truth in this girl made itself apparent to Captain Steyner; and for the first time in his acquaintance with her he felt, as he ought to have felt long before in regard to her, like a great blundering fool! In this healthy condition he went up stairs to pack his trunk. As he was cramming his things in, with that charming confusion which gentlemanly hurry is apt to produce, he caught a glimpse from the window which arrested his industry, and which called forth the exclamation, "Bless my soul!"

He left his packing and ran down with all speed to meet upon the threshold of the hall the person he always spoke of as the best friend he had in the world. "I am delighted, Mrs. Hayes;" and he put out both his hands to the pleasant-faced elderly lady before him.

"What, *you*, Captain!" exclaimed Mrs. Hayes, and then she shook his outstretched hands and declared her pleasure at meeting him. A pleasure and a relief too, for she was alone, "and an old woman needs a friend more than a young one at these gay places," she said, laughingly.

Well, what could Captain Steyner do now? He couldn't run away and leave this old friend, whose husband was once his superior officer, and the kindest gentleman in the world. Of course he couldn't. That packing must stop. It would be awkward meeting Miss Erly! To be sure; but we can't always run away from awkward things, and he wouldn't make himself

a coward by doing so now. Thus it came about that Captain Steyner stopped his packing and staid; and thus it came about that, instead of drinking his solitary cup of tea on board one of the Sound boats that night, he was taking Mrs. Hayes in to supper at the Ocean House.

"Such a leviathan of a place for a lonely old body like me! I'm glad you're here, Captain, for I don't see a face I ever saw before—why, bless my heart! Maud, Maud Erly, my dear child, is this you? and I was just saying to Captain Steyner—Captain Steyner, this is one of my pets, Maud Erly. I was just saying to the Captain that I didn't see a face I had ever seen before. Well, this *is* pleasant! Who are you with? Oh, the Rowleys!" and talking, hand in hand, the two ladies went on straight to the Rowleys' table, and, of course, the Captain must follow.

If ever a man was in a fix, wasn't he? There, opposite to him, sat the man of all others he thought he had cause to detest, Mark Rowley. Poor Mark! And all around and about were those, chattering, giggling Rowley girls! And Captain Steyner ground his teeth. And all the while Maud was as cool and commonplace as that slice of bread-and-butter she held to her lips. And Captain Steyner ground his teeth over this too.

Later he sat and talked with Mrs. Hayes, and ground his teeth still more at what she had to tell him.

"I'm so glad you know Maud Erly," said unsuspecting Mrs. Hayes. "She's one of a thousand, Maud is."

Here was a startling verdict from a staid and sober matron about a girl he had patronized, not to say snubbed, for her shortcomings. A girl in a thousand, was she?

How was she, he wondered. He determined to find out; and he *did* find out. It did not take much or very deep questioning to set Mrs. Hayes to talking about Maud Erly. "*She* marry Mark Rowley!" answered the good lady, at some remark the Captain insidiously flung out—"not she. The Rowleys are fond of her, and perhaps Madame Rowley would favor the match, for though Maud hasn't a penny, they are rolling in riches, and Madame is sensible enough to know that Maud would help Mark on wonderfully; but it will never be."

Captain Steyner breathed lighter, though Heaven knows why, for he knew by this time certainly that he had not much chance himself.

"No, it will never be," went on Mrs. Hayes, decidedly. "That family of hers tried to marry her to young Clarkson, and because she disappointed them they have almost given her up. Why what do you think—that girl actually clothes herself by the industry of those little hands and the French knack she has, because those aunts and cousins of hers—she has no nearer ties you see—because they have made her dependence so disagreeable since her refusal of Clarkson."

"Industry—what can she do?"

"Why she is never idle. Haven't you seen her constantly with some little delicate white work in her fingers? She makes all that pretty stuff we women use for trimming."

"Bless my soul!" cried out Steyner, with such emphasis that Mrs. Hayes fairly jumped.

"And not only that, but she finds time to be the help and comforter of many a sad soul. Such deeds as she has done during this war—nothing ostentatious, but quiet way-side helps I call them. She was fairly worn out this spring, and I'm glad the Rowleys brought her here." So Mrs. Hayes kept on her praises, and Captain Steyner listened in mortification and humiliation of spirit, as was good for him.

The next time he met Maud Erly his colors were at half-mast, and I think Maud suspected the reason, for she knew Mrs. Hayes's opinion of her, and knew that Mrs. Hayes was fond of telling her opinion. It is very certain that if Captain Steyner loved this girl in spite of what he thought was reason and religion before, he loved her tenfold more now that he found she was a great deal better than he was himself. He had generosity enough for this, which every body hasn't. But he had made such a mess of it he shrank from any more confessions. But Heaven sometimes, perhaps always, gives us better than our deserts. So now, in the case of Captain Steyner, the roughness of his way seemed presently smoothed out for him; for, with Mrs. Hayes for a third companion, every thing went on so pleasantly that by-and-by Steyner felt that Maud Erly at least bore him no malice. And by-and-by—and by-and-by—there he was one morning again, talking the matter all over—actually telling her that he considered himself a great blunderer, and suing her forgiveness, the brave fellow! He did not speak of love; but when Maud, moved by his words, turned a soft glance upon him, hope sprang up suddenly like a flame, and as suddenly he said: "Maud—Miss Erly, sometime perhaps I may convince you how sincerely I have loved—how sincerely I *do* love you at this day, and if—"

A deep blush rose to Maud Erly's cheek. "I never doubted your sincerity, Captain Steyner; but the mistake you made was more unfortunate than you know. Listen a moment. Four years ago I suffered so sharply from misapprehension that I have been sore and sensitive to a morbid degree ever since. I said then that I never would trust my love or my friendship with any man whose nature it was to doubt and distrust."

"But, Miss Erly, consider my life—a rough sailor, you know, with little knowledge of the ways of the world of fashion."

"Then you should have doubted yourself and your power of judging, not another of whose life you knew nothing."

"That is true; but, Miss Erly, I think we men always judge differently from you women. I think we are more inclined to suspicion, and perhaps doubt most where we love most at first."

"That seems so horrible to me, Captain Steyner. This man, whom I loved four years ago, believed that when I parted from him one night with kind and tender words that I was simply amusing myself—playing with the most sacred expressions the heart knows. And he met me on that ground!"

There was such a desolate ring in her voice here, such a deep, deep hurt that Captain Steyner, listening to it, almost gave up his cause. But there are some men generous enough in their natures to love most and cherish most tenderly those who have suffered. Pity they say is akin to love. Certainly it does not detract from it; and though I am not going to end this story up with a marriage, I will tell this much—that the last I saw of Maud Erly and Captain Steyner, she was sitting by the window making passes at him, as young Halford has it, with that white witchwork of hers. And I thought as I looked at the two faces that Pity was a very close bond, and that Steyner was still HELD BY A THREAD.

HEREAFTER.

Love, when all these years are silent, vanished quite and laid to rest,
When you and I are sleeping, folded into one another's breast,
When no morrow is before us, and the long grass tosses o'er us,
And our grave remains forgotten, or by alien footsteps pressed—

Still that love of ours will linger, that great love enrich the earth,
Sunshine in the heavenly azure, breezes blowing joyous mirth;
Fragrance fanning off from flowers, melody of summer showers,
Sparkle of the spicy wood-fires round the happy autumn hearth.

That's our love. But you and I, dear—shall we linger with it yet,
Mingled in one dew-drop, tangled in one sunbeam's golden net,
On the violet's purple bosom—I the sheen, but you the blossom—
Stream on sunset winds and be the haze with which some hill is wet?

Or, beloved—if ascending—when we have endowed the world
With the best bloom of our being, whither will our way be whirled,
Through what vast and starry spaces, toward what awful holy places,
With a white light on our faces, spirit over spirit furled?

Only this our yearning answers—wheresoe'er that way defile,
Not a film shall part us through the æons of that mighty while,
In the fair eternal weather, even as phantoms still together,
Floating, floating, one forever, in the light of God's great smile!

LA BELLE FRANCE: A GLIMPSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

PART I.—PARIS.

UNTIL this year I used to boast with pardonable, or unpardonable, conceit of being one of the very few Britons who have never quitted their native shores. In short, I had never been, nor cared to go, abroad. A condition much reviled and reasoned against by affectionate friends, foreign and English: the former throwing out gentle hints about "narrow-mindedness," "insular prejudices," and so on; the latter enlarging on the endless delights of continental traveling, in the course of which, however, both sides betrayed unconsciously so much that was any thing but delightful, that the skeptic became more skeptical than ever. At length Fate, acting by the tender compulsion with which she does act sometimes, driving us almost against our will to our best interests and keenest enjoyments, smoothed the way toward conversion; and one April day the infidel found herself—scarcely by her own volition, but still without unnecessary repining—on board of a Calais packet.

I make this exordium as a sort of apology for writing on what all the world has already written, and chronicle sights which every body has seen. But not every body sees things with his or her individual eyes, instead of another's; and to go out of one's own country for the first time, with vision fresh as a child's, yet with the experienced observation natural and necessary to middle life, is a combination rather rare. Therefore let me, too, have my little say, in the hope that there may be in it some few things worth saying, even upon such a threadbare topic as continental traveling.

To begin at the beginning. People who have been abroad so early and so often that the original sensation is quite lost, can not realize what it is first to set foot in a foreign country, not as an enthusiastic, impressible young person, but a grown-up Briton, with all one's British prejudices thick about one—arming one's self against all possible and impossible evils, until one begins to feel like Don Quixote with his wind-mill, that it is running a-tilt against perfectly imaginary foes. I shall never forget the sense of mingled amusement and humiliation which came over me, when, on airing my innocent French in its native clime by some simple sentences concerning *bagage*, I was answered—"Madame will find it in de next room;" and when the first fellow-passenger that sat down by Madame—who had not yet opened her lips—inquired, in the politest of broken English, "whether she had ever been in France before," Madame altogether resigned herself to her destiny. Her French fellow-creatures appeared to her much like any others; but she felt convinced that she herself must to them bear the mark of the beast—bovine: though it only seemed to secure to

her—would that John Bull would profit by the lesson when he receives foreigners at home!—an extra share of lenient courtesy and kindly consideration.

So here we are at last, in *la belle France*! Strange misnomer! What long, colorless levels of land does that driving rain sweep over! mixing earth and sky in one settled "smudge" of unpleasant neutral tint. The face of the country has absolutely no features at all—never could have, we doubt, under the most favorable weather. For hours we see nothing whatever except forlorn fields, crossed now and then by long double rows of trees, stuck in like pegs in a cribbage-board; and here and there a house or collection of houses, uglier than the very ugliest village in the most commonplace parts of England. If this is *la belle France*!—But let us not be hasty of judgment. The one secret of going abroad with any comfort or advantage is to start with a determination to see not the worst, but the best, of the land and its inhabitants. We do not go to visit a neighbor and eat his bread and salt, in order to pick holes in him and his establishment when we come home.

Nearing Amiens, we begin to perceive, without doubt, that we are in a foreign country. True, the landscape is not unlike our English rural landscape, when especially inane, and the farm-houses and buildings are like most others we know; but there is dawning a difference. For instance, in England we never saw those huge, queerly-harnessed horses, with great sheepskins hung at their necks, on the top of their collars, and bits of shiny brass dangling and jangling about their fore-legs, in a fashion which British Dobbin would never submit to for an instant. And our indigenous British Hodge, how very unlike him is this Norman peasant, in his invariable blue blouse, which dots the view with a bit of refreshing color. He just stops in his plowing or wagon-driving—and what queer-shaped wagons they are!—to look up as the train skims by; and, if near enough, we perceive that he is spare-made, sharp-featured, generally bearded, but has a neatness of costume and intelligence of face rather beyond Hodge's. It sets us moralizing and speculating on his daily life—what sort of cottage or hovel he lives in; what kind of people are his wife and children; and whether, supposing we were to drop in upon them at their supper to-night, we should in the least understand them, or they us, in language, habits, or sympathies, any more than if we had dropped from the moon. This, with only an hour and a half of sea running between! It takes down our insular pride considerably. Truly, the world is a wide place.

The rain lasted incessantly till we came with-

in a few leagues of Paris. Then it ceased; and after safely extricating ourselves from the wild whirl of the *douane*, so trying to John Bull's temper, we passed through a dazzle of shops just kindling their gas in the clear evening twilight, and took refuge in the sober gray comfortable shadows of the Rue St. Honoré.

I shall always like that street—grave, quaint, narrow, with the dignity of the *ancien régime* in its very name. I had French ancestors who doubtless walked there, and shopped there, buying brocades and fans, and high-heeled shoes, full-bottomed wigs, rapiers, and swords; nay, perhaps shed a few drops of honest Huguenot blood there, in the sad Saint Bartholomew days, though the history of France was yet clear of guillotines and *coups d'état*, and its old men could not say, as I heard an old man say once, "Which revolution? I remember four." Now, nothing could look more anti-revolutionary than this quiet old street, in which we sheltered from all the foreboded terrors of Paris in the Exposition time, for three peaceful days. Ay, peaceful, full of the glorious independence of total strangerdom, floating about wide brilliant Paris like two pieces of drift-wood, caught in and amused by any passing current, yet quite free of, and indifferent to, every thing beyond the surface.

No, not exactly so. There are two ways of traveling: simply to see places, to carry away in one's head a grand muddle of towns, churches, picture-galleries; a dead weight of tourist experiences, as cumbrous and lifeless, I was going to say as useless, as a museum of stuffed animals; or else to see human nature—that wondrous mystery, and most difficult study, of which we never can come to the end. We preferred the latter course. Consequently, it did not much matter that our first plunge into Paris was at nine o'clock at night, a soft, warm spring night, with the glittering shops of the Rue de Rivoli on one hand, and the dim gloom of the Tuileries Gardens on the other; while up and down, between light and shadow, flowed the continual human stream, at first so like, but when analyzed so very unlike, that which keeps rolling along our London thoroughfares from dawn till eve, almost from eve till dawn.

To mingle in the crowd was, I own, an entirely new sensation. All was so bright, so pretty, so gay; it felt exactly like a scene in a play. We English women so seldom walk after dark in the streets of our great cities, unless quite obliged, and then we hurry through them, for there is little to attract and much to repel. The lazy gas-light strolling, the gay out-of-door evening life that seems to go on in Paris, and among a very respectable class too, is to us unknown, nay, impossible. Only fancy a well-to-do Bond Street tradesman sitting with his family, sipping their social tea, and taking a friend or two to join therein, on the pavement of Regent Street Quadrant, exposed to the gaze of all passers-by. And what decent English maid-servant would choose to saunter bonnetless, shawless, on her sweet-heart's arm, staring in at

the Strand shop-windows? Yet here they were, men and women, *bonnes*, *ouvriers*, *boutiquiers*, every rank of the *bourgeois* class, apparently; their day's work done, all strolling about, bent upon enjoying themselves. And nothing could be more innocently enjoyable than to watch them doing it. The women, in neat, spotless white caps, young and old, pretty or ugly (though I declare I never saw one really ugly woman all the time I was in Paris, for the very poorest and plainest of them were neat and clean); the men, acute of face, tidy of dress, and oh! so polite of manner; you overheard the very lowest of them addressing one another as "Monsieur" and "Madame," and bowing, or exchanging the civil hand-shake, which seems even commoner in France than with us, for the British workman considers it superfluous to greet his comrade with any thing warmer than a nod of the head, and a gruff "How do, Bill?"

Perfect as we think ourselves, our lower orders might learn a good lesson from the Parisians. How much better, for instance, is that recognized costume, plain and neat, of the whole servant-class, than the tawdry finery that our maid-servants indulge in! If they only knew how much more suitable—nay, to touch still deeper the feminine soul—how much more becoming, is the snow-white cap—what splendid *blanchisseuses* these Paris women must be!—than the tawdry bonnet stuck over with showy lace, and dirty artificial flowers. And what possible harm can it do a man to greet his neighbor civilly, even ultra-politely, rather than grumpily? Why should he not, after work-hours are over, wear a cheery face instead of a sullen one, and enjoy himself as much as he can?

I own I like enjoyment; I admire the sunshiny spirit within which teaches us how to make the best of things without. And I appreciate keenly the small passing civilities—the decimal coinage of daily life, so easy to count and carry about with one; worth little *en masse*, but very useful for the time being. I may not always have a chance of receiving or offering a louis d'or (pardon!—I forget they are now all napoleons); but I can at any time buy a cup of delicious *café* for half-a-franc, or make a beggar happy with a few centimes. As a wise French friend said one day to me, "The difference between you and us is that you try to make life difficult; we prefer it easy. You go about critically, looking out for the bad points in every thing and every body you meet; we are content with their good ones. We like to be happy; you are never quite sure that you ought not to be miserable. You are very good people—you English; but could you not be good in a pleasanter way?"

Perhaps it was the faint stirring of the mercurial "frivolous" ancestral blood; but I own I was touched by the sprightly pleasantness of these Parisians. What their under-current of life may be—whether fair or foul—Heaven knows; but outside there is a cheeriness which

contrasts strongly with the sulky sadness or worn-out sharpness of the faces one sees in London streets and London shops. The shops here—all windows—with half the available stock exhibited therein—the best on the outside, as seems the universal way in Paris—these shops alone were a pleasant sight. Especially with madame the shop-mistress sitting behind—well-dressed, well-looking—her selling ended for the day; knitting or sewing, while she has what across the Tweed we should call a “crack,” with some neighbor as chatty, as polite, and as pleasant-looking as herself. In public, of course; every thing is done in public in Paris—and under the very glare of the gas-light; but madame is quite used to that. Privacy, of any sort or kind, is apparently neither expected nor desired in this curious country, which, with so narrow a line of sea between, seems, in many things, the very antipodes of our own.

This fact began to strike me more and more when, next morning, we went into that solemn old church of St. Roch, in the Rue St. Honoré.

It so happened—without any bigoted intentional avoidance—that never in my life had I been inside a Roman Catholic church. The Presbyterian spirit (not creed, to which I do not own) is perhaps the most opposite conceivable to the spirit of that religion which we Protestants, ignoring the obligations of centuries, are prone to call, insultingly, “Popery,” and abhor and abuse with a virulence proverbial to those animosities which arise between kindred, or between foes who have once been friends. And yet, for me, I must confess that having now seen a good deal of Roman Catholicism as it exists in France—the established worship of the people—I have come away with much more respect for it—much more tolerance—even some sympathy; and yet with a greater objection to it than ever, and a more earnest wish that it may never advance one step more in our own land. I can hardly account for this anomaly of feeling, except by the same peculiarity that would force one to be doubly just to one’s enemies, and doubly careful in judging a person toward whom one was conscious of feeling a vague dislike.

Nothing can be more opposed to our English—or Scotch—devotional idea, than this French church—wide, vaulted, full of gilding and ornament; adorned with painting and sculpture like a heathen temple; sprinkled over with chairs like a concert-room; and circled with an outer stream of people perpetually walking about and staring around them—at the chapels, the pictures, the service, and the worshipers. These latter, all kneeling, and absorbed, every one of them, in an intensity of devotion that there is no mistaking, and which can not possibly be pretense, affect us most of all. We do not care, comparatively, for the fine architecture, the beautiful painted glass, with its “dim, religious light,” the extraordinarily-decked little chapels, and the high altar, with its huge red cross upon a black ground—all these are sensuous external-

ities; but we do care extremely for the spiritual and human element we find here—the atmosphere of earnestness and prayer which seemed to pervade the place. “Prayer—to images!” the anti-Popery reader will indignantly exclaim. Well, perhaps. But in many of our churches nobody attempts to pray at all. In Scotland they stand still, and are prayed to. In England they sit still, and are prayed for. Now these people, old and young, rich and poor, come into the churches and kneel down and pray for themselves. True, it is with fingers pattering over beads, and eyes lifted up to silly little Blessed Virgins of white plaster, belaced and be-crowned; but oh, the eagerness of the faces! Some, hid in retired corners, seemed to carry with them such a weight of grief, of entreaty, of faith, and lay it down at the feet of those helpless figures—those blank-smiling Marys, or most repulsive similitudes of our Lord—that one felt the Divine Spirit beyond it all must have pitied a worship so ignorant and yet so sincere.

Being Passion-week, the devotees were chiefly dressed in mourning: some very richly, in silks and velvets; some in black gowns evidently improvised for the occasion out of shabby wardrobes; and some of the very poorest made no attempt at it at all. They came just as they were—in their daily rags; though a Frenchwoman’s inborn cleverness and sense of *comme il faut* seems to make her wear even her rags respectably, at least when she appears abroad.

I saw here none of the squalidness which one finds mixed up with the same depths of poverty in England. The lowest market-woman, coming in with her basket, setting it down on the church-floor, and popping on her knees beside it—for the advantage of a *prie-dieu* costs a few sous—even she had always a clean cap on, and her dress, however common, was seldom either dirty or ragged. Besides these poor women, too, we noticed a good many children, also of the lowest class, but all very tidy; nay, some of them quite picturesque in their little scarlet *capuchons*, for of course they were chiefly girls—the male element—man or boy—being almost entirely absent from Roman Catholic congregations. They would come quietly in, stare about them a little, as children will, then kneel down and say their prayers with a decorous gravity, as if they really meant it and liked doing it.

And one can well imagine the effect made upon children’s minds—and on those of the common people, who are so like children in many ways—by these large, dim, peaceful churches, filled with all sorts of pretty and awe-inspiring things, dainty Holy Families, large white Christs, sweet-smiling or sorrowful-looking saints, every nook of every chapel turned into a perfect nest of finery; tinsel, gilding, lace, and flowers. Probably the one only sight of the beautiful which the very lowest of the low ever get, is in their churches. But our corresponding class never get it at all.

Whatever we thought of the worship itself—

the morning mass that was going on in two or three places in the church at once—of the intense devotion of the worshipers there could be no doubt. As for the various mummeries—they were unintelligible to us—almost ludicrous—mutterings in an unknown tongue—bowings and scrapings—triple tapping of breasts and elevating of hands and arms—sudden poppings down on one knee and popping up again—and all those various manœuvres, which I do not like to ridicule lest I should be wounding the feelings of some good Christian Catholic to whom they are sacred and dear. Still, to turn from these, and see the ecstasy of devotion on the faces of some of the worshipers, and the grave religiousness written on all, was a very remarkable thing. How they prayed—whether it was mere vain repetition, pattered over with a vague sense that they were thereby helping to “make their salvation,” as they express it—we could not know; but undoubtedly these poor French people did really pray, looking meanwhile as if they believed they should be heard, which is more than can be said of many English and Protestant congregations.

I own they startled me. My preconceived idea of a Roman Catholic church was a mere show—the very essence of show and frippery. Plenty of this I found, it is true; but I also found something else which I did not expect, and which made my heart swell, and inclined me to think higher, not of the Roman Catholic Church, but of Him who is the Fountain of something diviner than all churches, who can use and mould all things—even bad things—so as to evolve good and neutralize evil. This feeling made me tread softly and reverently—as I think I would even in a Mohammedan mosque—rather than insult by word or look my brethren and fellow-creatures, who, however they worshiped, were worshiping one God, and doing it in earnest.

But we could not linger at Saint Roch, for Paris was all before us, with only a day and a half into which to compress it. That we accomplished this: saw two or three other churches, including Nôtre Dame; taking “courses” between from the centre of old Paris to the Bois de Boulogne in the rapidly-rising new city which the Emperor is making; even paid a flying visit to the Exposition, chiefly, I confess, in order to say we had been there, and to hug ourselves in insular conceit upon the vast superiority of our own—that all this was done, and thoroughly done, so far as it went, reflects, we feel, considerable credit upon our ingenuity. Still, it is impossible to give, or to retain, more than a mere impression of the day, in which every thing seems to me now like a “fleeting show” of wide, white streets, busy boulevards, green avenues, bright, hot, statue-decked squares, where one tried vainly to conjure up the rattle of the death-cart and the flash of the guillotine. Only for one moment—standing by Cleopatra’s Needle, in the Place de la Concorde, where Marie Antoinette stood and looked with one

fitting, farewell glance at those same green trees in the Tuileries Gardens—did the past appear at all possible or probable.

Yet these things have been—may be again, who knows? For under all the frivolity and easy *insouciance* of this strange French people lurks something of the tiger—the sudden spring, the mad thirst for blood. We could see it, we fancied, in not a few faces, chiefly of young *ouvriers* and artisans; keen, intelligent, discontented, fierce; men whose life is a struggle and repression; men whom one would not like to watch in a popular *émeute* or to meet at a barricade. We could comprehend how there is going on—as French people own with bated breath—below that smooth surface of Parisian life, a perpetual seething and smouldering, not unlike Vesuvius underneath the vines of Portici. Whether the volcano will blaze out again, in our day or our children’s, who can say?

We left the grand Exposition—that admirable sop to Cerberus, which this year has occupied the attention of the whole French people, and flattered their national vanity by making them hosts to half the world—and took refuge in the cool, gray shadows of the Louvre.

Every body knows the Louvre; I shall not particularize a single object there, except one picture, which nearly obliterated all the others—Murillo’s celebrated “Assumption.” Looking at it one can comprehend the reason why Mariolatry has taken such a firm hold on the Roman Catholic mind—especially the female portion of it—because it touches upon the strongest instinct, the deepest passion in a woman’s breast. Mary Mother, in all her various phases, from the instant which Murillo has here so exquisitely caught, when her pure soul first begins to look forward ecstatically to its maternal hope, until the final moment when all hopes are gone, or changed into a faith diviner still, this mysterious life of motherhood, with its unutterable joy and never-ended suffering, which every woman somehow understands, comes as a sort of shield between poor human nature and the blaze of Deity. It may be a most heretical confession, but I can quite understand why sorrowful, weak, oppressed women, too ignorant to know God, too cowardly to dare to appeal to Him, face to face, take to worshiping the Virgin Mary.

We floated down all the other pictures, many of them familiar from engravings, on a dim, sleepy wave of pleasant weariness, individualizing nothing. In fact, I am afraid I carried away little beyond the general impression of them, and the delicious quiet of the place. There were few visitors, too few to interfere with the numerous students busy at work in every *salon*. Lady students predominated. We noticed, with amusement, that always in front of the most ambitious picture, and copying it upon the biggest canvas, was perched some female artist—often a funny little Frenchwoman, middle-aged and pathetically plain, yet with a toilet always careful, let us say *soignée*,

which expresses it better, in spite of paint-stains and chalk-marks. Moreover, the work was very good, much better than that of the generality of lady artists. It was impossible not to sympathize with these, who evidently earned their bread so hardly; toiling here all day, and going home at night to some humble chamber, *au sixième*; living like solitary winter birds on a bare tree-top, in some out-of-the-world *quartier*, till perhaps, like the birds, they one day drop off it and vanish under the snows.

Of men copyists we saw but few, and these very second-rate. The cleverest had lost his right arm, and was painting industriously with his left. We were so interested in this, and by the intent expression of his gray, worn face, a little severe and saturnine, likewise perhaps by his rather shabby clothes, that we hazarded a brief remark, a question about some picture opposite. Probably he thought it interfered with work, for he answered it so abruptly that we never ventured a second. I only name this as being the sole instance of *brusquerie*—it did not amount to incivility—that I ever met with from a Frenchman.

The day was declining, and we had seen more of French buildings than French people. We looked forward hopefully to the *table-d'hôte*; but, alas! it proved to be almost exclusively English. The British tongue, with Yankee variations, echoed from every side of the *salle à manger*: nay, the very dishes, the half-raw "*bifsteck*," and the still more dreadful *gigot*, had a fatal presumption of being English, which we could not sufficiently deplore. One only *plat*—decidedly novel—a most extraordinary compound of cheese and cauliflowers, caught our insular palate, and has remained there in memory, and hopeless admiration, ever since.

There was nothing particularly to be admired in the company; indeed, I have now forgotten them all, except two people—the only French people, I fancy, among the number.

They were, seemingly, a newly-married couple. He must have been somewhere above five-and-thirty, with a fine, clear-cut, clever face, or rather less merely "clever" than intellectual—one of the *savant* kind, I should say. He had also a look of simplicity and goodness, besides a certain largeness and nobility of outline—Norman French, after the type of the man in Millais's picture of the Huguenots. Indeed, there was an air of gentle blood about him down to his very hands, which were handsomer than one usually sees in Frenchmen. For her—she was lovely: small, delicate, large-eyed: scarcely out of her teens, and as timid-looking as a young hare of the wood. She might never have been across her convent-gate, or out of her mother's sight till now, and she seemed to creep to her husband for protection against this terrible, unknown, outside world. Though she was a little frightened of him, too: stole at him glances of shy strangeness, and colored sensitively almost every time he addressed her.

Obviously, one of those marriages, essentially

French, which we English regard with such holy horror, theoretically: though, practically, many of ours are not a whit better; a marriage arranged by parents and friends, in which the bride has no voice whatever, nor dreams of having one. The pair were exceedingly courteous to one another, but had by no means that air of complete content—even silly content—which our English honey-moon couples show, perhaps a little too plainly. Yet there was something very touching in the quiet, protecting gravity of the bridegroom, the shy, sweet look of the bride. She did not dislike him, evidently—this gentle, honest-looking man, with twice her years, and probably twice her cleverness; whom, in all probability, she had scarcely seen more than a few formal times before she was married to him. Poor little girl! I wondered what sort of woman she would grow up to, whether presently her shrinking shyness would all drop off, and she would blossom out into the married woman—the married Frenchwoman—according to our English ideal of the species, which may be rather different from the reality—lively, brilliant, entirely self-possessed; charming, and conscious of her charms; clever, and making the utmost use of her cleverness, and especially of those qualities in which she surpasses all civilized women—tact, *savoir faire*, and perfect knowledge of the world.

A character—you may like it or not—there is much to be said for and against it; which we quiet Englishwomen are prone to believe the natural outcome of that state of society in which *mariages de convenance* are the rule, and not, as we hope with us, the melancholy exception. The French argue that their system has its advantages. "Oh, I am sure to be married: we have no old maids in France," said to me a lively damsel of fifteen. Plain or pretty, all take their turn, and fulfill what is regarded as the natural destiny of woman, without any of the bitter jealousies and souring disappointments which deteriorate the weaker sort of what are severely called our "surplus females." Also, these plain, outspoken, matrimonial bargains, arranged by parents or friends, avoid at least the personal struggle after husbands, which makes young women often the mock of the other sex, and the humiliation of their own.

Heaven forbid I should be supposed to defend these "arranged" marriages; but before we blame our neighbors we should take care that our own hands are clean. I have seen many a sham sentimental, but in reality most mercenary, union in England, in which the woman seemed to have, and deserved to have, far less chance of happiness than this gentle little French bride. And however unwise and dangerous may be the system of seclusion practiced toward young girls in France, taking them direct from the schoolroom to the altar, still, when I think of this young creature, and of other *demoiselles* I know, and compare them with certain "fast" young English ladies whom I have sometimes met, I confess it feels like turning from a bed

of wild garlic in full flower—country readers will appreciate the force of the simile—to a bank of primroses, or a nooky hollow of blue and white violets.

After the *table-d'hôte* we again threw ourselves into the many-colored stream of Paris life, and were drifted on and on through the lighted streets, until we found ourselves a portion of the queer multitude which nightly sits sipping its *café noir* or *café au lait*, in the square of the Palais Royale. Very curious it was to watch the various groups, and listen to their clatter of tongues. They were apparently of the shop-keeping class—decent, well-to-do families, who in England would retire to the little parlor behind, or take, after business, a quiet stroll in the parks, always ending in either their own or a neighbor's fireside. Here, no such privacy is ever thought of. "Home" is only *chez nous*—in reality as in word; and what to us is an Englishman's castle, his defense against all the world, would to a Frenchman be a sort of Brixton Penitentiary. Still, it is their way, it harms us not, and why should we condemn it? Only we should not like to follow it.

Passing the great gates of Saint Roch, now closed for the first time in the day, we determined to go there again next morning. And so began a series of church visitations, which we agreed was the most interesting part of our traveling. Whenever we saw a church-door open we went into it, rested from fatigue in its cool shadows, and studied life—lay and clerical—from the numberless points of view it afforded us. I can not say that it was to us, in any sense, a "place of worship," though I believe an honest Protestant might say many an honest, reverent, humble prayer in a Catholic church; but it had a certain religious atmosphere, which was soothing and sweet.

This morning at Saint Roch is especially fixed on my memory. Being Thursday in Passion-week, there was something special going on, what, we were too little acquainted with the Roman Catholic ritual to discover. I suspect it was a sort of service which is called *Ténèbres*; at least that was our impression, from the extreme and almost gloomy solemnity of the intoning and chanting which formed the great part of it. It was listened to with earnest devotion by a large congregation, filling an inclosed space in front of the high altar. Before that altar were a number of officiating priests, busy in some performance or other. Oh what a blaze of colors, what vestments, what embroidery and laces! How fine a thing it must seem to be a priest, in the eyes of those little white-stoled boys who go swinging their censers backward and forward, filling the church with a luxurious odor, which, to a sensitive organization, is an intoxication of itself! Undoubtedly the burning of perfumes in religious worship must be a lesson learned from ancient heathendom, which made all the senses subservient to the soul.

In addition to this fixed congregation with-

in, a large ambulatory one was perpetually circulating in the outer area, or praying in the little chapels. A crowd, most conglomerate in character, rich and poor "meeting together," as if they really believed that "the Lord was the maker of them all." Here, for instance, was an old, a very old woman, yellow as parchment, her nose and chin meeting like a witch's, her shabby clothes hanging round her shrunken shape as if upon a scarecrow, and her skinny hands clutching the dirty tattered breviary that was almost dropping to pieces, leaf by leaf; and beside her, so close that the velvet mantle rubbed against the ragged shawl, knelt an elderly lady, dressed in the extreme of fashion, praying out of a splendid gold-embossed prayer-book. Yet the expression of both faces was strangely similar, in its intense absorption, its entire singleness of devotion. Neither noticed the other, though, as I said, their attire actually touched; nor did they notice us, though we stood a long time watching them, and finally left them still kneeling there.

In several chapels I had remarked a queer sort of double compartment, with a foot-stool in each, and a pigeon-hole grating between. To one of these a very decent-looking, comely young woman walked up and knelt down. I followed, being curious to see what it was, till a severe "*Madame, c'est défendu*," compelled my retiring. Soon, threading the crowd, came a priest, in plain black and white vestments, no colors—a little, stout, common-looking man, round faced, with no particular expression; I have seen his prototype in many a pulpit in our own land, and listened to many a dull, harmless sermon from the same. He passed into the inner box to where the young woman knelt, and then I knew I had been boldly marching into the very confessional.

The confession began—of course it was inaudible—but I could not keep my eyes from that kneeling figure; the face hidden, the shoulders actually shaking with excess of agitation. And when I thought of the stolid and stupid-looking man I had seen pass into the opposite pigeon-hole I felt rising up a very un-Catholic spirit of disgust and indignation. What could this poor foolish priest, who was neither husband nor father, and had probably quite forgotten the relations of son or brother—what could he know of human nature, and, above all, of woman's nature, so as to comfort, absolve, or advise, in any case of sin, or suffering, or wrong? The two most obnoxious points, to my mind, in the Roman Catholic Church—viz., the celibacy of the clergy and the system of the confessional—came upon me with such force that I should like to have gone up to the young woman and taken hold of her by those poor quivering shoulders and said to her, "Don't be such a fool. Don't lean your faith upon any priest alive. Carry your burden direct to Him who said to the weary-laden, 'Come.' Put no shield between you and God. A woman should confess her sins to no mortal man—except, per-

haps, if he is worthy of it, her own husband. You poor visionary! rise up from your knees and go home."

Which excellent advice was, of course, neither given nor taken; and I had to move on in smothered indignation, for there was coming round a most magnificent personage, and in such splendid attire, that I first thought he must be some great officer of state, or church dignitary—perhaps even the Archbishop of Paris himself—but he turned out to be nothing more than the *huissier* of St. Roch, that is, the beadle. This grand gentleman, wand in hand, preceded a mild-looking little old priest, who held out a bag for alms, and seldom in vain, even to the poorest. And when they had made the circuit of the church they went back into its centre division, and the service commenced again.

The next half hour I shall not easily forget. The roll of the deep bass voices—such voices as I never heard before in cathedral, or opera, or oratorio—the mingled majesty and pathos of the music, also unlike any music I am acquainted with, as it came rising and falling, thrilling and sweeping, through the arches of the dim, half-lit church—truly the inventors of masses, and Catholic ceremonials generally, knew well what they were about. If I had believed in all this I should have been utterly overcome by it; and even as it was, not believing in it at all, convinced that it was just a beautiful, meaningless show, it affected me to an almost painful degree. Nothing marvelous is there in the fits of ecstatic devotion under the influence of which young Catholics devote themselves for life to the service of the church, become priests, and nuns, and sisters of charity. How easily impressible minds might mistake the raptures of mysticism for the calm, rational faith which works itself out by the humble fulfillment of life's common duties; how naturally might they fancy they could please God and buy salvation by a passion of religious exaltation, or painful asceticism, rather than by the holy delights, and as holy self-denials, which He ordained for man's ordinary career on earth!

We were not near enough minutely to observe the officiating priests; but there seemed a great number of them, and an equal number of acolytes, or whatever they are called—boys and youths growing up to be priests. One could not help thinking what a heavy loss to France, as a country, all these vowed celibates must be: socially, even on the most matter-of-fact principles of political economy, how many useful masters, householders, and citizens are thus taken from the duties of the community; and morally, the loss is still worse. We Britons, expecting to find—and to the credit of our clergy we usually do find—in the minister of our parish a real man, with every good and manly quality fairly developed; a kindly neighbor; a tender husband; a father with a whole household of children to bring up, often through

much poverty, in the way they should go; in many cases adding to these duties external and social ones, such as magistrate, landlord, and general referee—we feel our clergyman to be one of ourselves. We can talk to him and consult him; he can understand our difficulties and sympathize with our cares; for they are nearly the same as his own. But the French *cure*, be he ever so good and sincere a priest—as I believe many of them are—how can he possibly enter into these things? Men of God in all ages have often been solitary men—Elijahs and Pauls; but these are exceptional cases. The question is, whether, viewed as a whole tribe—an integral portion of the community—the priesthood can serve God better as exceptional creatures leading exceptional lives, or as being one with their brethren—serving Him, the Father of all men, with their whole being, instead of only a part of it? Is it not through the sanctification of human nature, rather than the ignoring of it, that we attain to our nearest knowledge of things divine? From God to man, and from man back again to God, seems to be the law of the highest religious life; otherwise it degenerates into mere mysticism on the one hand, and mere morality on the other.

A long homily to spring from the text of this splendid ecclesiastical show. That it was a very beautiful show we could not deny; nor that there might be good in it, of some sort, to some people, since the mere act of faith is an ennobling thing, and almost any kind of worship is better than no worship at all. But when coming out of the church we met a child's coffin coming in—nobody's child in particular, I suppose; for it had so humble a following of mourners—I could not help thinking how small all this pomp of ceremonial was, compared with the little dead body lying under the white pall, or the little spirit far away who might now comprehend the secret of all things.

In an hour more we had quitted Paris, not very regretfully; for its white glaring streets began already to pall upon eyes most accustomed to green fields. It was infinitely refreshing to glide out—French railways never do any thing but glide—into the open country, where the Seine lay in broad, glittering, sunshiny sheets of water on either hand; and the pretty suburban villas and gardens, just like English gardens, with lilacs and laburnums in full bloom, began to grow sparser and sparser as we reached the open country. Real country: the same familiar hedgerows; the same cow-slips in the meadows and primroses on the banks; the same sudden blue of woods full of hyacinths as we passed; yet all this beauty was like Ophelia's rue—"worn with a difference."

I can not describe it. Perhaps it was half imagination; but this day's sensations are never likely to come again until I get into paradise. Every thing was so entirely new, with just enough of the old look of things remaining to remind one of the past. Yet the sense of novelty was not as it almost always is—to me, at

least—rather painful than otherwise. All the world looked so kindly, so lovely, that, though it was altogether strange, one lost that vague dread which always accompanies strangeness, and felt only as if one were born again, and began the world again, looking at it with all a child's fresh eyes. One wondered whether, in the unknown country, where we shall all some day wake up, perhaps as ignorant as little children, perhaps carrying with us some dim remembrance of a former state to guide us in the awful life to come wherein God "shall make all things new"—whether that marvelous awakening will be a sensation any thing like this?

But from such flights of fancy we were speedily dragged down by a clatter of conversation. Never, in any language, did I hear so many words crammed into a given space of time. The incessant *oui, oui, oui*, and *non, non, non, non*, where an Englishman would have contented himself with a single negative or affirmative—the shrugs, the gesticulations, the enormous amount of energy and vitality spent upon what seemed such a small necessity, were quite overpowering. I am sure those two Frenchmen, one of them in particular, talked more in three hours than an ordinary Briton would have done in three months. Not uncleverly: the French have such a brilliant, graceful, and ingenious way of "putting things," even the smallest triviality. From our neighbors' voluminous and voluble gossip—more like a woman's gossip, though they were an elderly and a middle-aged gentleman—I could soon have learned, had I listened, which it was difficult to help doing, all the domestic and social history of the province.

Gradually, however, the talk veered round to politics. At the word Luxembourg, a silent old gentleman at our left hand, who had hitherto distinguished himself chiefly by taking out a huge pork-pie and a huge clasp-knife, upon which he and a youth opposite lunched contentedly; this fat, round-faced, phlegmatic person turned round, his blue eyes glaring, and stammered out a question in the worst possible French. It was answered politely, of course; and the lively French gentleman took the utmost pains to make out his fellow-traveler's meaning. Others helped, and by degrees the whole carriage warmed up into sociability, and made frantic efforts at general conversation. This was difficult, seeing we were two French, two Germans, two English; the French could not speak a word of German or English, the Germans had no English and very little French, the English boasted about six words of German, and as to their French—well! the less conceited they were on that matter the better. Under these melancholy circumstances the way in which we all six jabbered at one another—mutually interpreting or misinterpreting, and resorting mostly to the universal language of signs and smiles—luckily a pleasant face needs no dictionary—was highly creditable to all parties. The more so, as every body being of

strong and diametrically opposite politics, did not add to the calmness of conversation.

The Frenchman and the elderly German immediately split on the subject of Luxembourg. The former leaned forward, his black eyes darting fire, and his long mustache almost standing on end with excitement, and poured forth a torrent of words, happily half unintelligible. The latter sat back, glowing in a dumb white heat of wrath, and imitated the "click" of a musket, as his only available expression of what every German meant to do to every Frenchman rather than resign Luxembourg; at which we all burst out laughing, or else, in plain English (which we found ourselves rapidly forgetting, and becoming polyglotized), the carriage would soon have been too hot to hold us.

Then general and domestic politics took the lead, and we all spoke our minds, and heard our opposite neighbors', pretty plainly. But as this is not the custom in France, and as much that was said was confided to English honor and English reticence, I will not repeat it, though it was the most interesting part of the journey. We turned from that smiling Normandy—its hills and its dales, its pastures and farms, its picturesque villages, towns, and churches, which we caught sight of in passing, and hoped to see more of by-and-by—to the human elements around us: the strong national characteristics which are the finest study of travelers. Of course, they were nothing to us, these strangers—met for an hour, and never to be met again—and yet we felt a vague kindly interest in the honest German who had left his household behind him—and he evidently thought a good deal of *ma famille*—and was going to spend a week with his brother, settled here in France. Also, with less sympathy, but a good deal of curiosity, we contemplated these first specimens of French gentlemen that we had come across—especially the younger one. He, as he talked, convinced us more than ever of that I have before named, the tigerish element, which is never quite absent from the gay French nature. Looking at this man—smiling, courteous, kindly no doubt in his way, yet ready on occasions to blaze up into something which one would rather have in a friend than an enemy, we comprehended how *la Revolution* happened, and why it has changed into *une revolution*—no exceptional tempest, but a sort of everyday whirlwind, which comes to the French people as natural as the air they breathe. How long the next will be staved off—who knows?

The ice once broken, it was wonderful how friendly we all became, how patient of one another's obtrusive nationalities, though the Frenchmen did give a polite shrug or two, aside, at the German's extreme slowness, and the German, walking up and down a station, made two pathetic confidential complaints to us—of the impossibility of comprehending that fast-talking Frenchman, and of the extreme thinness of the Norman beer. Still we amused ourselves much, and got out of one another

an amount of cosmopolitan facts and feelings, enough to ponder and speculate on for many a day. And when we parted—never, certainly, to meet again in this world—it was with *adieux* and good wishes cordial as sincere; which, if any of them ever read this paper—almost an impossibility to suppose—we hereby beg to re-indorse.

And so we came, full of cheery and kindly thoughts and pleasant expectations, to the first break in our journey, a small station about half-way on the Paris and Havre line. The country—and lovely country it is—lay spread out before us, with a sunshiny, welcoming smile; the clatter of strange tongues began to seem less unfamiliar; we had found out that French nature was human nature, just the same as our own. The great lesson for which one goes into a foreign country, to like it, to be content in it, to get over our prejudice against it, and grow humble, rather than proud, by comparisons, was beginning to be learned. *La belle France!* Yes, it was really so to us to-day. And tomorrow? But that must stand over for another paper.

WALTER COLQUITT OF GEORGIA.

IN all that constitutes human capability Walter T. Colquitt was a most wonderfully gifted man. One who knew him well would find it difficult to conceive of any business of life, from the humblest merely physical to the highest purely intellectual pursuit, in which he might not have attained to excellence. In person he was about 5 feet 8 inches in height, and though his weight was over 175 pounds, such was the symmetry of his form and the perfection of his proportions, that while his personal presence never failed to attract attention any where, it was only upon close observation that it was perceived that he was over the medium size. In physical power he was probably never exceeded by any man of his weight, and in all those athletic sports and exercises requiring the combination of strength and activity he rarely, if ever, met his equal.

Commencing the practice of the law about the year 1820 in the county of Walton, then one of the frontier counties of Georgia, and newly settled by as rough and hardy a population as is usually to be found, he at once secured a good practice and acquired great personal popularity.

The combination of those qualities of head, heart, and person, which can secure the love, admiration, and respect of all classes of people, is a rare gift, and seldom possessed in a higher degree than by him. Kind as the sun in his feelings, his hand as open as day to charity, he extended relief to suffering and distress, in whatever shapes they presented themselves, without inquiring very closely how they were produced, or what might be the real merits of the sufferers. He had a benignant smile, and a kind and cheering word for all, and if, in his

intercourse with men, he was at all a respecter of persons, it was in favor of the poor and humble.

Popular as he was personally with all classes, he was not long without enemies. Political feeling was strong and bitter between the Troup and Clarke parties, into which the State was then divided, the latter of which was overwhelmingly in the majority in the county; being of the other party and of an ardent temperament, he was often engaged in political discussions, not unfrequently resulting in rough-and-tumble fights in which he was always victor. In a fighting community the man who whips every body he fights always has friends. He had whipped so many of the fighting men of the opposing party, and had acquired so much strength and influence, that it was deemed necessary that he should be whipped by somebody, as well for the purpose of diminishing his influence as for the gratification of those who had suffered from his prowess. Accordingly, for that purpose a giant of a fellow, by the name of Kelton, who was considered, in the phrase of the country, "by a long jump the best man" in all that region, was imported from a neighboring county by some of the party leaders. They were not long in finding an opportunity of setting him upon Colquitt.

In all the newly-settled counties of the South log rollings, corn shuckings, and quiltings were institutions growing out of the necessities of a sparse population, and combining utility with social enjoyment. Invitations were generally given as far as convenient, rather as information than for any other purpose, for all were welcome. Colquitt, though residing in the village, was frequently specially invited, because having been reared upon a farm he had been accustomed to, and enjoyed them as highly as any of them; and besides, he knew more anecdotes and songs, and told and sung them better than any body, and was particularly popular with the women, old and young, because, as they said, "he was the familiarest and handsomest young man, and the prettiest dancer in the county."

At the quiltings the women of the neighborhood, old and young, were invited to do the quilting, and the men were expected to come in the evening to close up with a dance. Those of the men who did not choose to dance built up a fire of pine-knots in the yard, by the light of which they engaged, as their humor dictated, in jumping, wrestling, pitching quoits, playing "old sledge," or talking; never neglecting the consumption of a reasonable weed, sometimes an unreasonable quantity of whisky. A half-dozen fisty-cuffs were not uncommon, nor generally considered of importance enough to leave any permanent ill feelings between the parties to them.

The better class of country houses were double log-cabins; that is, two log pens, with an open passage or hall ten or twelve feet wide between them, and all under one cover. This

passage served as a place to hang up saddles, bridles, harness, etc.; was used as the dining-room in summer, and occasionally in bad weather as a sleeping place for half a dozen dogs kept for the chase. The chimneys were built of wood and daubed with clay; the fire-places were six or eight feet wide and three or four in depth; in cold weather fires were made in them by piling on logs of oak and hickory.

A quilting at one of these houses had been proclaimed; knowing that Colquitt would be there, his enemies made their arrangements to have their bully Kelton in attendance. It would be a double gratification to have him whipped in presence of the girls.

The quilts had been finished, the room had been cleared, and the dancing had been going on for some time; the logs in the fire-place had burned down to a bed of coals, and one of the benches, which had served as a seat for the quilters, had been set against the wall across the fire-place to be out of the way of the dancing. The men who were not in the dance were variously engaged in the yard; a knot of them, among whom was the bully, was around the whisky-jug. Colquitt was in the house exciting general admiration by his elegant dancing, and securing the favor of all by the exercise of that strange power we sometimes find in men, of impressing upon each individual of a crowd that he is especial favorite, and that without any apparent purpose to produce that effect. He seemed so entirely given up to the festivities of the evening, and to enjoy them so highly; there was so much ease and such an entire absence of care in his manner, that an observer would not have supposed he was cognizant of any thing outside of the room, much less that he felt the slightest apprehension of trouble or danger; nevertheless, the movements in the yard had not escaped his observation. He knew that this man Kelton had been brought to the county to whip him, that he and his backers were there for that purpose, and that the attempt would be made. If he had anticipated a meeting there he would have been accompanied by friends from the village to see him fair play; as it was, he was without a man upon whom he could rely as a friend in such an emergency.

At the close of one of the dances the bully came into the room appearing to be in a passion, and made some rather offensive remarks, evidently intended for Colquitt. They were not actually insulting, but were of a character that might naturally call forth such a reply as would afford a pretext for an attack. Colquitt at once approached him, and with an irresistible kindness of manner said to him: "My friend, I have seen that some of those men in the yard have been urging you to raise a difficulty with me. Why should you and I fight? I know that you have nothing against me. You are counted the best man in the whole country, and I should hate mightily to have to fight you; but I don't think you are going to let

these men make a tool of you to do the fighting they are afraid to do themselves. You and I oughtn't to fight each other any how, when we can do so much better by being friends. With you at my side we could walk over any crowd." They entered into a friendly conversation, which Colquitt closed by saying: "Go back and tell those fellows that Colquitt never did you any harm; that he says, he will fight any of them, or all of them, one at a time; tell them if any of them want him whipped they must do it themselves, and that you will stand by and see there's a fair fight."

Kelton had got into a perfectly good-humor, swore he would do as Colquitt said, and gave him his hand in friendship. But when he went back to the crowd they laughed at him for backing out; they said Colquitt had either scared him or talked him out of it with his smooth tongue, and by dint of ridicule, persuasion, and a few more drinks of whisky, they had him in trim to return to the attack at the close of the next reel. This time they went with him to the door for the purpose of preventing him by their presence from again faltering in his resolution.

Colquitt knew that a fight was now inevitable, and that nothing was left for him but to manœuvre for the advantage. He took his position near the fire, and as Kelton approached commenced talking to him as pleasantly as though he had not the slightest suspicion of his hostile intent. The bully could not commence the fight without some pretext. He did not dream that there was any possibility that Colquitt might commence; and after what had passed between them before, and the very pleasant manner in which Colquitt met now, there was no excuse for a direct insult. He concluded therefore that it was necessary to give his conversation such a bearing as should provoke Colquitt into saying something which he might at least pretend to construe into an insult. Supposing this would consume some considerable time, he deliberately put one foot upon the bench and rested his elbow upon his knee and his chin upon his hand. Being a very tall, as well as a very large man, this brought his head about upon a level with Colquitt's shoulder. He then made some remark which, under other circumstances, Colquitt might have resented as insulting; but he laughed and joked as though he considered it all in fun. The fellow was chewing tobacco; soon he turned his head to spit in the fire; the moment he did it, Colquitt, throwing all his force into the blow, struck him just under the ear, knocked him over the bench into the fire, and, jumping over the bench, commenced kicking and stamping him. As soon as they could reach him the men at the door pulled him away and drew him into the middle of the floor. In doing this they overturned the bench. Bully scrambled out of the fire and they released Colquitt; but they released him a moment too soon. Before Kelton had fairly straightened himself Colquitt sprang

at him, knocked him back into the fire, and seizing hold of the log above the fire-place, held on and kicked and stamped him for several seconds before they could succeed in breaking his hold upon the log and pull him away. Bully again crawled out of the fire badly burned, and though he came from so warm a bed he was perfectly cooled—the fight was all gone out of him.

This was the last attempt that was made to whip Colquitt. Shortly after this he was elected by the Legislature Judge of the Superior Courts of a circuit newly formed in another part of the State, to which he removed. About the same time he became a member of the Methodist Church, and to the office of Judge added that of local preacher. To this day, however, the old men of that region tell over his exploits, and assert that in his prime he was able to whip any man in the world.

In the beginning of life he was considerably addicted to horse-racing and gambling, in both of which he was eminently successful. It was his delight to be enticed into a game by the professional gamblers, and numerous are the anecdotes which were current of the fleecings they received at his hands, when they supposed they were catching “a sucker.” The almost entire absence of beard and the freshness of his complexion gave him a very youthful appearance, and as he was known to have money, the gamblers, until experience had, to their cost, taught them better, thought they had picked up a fine subject when they could engage him in a game. It soon came to pass that none but those who did not know him chose to engage in that hazardous amusement. Now and then a stranger would come along and delight himself with the anticipation of a good haul. This occurred with a man by the name of Pierce, from Philadelphia, who had the reputation of being the best “Seven-up” player in the United States. Of course every body knows that with gamblers this means that he can handle cards more dextrously and cheat more adroitly than any body else.

The place known as the Indian Springs was then the favorite watering-place and summer-resort of Georgia, and the gamblers were always fully represented. Pierce was there one summer, and having seen Colquitt moving about, remarked to some of the gamblers that he would like to get hold of “that boy.” The gamblers, most of whom had paid for a knowledge of his skill, were very willing to see him fall into Colquitt’s hands, and reported Pierce’s remark to him. As with two young people of different sexes who are mutually pleased, it was easy for them to meet by accident and alone. One morning when the guests had gone down to the spring, as was their custom, Colquitt happened to saunter into the parlor of the hotel, and Pierce happened to be there reading a newspaper. They soon struck up an acquaintance, and Pierce proposed, as every body was gone, and things looked a little dull, they should

amuse themselves with a game of cards. Colquitt assented upon the condition that they should not play for money—only enough to make the game interesting. Pierce proposed five dollars a game. Colquitt won, and Pierce proposed to double, to which, of course, Colquitt could not object, as he was winner. He won, and again they doubled. The gamblers at the spring had missed them, and suspecting the cause of their absence, walked up to see the fun. As they entered the room Jack Waters, a celebrated gambler, said:

“Well, Pierce, how do you come on beating that boy?”

“I don’t come on at all; he has beaten me every game, and has won thirteen hundred and fifty dollars from me. I never had such a run of luck in my life.”

“Well,” said Waters, “you’ll keep having it as long as you play with him; it’s just the sort of luck we all have with him.”

These things are related not as entitling him to any credit, but as evidences of the variety and extent of his powers. In his after-life he often expressed his regret that any of his time or his powers had been wasted upon unworthy pursuits.

Intellectually Colquitt was simply a wonder. With an intellect which grasped and mastered every subject, with so little seeming effort as to take the appearance of intuition, he possessed, in a variety and perfection seldom if ever equaled, what may perhaps properly be termed the accompaniments, which at once adorn and give availability and range to pure intellect. The tones and modulations of his voice expressed and aroused, or soothed at his will, every passion and feeling of our nature. When for the purpose of preparing the way for reaching the understanding, he would quiet all passion and feeling and remove all prejudice, his tones were as soft and sweet as the breathings of the *Æolian harp*; as he spoke of virtue and purity and peace, they were as gentle and tender as the first cooings of infancy. Would he move you to sadness?—they were as plaintive as the wail of the *whip-poor-will* at the approach of night. Would he awaken feelings of cheerfulness?—they were as glad and joyous as the notes of the *mocking-bird*, as, from the topmost twig of some lofty tree, she pours forth her melody in greeting to the opening morn. Would he cheer and inspire his friends in a political contest?—they swelled out as shrill, as clear, and as loud as the *clarion’s* blasts that call the embattled hosts to the conflict of arms. Was it his purpose to arouse feelings of anger and rage?—they were as harsh and as fierce as the yell of the wounded tiger. Would he inspire feelings of woe?—they were as majestically solemn as the voice of the rolling thunder. His face was as expressive and as much under his control as his voice; his talent for mimicry brought every thing within its range; he was a consummate actor, and would render you farce, comedy, or tragedy with all the truthfulness of life; or, if it

suited his purpose better, exaggerated into broad and ludicrous caricature, or dwarfed into ridiculous and distorted diminutiveness. With an intuitive perception of character he measured men at a glance and weighed them as in a balance, rarely failing to estimate them at their true value. With a power of observation which saw and a memory that retained every thing, he possessed the rare power of drawing at pleasure upon his store, which seemed unlimited in variety and inexhaustible in quantity; for he was never at a loss for an apt illustration to enforce and fix an argument, to give point to a witticism, to add zest to a ludicrous conception, to give force to ridicule, to make sarcasm more biting, or irony more pungent and bitter.

No man ever possessed greater power to win and to hold the attention of an audience. His services were sought in all the important criminal cases within his reach; the court-house was always crowded when he spoke; while others were haranguing the jury the people might amuse themselves in the court-yard, or adjourn to the neighboring bar-rooms, or go off to attend to some little matter until the others were through; but when he arose to address the jury the house was soon filled. It not unfrequently occurred that at the close of these cases the trials ran far into and sometimes through the night. As Colquitt always made the concluding argument on his side, it was frequently very late, or perhaps it would be more strictly correct to say very early, when he commenced speaking on these occasions.

Visiting the court-house at twelve or one o'clock upon one of these occasions you would find groups of men standing in the yard and sitting on the steps, waiting to hear Colquitt. Entering the house you see the Judge sitting "like Patience on a monument smiling at grief;" before him a lawyer engaged in the hardest work that ever fell to the lot of man, making, under a sense of duty, a speech to men who are evidently feeling no sort of interest in what he is saying, but showing unmistakable signs of weariness and listlessness. Some of the jury are yawning and stretching and rubbing their eyes to keep themselves awake from mere courtesy. Some are occasionally nodding and, perchance, two or three actually fast asleep. Around the room are stretched on the benches all others who, from choice or necessity, have remained.

At length the time arrives for Colquitt to begin. The first sound of his voice arouses the sleepers; the house begins to fill, and in five minutes the appearance of the jury gives no evidence that they had been weary and sleepy a few minutes before, nor any indication that they would ever be so again. They were no longer prisoners of the law for the performance of a necessary but irksome and wearisome duty; they were the favored guests at a rich banquet, where every thing was spread in profusion. Words have no power to convey an idea at all approaching the reality of his powers as an ad-

vocate. No powers of description would succeed in producing more than a faint and far-off conception of one of those great jury speeches, which Colquitt himself could never conceive but under the inspiring influences of the occasion, nor reproduce after the inspiration of the hour had passed away.

None of these speeches have ever been reported, because they could not be. The phonographer who could have recorded his words must have had the ability to do it blindfolded, for it was impossible to keep the eyes off him while he was speaking. And even if he had the words they would not be the speech. A painting of a thunder-storm, without the splash of the falling rain, the rush and moan and howlings of the contending winds, the sudden leap, the vivid flash, and the lurid glare of the lightning, the startling burst and the distant roll of the muttering thunder, would convey to one who had never witnessed it about as correct an idea of the reality as would the words of one of Colquitt's great jury speeches without the sounds, the intonations, and modulations of his voice, the expressions of his face, and the action of his body. The one might be a better storm than any body else could put upon canvas; the other a better speech than any body else could put upon paper; but, "to compare great things with small," the spirit of the maker of the storm would not be in the one, the spirit of the maker of the speech would not be in the other.

It never entered into the head of the listener to suspect that he was attempting to make a display, or was speaking for what is usually termed effect. It seemed to be the earnest effort of an earnest spirit, forgetful of itself, careless of all outward surroundings, and laboring only to impress upon others its own deep and fervent convictions. His words were of the simplest and most common sort; his illustrations drawn from the most familiar things; he disrobed the great principles of the law of all mystery; dealt with them as things of plain common-sense, made for and applicable to the everyday affairs of life, and brought them within the comprehension of the commonest understanding.

His speeches were unique in their structure. They exhibited nothing of that order and arrangement established by rule, to which ordinary men are compelled to resort. He took no notes either of the testimony or the arguments; yet it was never known that any important point of either escaped him. Every thing connected with the case appeared to be spread out bodily and visibly before him, and he picked up one piece here and another there, as he found he could work them in to most advantage, and the result proved that he placed them where they contributed most to the strength of the structure.

He never permitted the minds of his hearers to become fatigued. If in the discussion of the law or the testimony he discovered in the

jury symptoms of weariness he took care to fix some strong point upon their minds, and then he left his work and led them off to play; but neither he nor his hearers ever forgot where they left off. He frequently found it necessary to make these digressions; but his digressions were the gambols of a whale, and when he returned to his subject he grappled it with the strength of a lion. When he closed his speech every body felt that it was a finished work. It is rarely that an argument is made upon any subject but that somebody thinks he could have made some part of it stronger. Men sometimes perhaps thought that some part of Colquitt's speech might have been omitted without injury, but never that he had omitted any thing that might have been said with advantage.

Although all his life taking an active part in politics he was singularly unambitious of political advancement. He never sought any political position, nor, with the exception of the judgeship, any office at all. That he was frequently a candidate, was that, on account of his great personal popularity and his extraordinary powers as a stump speaker, he was urged into it by his friends when a hard race was to be run. He was frequently elected to the State Legislature, twice to the representative branch of Congress, and once United States Senator; this position he resigned before his term of service expired.

Nature in her efforts rarely reaches so nearly the perfection of manhood. Not that in any one thing he may not have had his equals, in some his superiors; but that, in the whole range of human capability, from the humblest performance of the physical to the highest achievement of the intellectual man, it is doubtful if there was in the world a man who, upon trial, would not have been found greatly his inferior in a large majority of them.

"He was a man: take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

Better than all he died, as for the last thirty years of his life he had lived, a Christian. A short time before his death a friend, passing through the city of Macon, where he had gone at the request of his family to procure the services of a celebrated physician, called to see him. He was very cheerful and suffering no pain, and said to his friend, "I am very glad that you have come; I have been wishing to see you once more before I die." Being told that he did not look like a dying man and might yet recover he said, "No I shall die, and sooner than any body expects. My physician told me the other day that, though it was possible that I might recover, it was probable I would die in a month or two; and if I had any affairs to settle either for time or eternity it would be well for me to attend to them. I told him I had neither time nor strength to attend to worldly business, and should leave that to others; that he need not be afraid to tell me that I must die, for I knew even better than he how near I was to the

end; that the contemplation of death was not a new thing with me, and its approach brought with it no terrors that I had not put off preparation for it until now." "And," he continued, "though like Peter I have often followed my Lord afar off I have never lost sight of him, and feel that he is near me now. The work he has given me upon the earth is finished, my accounts are settled, and I am waiting for his call. Even now I feel that I am walking through the valley of the shadow of death and I fear no evil, for his rod and his staff they comfort me."

MRS. LINCHPIN'S FRIEND.

MRS. LINCHPIN was a very pretty woman, whose bark of life had not as yet drifted into the "roaring forties." She had been brought up by an aunt in Scrubville, where she had married at a tender age Daniel Linchpin, then head clerk in the principal village store, but since become a flourishing merchant in the butter and cheese business in New York. Had either of these simple-minded young people known where destiny was about to lead them they might have begun life with more ambition; but certainly they could not have loved each other better than they did when starting in the race together. As it was, amidst the many blessings which fate had continued to heap upon the head of Daniel Linchpin the loss of his wife's affection did not follow, by way of compensation for other advantages. He was a great, burly, good-natured man, devoting to his wife and children all the time and money that his business left at his disposal. His home, in the progress of events, became more and more elegant, his wife less and less limited in her expenses, his children better instructed in every fashionable accomplishment; they steadily mounted the ladder of prosperity, and seated themselves securely on its highest round. Just at this time the butter and cheese interest called Mr. Linchpin away from his home and family for some months. He therefore proposed to his wife, over whose comfort he was always watchful, to send for some elderly friend to be her companion during his absence. His daughters, now nearly grown up, were at boarding-school, and his eldest son was at a distant military academy; Mrs. Linchpin therefore would be quite alone but for this arrangement, and it was made with all the rapidity that circumstances would admit of. The person who was to take the vacant place beside the hearth of the Linchpins was no other than Miss Susannah Boneset, the relative who had brought up Mrs. Linchpin, and for whom she still retained a sincere and grateful affection. For this last-named lady, though not without some weaknesses, had many admirable qualities; among others, a warm heart and a great desire to make those around her happy, are not to be forgotten.

It must be admitted that on the evening of Aunt Susannah's arrival a slight feeling of annoyance filled Mrs. Linchpin's gentle heart

when she found her relative's appearance entirely out of keeping with her own elegant surroundings. Mrs. Linchpin had gradually, in twenty years of prosperous married life, grown very much into harmony, outwardly at least, with her own brightening destiny; but Aunt Susannah had been vegetating at Scrubville for these twenty years, as she had for many previously, and, like a faded picture in a new and gaudy frame, her present setting but made the contrast more glaring and disadvantageous.

She was, however, received most warmly by her affectionate niece, and was soon at her ease in one of the many comfortable chairs in the Linchpin domicile. Very wisely Mrs. Linchpin had denied herself to visitors for that evening, and she and her aunt talked over old times at Scrubville with an interest that was not dulled by change or circumstances.

"Well, Anna Mary," said Aunt Susannah, setting her gold-rimmed spectacles more firmly on her nose, and taking a steady look at her niece from top to toe—"well, Anna Mary, for a woman of your age, I must say you are looking real smart! I see your hair is a leetle turned on the top, but your teeth is good, and your cheeks is as rosy as pippins. You always was a fair complected person, and they do wear wonderful!" Anna Mary blushed brighter than any pippin at these remarks, but took no offense. Her aunt was the same exactly as when she had left her protection twenty years before, and she knew her to be devoted to her now as ever.

"Well, auntie," she said, "you know Mr. Linchpin and I have been very happy together, and he has done very well in the world; I am sure I ought to be happy and contented if any one is."

"Dannel is a fine man," said the elder lady, with a knowing look; "I knowed he'd 'make a spoon' when you married him. I always liked his countenance when he lived up to Scrubville, and sold you peppermint out of the jar in Mr. Jones's store. You made a good choice, Anna Mary, when you married, and he's a man who'll never alter, as sure as my name is Susannah Boneset."

Anna Mary remained meditative for some moments.

"Somehow, aunt," she said at last, "I don't think my husband is half appreciated by the people we know here; since we have moved up town and been more visited, I can see how different he is from the other gentlemen I meet. You know he is not educated like them, and is rather rough in his manners, and then he always wears such horrid old clothes! I don't wonder that these people don't take to him very much; but it's too bad, for he's just as good as gold, every inch of him."

"That's just what I always said," echoed Miss Boneset. "I've knowed a plenty of men in my day, and there wasn't one to compare with him. Well, Anna Mary," she added, "if Dannel does wear old clothes, he don't make you do it, that's clear, for you look this minute

like the Queen of Sheba goin' to see Solomon. Is that your best dress you've put on, out of respect to me? If you have I'm sure I'm much obliged to you, though it wasn't necessary."

"Oh, not at all, aunt!" said Anna Mary, laughing, "this is only my usual afternoon dress; I have many up stairs much handsomer. I see a great deal of company, and every body dresses here. To-morrow I shall take you out and buy you ever so many nice things myself, for I want you to look your prettiest while you stay with me."

Aunt Susannah smiled a grim smile at this implied compliment, and the ladies soon relapsed into a conversation as to the merits of different dress materials, into which we will not follow them.

Miss Susannah's appearance was not, after all, very much benefited by the change in her outside garb. Her sharp eyes, her sharper nose, her tall, gaunt form, were not in any way improved by a new style of drapery, but she was very fond of her niece, and seeing that Scrubville fashions were not exactly the thing for town, she submitted without a murmur to these necessary alterations. She now began to feel herself at home, and directed her attention to the numerous friends who frequented her niece's abode, and made her evening parlor a place of rendezvous.

"What makes you let those people be so much at home in your house?" she said at last to her niece; "you was always a retiring girl up to Scrubville, and wouldn't be put upon no-how. Why, 'pears to me your house is jest like a hotel; Mr. Smith comes to lunch and Miss Brown drops in to dinner, and as to that Mr. Bruce, why he's here all the time! I guess it don't cost *him* much for his board!"

"Why, aunt, these people are all my friends, and come here because they like me, I suppose. And as to Mr. Bruce, he is a very particular friend indeed, and he doesn't come a bit too often to please *me*."

"Hoity toity! I s'pose I shouldn't have said nothin', being a visitor myself, but if there's a thing in the world I hate, it's an old bachelor, runnin' people's houses down, and warming their toes at other men's fires! I never could bear old bachelors any how, they're all corrupt, every one on 'em!"

"And what do you say about old maids?" said her niece, kissing *her* aunt with a mischievous look out of her eyes; "you don't think *they* are malicious or unkind in the least, do you? and they never make severe remarks about other folks by any accident, do they?"

"They ain't no worse to people than they deserve, any how," returned Miss Boneset; "and they don't set up to be any better themselves than they reelly are. A man who can't find a wife for himself ain't no business gallivantin' around after other men's; he'd better leave that alone entirely. Sendin' *bokays*," she muttered, "and keepin' quiet folks out of their beds half the night with their philanderin'! They're all

corrupt, every mother's son of them—I'll live and die on that!"

Mrs. Linchpin, seeing her aunt so strongly fixed in her opinion, said nothing more to arouse her ire; and Miss Boneset, finding that her remarks were not received with the same pleasure with which they were uttered, dropped the subject for the present.

Her sharp eyes were not, however, the less open to the proceedings of Mr. Bruce, who being a man who enjoyed the pleasures of domestic life, principally in the homes of others, did not hesitate to propitiate Miss Boneset with the most marked attentions. He liked Mrs. Linchpin extremely; she was pretty, very kind-hearted, and very hospitable; her family dinners were good, her fires were bright, her easy-chairs were comfortable. He could easily afford a few bouquets and some flattering speeches in return for the enjoyment of such advantages. The world was his oyster; he would devour the delicate morsel and fling away the shell when his appetite was sated. He found, too, that Mrs. Linchpin's simplicity of character made her an easy dupe. The credulity of her nature was unbounded, and the smallest whimper of grief, real or affected, roused her kindly sympathy. Mr. Bruce was not honest enough to refuse himself the pleasure of playing upon her weaknesses, although he was too indifferent or too indolent to care for deeper indications of feeling. He was, in short, only an elderly flirt, of whom there are hundreds in every large society, generally a harmless part of the community, but a terribly selfish class for all that, and sometimes really dangerous.

Miss Boneset, who, though lately a dweller in the rural districts, had managed to read the book of human nature pretty thoroughly early in life, was one of those upon whom no lesson is ever thrown away. When about eighteen she had been brought to a hand-to-hand struggle with misfortune; and in the various trying positions that poverty and privation had forced upon her, she gathered up stores of worldly wisdom, which in subsequent and brighter days made her a safe if not complacent friend.

One result of her experience was a great dislike to old bachelors; she looked upon Mr. Bruce and his compeers as direct emissaries of Satan, and gladly would she have shut her niece's doors upon this fascinating Adonis of forty odd.

But Mrs. Linchpin was not accustomed to such insinuating friendships, and enjoyed the novelty immensely; therefore she would have resented her aunt's interference, and the aunt, on her part, had too much good sense to press the subject farther at an unseasonable time.

One evening, however, Miss Boneset came into the parlor after Mr. Bruce's departure, and found her niece with her eyes quite red and her handkerchief lying moist and flabby in her lap.

"Land o' hope, Anna Mary!" said the spinster, looking quite frightened at such an unusual spectacle, "what has come to you now? I do

believe that man has been making you cry! Child, what is the matter?"

"Oh, aunt!" said Mrs. Linchpin, looking quite solemn and rather sentimental, "Mr. Bruce and I have had such a serious talk! I declare it's dreadful when one thinks how much real unhappiness there is in the world; it makes me quite wretched! it does really."

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Boneset, "and I don't wonder, when you have every thing comfortable and happy around you; and think of the paupers and beggars that haven't got a crust to put in their mouths! But I shouldn't think that would trouble Mr. Bruce very much; I don't believe he ever gives a penny, even to Domestic Missions."

Mrs. Linchpin colored: "Well, aunty," said she, "that is not the kind of unhappiness exactly that we were talking about; there is a sort of suffering that is entirely of the feelings, and yet is as bitter as the other."

"Hardly," said Aunt Susannah, with a wise shake of the head. "I think hunger and nakedness are about as bad troubles as we have to encounter in this wicked world. At any rate I guess Mr. Bruce wouldn't like to change his, if it is him that's in trouble—though I'm sure he don't look like it, any more than yourself."

"Oh no! not in trouble at all," said Mrs. Linchpin, with a little sigh; "but then he's so lonely and forlorn in the world! I declare he made me feel dreadfully, talking over his sad condition! He has not a relative any where, he says, who cares about him, and if he were to die to-morrow no one would shed a tear! Isn't it hard?"

"It's his own fault, then," said Miss Boneset, sententiously; "any body who's worth loving will have friends enough, to my thinking. As to relatives, he must be a mighty remarkable man if he can't find them somewhere; likely they're poor, and he's ashamed of 'em, and so forgets all about 'em. However," said Miss Susannah, after a moment's silence, "that's neither here nor there. What more did he say to you, Anna Mary? Did he happen to tell you why he never got married? I should jest like to know what he says on that head."

"Well," said Mrs. Linchpin, blushing, "that was the hardest part of all, auntie; though you're so particular, you may not think so. He says he never met any one in his life he could really love, except one person, and she was a married woman."

"Do tell!" said Miss Boneset, with a scarcely concealed sneer; "he is a cool one, I must say! Did he happen to state the name of the only woman he ever loved?"

"Oh no!" said Mrs. Linchpin. "I teased him dreadfully about it; but I couldn't get a word out of him. He says of course he would not dare to tell her how much he likes her; it would deprive him of her society entirely. But he says his fate is very bitter to him; and, indeed, I think so too. I could not help trying to comfort him. But it is of no use. He says he

must bear his destiny like a man. But it certainly is a hard one!"

"And so you cried about it!" said Miss Boneset. "Well, the man can't be such a fool after all, if he could work you up to that point. You never was a crying child when you was young; and you've a good head of your own, that I know. But he's a knave for all that, and deserves a good thrashing. I wish Dannel was here; I'd put him up to doin' it!"

"No you wouldn't!" said Mrs. Linchpin. "Not in this house, at any rate. I must beg you, auntie, not to say any more disagreeable things about Mr. Bruce, for he is a real friend of mine, and the last man I would treat unkindly." Miss Boneset said no more, but Mrs. Linchpin, a few minutes after, returned to the subject.

"Auntie, we are going to see some pictures to-morrow, Mr. Bruce and I; and I should like to have you go with us. Mr. Bruce said he should be happy to have you accompany us, and, indeed, I must beg you as a favor to do so."

Miss Boneset hesitated a moment. "He won't enjoy it the more to have me along," she said; "howsomever, I think I'll go, all the same. I admire to see pictures. But mind, Anna Mary, don't you let that man pay for me at the door!"

The exhibition was indeed satisfactory. Mrs. Linchpin and Mr. Bruce, after a cursory survey of the walls, sat down on a settee in the middle of the room, and fell into a deep and earnest conversation, Aunt Susannah, with short intervals of rest, going from canvas to canvas, reading in audible tones, and very slowly, the descriptions in the catalogue. While her eyes peered into the most remote recesses of the gallery they were taking in a view of the couple on the sofa, and her inmost soul was roused to wrath.

"That man will turn her head with his flatteries," she said to herself. "Such an old thing as he is should know better! and she's no chicken either," added the irate lady—"three grown-up children, and a husband as good as gold! Well, well, there's no fool like an old fool, they say!" and she went on with her catalogue. But she was uneasy, and her countenance betrayed it.

Mr. Bruce had indeed been saying more pretty things to Mrs. Linchpin than he had ever felt or intended to say at the start. The charming *naïveté* with which she received his compliments amused him immensely. She took them so to heart, and appropriated them so entirely, that he could hardly restrain his laughter. He had all his life dealt in this coin in the fashionable world which had been his home; but to have any one receive it as pure gold was a new experience even to him. He came to the conclusion that Mrs. Linchpin was a unique specimen of a class of women long since extinct.

Just then Miss Boneset appeared, with her face a herald of misfortune.

"Anna Mary!" said she, much flustered, "let's go home. I miss my breast-pin with your grandfather's hair in it, and I'm all in a flutter to see whether or not I left it on my pin-cushion."

Mr. Bruce got up and politely insisted upon searching the gallery, but Miss Boneset prevented him.

"It's no good at all," said she; "I've been walkin' around the last half hour, and I must have seen it if it had dropped. It's as big as a dollar, and would have hit hard on the floor. No, I must go home."

Home they accordingly went; but Miss Boneset's sorrow amounted to agony when she discovered that the precious relic of antiquity was not to be found.

"I'll go back to-morrow and hunt that gallery from stem to stern," said she to her niece, in private; "but I don't believe it's there for all that. Oh my! I wish I hadn't a-went!"

"I'm very sorry, aunt," said Mrs. Linchpin; "but don't worry too much. If the pin can't be found I will give you another as like it as the jeweler can make it. Don't let it trouble you any more."

"It does afflict me dreadful!" said Miss Boneset, sighing. "That lock of hair was the last your grandfather had on his head, and you can't give me that back any how."

Mrs. Linchpin confessed her utter inability to supply that loss, and with an effort to turn the conversation, introduced a still more unfortunate topic, no other than Mr. Bruce.

"Now don't begin to praise *him*, Anna Mary!" said Miss Susannah, her excitement increasing. "It makes me nigh savage to hear you talk about that old fellow as if there was any thing in him but selfishness and vanity. You do go on as if you was a simpleton, Anna Mary, and you ought to be ashamed of your actions!"

"I haven't done any thing, auntie," said Mrs. Linchpin, looking very red in the face, and the tears rushing into her eyes. "I think you are very unjust to my particular friend."

"Mr. Bruce is making a fool of you, Anna Mary, with all his fine speeches," repeated Miss Boneset. "I've seen such things done before for less reason. I know," she continued, severely, "that he thinks me only a common person, because I come from the country, and ain't like his fashionable acquaintances. But I know right from wrong any how, and it's a mean thing to run a man's house down and flirt with his wife when he's not by to defend himself. And after all, Anna Mary, he don't care a pin for you really, that I'll bet any time. He's only making a convenience of your nice house and good dinners. If he was to meet any one who was as kind as you, and more to his taste, he'd drop you quick enough!"

Mrs. Linchpin threw back her head. "You've said quite enough, Aunt Susannah," said she, in an angry tone, "if you please, we won't talk any more about Mr. Bruce to-day. I always

thought that you were a good Christian woman, and charitable in your opinions; but to charge Mr. Bruce with being changeable and mercenary in his friendships, is what you've no right to do. You've no proof of it whatever; and I think it altogether inconsistent with his character. So, if you please, we'll drop the subject entirely."

Miss Susannah set her mouth like a steel-trap, lest another offensive word should escape out of the corners; but between the loss of her ancestral jewel and that of her niece's usually amiable temper, her sleep that night was short and troubled.

At breakfast next morning Miss Boneset announced her intention of returning to the gallery and having a good hunt after the family relic.

"Who knows," said she, "but what, after all, it's hidden away in some dark corner? At any rate I'll go and see. It'll ease my mind some, even if I don't find it."

Mrs. Linchpin shook her head, but said nothing, and Miss Boneset, arraying herself in haste, went out, determined to be on the ground so soon as the doors should be open to visitors.

The gallery was not ready till ten o'clock, after which time Miss Boneset spent an hour in making the tour of the several rooms, and searching, with her sharp eyes, every inch of floor and every angle of wainscot. She was obliged at last to give over the quest in despair, and sitting down on one of the high-backed settees in the middle of the room, confessed to herself that hope was at an end.

At this moment a remarkably elegant-looking woman passed, in her walk through the gallery, whose appearance instantly riveted Miss Boneset's attention. She was a beautiful and at the same time a most stylish-looking person, and there was a certain air of refinement about her which little Mrs. Linchpin had never possessed in her happiest moments. Aunt Susannah recognized the difference, without understanding it, and in her secret heart she drew comparisons between this lady and her own niece. When Mary Linchpin went out, even round the corner, to do an errand in the morning, she wore her best black velvet cloak, put diamond ear-rings in her ears, and a bonnet covered with lace and feathers on her head; but this lady, Miss Boneset observed, wore the plainest walking-dress; and although the fit of her garments was perfect, the elegance of the whole effect was due to the woman alone.

After a few moments she sat down on a sofa, directly back of the one on which Miss Boneset was planted, and drawing the attention of a little boy who was her companion, she began to speak to him in French, with the most marvellous rapidity.

Aunt Susannah vainly attempted to make out the conversation which was going on so near her, and then her mind wandered away from the scene, and she was lost in the consideration

of a subject which has puzzled so many more learned heads than hers. From whence come those subtle distinctions in persons, which render some so indubitably superior in refinement and elegance? These advantages may be altogether worthless, weighed in the balance of a higher moral standard; but in the scale of fashionable society and social success they outweigh more valuable qualities, and force them to kick the beam.

While Miss Boneset was thus vainly pondering her ear was smitten by the sound of a familiar voice, greeting almost with rapture the charming unknown, who sat as we have said, directly *dos-à-dos* to the old lady, and consequently under her ear, if not exactly under her eye. It was Mr. Bruce's soft baritone that she heard, and what it said was not uninteresting to the listener.

"How happy I am to see you again, my dear Mrs. Degrace!" said the gentleman, in his most tender tones. "Had I known the *Europa* was to bring you home, I should have been on the dock to receive you—with open arms," he added, with a glance of admiration.

The lady looked at him rather doubtfully. "Just as complimentary as ever I see," said she; "six months have made no difference in you, Mr. Bruce. The trouble is, no one dare believe a word of all the fine things you say. You have so many friends, you know."

Here Mr. Bruce, who evidently was on familiar terms with the lady—perhaps a friend of long standing—began the same chapter of woes which Miss Boneset remembered had lately drawn tears from the pretty eyes of simple Mrs. Linchpin.

Mr. Bruce was not a very clever man, or in any way an original one, or he would no doubt have had various ways of making himself agreeable to various women. But like the quack doctors, who with one medicine attempt to cure every ailment, he had found flattery the easiest dose to administer, and generally the pleasantest to all constitutions. Miss Boneset was edified to hear him go over and over again the very same phrases which had been so reprehended by her, when detailed at second-hand. He complained of loneliness, of having no one to love him, and wound up by saying he never had loved but one woman, and she, he feared, would turn coldly or sternly away.

But Mrs. Degrace was not one of those weak women, on whom a few complimentary words can make even a passing impression. She knew that Mr. Bruce was a parasite on the trunk of the social tree, and to offer even a temporary support was not at all her intention. What, therefore, was Miss Boneset's delight, when she heard this fair enchantress open her rosy lips and satirize Mr. Bruce in a style which as to matter or manner left nothing to be desired? Her position in regard to him evidently gave her full power to say and do what she chose, and she made use of her advantage to the utter extinction of her admirer.

"As to your not having any one to love," continued Mrs. Degrace, smiling, "I did not suppose that the objects were wanting, only the sentiment on your part. Your friends say that among others you have been devoted to those terrible Pinchkin people, and are actually trying to push *them* into society. If this be so, I confess I think your standard of elegance must have deteriorated; and what is more," she said, nodding her graceful head, "you will only ostracize yourself, without aiding the Winchpins in the least."

"I don't know any body of that name," said Mr. Bruce, with a troubled voice. "There is a good little woman named *Linchpin* who has been very, very kind to me this winter, and in *your* absence I was glad to get consolation any where. She is vulgar, as you say, but what can a man do? She has overloaded me with attentions, and in return I must show her a little gratitude. She is, as you say, however, vulgar to the back-bone, and *such* relations!" Here Mr. Bruce relapsed into silence for a moment, mute apparently with inability to express his disgust.

"I dare say she's good enough in her way," said the lady in return. "I have never seen her myself; but her husband went over in the steamer with us, and if she is like him she must be terrible indeed! Such people are very well where they belong—I don't want to say any ill of them; but as to dragging them out of their own set it's ridiculous! I hear you have been getting invitations for them to some really pleasant receptions; now don't ask that of *me*, Mr. Bruce; I would rather drop you altogether than take you in such company!"

Miss Boneset was petrified with astonishment. The lady's voice, though soft and gentle, was firm and decided, and Mr. Bruce gave in to her demands with a readiness which showed that his interest or his feelings made him a submissive slave. More than this, she was filled with rage when she heard Mr. Bruce deny ever having any sort of intimacy with her niece but what she had herself forced upon him, and speak of the whole Linchpin family in terms of ridicule and contempt. This was enough for Aunt Susannah. After hearing Mr. Bruce declare his intention to drop Mrs. Linchpin from this time forward, she arose, and, quite forgetful of her actual errand, was about to leave the place without a word. Anger, grief, and disgust were struggling in her heart, and yet she could not articulate a syllable.

In the mean time Mrs. Degrace's little boy had been roaming at large, and poking his long fingers in every imaginable spot. Finally, in the back of one of the cushioned settees he had discovered a precious relic, which he brought to his mother as a trophy won with difficulty. The sofa-back was too high to be looked over; but Miss Boneset was now standing, and, seeing that she was entirely unnoticed by her absorbed neighbors, naturally observed the motions of the child. There, sure enough, grasped

firmly in his hand, was the ancestral ornament so dear to the heart of Aunt Susannah.

Now was the moment of victory for the angry spinster. With a step worthy of Rachel in one of her tragic rôles she swept round the barricade of sofas, and presented herself to the astonished group.

"Excuse me, Madam," said she, "but your child has found a breast-pin belongin' to me. I will trouble you to give it up to its rightful owner."

The lady started at this sudden address, and mechanically took the ornament from the hand of the child. Mr. Bruce looked as he felt, utterly amazed and confounded at the undesired apparition.

"I was here yesterday with my niece, Mrs. Linchpin," said Miss Boneset, "and Mr. Bruce; he will testify as to the ownership of the pin. I have been here all the morning looking for it, and I am very much obliged to your son for finding it. Also to *you*, Mr. Bruce, for all the kind things you have been saying of my niece to-day. The next time you select a good dining-place I advise you to avoid *common peoples' houses*."

With this Parthian arrow shot from her bow Miss Boneset drew her blanket-shawl tightly around her majestic form, and bowing slowly, and not without a certain sort of awkward dignity, stalked out of the apartment.

I can not say that Mrs. Linchpin felt as satisfied at the discovery of Mr. Bruce's treachery as the occasion seemed to warrant. It is happier sometimes, since social deceits are to be practiced, that we should not know ourselves to be the victims, and Mrs. Linchpin's admiration for, and confidence in, Mr. Bruce had been too stately an edifice to fall without making tremor and devastation in the chambers of her soul. A misplaced friendship is always a misfortune; but to put entire confidence in one person, and to be thus cruelly betrayed, is an experience that few have ever forgotten, although many have suffered from it.

But Mrs. Linchpin was a good woman; and though wounded in her tenderest part she secretly confessed that she had in a measure deserved her punishment, and she bore it with admirable fortitude. Indeed destiny at this time gave her so many other duties to perform that Mr. Bruce's desertion became soon but a mortifying remembrance.

Mr. Linchpin returned from abroad to find that his business had been so woefully mismanaged that his house was destined to irremediable bankruptcy. Then it was that Mrs. Linchpin forgot her sentimental sorrows, and came to her husband's rescue as a support and refuge. She gave up her pretty house and furniture without a murmur, took her children away from school, and, hiring a small cottage at Scrubville, retired to her original obscurity with the same contentment with which she had quitted it so many years before. Nor will she ever be an unhappy woman. Her husband adores her,

children are fitted to fight the battle of life with stout hearts and strong hands, and Aunt Susannah is always near to aid and counsel in times of difficulty.

Mr. Linchpin, too, is no drone in his hive; he will never probably again retrieve the position in the mercantile circles that he has lost; but his debts are paid, and he is no doubt far happier in his quiet home than his old acquaintance Mr. Bruce, who, the world says, has been rejected by the lovely widow Mrs. Degrace, and who still floats on the surface of society a useless and worthless relic of the past.

As for Aunt Susannah, she still wears her breast-pin with much pride and pleasure, and although she occasionally alludes to its mysterious disappearance and recovery, has never but to one person fully related how the lost was found.

MARTYRS TO CIRCUMSTANCES.

WITH tearful eyes and trembling heart I sit down to relieve my mind by giving expression to my feelings on the melancholy fatality of our lives—I mean self, wife, and daughter. We seem to have been destined, not to the glory of martyrdom for the faith or any other noble principle, but to a life-long, lingering, inglorious martyrdom to people of whom we know very little and care still less. Our lives are spent in “making talk” when we would rather be silent, smiling when we are inclined to be pensive, and in fact sacrificing ourselves on the altar of hollow, hypocritical society. We are not people who go much into the world; we never dine out, go to balls, or indulge in any of the amusements common to people in society, and yet we never can be alone. We do not live in a fashionable neighborhood, and yet we are haunted by people who worry us by the most trifling occurrences of the world of fashion. We do not give parties, and have no inducements for any one to visit us, and yet from year’s end to year’s end we never can count one week—week, indeed! not three days—our own.

Now I appeal, not to society, for I shudder at the word, but to philanthropists, who make it the business of their lives to inquire into and ameliorate the condition of the unfortunate, whether this thing ought not to be put an end to? If the poor, who come to our doors for alms and who cause us to exercise our best feelings—charity and sympathy—are treated as vagrants, why do not the rich wanderers who spend their lives going from house to house, preying on the politeness and time of such easy, unfortunate, good-natured people as we are—why, I say, is there not legislation for them also? Why is there not a place of restraint for rich vagrants—a sort of aristocratic “Pound,” where every one found trespassing could be punished for a while? The thing should be looked to. They talk of reform in the State and reform in the Church and-all sorts of re-

form; but from the depths of my wearied heart I cry out for reform in the usages of society.

We are, as I said before, a very quiet family, who enjoy a day in each other’s company above all things, who love a good book, which I read aloud to my wife and daughter when my work of the day and their household duties have ended. But, alas! how seldom are we permitted to enjoy it. Sunday, Monday, every day some “dear friend” drops in for the evening, and the book has to be closed with a groan; and the most rapid, uninteresting topics engross the rest of the evening. Then some friends (?) are so constant and so punctual that we suffer, for hours sometimes, all the horrors of anticipation, as we know from long experience that Mr. So-and-so is due.

I am a man of limited income, paying a high rent, insurance, etc., and finding it difficult enough to live strictly within my means; but unforeseen expenses are my bane. My wife and daughter have that most pleasing of all qualities in women—the talent for making the best of every thing; and I am sure, to those who see our house and table so neat and elegant, we must appear as people of very good income, to whom one may always drop in at dinner hour, or come unexpectedly to spend a few days. Indeed, I have often felt proud—but, alas! have been well punished—in hearing my friend Richards say, “I never saw a better-regulated house than yours, Dillon. No visitor can ever take you or your amiable family by surprise, and your ‘pot-luck’ is always the best of luck.” How little he knew that on Wednesday, when we sat down to our delicious little chops and cauliflowers, with a custard for a second course, that the delay for which I found some polite excuse was caused by my having sent our very slow servant out to purchase them on the announcement that he came to spend the evening with us. And when he admired my daughter’s beautiful complexion he never dreamed that the heated kitchen had a great deal to do with it. Perhaps the pompous fellow thought his presence had brought the blush to her cheek. I should not wonder, for he thinks more of himself than he could ever induce me to do.

Some of those friends live at a great distance, and when they come in fatigued they of course—the ladies, particularly—must take some hours for rest and refreshment. But distance seems only to “lend enchantment to the view.”

It was only last week that a day came which passed so peacefully that we would have marked it with a white stone, but just as Nelly, our maid-servant, was placing dinner on the table, and I was taking a last look at the paper, which I generally read before dinner, my hair stood on end at the sudden appearance among us of one who was believed by all his friends to be in New Orleans. Not he, indeed! My little leg of lamb was cooked for him that day; and whether he traveled by steam, or was carried on the backs of friends, I know not, but there

he was, and there he staid for a week, and then disappeared as mysteriously as he came.

I had an idea of disguising myself, assuming another name, and retiring to some still quieter neighborhood; but how can a man avoid the hand of destiny? And I have a superstition that I was created to be hunted down and made a convenience of by others. I envy all morose, ill-tempered people, whom every one avoids; but even people of this disposition are by some fascination attracted to us, and one very distant relative often spends months with us, during which time I feel as if we had a barrel of gunpowder on the premises which might at any moment explode, not from any outward accident, but from a spontaneous combustion of ill-temper.

I feel so overpowered by those thoughts, which haunt me like a nightmare, that I can not proceed; and besides, I just see my friend Harriss at the gate; he always comes due on a Friday, as he likes the flavor of my wife's paste-cake. I must drop my pen to encounter my doom.

RAG FAIR.

I HAD lived seven years in London before I saw Rag Fair. Houndsditch and St. Mary Axe, where business often called me, were enough. That dense mass of old houses bordering curved, tortuous alleys; lanes thronged with Jewish urchins; stagnant gutters and piles of garbage; wisps of straw, old hats, and lumps of brown paper, alternating with broken glass in the windows; and vagrants, thieves, and char-women, with jet black hair and prominent noses, watching for the least hesitation in step of the well-dressed wayfarer, cured me of any desire I might ever have had to see the great fair in the neighborhood of Petticoat Lane. Of the 28,000 Jews in London 24,000 live between Aldgate and Spitalfields. The other 4000, controlling the money-market, foreign exchanges, shipping trade, and outfitting, are to be found after business hours in palatial residences at the West End.

Every body knows that the wealth of the leading London Jews is very great, and that no men in the middling classes stand in a better social position than Sir Lionel Rothschild, Mr. David Salomons, Sir Moses Montefiore, and others of their class; but every body does not know that the poorest Jew is never a street beggar; that Saturday is observed as a day of rest wherever any considerable number of Jews congregate as sacredly as in the time of Moses; and that, just so far as statute law will permit, Sunday in every country is their day of sharpest business. All over the locality I have spoken of every shop is shut from sunset of Friday till sunset of Saturday. All that day you will see placards announcing that business will be recommenced Saturday evening, and a larger bill announcing—"BUSINESS WILL COMMENCE AT THE EXCHANGE ON SUNDAY AT 10 A.M."

A friend, fresh from America, overcame my repugnance to any more familiarity with Bevis Marks and the Barbican, and I consented to visit the "Old Clothes Exchange" with him on the following Sunday, provided a detective accompanied us. Every man is said to have his price, and I had long known that if you were not particular about quality one of the cheapest articles in the London man-market was a detective. Ours was "from fair to middling," in cotton-brokers' phrase, and we purchased his services for two guineas.

It was a warm Sunday morning in June, near noon, that we alighted from an omnibus at the foot of Leadenhall Street. Through the long reach of Oxford Street, the Old Bailey, Holborn, Cheapside, and Cornhill Sunday quiet reigned. Shops were shut, churches opened, and well-dressed people walked leisurely along the usually hurried thoroughfares. But the moment we had passed Lombard Street, and were entering St. Mary Axe, all was changed. Here every thing meant business. At the stalls Isaac sold beef and mutton, each joint labeled with a small pewter button inscribed with Hebrew characters in proof that it had been killed and dressed according to the Mosaic Law; Jacob received silver spoons and consigned them instantly to the crucible always kept at white heat in the cellar; Rebecca served fried liver, smoking hot, at the corners; Moses and Aaron stood at the open doors of their marine shops receiving heavy articles purloined from the docks; Mordecai peddled opium and rhubarb; and Absalom was hawking Hebrew tracts and bits of parchment, written over with texts from the Scriptures, which superstitious Jews wear next their skin as amulets. Around, above, and below nothing was to be seen but Jewish physiognomies, Jewish houses, and Jewish occupations. It might have been Frankfort, or Warsaw, or Prague rather than London.

As we pursued our way through the crowd our conductor informed us that the Fair used to be held in the streets, but that in 1844 Shadrach Jacobs, a successful merchant in old clothes, had purchased the houses at the back of Phil's Buildings and established the present "Old Clothes Exchange," where Rag Fair has since been centralized. Passing out of Houndsditch into a narrow court, where the tarpaulin of fog and smoke and reeking odors entirely shut out sunshine and the sky, and where not a lungful of good air could be breathed, we pushed on toward the gate-way. The passage was black with old-clothes-men. The smell was almost overpowering. Nearly every person in the crowd had a huge bag on his back, and old hats encircling one another on his head or in his hands. Outside the iron gate stood Barney Aarons, the janitor, receiving the half-penny entrance fee; and by his side a Jew boy making change out of a huge leathern pouch for those who offered silver. We expected to find breathing room when we got through the gate, but were disappointed. So eager are the

buyers for a first refusal of bargains that now and then turn up, that they press upon the hucksters as they enter, seize them by the arm, and feel the contents of their bags. "Cot any preaking (broken pieces of new cloth for caps)?" "Cot any fustian, old cordsh, or poots?" "You know me," kept exclaiming a lean, tall old fellow, in a greasy gaberdine, that clung as tight to his figure as a lady's wet bathing gown, "I'm tall Moses, de pest of buyers, and always give a coot prishe!"

A short distance within the area there was more order. The space, inclosed by a high wooden fence, from the top of which slopes inward a roof sufficiently deep to give shelter on wet days, contains about one and a half acres of ground. The buyers walk along between rows of benches on which the sellers sit, each with a space before him where he empties his bag. In inspecting these hundreds of heaps one finds a new meaning to those low-spoken words (low, that the servants may hear them while the master and mistress sleep) noticeable by every morning wayfarer in the West End of London, "O' clo'! O' clo'!" In fact every where throughout the metropolis, from the aristocratic Tiburnia and Belgravia to the meanest lanes and alleys of the most squalid districts of St. Giles's and the Seven Dials, that undertone is heard. To the Jew there is a value in every abandoned piece of raiment however cast off, and he disdains no profit however small. The rejected garments of more than three millions of people find their way, sooner or later, to Rag Fair. Another thing, too, one understands in Old Clothes Exchange, and that is, why there is never a mendicant Jew. There is nothing the Jew will not do to keep from starving—no work so mean or revolting or dangerous or unlawful that he will not undertake, except to beg. That he never does. Poverty can make him a liar, or a sneak, or a receiver of stolen goods, or a thief, or a dealer in false coin and counterfeit notes, but it can not make him a beggar.

Within the inclosure there could have been hardly less than 3000 persons. Of these 500 at least had piles of merchandise before them. In the leather market these piles consisted of shoes, boots, slippers, dancing pumps, brogans, and Wellingtons in all stages of mouldy dilapidation, wrecks of old harness, fragments of book-covers, pieces of leather aprons, chair-seats, straps, belts, traveling-bags, and horse-collars in endless confusion. Together with the old leather, but also carefully separated from it, was the old iron, in forms still more diversified. Old nails, spikes, horse-shoes, keys, mechanics' tools, hoops, chains, fire-irons, poker, and stair-rods were heaped in masses. In the linen market table-cloths, sheets, towels, curtains, and underclothing in every stage, from decent patchwork to rags, were spread upon the ground. Near by mattresses and beds, blankets and counterpanes, pillows and bolsters, surrounded the sellers like ramparts; and a step further on, quite past, to appearance, the last

stage of usefulness, except for lint or paper, scraps of toweling, faded floor-cloths, decayed furniture covering, inky table-spreads, and used-up embroidery. Then the cast-off habiliments of men, women, and children, some heaped together, some stretched on the backs of the benches, here a blowsy Jewess with a score of pantaloons enveloping her fat figure, there an old hag with the hues of a dozen waistcoats displayed around her person—these uniforms and the fragments of uniforms, scarlet coats, gold-laced jackets, shakoes, gaiters, gloves, and sashes, wrecks of the barracks and battle-field, giving a brighter touch to the dull colors of the mart. It was the kingdom of worn-out finery and shreds and tatters.

The sellers were classified into trades, each strictly confined to his or her calling. Old-clothes-men, crock-men, ironmongers, furriers, tinkers, knife-grinders, umbrella-menders, bone-grubbers, each class dealt exclusively in its own wares. The women who offered for sale old stays, busks, and bits of whale-bone were as distinct from those whose stock in trade was bonnets and head-dresses as is the butcher from the shoemaker. In the midst of the apparent confusion of tongues and hands and heads there was a law of order presiding over the whole.

The buyers, too, were as motley and picturesque as the sellers, being of various nationalities and habited in varieties of costume. Greek, Swiss, and German Jews; Jews from the East, from Spain, and from Tripoli; Jews from the large provincial towns, and Jews from Ireland—each detected either by dress or the peculiar wares sought after. One class of purchasers dealt exclusively with those who sold clothing collected from the hospitals; another for children's garments; and a third for great-coats for the Irish market. Women were there—milliners from St. Giles's and the Seven Dials, who chattered in shrill voices for parcels of head-gear, bonnets, and scraps of lace; mothers fitting suits of clothing upon their children; cobblers cheapening tops of boots and scraps of leather; die-sinkers tumbling over heaps of rusty iron, selecting lots for purchase; coster-mongers fitting parts of harness to make out a set; blacksmiths, silversmiths, polishers, cutters, wheel-wrights, coach-trimmers, and chair-menders, all workmen for the poorer classes, seeking each something in their way which might turn to account in daily jobs. One old man, with a long, flowing beard and tattered morning-gown that shone like a tarpaulin with the grease, and who was said to be worth thousands, was there, as always, to see if he could not add another sixpence to his hoard by dabbling in the rags and refuse. Mark how he is wheedling, and whining, and shrugging his shoulders to that poor wretch in hopes of inducing him to part with the silver pencil-case he has "found" on his rounds for a few pence less than its real value!

As the purchasers went pacing up and down the narrow pathways, threading their way, now

among old bottles, bonnets, and rags, and now among hats, coats, and gowns, it was curious to hear the dialect in which greeting was extended between persons more or less acquainted. "I say, Curly," was the coster-monger's salute, whose peculiarity of speech is simply in pronouncing words as if spelled backward; "will you do a *top of reeb* (pot of beer)?" "It's on *doog* (no good), Whelkey," was the reply. "I had regular *dab elas* (bad sale) last *keew* (week); and can't *yap* (pay)." Or the cadger's hail, in "argot," across half the area to his fellow beggar, "I say, Splodger, will you have a Jack-surpass of finger and *thumb*, and blow your yard of tripe of nosey-meknacker, while we have a touch of broads (will you have a glass of rum and smoke a pipe of tobacco over a game of cards)? Or the language of the London thieves, made up in a great degree of the medieval Latin, in which the church service was formerly chanted, and which, indeed, gave rise to the term *cant* (from the Latin *cantare*), it having been the custom of the ancient beggars to intone their prayers when asking for alms. We heard but one instance of this dialect during our walk up and down the Fair, the reason of which is probably explained in the quotation, "Can you roker Romany?" asked a man in our hearing, whose face would have set him down as a thief in New York as well as London, to a fellow-craftsman who, he evidently suspected, was not exactly on the square. "Yes," was the reply. "What's your monikeer (name)?" "Sly Bill." "And yours?" "Josh." "How have you faked (*facere*, "done") of late?" "Bad. But take care of your patters (*pater-nosters*, "speech"), for the peeler (policeman) is cultate (*auscultator*, "listener")." Above all other noises, however, wherever we moved among the crowd, rang the cry of a thick-lipped boy from a stage in the centre of the market, "Shinsher peer! shinsher peer! an' aypenny a glass! an' aypenny a glass, shinsher peer!"

We spent full three hours in the Old Clothes Exchange, and left it not without reflections. If all the wares offered there for sale—the carpenter's tools, for example, parted with last of every valuable in house or on person; those flannel shirts, stripped from the back to feed starving children; or the baby boots, nearly new, sold from the tiny feet for a bite and a sup, or even for a quartern of gin—if they all had tongues, what stories of unknown sufferings would they not tell! Perhaps of crime as well, for our conductor, pointing out how the name was taken out of every handkerchief, informed us that of this class of goods, as well as of the best of the linen and cotton wares offered for sale, the larger part was stolen.

Silver and gold rarely find their way within the gate except in dribblets. In Petticoat Lane, where the marine storekeeper stands watching at his door, the crucibles are known to be ready in the cellar to do the needful; and to pass watches, spoons, and rings beyond the possibility of identification is the first ob-

ject of the thief. The Jew who buys them—and he is but one of his class—is a regular attendant at the synagogue, and wears next his skin the sacred parchment. His daughters are like Indian idols, all gold and dirt now, but next Saturday you shall see them parading Aldgate in the highest style of fashion. The old man has no end of money to leave Ruth and Rachel when he dies and is gathered—as he hopes to be—to the bosom of Abraham.

The Jewesses in this part of London are by no means the least remarkable characters. Of the thrifty class we saw few at the Fair; but as we took our way homeward, threading the crooked lanes of the Barbican, there was hardly a street-door from which they were absent. Fat Hebrew women, with gold ear-rings large as chandelier drops dangling by their necks, and their fingers hooped with rings; young Rebeccas gay with tawdry finery, displaying on bare necks chains heavy with amulets; ladies with lace-edged parasols in their white kidded hands, bright cashmere shawls spread over their backs, emerging from houses so poverty-stricken as to appeal slums for paupers, and proceeding toward some crowded thoroughfare, kept meeting our eyes. And yet, mixed with this, there was constant industry apparent. Young Jewesses on seats near the windows were rubbing brass candlesticks or plated tea-urns; girls on door steps were extracting grease-spots from old coats and trousers; marriageable maidens, while chatting with beaux, were blacking, with grimy hands, the white seams of cast-off garments—old and young, as we passed along, busy with something looking to profit.

Every body knows the fondness of the race for jewelry, as well as for plate and ornaments of gold. All these women we saw at work had no end of finger-rings, ear-rings, bracelets, brooches, necklaces, and hair-pins—all of which, we were assured, were of pure gold and precious stones. However deftly the Jewish goldsmith may put off pinchbeck for gold, or paste for diamonds, upon the Gentile world, he can not do it to his own people. It is a part of the home education in every Hebrew family, no matter what its rank in social life, to teach the children to distinguish the true from the false in the precious metals, and to know the value of precious stones. The habit is traditional, coming down from those long centuries in the Middle Ages, when, to be safe from the extortion of kings and nobles, the Jew must place his wealth in those articles which could be most easily concealed, and these were precious stones and gold and silver. In all the markets of the world the Jews are to this day the holders of nearly all precious stones in the rough—diamonds, pearls, agates, rubies, and emeralds.

We had an amusing proof of this in an ale-house we entered to quench our thirst. Seated at a table in the middle of the bar-room was a respectable old gentleman, who answered several questions we put to him with intelligence and politeness. Thanking him, and rising to

go, he said: "Stay, gentlemen, perhaps we may do a little business, or you may give my card to some of your country-people who are in my line!" and pulled from his coat-pocket an oval wooden box, capable of containing a pint or more, which on being opened proved to be nearly filled with pearls of all sizes, from a wren's egg to the head of a pin. As he spread the silvery-white, hard, smooth, lustrous globes and ovals upon the table before us, I ventured to inquire the value of the whole. "About £8000." "And is there no risk?" "None in the Hebrew quarter, where every body knows the pearl merchant; and I never go to the great jewelers—they seek me." "Have you no place of business?" "Yes, my lodgings. Why pay the rent of a shop when those who want pearls will be sure to find me?" We took several of his cards, and afterward learned that his name was as well known to the working jewelers of New York and Boston as of London.

The afternoon was waning as we left the Jewish quarter of the city, and made our way toward the omnibus-stand in Leadenhall Street. We had seen a sample of the Jews of London, who are themselves a sample of the Jews of Europe, who are a sample of the whole race scattered throughout Asia, Africa, America, and Australia; and yet we knew little more of them—of that perpetual bond that makes them, in all that constitutes race, a unit; whether purchasing horses in Aleppo from the desert Arabs to be shipped to India, as at the outbreak of the Sepoy rising, or bartering on the ruins of old Thebes for choice antiques, or chaffering with the miners who come down to Melbourne for supplies, or building an opulent commerce out of the rags and refuse of a great metropolis—than we did in the morning. What it is besides industry and enterprise and shrewdness that constitutes that universal thrift of the descendants of Abraham in every age and country our visit to Rag Fair failed to teach.

WHAT SHALL THEY DO?

THE tale not long ago unfolded by "a weak-minded woman" to the "Easy Chair" has fallen upon sympathetic ears.

We wish that she knew—we should like to sit down beside her in her kitchen and tell her—how our sorrowful thought has followed her through the hopeless waking, the hopeless work, the hopeless dreaming, through the whole dull, drudging day. We should like to have been there to slip the clothes upon the children, and run for the spoons and the water; we wished that we could have helped her skim the milk and make the fire—we will not offer to do the cooking, for our prophetic soul tells us that the result would be extraordinary; we make it a principle to let cooking alone, on condition that people shall let us alone, and not remind us of the typical woman who "talks French and plays the piano." But we would have gladly helped about the dusting and the dish-washing, and

have planned a little that her golden hour in "the other room," in the "muslin dress," might grow into two, and the sunset find her with braver eyes and send her "strengthened on her way."

How to spend the treasured minutes, though, that is the question; we might have read to her, or we might have chatted with her; we might not, perhaps, have advised her to take the pen and paper down from the pantry-shelf. Then, perhaps, we might.

And this brings us to the point. "A weak-minded woman" is one of many, and their name is legion. Consumed with little wearing cares, their girlish dreams ended in a struggle for bread-and-butter—a steady disquiet aching through the days and nights, and a steady, baffled, disappointing effort to write it away—is not that about it?

To be sure they have not asked our advice, and may think that we don't know any more about the matter than they do, and very likely we don't; but if we think we do it answers the purpose. Perhaps the "Easy Chair" may be right in saying: "When the feeling is so strong, yield to it." Yet we venture to doubt whether this is always a safe rule.

As a general thing, it is next to impossible for a woman with the care of a family on her hands to be a successful writer. The majority of the exceptions made their literary reputation before marriage, and if they choose, may lie on their oars and drift on it. We assume that a woman at the head of a home proposes to take care of that home to begin with. If the husband and children have the go-by, and the magazine editors have the stories, we have nothing to say to her. She has no right to a place in the ranks of authorship. She has not come in by the door into the sheepfold, but has climbed up some other way. Away down in some inner chamber of her heart she will find, if she make diligent search, a handwriting on the wall, but it is not our business to stop and translate it to her just now.

It is no easy matter to keep the "holy fire burning in the holy place," yet never be out of kindlings for the kitchen stove, nor forget to tell Bridget about the furnace dampers, nor let the baby have the match-box to play with. It is worse than a "Conflict of Ages." Women whose consciences would not let them be any thing but generous wives, and mothers faithful unto death, have had to give it up and lay by the pen forever. Women have died, too, in the struggle to bring the opposing forces into thorough, symmetrical union.

It can be done, to be sure; but it needs one or both of two things: the physical strength of an Amazon and talent of the highest order. They are the geniuses of the world, as a rule, who "make it pay" in any sense. "Le jeu ne vaut pas la chaudière," for ordinary women.

If the magazines will not publish your stories it is a natural inference that you are not exactly a genius, is it not? It is of no use to sug-

gest Keats, or talk about "mute, inglorious Miltons," or cast glances up at Wordsworth, "knowing that he should be unpopular, but knowing too that he should be immortal." All that did very well for Keats and Wordsworth, but you and I may rest content that if nobody will publish for us we don't write any thing that is worth publishing. "Unappreciated genius" may be an obsolete fact; but in these days, when it is as easy to get into print as to write a letter about—to use a bit of the boys' slang—"played out;" and oh, Mr. Washington Moon, and Mr. Richard Grant White, if you are frowning, why don't you give us something better?

So, good friend, looking wistfully up from among the children and the ironing-tables, don't depend on your pen to take away that persistent disquiet, or to hire an Irish girl. *Don't*. You run nine chances of bitter disappointment. Ah, we know all about it; taking the little yellow package out of the mail; hiding it in your pocket that no one may see; stealing away home heart-sick in the evening light, and up to your room to have a cry—you run nine chances of this where you have one of success. If, however, the Irish girl can come and the disquiet go, *without* depending on it, why, well and good.

Just here is room to say that we honestly believe that many women aspiring to authorship, and meeting with downright failure, might bring to themselves a little money and a good deal of pleasure, did they not fire too high. We have seen them repeatedly; women—and men too, for that matter—who have never written any thing of a more ambitious nature than a school-composition, deliberately proposing to send, and sending, their first essay or story or poem to *Harper's Magazine* or the *Atlantic*. Why, how do you expect, in your inexperience, that there will be any room for you in such quarters? Should you allow a raw cook, whom you have taken "to teach," to make her first experiments at bread-making, when you have company to dinner?

Aim lower. Send to the county papers. Lay siege to the Dailies. If they will print a story for you once in four months at three dollars a column, that is better than nothing, and will buy your summer bonnet, or take the children to the beach. If you had not exactly expected it, but brought it on rather as a side-dish in the entertainment, the success will be so much more pleasant, and the worry infinitely less. Perhaps by-and-by you will work yourself up over stepping-stones of four dead newspaper training to better things. Or perhaps you will stay where you are. In either case you will be where you belong, and should thank God and be content.

If, however, Monthlies and Weeklies and Dailies combined happen universally to "have their columns full just now, and much regret that they can not make room for your excellent article," give it up. You are only wasting time and strength and hope that, as far as men-

ey goes, would bring you in more spent in crocheting edging for the fancy stores; as far as usefulness goes, had better be given to the cheering of some other life more disheartened and crowded than your own; as far as positive, necessary comfort to yourself goes, might be better employed in company with a poem, or a picture, or your little Bible, perhaps, in certain moods, out under the apple-trees, where it is cool and still.

It is not strange, but it is sorrowful, to see in what crowds the women, married and unmarried, flock to the gates of authorship. Here and there you see them with white hands of command turning back the ponderous golden hinges and entering in where the palms are, and the crowns. Down below they are turning away in great sad groups, shut out.

Why will people persist in utterly hopeless efforts? And why, when one thing fails, will they not try another thing?

Women have a mania for going where they are not wanted, and then complaining that nobody makes room for them.

Authorship is but one of several favored avenues of employment, which they choke up to the brim, till no one has room to breathe, much less to turn around and take courage.

"There are comparatively few women who are taught, or who have the patience or opportunity to teach themselves, to do any thing well," wrote the editor of a certain periodical—a man who had means of knowing what he was talking about, and who, for broad, and liberal, and generous, and just views of the "woman question," has scarcely his superior. "For various reasons they only try to do a few things, and, as a consequence, those few branches are overcrowded. There are more young girls of eighteen who wish to teach than there are pupils."

There is a fact, girls, for you to reflect upon. Moreover, what is true of teachers is truer of seamstresses.

Jane, for instance, is looking about for means to support herself. Jane's father is a farmer, I will suppose, or a mechanic. She has been a few terms at the neighboring school, wears pretty little lace bonnets in the summer, and is, she would like to have you understand, "as good as any body." Which, by-the-way, we should be very ready to believe were she not so anxious to explain the fact. Consciousness of worth is content with itself; it is never concerned whether other people recognize it or not. Jane has been at home for a while helping her mother, but her father is in debt, and the boys are growing, and she feels that she had better be at work. What shall she do? She can not teach, for she doesn't know enough; and many bitter reflections this costs her whenever Ella, who was in the class above her at school, and is going before the District Committee for examination in August, happens to come in sight. Factory work is not to be thought of, and nothing offers, to her thinking, but plain sewing.

"Plain sewing!" Oh, the dreary pictures folded up in those two words! The stooping figure, the circles under the eyes, the contracting chest and growing cough, the weary sight and weary fingers, the remorseless stitch, stitch, stitching through the summer days.

"Why not do housework?" suggests a thoughtful friend.

Jane flushes.

"Do you suppose I'd be a servant, and run at any fine lady's beck and call?"

The foolish child takes up her needle with a jerk, and the purple eyes and stealthy cough come in due time.

In the service of a considerate, courteous family she would grow round and pink and happy, and never lose a flower from her lace bonnet, nor a jot of her independence.

But all this is a hundred-times told tale. If a girl hasn't the common-sense to see that it is as respectable to bake a loaf of bread as to make a petticoat, to sweep a room as to bind a vest, it is of small use to talk to her, and perhaps about time to stop. Not that housework is her only resource; it is one, and a good one of many. She would be better and happier in a printing-office, in a crinoline-store, in a machine-establishment, than pricking her fingers there at the kitchen-window.

Ella, on the other hand (whose father was the village doctor, and who is a girl of some sound practical education, a little culture, and more refinement), plods her four miles a day to and from school, over the long, yellow, dusty road, worn by the heat, bothered by the "Committee," "kept after" with refractory, freckled girls in pink dresses till five or six o'clock, ready to cry half her disheartened time, and earning less than the factory-girls in the tenement-houses by the river.

Yet suggest to Ella the advantages of income, comfort, ease, every thing which would accrue to her if she would go into a telegraph-office or stand behind a counter, and she turns upon you as if she had received an insult. It is "lady-like" to screw his A B C's into little Pat Shay's brain, and wade through decimals with Mary Smith. It is not "lady-like" to measure off ribbon, or write a dispatch. Now, can't she see how silly that is? See? She is shutting her eyes at this very minute tight; and, as she gropes her way through this paper, wonders whom we are talking about, and if we are not saying something impertinent somehow. A keen writer in a recent number of this Magazine took for her text, "The Lord hath eyes to give the blind." Can she tell us whether He has any provision for this sort of blindness?

Now, what can be done with the wide-spread evils of the "woman's wages" system as long as women will run, and crowd, and jam, and rub into two or three channels of employment? What if all the men felt it necessary to their "respectability" to be doctors or lawyers? If women will underbid each other so, who is to blame that a female district school-teacher has

a salary of three hundred per annum, and that seamstresses are paid fifty cents a day? The men, for going the way of all the earth, and not paying more than they can help, or we, for not going about our business in the stores, and the factories, and the nurseries, and the hospitals till the great mass of applicants is sifted down to the best, who shall have things their own way then, and set their own terms? As for the *genus homo*, we are not proposing to relieve it from its own proper scorn, on the subject of such a paragraph as this, culled within a month from a "Liberal" paper, where it stood without comment:

In the duties assigned to females in the Treasury Department, they are much more expert than men, and accomplish more, for half the money, than could be done by masculine fingers. There are, too, among the female employées, rapid and correct book-keepers.

But this article not appertaining to the "Woman's Rights" discussion, that is none of our concern at present.

To teach can be, sometimes is, as noble as to preach. They have been some of the grandest workers of the world who have had the moulding of the world's boys and girls. But when teaching is somewhat akin to starving, that is a different matter. And the teaching of district schools is always a different matter. One may undoubtedly do good; but it by no means follows that one may not do as much good somewhere else. It certainly requires good health, a hearty love of children, equable temper, nice discrimination, and tact, to say nothing of several other qualities. As to the pleasure of it, nine girls out of ten who are palpitating over the examination questions have no idea what is before them if they "pass."

"I'd rather dig potatoes!" said a young lady of our acquaintance. She did not dig potatoes, but she went to work and learned a milliner's trade, and her mother wailed that it was "beneath her." To judge from her face she has never before been so happy. At least has never so much respected herself. If one deserves one's own respect, one will never fail to gain that of other people.

Respectability is not a matter of money or of occupation. It is simply a matter of character. "A woman's a woman for a' that."

If girls can be made to understand this, half the difficulty of deciding What shall they do? will be overcome. Many a refined and educated lady is spending her life in listless aimlessness for which the day cometh wherein she must give account to Him who said, "From him that hath not, I have taken away even that he hath," because no positive employment offers itself but paid employment, and dear me! it isn't "quite the thing," you know, to "work for a living."

"I should like to do something," said a girl in her father's home; "I help mother and try to be pleasant to the boys, but that does not take a half of my time. If ever I should have to support myself I should like to know how.

At any rate it would be pleasant, and my conscience would be more at rest if I had something especial with which to fill up my time. But there doesn't seem to be any thing, and so I suppose it is of no use to think about it."

Having heard of a neighbor who was in want of a non-professional music-teacher to give lessons on the piano to a few little girls, we suggested the plan to her. She was capable of filling the position. It would be doing a service. It would occupy her time, etc., the advantages were numerous.

"Why, what an idea!" she exclaimed, "I had just as lief earn money if I could do it in some nice way; if I could write now as you do—but giving music-lessons! Why, *it would look so!*"

There are exceptions though, and noble ones, to the foolish rule.

We once knew a lady—a lady of culture and of excellent education, qualified to fill a high and lucrative post as a teacher, who, for reasons known to herself—and you may be sure that they were good ones, and sensible ones, and noble ones, perhaps—chose a clerkship in an office in a city, riding two hours daily in the cars through sun and storm, from year to year. Now is any body any the less a lady for that? Any less fitted to be an ornament to your soiree when she comes home? In any way inferior to you, who have been playing croquet and making ruffles all day? You may be sure not.

We used to honor that woman from afar off. We respected her with our whole heart's respect. We sighed for an opportunity to shower society with a little of her spirit and good sense. Next to ill-health, the principal cause of women's unhappiness—for women are not happy—is the want of something to do. Now don't arch your incredulous eyebrows, you tired creatures, sitting down to read this at the end of the long day's washing, or mending, or "doffing," for we don't mean you. But other women will listen whom we do mean, and they know it. Whether for self-support, or for the pure employment's sake, the search for work—for successful work, for congenial work—is at the bottom of half the feminine miseries of the world. Mental hunger is quite as clamorous as the need of bread-and-butter, and neither should be hushed up with stones.

If a girl, for any reason, wants a positive, outside object for her days—premising that no nearer duty lays the veto on it—it is her business to find one, and it is the business of her friends to help her. We have known fathers, not a few, forbid their daughters to seek paid employment because it was paid, and we have seen the poor girls grow sick, and thin, and miserable, and "blue," and cross, and selfish in consequence, living a life without aim or animus, moved by no necessities greater than the trimming of a walking-dress, and burdened by no higher cares than the dusting of the parlor.

Who art thou, O man! daring thus to starve

and cramp and dwarf a human soul, because it happens to be a woman's soul? Who ever heard of your treating your boys so? Verily, verily it shall be said unto you, that for all this you shall enter into judgment.

"But a woman's place is at home, my dear," he prosed complacently. "At home; shielded and protected by the paternal care. You will be marrying before long, you know, and had better be fitting yourself to be a wife and a mother."

But she isn't a wife and a mother yet, is she? And whether she marries in one year or ten—it is quite as likely to be ten—has nothing whatever to do with the question. Because a woman hasn't a baby to rock, is no reason why she should be useless in her day and generation, a burden to herself and other people. One need not necessarily go to sleep while one is waiting for the Prince. Especially if he tarrieth long upon the mountains, while the usurpers come and go.

There are women longing for the battle, whom a still, small voice has pointed to some still, small duty down in the lowlands, where it is very quiet, and where the shouts of victory never come. We know them. We have seen them. God, who knows and sees, shall prove them soldiers, too, some day. Our little word can have no message to such. We would come rather as learners, sitting at their feet.

But meantime there is a good force ready for the ranks. Girls, do something. Don't be afraid, ashamed, discouraged, deceived. Go to work, and go to work in the right way, and keep at work.

What shall you do? The choice is wide. The perplexity is what not to do. Has God dropped any one golden gift into your heart? Can you make statues or poems? Can you recreate the glow of sunlight upon the mountain and down the slope? imprison the human face with the "light that never was on sea or land?" make the wild-flowers bloom in winter? illuminate texts? give drawing-lessons? Can you vie with Parepa? sing in a choir? help to swell a chorus? teach a child his do-ra-mi's? If you can be a Parepa or a Church, very well. If you can sing in the choir, or give the drawing-lessons, very well. Every thing is beautiful in its season, and both are something to do.

"But I haven't any golden gift; I haven't even a special fancy for any one thing."

Well; can you teach? Or *can't* you teach? Can you measure alpaca? trim bonnets? run a machine? go on an agency? There, by-the-way, is a pleasant, varied, healthful, appropriate occupation for any body. Yes, for any body. We see no reasons why a lady is not just as much a lady if she travels with a little sale-bag in her hand, and a picture, a pen, a book in charge, as when she goes to Saratoga with her seven trunks and her servants. She may, if she be so minded, enjoy herself more with the little bag than at Saratoga, and as for the uses of the thing—why, think of the kind

of people one might meet, and the good one might do them! It is as good as a parish in the jungles of Borrioboola.

Then can you keep a ledger? write book notices for a busy editor? fill out insurance policies? Be a city missionary? Read to an old lady? Take care of an invalid? Go into the hospitals? Be a doctor? and be sure that you could be few things more womanly or more noble. The brave pioneers—God bless them for it!—have broken the way for you. It is an easier way now than the path of the idle or the ill-paid. The day is coming, yea, and now is perhaps, when strong, and generous, and refined women will be as anxious to crowd into it as they have been to keep out of it.

Is there not after all a goodly list for pondering? And but the half has been told you. Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.

MRS. ROBERTSON'S BOARDERS.

OLD New Yorkers remember how, twenty years ago, foreign emigration to their city began to flow in with greater volume every month. The steamers were then but few, and carried but a small number of settlers for the New World. Packet ships brought their human freight up to the wharves, passing by the great wooden rotunda called Castle Garden; but it was a theatre then. The port rules were imperfect and ill administered, and in fact the whole emigrant trade was only just springing into active life. Once landed the stranger was alone indeed, and if he had with him any who must live by his toil, their company hardly made the loneliness less strange or less oppressive. I often used to watch these bewildered creatures, wondering what would be their fate for good or for ill. Many of them are rich in honors and wealth now; many of them crowd the lowest haunts of great cities, of which they are the pest and scourge. All over this great country are they scattered; and the names of a thousand little towns and greater cities tell of their birth-place and what recollections they still cherish. Wars have laid some low; the natural current of life has run down some, and their places are filled by later-coming strangers. But it is not my purpose to entertain the reader with reflections upon that tide in the affairs of man which roots him from his birth-place and flings him, as a torn up tree is flung, upon an unknown shore. It is simply an account of but one of many strange experiences which came to me, partly out of my professional calling as a lawyer, and partly from a certain inquisitive habit of interesting myself with what often concerns me not at all.

Upon the 20th of June, 1845, as my diary tells me, I was standing at the foot of one of the streets by Fulton Market, eating an orange and watching a ship. She had just arrived from Liverpool, and bore all the stains of a long sea-voyage. Crowded she was, too, for peering over her bulwarks were hosts of curious faces,

and her decks were dotted over with all the confusion of baggage and people looking as if just brought to light together. It was the old, but to me always new, spectacle of a host of seekers for an escape from poverty and suffering, with here and there the plain evidence that neither would be shaken off. There were a few emigrants already on shore, but they seemed of a better class than the rest. One in particular attracted my attention. He was a man whose whole aspect was full of content and good-nature. Certainly he was not poor, for his clothes were very good, and showed adaptation for a voyage. His trunks were large, and looked like holding something more than old rags. Middle aged, but rosy, with brown curly hair and luxuriant whiskers, having what I could never achieve, a well-filled chest, the fellow made me quite like him. By his side was a pretty little woman, of fair and delicate face, and appearing just as helpless as an infant amidst the scenes which met her eyes. Seeing me observe him, the man approached, and with a sort of off-hand flinging of two fingers to the front of his cap, asked me if I would give him some information about lodgings—he was perfectly ignorant, he said, of such matters, and if he “might presume,” and so forth. Like Captain Dudley Smooth I am always happy to do “any thing to oblige.” So we three were very soon on the way to a quiet boarding-house, not far off, and having told the lady of the house how I picked them up, went away to my office and my papers.

I had been long acquainted with Mrs. Robertson, the keeper of the boarding-house, who was a Scotch lady, a widow, and who was one of the kindest-hearted women I ever knew. With her the emigrant couple would be safe and well treated, both as to comforts and money. Unlike the majority of her class she looked upon her inmates as members of her own family, and took as much interest in them as in her own sons and daughters, of which there were several. It was no matter for surprise, therefore, that, when next we met, she spoke of the new boarders with warm-hearted expressions of regard. They were such nice people—so quiet, so well mannered. The lady *was* a lady; the gentleman—well, not exactly a gentleman but something above the common run of people. The wife was the daughter of a rich English squire, and appeared to have money, the husband had also funds in plenty, she thought. They were a runaway couple—a real love-match, in which beauty and romance and wealth bore part, and mutual bliss was the result. What business the—well, we will call him Hurst—was of was a mystery; he was out a good deal and might be trying to fix upon one. And so time passed on, and except for an occasional mention of their names, I had forgotten the Hursts, and being no visiting man had not accepted an invitation to meet them.

At length November came. I was busy, and scarcely stirred abroad all day. There was no

admittance, except on business, to my den. My clerk was instructed not to let in gossips on any account, and was generally vigilant. One morning there came a gossip—Mrs. Robertson. I heard her ask for me, and that the lad said I had three gentlemen with me, and should be engaged for three hours at the very least. “I must wait, then,” said she; “but for God’s sake let me send a note to him.” Of course I at once rang my bell, and had her admitted, and it was well I did so, for she looked ready to faint.

“Compose yourself, my dear Mrs. Robertson,” said I. “I did not mean to shut *you* out, for you are always welcome. What is the matter?—or stay—a glass of wine—”

“No, no!” she hurriedly replied. “I am in great trouble. Mrs. Hurst—”

“Ah! Well?”

“She has been missing for over a week.”

“Tell me all; or rather let me ask questions. When did she go?”

“A week ago last night, she went out to buy something; for the poor thing expected—”

“Stop, stop; we get on too fast. What time did she go?”

“At half past six—immediately after her supper.”

“Was she alone?”

“No, certainly not: Mrs. Forbes was with her; for Mr. Hurst said that if—”

“Stop again, please. Who is Mrs. Forbes?”

“Surely you know her! Why, she is Mr. Hurst’s sister, and came to our house a month ago, and has been with us ever since—a real handsome lady, though I must say just a little bolder in her ways than I like; and my daughter Ella says—”

“One thing at a time, Madam. She went out shopping; Mrs. Forbes was with her, and Mr. Hurst staid at home, and she never came back. Is that it?”

“Yes, exactly that; and—”

“What did Mrs. Forbes say when *she* came back?”

“She never came back either.”

I leaned back in my chair, and she leaned back in hers. We read in each other’s eyes that there was something to be dreaded, but what neither could tell. “Well,” I said at length, “now about Mr. Hurst. What did he say?”

“He says it’s all right; that the two ladies went to Brooklyn to see an unexpectedly-found relative, and that I need not be alarmed.”

“And you are alarmed?”

“Yes—oh, Mr. —, I can’t tell you what I think, but that man’s face is a bad one when you come to study it. Besides, he’s gone too. When we called him this morning we found a note on his table—here it is:—‘Mrs. Robertson, I am called suddenly away, and shall not be back for a week. My wife sends for her clothes, and I have taken them with me. My trunks I do not need; keep them until I return.—E. H.’ And so he has left them, and I

am sure I wish he had left them any where but with me.”

“Had he paid his rent?”

“Yes, not only so, but left a week in advance in the note.”

“Now,” said I, “go right home, Mrs. Robertson. I will think it over, and stop in in the evening;” and she did go right home, and I did stop in in the evening.

But not alone: I had with me a mild-spoken old gentleman, with a broad-brimmed hat, a pair of specs, a white choker, an elegantly-carved gold-headed cane, and of eminent respectability from top to toe. He wanted board; was an old friend of mine; had taken my recommendations to apply to Mrs. R., and so on—all of which I duly explained, as also that he wanted a front-room.

“There is no front-room vacant,” said Mrs. R., “except—you know whose, Mr. —.”

“Well, well,” said the old gentleman, in gentle tones, “a week hence will do, Madam.”

Said I, “The room *may* be vacant, perhaps, at the end of that time.” This with *impressione*.

“So it may; and if the gentleman would call again—”

“Meanwhile—pardon me if I am troublesome,” said my venerable friend in still gentler tones; “but if I could see the apartment—although I am sure it is charming—”

“Oh, certainly!” And so we toddled up stairs, she first, my venerable friend next, carefully lifting his aged feet from step to step, and lastly I myself. There was a twinkle of benevolence in his very heels.

The room gained, he sat down panting in a chair and looked about him. A very inquisitive look about him, too. Nothing seemed to escape those gleaming old glasses. “And these are the gentleman’s trunks—just so, just so. Permit me a nearer view—ah yes; very good trunks.”

“And very heavy, too,” said Mrs. Robertson, “for I can hardly move them.” And she gave a pretty hard push to one, which seemed as firm as a rock.

“Let me try; I used to be strong—many years ago, Madam, many years ago. Give me your hand, my dear friend,” to me; “I would kneel beside one.”

A very odd proceeding this, as Mrs. R. thought; but she said never a word. So I gave the old gentleman my hand and eased him down upon his old knees beside the smallest of the trunks, Mrs. R. being behind him, and not able to see the box because of his wide figure and wider skirts. Then this odd old person deftly whipped forth from some part of his dress a small bar with a point, and sticking the said point under the edge of the box, tried to move it. He might as well have tried to move a house. And he sighed softly as I eased him to his feet again, and said it was too heavy for his strength.

A little general talk ensued, and soon we left

the house. Soon we were in my office, and then came an act of transformation. The wig and specs and coat all seemed to fall off by magic, and there stood my friend Peters, the detective, who at that time was rather a terror to certain people.

"Well, Peters, what do you think?"

"Every thing that's bad," said he. "It's clear that he will not come back. I know him too well."

"Know him too well?" said I, amazed.

"Yes. One of the real gallows-birds that give us so much trouble. He has been twice in State prison, twice escaped; but that was five years ago. We heard of his being in England, and that he had got into the good graces of a respectable family, which is likely enough. As for Madam, his mistress and confederate, well there's no knowing what she's been up to; but in my opinion she has committed all the worst crimes in the calendar."

"What did she look like?"

"A real handsome woman; but as brazened an eye as ever I saw in all my life."

"And what is to be done?"

"To-morrow I'm going to look into those trunks, and you will go with me and I shall be Peters *in propria persona*."

With that the detective and the lawyer parted, and only two idle men remained smoking cigars and moistening their talk with moderate bibulation.

Next day found us once more in Mr. Hurst's room; and great was the wonder of my old friend, Mrs. Robertson, when I told her what was the object of the visit. Of course she made no objection, but hoped there would be no trouble.

Peters went to work like an expert. A bunch of skeleton keys were all his tools; but they sufficed, for one after another the trunks were unlocked and opened. He was not surprised—I was—to find not paving-stones in all of them, but that each had been firmly screwed to the floor and was, of course, empty. Or nearly empty; for the only thing found, and that only after patient examination, was a letter addressed on the cover by Hurst to "Mrs. Forbes," and calling for her presence—addressed inside to Lizzie Dunn. This is what it said:

"Lizzie, girl, I want you. You can do it best. The old terms—half. She is a fool, and I am tired of her. You know what to bring. You are my sister, Mrs. Forbes. She has never heard I had one. Come at once and we will hurry up this job. H."

This paper was found under a loose piece of lining in one of the boxes, and had evidently got there by accident and been overlooked. Peters put it carefully into his official wallet, Mrs. R. and myself having first marked it with our initials and the date. And that was all we found. There was no mark or sign of any kind that offered the least ray of information. So the boxes were relocked, and Mrs. Robertson told to leave them untouched until the week was out, and then to call upon me. I need not

say that Mr. Hurst did not come back. The boxes were put into a lumber cupboard, the room was relet to a smart young fellow, who, by-the-by, married pretty Ella Robertson within three months, and the house affairs went on in the old way. Only one thing happened, and that was about three weeks after Mr. Hurst's disappearance. A body was washed ashore at Staten Island. It was of a young female, but the fishes had obliterated every trace of feature. Peters kept the fragments of clothes, only under-linen, also some of the hair, and a ring, small and intrinsically of little worth, which was upon one hand. It might have been the missing wife or not. There was no telling. There had been a stab with a long thin dagger just above the collar-bone, and the blade had gone down clear through the heart—just such a blade and just such a stab as expiates the treachery of a Carbonaro toward his order. There was an inquest, and the usual verdict of murder of an unknown woman by an unknown hand. And there an end.

Several years at least passed by, and all these circumstances were forgotten. Toward the close of 1857 there came up an excitement about river thieves. The police before that time had no regular river patrol, but one was established under the Metropolitan Act of April of that year. The force seemed of little service at first, however, for there were many robberies of vessels lying at their wharves, and never a robber captured. Peters and I often talked about it. It wasn't in his line, he said, but he couldn't help thinking that somebody or other was not smart enough for the work. As ship after ship was boarded in the night he seemed to fidget as your dog fidgets if the next door neighbor will walk up and down before your door in a pair of boots whose song is unfamiliar to his ears. I have told you before what a prying creature I am—it seemed as if my penetration was baffled; and it did seem mortifying that the law should be defied by a gang of desperadoes within a stone's-throw of the shore—at least to me an expounder of the law. But there was no help for it apparently. The river officers seemed active and vigilant, the apparatus, such as boats, night-glasses, arms, and so forth, serviceable and effective, the patrolling was energetic and constant, but still the thieves prospered.

One day, meeting Peters on his way from Police Head-quarters, we fell a-talking for the hundredth time upon this teasing subject.

"I tell you what it is," said he, "I'd like to go aboard one of them yawls and see how it's doped."

"Easy enough for you to do so," said I.

"Yes, of course. But there's one thing more." And the fellow's left eyelid quivered into the similitude of a wink.

"Precisely," said I. "Nothing I should like better," for I knew that my company was the "one thing more" desired.

"When can you go?"

"To-night if you say so. The captain won't object?"

"Laws, no! You ought to be well enough acquainted to know that."

So the arrangement was made.

That night, a dark one, a rather large and heavy boat, but one not by any means badly constructed for speed, lay at the foot of Whitehall Street. There were four men at the oars, and one at the rudder. Very soon two other men issued from a corner store where comforts were sold, and stepped aboard, sitting down in the stern-sheets, and then the boat glided noiselessly into the darkness. The reader will please follow.

One who has never been carried at night over the North or East River in a row-boat will find it difficult to realize the peculiar sensations of the journey. It was truly a dark night. Not a star shone in the sky, and the lights on shore merely mocked at the surrounding gloom. A dark mist crept along the surface of the water, and made the outlines of the wharves look like the ghostly forms of unreal architecture. The black hulls of ships lay slowly rising and falling an inch or two, and the tide around them made not even a rippling murmur. The tall masts and cordage and reefed sails were but shadows scarce more sombre than the darkness behind them. The rattle of street traffic was faintly heard, the distant barking of a dog stole mournfully over the still river, and added to the loneliness. The boat itself, moving along like a floating mystery, made no noise. With muffled oars and hushed voices, often quite silent, it glided past piers and tiers of vessels, in and out among them, and was seen by not one of a hundred sailors watching upon deserted decks.

For three hours thus we crept about upon the lonely river, and I began to get tired. The novelty had worn off long before, and the adventure was no adventure at all. I whispered to Peters that I thought it time to go home. Not yet, said he.

At this time we were just opposite pier Number Twelve on the North River, a capital point for me to land at; and, finally, Peters seeing that I was really anxious to be away, asked the man at the rudder to steer in-shore, and at a slow rate we began to approach the pier.

Suddenly Peters touched the helmsman on the arm, and simultaneously the rowers ceased their work. Instantly seven pairs of tolerably keen eyes were straining through the darkness toward the end of the pier, and one of the party leveled his night-glass in the same direction. The pier was quite deserted; no goods were on it—that much was clear. There was no sound either. But just at the edge, or rather within a couple of yards of it, was a heap of something, which might be mud, or coal, or any other similar matter. It looked about three or four feet long and a foot high. But—and I have before spoken of the instinctive feelings people have upon certain occasions—the heap was, we felt sure, without either of us saying so, neither coal nor mud. I said, "Why not pull in and see what it is?" "By no

means," said the steersman; "we'll wait here a bit—or better still, a little further off." So the boat was sent back half a dozen lengths, and we watched and waited. Presently the heap moved a little, and again was still. Then again, and yet again, each time nearer the edge of the pier, until at last it was quite close, and finally fell into the water with a dull plunge. Yet we waited—I thought unwisely, but it was not my business to advise further. I think we lay there motionless and silent for near half an hour; motionless, save just a dip of the oars now and then to keep us from floating down stream. There seemed nothing to be gained, I thought, by this sort of proceeding, or rather not proceeding, and whispered as much to Peters. "Ever see a terrier at a rat-hole?" said he. "Yes; are we terriers now, then?" I replied. But the answer never came. For just at that instant our boat shot ahead at full speed, while I caught sight of a dark speck gliding swiftly along close to the timbers of the pier. How those new "Metropolitans" bent to their oars was a sight! We seemed to fly along the water's surface. Very soon we caught a clear view of the object in ahead of us, and which now seemed making for further off shore. It was a little skiff, with one man in it, and his speed was very nearly, though not quite, equal to our own. We gained upon him, and after a long chase got close enough to hail him—I need not say without eliciting response. Gaining still more, as we now did with every stroke, Peters pulled open the slide of his dark lantern, and threw the light clear on to the flying figure—only for an instant, for the sergeant at the helm angrily told him to shut it up. Again the sergeant hailed the little boat, and again there was no reply. Then he said to Peters, "Yes, you may." What *that* meant I soon found from the flash and sudden report close at my side. That sort of a salute was as unsuccessful as the two milder ones before, and Peters fired again. This time there did come an answer, for quick as thought there were a flash and a sharp crack not twenty feet ahead, and one of our rowers dropped his oar into the water, and clapped his right hand to his left arm, muttering certainly not a blessing upon somebody.

Of course this altered matters. Peters took a spare oar and changed places with the wounded man. But this took time, and when the boat began to move again it was evident that the chase had escaped.

Pretty conclusion, truly! But there was the heap which had lain on the pier. That part of the mystery remained to be cleared up. Slowly wending our way—why not wend our way in a boat as much as Mr. De Sylva, in Marryatt's novel, paved his up a river?—we got back to Pier Number Twelve, and Peters and I got ashore, and he, with the help of his lantern, began to look around.

And this is what we found: A trail as if some bloody substance had been dragged to the water's edge, and smeared the timbers as it

moved along. A trail that we followed back for twenty yards, until it turned aside toward a shed. A trail that grew more and more deeply soaked as we followed it. A trail that led to a pool of blood within the shed—and that was all.

Peters must have thought my exclamation a foolish one—"A queer business!" was what I said. But he made no answer beyond hastily writing upon a leaf from his memorandum-book, and asking me to run with it to the nearest station-house; which I of course did.

The sergeant on duty looked at me as if he thought I was drunk until I gave him the note, when he opened his eyes wide and whistled a long, soft note. Then, calling an officer, he gave some orders, the result being that in two minutes I was running back with two men provided with ropes and grappling-irons. Arriving at the pier one of the two staid, the other helped his wounded comrade away, for he was getting very weak.

Fishing I am fond of; but such fishing as I saw that night I hope never again to see. The grapples were not five minutes at work before I saw the ropes tighten, and two men begin to haul carefully but with their whole strength.

I have undertaken to tell this history—I wish I never had. As the recollection of how foot after foot of the ropes came up, how a *something* rose above the water—a something that was once a woman, but now a hideous thing with its head falling on one side and nearly cut from the neck—there! it's no use; *no* words can describe the sight!

The men soon had it upon the boards of the pier. There was a rope round it, with the end hanging loose for several yards. There was a heavy piece of iron tied fast to it. And as the lantern's light fell upon the face I saw, through the long black hair which was streaming over it, two jet-black eyes that glared upward fearfully.

The officials soon removed that silent horror to the station-house, where it was laid upon the floor. An examination soon revealed the fact that there was a narrow cut behind the left collar-bone, and it was the stab that I had heard of years before; and a further search showed that a narrow blade had cut down through the heart. Why after such a blow the poor creature should be further mutilated none can tell. Nor, although Peters knew the woman to be Lizzie Dunn, *alias* Mrs. Forbes, we never learned a single other fact. There was an inquest, but the thing was kept secret, in the hope that the murderer would return some day. He never did so. The body lies buried in a suburban cemetery; and its former occupant, and the man who did the deed, alone know what we sought to learn. Whether the murderer was Hurst I can not tell, but Peters says it was, for he saw the face of the solitary rower, and knew it even in that one brief flash of his lantern. His theory is that the woman had become dangerous and troublesome, and was therefore put out of

the way—which, like all theories, holds good until disproved. The body lies buried, and the spirit of its tenant alone—besides the man who set that spirit free—can tell why or how the bloody deed was done. One thing only is certain—Hurst was seen no more.

One thing puzzled me. Why had not the relatives of the first victim made more ado? Surely they must have retained some affection for her, or would at least like to know whether she were living or dead.

"They know she is dead," said Peters, of whom I asked the question some days after.

"Did you tell them?"

"Well, I was engaged by them in the matter privately."

"And never told me! Why, old friend, you didn't think that I wanted to make any thing out of it, did you?"

"Of course not," he replied. And we both laughed the laugh of men who have seen the world.

STRANDED.

HEAVY and white hangs the fog to-night
Along the Jersey shore;
The air is chill, and all sounds are still,
Save the breakers' sullen roar,
And the shelving sands as they slip and slide
From the brown sea-beach with the outward tide.

The sea runs high; but above in the sky
Is the moon, all wan and white
As the face of a ghost; and along the coast,
In the dim, uncertain light,
Spectral and grand the tall bluffs stand,
Gazing oceanward from the land.

Close at their feet where the wild waves meet
With a sullen, angry roar,
Mingling their spume in a sheet of fume
When the tide rolls in toward the shore,
Are the rocks dimly seen through the vapory screen,
As a puff of wind parts the fog between.

What if to-night in this treacherous light
A vessel in-shore should sail?
What if she strand on some reef of sand,
And the wind should grow to a gale?
Little chance of her fate, for the tide rises late,
And six long hours she would have to wait.

Hark to that gun! now another one;
And yonder, see ahead,
On Mariner's Shoal, where the breakers roll,
Those signal-lights burn red;
'Tis a ship aground, some "homeward-bound,"
With the boiling surf and the fog all round.

Now the wind, that was still, blows fresh and chill,
And the white fog flies before;
And through cloudy rifts, as the dense mass lifts,
Shine the lanterns on the shore,
Where the wreckers stand, and with ready hand
Guide the crowded boats as they struggle to land.

Far voices call, and the moon over all
Reveals the stranded ship;
And her lights, as they blaze thro' the reddening haze,
With a sudden movement dip,
As the low ebb-tide leaves the beach bare and wide,
And her hull careens to the landward side.

Now the gray dawn breaks as the red sun wakes
In a leaden-colored sky;
One body found of four that were drowned,
And the ship still high and dry;
One star dim and pale, and a vanishing sail,
With the wind in-shore and blowing a gale.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IF the choice of a happy summer retreat were given to the mass of the American people would they necessarily choose Albany? Is it quite beyond belief that some of them, at least, might select another spot, as, for instance, the Adirondack Mountains or Chatham Street? It is a very unkind question to ask concerning the capital city of one of the great States of the Union, but is it not possible to conceive of a city of more interest and attraction than Albany? Granting that the Capitol is a noble edifice, that Broadway is an imposing promenade, that the railroad station is wholly worthy one of the chief centres of travel upon the continent, that the environs are exquisitely cultivated, and that pleasure-gardens and drives and walks abound, is there not, somehow, a last perfection wanting? And if some surly traveler, toiling up some steep street in a dog-day sun, should querulously refuse to grant the existence of the various amenities and attractions we have named, what would a truthful narrator say, and how, if these facts failed, should he adequately set forth the charms of Albany?

Is it any comfort to know that it is the next settlement in age to Jamestown in Virginia, and that the original site was just below, and that the fort there was called Beaverwyck? Is it any inspiration to recall the political history of the State, and the more or less illustrious figures who have moved about the city for a season? Here, for instance, is the balcony from which his Excellency Andrew Johnson, then President, addressed his fellow-citizens upon a July evening, while his Secretary of State listened and applauded. Is that a lofty and stimulating remembrance? When a stranger asks the citizen of Albany for the pleasures of the place, he is referred to the State Library, to the Penitentiary, to the Dudley Observatory, and to the Cathedral. But the most picturesque, romantic, and suggestive object is the house of the Patroon. In the summer it is set in the most ample and massive foliage. The noble elms "high over-arched embower" the dusty road to Troy. The blossoming shrubbery scents the air in June; and there is no pleasanter surprise than to come suddenly, at the end of a long, curving, and shaded street, upon the Patroon's house.

Formerly, of course, the road to Troy was not. There were gardens and lawns and groves all about. At least the observer imagines so, and speaks from the probability of the scene. The grounds fell gently to the river, and the verdure of the garden laved the base of the hill and rose in soft woods to the ridge. The lazy sloops drifted by upon the river in the midsummer day, spectral in the haze, the fleets of dreams. The smooth uplands beyond rose tranquilly toward the remote, invisible heights of the Green Mountains in the northeast. No steam screamed; no car rattled; not even the "heavy barges trailed" along the yet undug and undreamed canal. Opening his gate, the Patroon passed into a Dutch town, himself the ghost of a baron of other days. And opening his gate, his guests passed in to the solid and quaint hospitality of the chief of a queer kind of provincial principality.

If you stop now to look in at the old house,

still standing its ground, with its stalwart body-guard clad in the green mail of a hundred summers, you see that, despite its vigor, the Troy road flanks it upon one side, and humming factories have stolen in between its windows and the river. Beyond its rural domain there is all the ugliness of the edge of a busy city, and the sure triumph of the city over the beautiful grounds is plain to see. You can not say its triumph over the beautiful trees, for Albany has held fast to its trees, and there is no city more profusely shaded. The trees are the chief ornament of the city; yet they are not altogether pleasant to see, for they cast a curious gloom upon many of the streets, and the traveler wonders whether more air and more sun would not be more agreeable and more wholesome.

Apparently the city is built upon three or more narrow hills, with ravines between them, running back from the river. Upon the highest of these the Capitol is built, and as you come down its broad steps you are directly opposite the tops of the high hills across the river. Upon the Capitol hill are many of the pleasantest houses of Albany; and so felicitous is one point for a house that it is very easy to fancy a sumptuous dwelling, with a broad balcony opening out of a luxurious library, far above the city, looking down upon the river and the beautiful hills beyond. If there were such a house, and surely upon the northern side of the Capitoline hill there might be several, there is no house in the city of New York with so noble an exposure. From such a balcony, as you leaned upon the railing and heard the cool plash of a fountain in a dainty grass-plot beneath, you might not see the Cathedral, but you would surely see the handsome church upon the next hill to the north—a church not of sombre stone, but of cheerful courses of yellow and blue, spacious and imposing, a Catholic church, the very aspect and situation of which show the constant wariness and sagacity of the sect that built it. From this charmed balcony your eye would wander delighted far up the placid river to the tranquil hill lines of the northern and northeastern horizon. Here, if you forgot that Albany was Albany, you would pay your most flattering tribute to the city.

But you will properly be told to see the Cathedral, and to the Cathedral you should go. Let it be toward sunset, and on a week-day when there is no service. There is no pleasant approach, and the best perhaps is from the river. The exterior of the building is imposing from its size rather than from any especial beauty; but as you enter the shabby doorway—for Catholic magnificence in this country is inveterately shabby—you pass into the feeling and associations of European life and travel. The interior is like a hundred churches in which the traveler has been. The columns are low, giving a vault-like effect which is not pleasing in such a building. But what impresses you at that hour is not the architecture, nor the colored windows, nor the space, nor any thing but three or four old women. Comfortable souls, they have been selling apples all day, or picking up sticks with Goody Blake, and here they are in their house, either kneeling and muttering prayers as they slip the beads

through their fingers, or quietly sitting, utterly still, perhaps dozing, perhaps dreaming, with all the content of oxen lying in a pasture. For these beldames it is truly Mother Church whose arm they feel around them. You go cautiously down the aisle toward the altar, softly stepping, not to disturb their devotions or pious meditations. Needless care, for they do not hear you or see you; or if for a moment their eyes rest upon you it is with no curiosity, but with an absent regard.

Somebody comes out of the mysterious room from which the priests enter when mass is to be performed, and he mops the wicks of the candles upon the altar so that they will light easily when the proper moment arrives. The old women watch him with the same abstracted gaze, as he bustles about in a peculiarly secular way and bangs the door as he goes out. The noise echoes through the hollow church, and then every thing is silent again, and you creep softly along, looking up at the windows, each of which seems to have been presented to the cathedral by some outlying church. How pleasant if it were a perfectly free-will offering! But you know that it is no more so than many a service of plate, or many a college honor of the higher class. There are some shabby pictures upon the walls, and there are confessionals with a dirty curtain to draw before the priest's face. Indeed the sights of the church are very few, and they are seen in a few moments. But the associations are touching and endless. These are not American old women who sit there, nor is the faith which reared the temple American. The whole spectacle is European, medieval, remote. Here we are at the door again, and on either side are the poor-box and the church-box. What if a party of the ancient Dutchmen should open the door and look in! If Peter Stuyvesant should storm swearing down the aisle, or Wouter Van Twiller smoke his placid pipe in a pew, would the old women look astonished, or patiently continue to chew their pious cud?

In a monthly meditation upon many things it is impossible to omit the extraordinary events in Mexico and the fate, which has already suspended the festivities in Paris and clad every European court in mourning, of the young Prince Maximilian. The circumstances are painfully familiar. He fought to the last in a desperate cause; he lost and met the fate which he doubtless anticipated. The details have been faithfully preserved. The bright summer morning at Queretaro; the crowds pouring from the little city out upon the plain beyond; the expectant throngs and tolling bells, and at last the carriages containing the prisoners. Last came Maximilian, his eyes fixed upon the unfamiliar landscape softly musing upon other scenes, and his young heart aching not with grief at his own fate but with the thought of his wife, who could not know the total ruin that had befallen her. For a moment the young man is recalled to the circumstances around him. He sees two of his most faithful companions fall dead under the rifles which will next be aimed at him. Then rising and declaring that he had acted honestly, if mistakenly; giving a little gift to the soldiers and begging them to aim at his heart, he murmured—or the natural emotion of his heart was so in-

terpreted by the sympathy of the beholders—"Carlotta! Carlotta!" and so died.

It is a sad story; not because he was called an Emperor or was born a Prince or an Archduke, but because he was an ingenuous youth gone astray, who bravely and decently expiated his errors and his crimes. Indeed, in these days when kings and emperors are tottering and vanishing in the thought which controls civilization, it is very easy to imagine that a generous young man, born to the purple and appreciating his position, but not strong enough to break away from it, should wish to use its advantages to do what good he can. So, when the embassy from Mexico came to Maximilian and proposed the empire, he probably reflected that, in so chaotic a country, a strong government was essential; and that if one of the parties in the civil war there was willing to adopt him as a leader it might be possible under an appearance, if not the reality of right and popular choice, to establish a strong government which should give peace and order to the country.

Louis Napoleon and Maximilian's father-in-law, the late King Leopold of Belgium, had of course their purposes, and meant to use Maximilian to secure them. That he accepted with them the theory that the United States were ruined is undoubtedly true; but in so doing he merely accepted the theory which was universal in the European Courts, and indeed in general European opinion. But there can be no doubt that Maximilian had purposes of his own, and sincerely hoped to restore tranquillity to Mexico under a strong and mild government. So much at least we may concede without justifying his original resolution, or the various measures he adopted to carry on the war. Yet it is but fair that a generous view should be taken of the career of a young man, the reasons of whose action must be sought partly in the condition of the United States at the time, and in the peculiar situation of Mexico.

But the peculiar tragedy of his fate, and our natural sympathy with a man who meets it bravely, must not blind our minds to the real enormity of his offenses. Maximilian went into another country to lead one party against another in a civil war; and he did not rely upon the strong arms of those who invited him, but upon the armies of France. Of course his plans contemplated the formation of a government in our Southern States, which would wish to have a friendly and not republican system in Mexico, while he felt that his own throne would be strengthened by the immediate neighborhood of a divided country, as he supposed ours would be.

Now Maximilian knew perfectly well that if he had any right whatever in Mexico it was because he was the chosen chief of one of the contending parties of the country; but he also knew that if that party was so wholly weak that it could appear in the field only under the protection of France, it was not a party which had any just authority to claim to be the really controlling party of the country, or to represent, in the ordinary sense, the people of Mexico. His case was fatally weak from the beginning, and whenever he thought of it he must have felt it as every thoughtful man in this country did. During the brief summer of apparent power, while he and Carlotta held an imperial court in the an-

cient city, and the great courts of Europe recognized the empire and sent ambassadors to the emperor of a day; during the time in which Maximilian issued plans of laws, and hunted, and drove, and rode, and passed from the city to the summer-palace and from the summer-palace to the city; while Carlotta made a picturesque progress to the province of Yucatan, and her coming cast a strange light upon the silent and half-forgotten ruins—during all this time and the happening of these things the young man might have believed he had chosen well, and that all his hopes would be fulfilled.

But when in this hunting and summer revelry he paused to sign the bill which virtually restored slavery in Mexico, and the other edict by which he, a stranger, an Austrian Prince leaning upon France, doomed young Mexicans fighting for their country and its republican government to summary drum-head trial and execution, then Maximilian took his life in his hand as much as any footpad who ever went upon the highway. But his offense was as much greater as the welfare of a nation is greater than that of an individual. His only hope was in the arms he wielded or commanded. When they failed he must either escape or fall into the hands of the authorities against whom he was waging bloody war, and in that case, according to all the traditions of the country in which he was fighting, of his own country, of England, and of all civilized nations hitherto—except the United States—his doom was sure. The European burst of indignation over his fate is simply illogical. He had no reason to expect more mercy than a Mexican. And if Juarez had executed Miramon would every court in Europe have loudly lamented? Certainly not. It was the Princeship of Maximilian that produced the outcry.

Let those who think his fate peculiarly hard read the following letters of two Mexican Generals who, for defending their country against foreign invaders, and for no other crime, were shot by order of Maximilian; and let them remember that these men were quite as dear to those who loved them as Maximilian to his family and friends, and confess that it was he, and no other, who really justified—so far as such things can be justified—the tragical spectacle of the summer morning outside the walls of Queretaro.

General Arteaga was a man and soldier of unspotted character; and even the French journalist who announced his capture said: "He is an honest and sincere man, whose career has been distinguished by humanity."

"URUAPAN, October 20, 1865.

"MY ADORED MOTHER,—I was taken prisoner on the 13th instant by the imperial troops, and to-morrow I am to be shot. I pray you, mother, to forgive me for all the suffering I have caused during the time I followed the profession of arms, against your will. Mother, in spite of all my efforts to aid you, the only means I had I sent you in April last; but God is with you, and He will not suffer you to perish, nor my sister Trinidad. I have not told you before of the death of my brother Luis, because I feared you would die of grief; he died at Tuxpan, in the State of Jalisco, about the 1st January last. Mother, I leave nothing but a spotless name, for I have never taken any thing that did not belong to me; and I trust God will pardon all my sins and take me into His glory. I die a Christian, and bid you all adieu—you, Dolores, and all the family, as your very obedient son,

"JOSE MARIA ARTEAGA.

"Donna Apolonia Magallanes de Arteaga, Agnes Calientes."

"URUAPAN, October 20, 1865.

"ADORED MOTHER,—It is seven o'clock at night, and General Arteaga, Colonel Villa Comez, with three other chiefs and myself, have just been condemned. My conscience is quiet. I go down to the tomb at thirty-three years of age without a stain upon my military career or a blot upon my name. Weep not, but be comforted, for the only crime your son has committed is the defense of a holy cause—the independence of his country. For this I am to be shot. I have no money, for I have saved nothing. I leave you without a fortune; but God will aid you and my children, who are proud to bear my name. . . . Direct my children and my brothers in the path of honor, for the scaffold can not attain loyal names. Adieu, dear mother. I will receive your blessing from the tomb. Embrace my good uncle Luis for me, and Tecla, Lupe, and Isabel, also my namesake, as well as Carmelita, Cholina, and Manuelita; give them many kisses, and the adieu from my inmost soul. Many blessings for my uncles, aunts, cousins, and all loyal friends, and receive the last adieu of your obedient and faithful son, who loves you much,

"CARLOS SALAZAR.

"*Postscript.*—If affairs should change hereafter—and it is possible they may—I wish my ashes to repose by the side of my children, in your town."

THE annual boat-race between the two great colleges of New England, Harvard and Yale, is by no means the least interesting event of the Commencement season to the students. The fair and venerable city of Worcester is the point to which the boat-clubs and their friends repair, and upon a lake in the vicinity, Quinsigamond, the regatta takes place. To be a victor in that great struggle, to be the champion of the triumphant crew, is an honor greater, undoubtedly, to the great multitude of collegians than to be valedictorian.

But with this muscular contest, in which our collegians have imitated the example of England, they have also introduced the worst manners and riotous conduct of any time and of any university. The great contest of this year, in which Harvard was victorious, was utterly disgraced by the conduct of some of the students in the city of Worcester. Taking possession of the Bay State House, the chief hotel of the place, they smashed and smirched whatever they could reach upon the first-floor, and should all have been ducked, soundly thrashed, and put to prison labor for twenty days for their pains. The whole community of letters is insulted and stained by their ribald behavior; and we wonder that the classmates and fellow-collegians of such indecent and drunken rioters do not solemnly protest against them by name, and utterly disclaim all sympathy in their orgies. Nor can we see why the college authorities should not absolutely expel every student who is proved to have made part of such a performance. The police, as is stated, were driven off. But next year we hope they will be fully forearmed as they have been forewarned; and be very sure that in this kind of conflict between town and gown the sympathies of all honorable men are against gown.

This business belongs to the class of stupid attempts at fun to which hazing and practical joking also belong. But surely no good fellow has any patience with hazing. It is only bullying, and it is very cowardly, for there is no chance of fair play. The hazers come in crowds and suddenly. It is as mean as fagging, without the excuse of the brutal British custom. Indeed, now that our colleges are something more than high-schools, it is time that collegians should be more than school-boys. A high *esprit du corps* should prevent such intolerable outrages as those

at Worcester; and we venture to say that there is not a fire-engine company nor a military company which has not apparently more self-respect upon similar excursions than the roystering part of the students of Harvard and Yale showed at the Bay State House.

It was a noble race, nobly contested, nobly lost, and nobly won. Every spectator wished to carry away an unsullied picture of the scene. But the scurvy fellows who rioted prevented. The disgrace clings. Every scholar hangs his head. The festival of scholars should be generous and gay. But this was drunken; this was despicable. And next year when the regatta takes place, for their own honor and for the honor of letters, the crews and the colleges should declare that they will stigmatize by name the ringleaders and the led in any tipsy riot that may take place.

From every summer resort comes the gentle wail that the world has not come—that the world has gone away—and the smiles and grace and fashionable éclat which should justly irradiate those pleasant places are sighed for, but sighed for in vain. The wail has seemed to centre around this Easy Chair, which has so open an ear and so sympathetic a heart for gentle sorrows. Now from Saratoga, now from Newport, now from Sharon, now from Niagara, now from the mountains, now from the sea, comes the soft complaint that the bands play and the dancers dance to halls almost empty, so that the object of the whole summer pilgrimage is lost. For why, pray, should a young woman go to the seaside, if she may not display her ample and airy wardrobe, or a young gentleman repair to the hills with his neatest *négligé*, if the gay multitude which is in the imagination of all who propose such an excursion is not assembled? Can any thing surpass the satisfaction of those who have not room to move round the room in the waltz, but must balance delicately in one little spot by reason of the encircling crowd? It is that which inspires and elates. Even the risk of tearing the exquisite lace may be borne if only the throng is select and admiring.

But where are the summer revelers?

"Come into the garden, Maud;
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown."

Have they all fled over the sea to the Imperial Court and the Exposition, as we gravely call the Great Exhibition in Paris? Who was it said that forty thousand Americans were traveling for pleasure during this summer in Europe? It is good news for couriers and cicerones and masters of hotels and other personages who live by travelers. Could we have had the chance the Easy Chair would have earnestly exhorted them, one and all, not to forget the *bougies*, and to devise some plan for the consumption of the candles which they will not use, but will be expected to pay for.

The facts are familiar, sadly familiar to the traveling American. He arrives just at evening alone, or with his "estimable lady." His first glimpse at the door of the hotel is the smiling and bowing host, and beside him the solemn garçon with the two wax-lights which precede the husband and estimable lady to their room.

If her toilet is prolonged, and there is a generous consumption of candle, the charge upon the bill the next morning, although ridiculous and atrocious, is not without pretense, and is probably paid with but a silent malediction upon a country of which this is one of the habits. But if there be no estimable lady—ah! there is another thing. Two dusty pedestrians of modest means, combining economy with pleasure in pacing the weary turnpike roads of the Continent—excellent roads though they often are—arrive at the Schweizer Hof upon Lake Lucerne, or at some other delightful house at some other delightful spot. There is the same affable welcome—for the English or American nobleman is very fond of walking among the mountains, and dust and weariness and a general shabbiness of aspect do not destroy a traveler's reputation for an ample purse, upon reaching a fine Swiss inn. Now the travelers are, perhaps, only you, good reader, and the Easy Chair, very tired, very dusty, and no nobleman nor long purse at all. Our only wish is supper and instant bed.

But up goes the majestic servant—

"Many a gallant, gay domestic
Bows before him at the door."

The bougies flame and light our ascending way, and in two minutes they are blown out, and we are again down stairs. When we ascend, two more minutes suffice to tumble us into bed. Now in the morning it is very aggravating to pay ten francs for the two candles, whose tops are still rounded, so little have they been burned. It is even more exasperating to reflect upon future candles of the same kind which we shall pay for under the same circumstances, and upon those which, for many a yesterday, we have paid for and left behind. Who knows that these very candles were not paid for this morning by luckless and oppressed travelers like ourselves? Who does *not* know that our successors to-night will certainly have to pay for them? What a fortune is a single pair of candles to the Schweizer Hof, or to any other sumptuous and delightful inn! But what a mighty swindle! What does conscience and American citizenship not demand?

This is the question that must be fearlessly met and answered. One party of two or three persons used to pay for the candles, then quietly take them and give them to the beggars who are always in waiting when *Eccellenza* departs. But there is a grave question in that case as to the subsequent fate both of beggars and candles. The first are probably bastinadoed after the manner of the country, and the last are captured and resold as usual. So a grave and resolute traveler, contemplating all the facts, bought an extra trunk. In the morning when the little bill was presented, it was paid with an alacrity that captivated the landlord's heart.

"Ah," quoth the traveler, "two bougies? I have paid for two bougies?"

"Certainly, *Eccellenza* has paid for two bougies."

"Have the kindness to produce them."

With some amazement they were produced.

"Exactly. Thank you."

And so saying the resolute traveler gravely took them out of the candlesticks and committed them to the new trunk; then wished the landlord a courteous good-morning and rolled away.

And so he went from pleasant inn to inn, pocketing the candles, so to say, until he came to Venice where he made some kind of sale of them for some purpose. But his memory remained in the land, and some tradition of that traveler may even yet linger.

But here is a friend who recalls a wandering Chair to the reflection that no advice to the deserter from the shore or the inland restores fullness to the Ocean Hall nor gayety to the lake.

"All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the jessamine casement stirred
To the dancers dancing in tune,
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon."

But it is not like the old nights; it is not the old tune; and the music of the instruments is passionately sad; wailing and throbbing and reaching toward those who are away. There is no hope. This summer is a lost summer to those who looked for the gay world, and went to find it where it used to be. Meanwhile let the wan-

derer remember when he returns, that in the quiet undancing hours of this season, his merits have been measured, his claims weighed. And whoever, returning, hopes to propitiate the American fair, whom he has deserted, must conform to her demand, of which he has given her time to think:

"Genteel in personage,
Conduct and equipage;
Noble by heritage;
Generous and free;

"Brave, not romantic;
Learned, not pedantic;
Frolic, not frantic;
This must he be.

"Honor maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new;

"Neat, but not finical;
Sage, but not cynical,
Never tyrannical,
But ever true."

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 31st of July.—Congress assembled on the 4th and adjourned on the 20th of July, to convene again on the 21st of November. This short session of sixteen days was one of the most important in the history of the country. The President, upon inquiry, stated that he had no communication to make to either House. At the opening of the session resolutions were passed that the business should be confined to removing the obstructions which have been or are likely to be placed in the way of the fair execution of the Acts of Reconstruction heretofore adopted by Congress, and giving to them the scope intended by Congress when they were passed, and that further legislation at this session on the subject of Reconstruction, or on other subjects, is inexpedient. Several bills were immediately introduced into each House, defining the Reconstruction Acts. These were referred to committees, who finally agreed upon a bill, which passed on the 13th: in the House, by a vote of 111 to 23; in the Senate, by 31 to 6—16 Senators being absent or not voting. The following is the bill as passed, only we abridge some of the sections:

SEC. 1. "That it is hereby declared to have been the true intent and meaning of the Act of the 2d day of March, 1867, entitled an Act to provide for the more efficient government of the rebel States, thereto passed the 23d of March, 1867, that the Governments then existing in the rebel States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Florida, Texas, and Arkansas were not legal State Governments, and that thereafter said Governments, if continued, shall be subject in all respects to the military commanders of the respective districts, and to the paramount authority of Congress."

SEC. 2. "That the commander of any district named in said Act shall have power, subject to the disapproval of the General of the Army of the United States, and to have effect till disapproved, whenever, in the opinion of such commander, the proper administration of said Act shall require it, to suspend or remove from office, or from the performance of official duties and the exercise of official powers, any officer or person holding or exercising, or professing to hold or exercise, any civil or military office or duty in such

district, under any power, election, appointment, or authority, derived from, or granted by, or claimed under any so-called State or the Government thereof, or municipal or other division thereof; and upon such suspension or removal, such commander, subject to the disapproval of the General as aforesaid, shall have power to provide from time to time for the performance of the said duties of such officer or person so suspended or removed by the detail of some competent officer or soldier of the army, or by the appointment of some other person to perform the same, and to fill the vacancies occasioned by death, resignation, or otherwise."

SEC. 3. "That the General of the Army of the United States be invested with all the powers of suspension, removal, appointment, and detail granted in the preceding section to district commanders."

SEC. 4. "That the acts of the officers of the army already done in removing, in said districts, persons exercising the functions of civil officers, and appointing others in their stead, are hereby confirmed, provided that any person heretofore or hereafter appointed by any district commander to exercise the functions of any civil office may be removed, either by the military officer in command of the district, or by the General of the Army, and it shall be the duty of such commander to remove from office as aforesaid all persons who are disloyal to the Government of the United States, or who use their official influence in any manner to hinder, delay, prevent, or obstruct the due and proper administration of this Act and the Acts to which it is supplementary."

SEC. 5. Makes it the duty of the Boards of Registration, before allowing any person to be registered, to ascertain whether he is entitled to registration; and the oath of the person is not to be conclusive evidence; and no person shall be registered unless the Board decides that he is entitled thereto; and "no person shall be disqualified as member of any Board of Registration by reason of race or color."

SEC. 6. Declares that the true intent and meaning of the oath prescribed in the Supplementary Act is, among other things, "that no person who has been a member of the Legislature of any State, or who has held any executive or judicial office in any State, whether he has taken an oath to support the Constitution of the United States or not, and whether he was holding such office at the commencement of the rebellion, or had held it before and who has afterward engaged in rebellion against the United States or given aid and comfort to the enemies thereof, is entitled to be registered or vote; and the words 'Executive or judicial office in any State,' in said oath mentioned, shall be construed to include all civil officers created by law for the administration of any general law of a State, or for the administration of justice."

SEC. 7. Authorizes the Commander of any District to extend the period for registration until the 1st of

October, 1867. Makes it their duty, commencing fourteen days previous to any election under the Act, and for a period of five days, to revise the registration list, strike off the names of all persons not entitled thereto, and add any names of persons so entitled, which have not been registered; "and no person shall, at any time, be entitled to be registered or to vote by reason of any Executive pardon or amnesty for any act or thing which, without such pardon or amnesty, would disqualify him from registration or voting."

SEC. 8. "That all members of said Boards of Registration, and all persons hereafter elected or appointed to office in said military districts, under any so-called State or municipal authority, or by detail, or appointment of the district commanders, shall be required to take and subscribe to the oath of office prescribed by law for the officers of the United States."

SEC. 9. "That no district commander or member of the Board of Registration, or any officers or appointees acting under them, shall be bound in his action by any opinion of any civil officer of the United States."

SEC. 10. "That section 4 of said last-named Act shall be construed to authorize the Commanding General named therein, whenever he shall deem it needful, to remove any member of a Board of Registration, and to appoint another in his stead, and to fill any vacancy in such Board."

SEC. 11. "That all the provisions of this Act, and of the Acts to which this is supplementary, shall be construed liberally, to the end that all the intents thereof may be fully and perfectly carried out."

On the 19th the President returned the bill with his veto. He said that all the objections contained in his vetoes of the original bills apply to this; and, moreover, there were some pertaining specially to this. We give in the President's own language, though greatly abridged; the leading points in this veto message:

"There will be from the time this bill may become a law, no doubt, no question as to the relation in which the existing governments in these States, called in the original act the provisional governments, stand toward the United States. As these relations stood before the declaratory act, these governments, it is true, were made subject to absolute military authority in many respects, but not in all. Now, by this declaratory act it appears that Congress did not by the original act intend to limit the military authority to any particulars or subjects therein prescribed, but meant to make it universal, thus over all these ten States this military government is now declared to have unlimited authority. It is impossible to conceive any state of society more intolerable than this. Over every foot of the immense territory occupied by these American citizens the Constitution of the United States, theoretically, is in full operation; it binds all the people there, and should protect them; yet they are denied every one of its sacred guarantees."

"The act now before me not only declares that the intent was to confer unlimited authority over all the other courts of the State, and over all the officers of the State, legislative, executive, and judicial. Not content with the general grant of power, Congress in the second section of this bill specifically gives to each military commander the power to suspend or remove from office or from the performance of official duties and the exercise of official powers any officer or person holding any civil or military office or duty. To him, as a military officer of the Federal Government, is given the power, 'supported by a sufficient military force,' to remove every civil officer of the United States. The district commander, who has thus displaced the civil officers, is authorized to fill the vacancy by the detail of an officer or a soldier of the army, or by the appointment of some other person. In other words, an officer or soldier of the army is transferred into a civil officer, he may be made a Governor, a Legislator, or a Judge; however unfit he may deem himself for such duties, he must obey the order. The officer of the army must, if detailed, go upon the Supreme Bench of the State with the same prompt obedience as if he were detailed to go upon a court-martial. The soldier, if detailed to act as a Justice of the Peace, must obey as quickly as if he were detailed for picket duty. There is no provision for any bond or oath of office, or for any single qualification required under the State law, such as residence, citizenship, or any thing else. The only oath is that provided for in the ninth section, by the terms of which

every one detailed or appointed to any civil office in the State is required to take and subscribe the oath of office prescribed by law for officers of the United States. The tenth and eleventh sections of the bill, which provide that 'none of the officers or appointees of these military commanders shall be bound in his action by an opinion of any civil officer of the United States, and that all the provisions of the act shall be construed liberally to the end that the intents thereof may be fully and perfectly carried out.' It seems Congress supposed that this bill might require construction, and they fix therefore the rule to be applied. But where is the construction to come from? Certainly no one can be more in want of instruction than a soldier or an officer of the army detailed for a civil service, perhaps the most important in a State, with the duties of which he is altogether unfamiliar."

The President goes on to argue that the legal existence of these States has been in various ways recognized by Congress and the courts. The Senate has confirmed the appointment of District Attorneys and Marshals therein. In the internal revenue laws they are described as States. In December, 1865, the Judges of the Supreme Court treated them as States by apportioning therein the allotment of their respective circuits. The Chief Justice has recently held a Circuit Court in North Carolina; and if North Carolina is not a State every proceeding of that Court is void. He argues at length against the proposition that these States are conquered territory. He goes on to show that the military officers who are required to perform civil duties are so far civil officers; and as such, whether regarded as officers of the State or of the United States, their appointment is illegal. If they are officers of the State the Federal Government has no constitutional right to appoint them; if of the United States the Constitution provides that they shall be appointed only by the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate. The President brings his veto to a close by saying:

"Within a period less than a year the legislation of Congress has attempted to strip the Executive Department of the Government of some of its essential powers. The Constitution, and the oath provided in it, devolve upon the President the power and duty to see that the laws are faithfully executed. The Constitution, in order to carry out this power, gives him the choice of the agents, and makes them subject to his control and supervision; but, in the execution of these laws, the constitutional obligation upon the President remains, but the power to exercise that constitutional duty is effectually taken away. The military commander is, as to the power of appointment, made to take the place of the President, and the General of the Army the place of the Senate, and any attempt on the part of the President to assert his own constitutional power may, under pretense of law, be met by official insubordination. It is to be feared that these military officers, looking to the authority given by these laws, rather than to the letter of the Constitution, will recognize no authority but the Commander of the District and the General of the Army. If there were no other objections than this to this proposed legislation, it would be sufficient. While I hold the Chief Executive authority of the United States, while the obligation rests upon me to see that all the laws are faithfully executed, I can never willingly surrender that trust or the powers given for its execution. I can never give my assent to be made responsible for the faithful execution of laws, and at the same time surrender that trust and the powers which accompany it to any other executive officer, high or low, or to any number of executive officers. If this executive trust, vested by the Constitution in the President, is to be taken from him and vested in a subordinate officer, the responsibility will be with Congress in clothing the subordinates with unconstitutional power, and with the officer who assumes its exercise. This interference with the constitutional authority of the Executive Department is an evil that will inevitably sap the foundations of our Federal system; but it is not the worst evil of this legislation. It is a great public wrong to take from

the President powers conferred on him alone by the Constitution; but the wrong is more flagrant and more dangerous when the powers so taken from the President are conferred upon subordinate executive officers, and especially upon military officers. Over nearly one-third of the States of the Union military power, regulated by no fixed law, rules supreme. Each of the five district commanders, though not chosen by the people, or responsible to them, exercises at this hour more executive power, military and civil, than the people have ever been willing to confer upon the head of the Executive Department, though chosen by and responsible to themselves."

The bill was at once passed over the veto: in the Senate by a vote of 30 to 6—17 Senators absent or not voting; in the House by 100 to 22.—A bill was passed appropriating \$1,675,000 for the purpose of carrying out the Reconstruction acts. This was vetoed by the President, but was passed over his veto: in the House by 100 to 24; in the Senate by 32 to 4. The Senators voting in the negative were Buckalew of Pennsylvania, Davis of Kentucky, Hendricks of Indiana, and Patterson of Tennessee.

The following is a synopsis of the remaining important action of Congress at this session. It will be seen that the rule against considering any measures excepting such as pertained to Reconstruction was frequently suspended.—The credentials of four newly-elected Representatives from Kentucky were presented. It being alleged that three of them, Messrs. Grover, Jones, and Beck were disqualified by reason of disloyalty during the war, their cases were referred to the Committee on Elections.—The thanks of the House were presented to Generals Sheridan, Sickles, Pope, and Schofield for the able manner in which they have discharged their duties as Commanders of their respective Military Districts.—In the House, Mr. Butler presented a preamble and resolutions for a Committee to investigate the circumstances connected with the assassination of President Lincoln. The last resolution (passed separately by a vote of 100 to 24) recites that it being believed that many persons holding high positions were engaged in the conspiracy, though acting by inferior tools, and as these tools might be prevented from giving evidence because of their liability to punishment, therefore in order to open all the sources of evidence, the Committee should be empowered to report a bill granting grace and amnesty to any such person, who had not already been brought to trial and convicted, who should give material and faithful evidence tending to bring to light the facts of the conspiracy; and that in the judgment of the House no person ought to be brought to trial on account of such evidence given by him, nor should such evidence be used against him on any trial.—A Committee was appointed to inquire into the treatment of Union prisoners; the Committee were also authorized to inquire into the treatment of Confederate prisoners by our authorities, but the House resolved that they would entertain no resolution implying any charge of cruel treatment unless the resolution was accompanied by a positive charge of such maltreatment. In the course of the debates on this subject Mr. Eldridge stated that Mr. Ould, the Confederate Commissioner of Exchange, stated to him that he had offered to deliver up 20,000 sick and wounded Union prisoners without any equivalent; but that our Government refused to receive them. Mr.

Butler replied that when any such offer was made to our Government it had been promptly accepted. Mr. Ould subsequently published a letter re-affirming the statement.—A bill was passed (in the Senate by 25 to 5), providing that in the District of Columbia no person should be disqualified from holding office on account of race or color.—The President, in a communication relating to the cost of carrying out the provisions of the Reconstruction bills, stated that the expenses of the State Governments in the seceding States were \$14,000,000; and if the General Government undertook to carry on these Governments by military means, it would be at a still greater cost. He also intimated that if the Federal Government should abolish the present State Governments of these ten States the United States would be justly responsible for the debts incurred by those States for other purposes than in aid of the rebellion; these debts amounting to at least \$100,000,000. He thought it worth the consideration of Congress whether the assumption of so great an obligation would not seriously impair the national credit; and whether, on the other hand, "the refusal of Congress to guarantee the payment of the debts of those States, after having displaced or abolished their State Governments, would not be viewed as a violation of good faith, and a repudiation by the National Legislature of liabilities which those States had justly and legally incurred." The House, by a vote of 100 to 18, resolved that this intimation of the liability of the United States for these debts is "at war with the principles of international law, a deliberate stab at the national credit, abhorrent to every sentiment of loyalty, and well-pleasing only to the vanquished traitors, by whose agency alone the Governments of said States were overthrown and discharged."—A bill was passed to establish peace with certain Indian tribes. It provides that commissioners shall be appointed to select a district or districts sufficient to receive all the tribes east of the Rocky Mountains not now living peacefully on reservations; that the districts shall contain sufficient arable and grazing land to enable them to support themselves by agricultural and pastoral pursuits; the district to remain a permanent home for the tribes, and no person not a member of the tribes, excepting officers and employés of the United States, to be allowed to enter thereon without the permission of the tribes; the districts to be so located as not to interfere with the travel on highways located by authority of the United States, nor with the routes of the Pacific Railroads.—Resolutions were adopted calling for information respecting the execution of Maximilian and Mexican affairs.—In reference to the Kentucky members the Committee on Elections reported that no person who had given aid and comfort to the rebellion should be allowed a seat in Congress; but that the disloyalty of constituencies should not be held a sufficient reason for excluding persons who held regular certificates of election.—The Committee on Foreign Affairs in the House were instructed to inquire and report whether any American citizen had been arrested, tried, and convicted in Great Britain or Ireland for words spoken, or acts done in the United States.—A bill was passed in both Houses providing that soldiers who served until the surrender of Lee

and Johnston and then left their commands, should not be liable to arrest as deserters.—A bill was passed in both Houses repealing a section of an Act of last session which repeals all laws allowing the President, Secretary of the Interior, or Commissioner of Indian Affairs to enter into treaties with Indian tribes.—In the House a resolution was passed directing an inquiry into the proceedings of the Washington Monument Association.—Resolutions expressive of sympathy with the Cretans in their insurrection against the Sultan, were passed in both Houses.—The Judiciary Committee announced that they would not report at this session upon the question of the impeachment of the President.

In response to a call from the House, the Secretary of War on the 12th of July has furnished copies of all the correspondence between the Government and the several commanders of the military districts. The following is an abstract of the most important of these, of which mention has not been made in this Record: *May 22.* The Secretary of War, with the indorsement of General Grant, directed each commander to be prepared to prevent or suppress all riots and breaches of the peace, especially in the towns and cities.—General Pope writes that he had written an order deposing Governor Jenkins, of Georgia, on account of his publicly advising the people of that State not to register themselves; this order had been sent to General Grant for his approval; but before a reply had been received the Governor made such explanations and promises as induced General Pope to withdraw the order. General Grant, in transmitting this information to the Secretary of War, says that the conduct of Governor Jenkins demonstrates how possible it is for discontented civil officers of non-constructed States to defeat the laws of Congress unless the district commanders have power to suspend their functions. He thinks that power is clearly conferred by the bill upon the commanders to use or not, at their discretion, the provisional machinery set up in those States without the authority of Congress. He asks an early opinion upon the subject.—Generals Pope and Sheridan ask whether the opinion of the Attorney-General as to registration, etc., is to be considered an order binding upon them. Grant replies that it has not been put in the form of an order, and he presumes that it was not so intended by the President. The commanders are directed to put their own construction upon the Military Bill until ordered to do otherwise.—General Ord transmits the instructions which he had given for the Boards of Registry in his district, directing them to register all who take the prescribed oath. General Grant dissents from this view, and considers it to be their duty to see to it, as far as possible, that no unauthorized person is allowed to be registered; but, he adds, "the law, however, makes the District Commanders their own interpreters of their power and duty under it; and, in my opinion, the Attorney-General or myself can no more than give our opinion of the meaning of the law; neither can enforce his views against the judgment of those made responsible for the faithful execution of the law—the District Commanders."—Early in April General Griffen, commanding in Texas, wrote that the Governor and Lieuten-

ant-Governor were both disqualified by the Military Bill, and that he desired the immediate removal of Governor Throckmorton. Sheridan indorsed this, and added that he feared he should have to remove Governor Wells of Louisiana, who was impeding him all he could. Grant replied, April 3, advising that there should be no removals of Governors of States at present, for the question of the powers of the Military Commanders was then under consideration in the Cabinet. *June 4,* Sheridan telegraphed that he had found it necessary to remove Governor Wells, and had appointed Mr. Flanders, and he now felt that he was relieved of half his difficulties. "Nothing," he says, "will answer here but a bold and strong course, and in taking it I am supported by every class and all parties."—Grant telegraphed to Sheridan, contradicting a newspaper report that he and the Secretary of War were in favor of reprimanding him for his action in removing the Governor.—*June 22.* Sheridan writes to Grant that the opinion of the Attorney-General opens a "broad Macadamized road to perjury," and sooner or later, that its effects are beginning to show themselves in organized opposition to all the acts of the military commander. "Every civil officer in the State," he says, "will administer justice according to his own views—many of them denouncing the Military Bill as unconstitutional will throw every impediment in the way of its execution."—On the 30th of July General Sheridan issued a special order removing Governor Throckmorton of Texas, and appointing E. P. Pease in his place. The ground assigned was that the former Governor "is an impediment to the reconstruction of the State under the law."

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

The Emperor Maximilian, captured at Queretaro, was tried by court-martial and executed by shooting on the 19th of June. With him also were executed Generals Miramon and Mejia. The official announcement of the execution made by General Escobedo to the Minister of War, dated June 19, says:

"On the 14th inst., at eleven o'clock at night, the Council of War condemned Maximilian of Hapsburg, Miguel Miramon, and Tomas Mejia to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. The sentence, having been confirmed at these head-quarters, it was ordered to be carried into effect on the 16th. The execution was suspended by order of the Supreme Government until to-day. It is now seven o'clock in the morning, at which time Maximilian has just been shot."

During the month which intervened between the capture and trial strenuous efforts were made to save the life of the Emperor. The Prussian Minister, on the day before the execution, urged that, having been condemned, and reprieved, the Prince was "morally dead;" and he was moreover certain that "His Majesty the King of Prussia and all the crowned heads of Europe, united by ties of blood to the prince-prisoner—his brother, the Emperor of Austria; his cousin, the Queen of the British Dominions; his brother-in-law, the King of the Belgians; and also his cousins, the Queen of Spain and the Kings of Italy and Sweden—will readily agree to give His Excellency Señor Don Benito Juarez all security that none of the prisoners shall again tread Mexican soil." To this the Mexican Minister Tejada replied: "The President of the Republic is not of the opinion that it is possible to grant the par-

don of Maximilian of Hapsburg, consistent with the great considerations of justice, and the necessity of insuring the future peace of the Republic." It appears that Juarez was desirous of sparing the life of the Prince, but was overruled by public feeling, and especially by Escobedo. Indeed, Maximilian could hardly have expected that his life would have been spared in case of absolute capture without stipulations; for on the 3d of October, 1865, he issued a decree outlawing all who were found in arms against him. We give a few passages from this decree:

"The cause which Don Benito Juarez defended has succumbed. The faction to which the said cause has degenerated is abandoned by the departure of its chief from his native soil. Hereafter contests will only be between the honorable men of the nation and the gangs of criminals and robbers. Clemency will cease now."

Then follow fifteen articles of the decree, the first reading as follows:

"All persons belonging to armed bands or corps not legally authorized, whether they proclaim or not any political principles, and whatever be the number of those who compose the said bands, their organization, character, and denomination, shall be tried militarily by the courts-martial, and if found guilty even of the only fact of belonging to the band, they shall be condemned to capital punishment within twenty-four hours following the sentence."

Other articles give stringent directions for the immediate execution of the sentence of the court-martial; and direct that the same penalty be inflicted upon all who aid the *guerillos* by money, advice, or information, or who sell to them arms, horses, or ammunition. Moreover, all are to be tried who hold relations with them which imply connivance; who conceal them; who spread false or alarming reports; who do not give notice of the passage in their vicinity of armed bands. All these are to be punished by fine and imprisonment. By Article 13 it is expressly ordered that the sentence of death shall be promptly executed, and that "no demands for pardon shall be gone through." This ferocious decree, it is said, was really the work, not of Maximilian, but of the French generals commanding his forces, but it was issued by him and signed by his Ministers; and he could not be held other than responsible for it. Nor was it a mere empty threat. Many, including officers of every grade—to the number, it is said, of thousands—were actually executed under it. It called forth an earnest remonstrance from our Government directed to that of France. The French Minister, however, curtly replied that the French Government had nothing to do with the matter.—An Austrian frigate has been ordered to Mexico to receive the remains of the Prince. The Empress Carlotta, sister of the present King of the Belgians, to whose urgency, it is said, is to be attributed Maximilian's unfortunate enterprise, left Mexico some months ago, and became insane soon after her arrival in Europe. She is reported to have sunk into a state of hopeless dementia.—The city of Mexico surrendered to the Liberal forces on the 20th of June. Marquez appears to have somehow made good his escape.—Vera Cruz capitulated on the 27th of June, the garrison marching out with the honors of war. The foreign troops were conveyed to Mobile, to be mustered out of service.—An attempt has been made to raise bands in this country for an invasion of

Mexico, under pretense of avenging the death of Maximilian. On the 30th of July the Acting Attorney-General of the United States issued a circular directed to the District-Attorneys and Marshals, ordering them "to observe with vigilance all persons whom you may suspect of combining unlawfully for expeditions into the territory of any foreign nation, and to interpose the authority of the United States whenever you have probable cause for believing that any person has violated the neutrality laws of the United States."

EUROPE.

In the British House of Commons the Reform Bill came up for final reading on the 15th of July. The bill, by extending the right of suffrage to every man whose earnings amount to some \$500 a year, changes the government from a limited monarchy to a limited democracy. Its passage in the Commons was a conclusion so certain that its opponents did not even ask for a division. Two or three of them, however, spoke by way of protest. Most notable of these were Lord Cranborne and Mr. Lowe, the representative of the "untitled aristocracy." Mr. Lowe said that when the principles of the bill came to be fully carried out the relations between Church and State must be abolished; the democratic system adopted in full; an elective Senate replace the House of Peers; the Prime Minister be appointed by popular vote, with the power to appoint his own Cabinet; "the example of America," he said, "will be no longer a warning and a terror, for it will become of necessity our model." As stated by Lord Cranborne, 800,000 new voters would be created by this bill; and the British constituency will consist of 1,000,000 of the working classes against 500,000 of the other classes; from which he drew the conclusion that whenever the interests of the one class came to clash with those of the other, all the securities of rank, wealth, and influence would vanish. The bill passed to its final reading without a division, and so, as far as mere form goes, unanimously. In the House of Lords it has already passed its first and second reading, and before these lines are read will, without doubt, have passed the third and final reading, and have received the Royal assent.

From the remainder of Europe there is little which demands formal record. The Paris Exhibition has proved in a way a great success. Several of the European Sovereigns have made it an occasion of visiting France as the guests of the Emperor. Among others the Sultan of Turkey. For the first time in history the Ottoman Chief has entered Christendom, except at the head of an invading army. The "Sublime Porte," after visiting the French Emperor, proceeded to England, where he was received with great distinction.

The telegraph each day brings political items, usually contradictory of those of yesterday, to be contradicted by those of to-morrow. The general upshot of the whole is, that the question of peace or war in Europe hangs in even balance. Probably the most really significant fact is, that none of the great Continental Powers have made, or appear to be disposed to make, any serious reduction in their enormous military establishments. Slight apparent reductions are ostentatiously paraded; but there have as yet been none which essentially diminish their military or naval force.

Editor's Drawer.

JUDGE TUTHILL, of Iowa, who for a number of years presided with much dignity in the Eighth Judicial District of that State, and was esteemed an excellent jurist, being gifted with quick perceptive faculties and possessing much literary taste, was withal somewhat of a humorist. The following incident is said to have occurred at one of the terms of his court in Cedar County:

The case of *Dillon vs. Crandall* being called (an appeal from the docket of a Justice of the Peace), neither party responded. A member of the bar, rising, said he would suggest to the Court the decess of the appellee. Another member thereupon suggested the death of the appellant. Upon which the Judge very quietly remarked: "Mr. Clerk, you may pass the case, as it will probably be tried before another tribunal!"

After the adjournment of court a scrap of paper containing the following *report* of the case was found on the Judge's desk:

Dillon vs. Crandall.

This appeal case was brought to our Cedar District Court,

And passed over by the Judge's awardin'
That as Death had claimed his right, it was fittin'
that the fight
Should be *fit* on the other side of Jordan.

If the counsel who were fee'd in the trial to proceed
Had received enough pay for their boardin',
To finish up their task they should *change of venue* ask,
And take it to the other side of Jordan.

When the beater and the beat and their lawyers all
meet,
They can then try their action accordin'
To the "higher law" in force, for better or for worse,
In the courts on the other side of Jordan.

The proceedings had prior to the judgment of the
Squire,
Which plaintiff was desirous of avoidin',
If taken up *thar* may be settled at the bar,
When they get it to the other side of Jordan.

CASES of this description, where the litigants die out before a final adjudication is reached, remind us of the wisdom as well as the humanity of some of the eminent old English jurists who were conscientious opponents of litigation. "A lawyer," said Lord Brougham, "is a learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it himself." "If any man," said Lord Cockburn, "was to claim my coat, and I believed that he was serious in his demand, I would rather part both with it and my vest than defend my title to it at law." "Litigation," said Lord Jeffrey, "is to be recommended to those only who possess a surplus of funds and wish to get quit of it sensationally." To a client who insisted on having the last rights of the law, Sir James Gibson Craig remarked: "Well, let me tell you, the man who will have the last right and the last word at law is very like the man who will have the last drop in the tankard—he has the chance of getting the lid down on his nose."

OF course they were jolly occasions, those old New Hampshire "musters," where the "crack companies" met on a common level with the "string-bean" organizations; where the leger-

demainist, the Yankee peddler, and the balladist came together amidst such a Babel as only the popping of flint-locks, small-beer corks, and stale jokes could make. Our correspondent, "Ben E. Volant," attended one of these military saturnalias at Goffstown about 1842, and in going thither from Manchester passed a burial-ground. It was just sunrise, but as early as it was an aged couple, either of them eighty at least, came out of the burial-ground. My companion, in a hilarious spirit, cried out: "Go back, old folks! *go back!* this is *not* the general resurrection—it is only general muster!" The aged couple heeded not the "grave" suggestion, but trudged steadily forward to witness the gory warriors on the plains of Goffstown.

COMMEND us to the Mayor of Galesburg, Illinois, for hitting the bull's-eye in the way of a proclamation for fasting and prayer. Mayor Hoffman is felicitous enough in crisp speeches at public dinners and on occasions where the city's figure-head is an indispensable part of the spectacle. But Mayor West goes straight at it when, after designating the day, he says: "I do therefore recommend to the good people of Galesburg that on that day they lay aside all secular employment, and assemble in their respective places of public worship, and there devoutly pray God to pardon our past sins, and keep us in future from sinning against Him, and from violating the laws, either physical, moral, or municipal. And while we pray that He will protect us from the ravages of disease, pray also that He will influence us to abate every nuisance, cleanse every yard, remove every species of filth, and every cause that is likely to produce sickness, believing that God is willing to help those who manifest a disposition to help themselves."

A healthy prayer that, with a solid chunk of wisdom at the end!

WE are glad to be able to state that the homethrusts that have been given in the pages of this Drawer against Ritualism are having their effect. We have now to record another instance where the open and sturdy rebuke of this nefarious practice was as opportune as it is hoped it will be salutary. The incident derives additional interest from the fact that it occurred in Trinity Church, Boston, of which Bishop Eastburn is rector, who is known to be one of the leading Low Church prelates of the American Episcopate.

It seems that notice had been given at morning service that in the afternoon the sermon to be preached by the Bishop's assistant, Dr. Potter, would be translated into the sign language, for the benefit of the deaf and dumb of Boston and vicinity—the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, of New York, having come to Boston for that purpose, as is his custom every month or two throughout the year. During the prayers one of the Bishop's parishioners, a decided opponent of Ritualism, entered church and proceeded to his seat near the chancel. He had not heard of the notice given in the morning, and therefore was not aware of Dr. Gallaudet's humane mission. After the hymn had been sung Dr. Potter announced

his text and commenced his sermon. Dr. Gallaudet, seated just in rear, began, *pari passu*, to interpret it to the mutes. This exceedingly interesting and solemn spectacle instantly attracted the notice of the parishioner, who had never previously witnessed it, and knew nothing of what it all meant—but he *thought* he knew; and after beholding the wonderful “sleight-of-hand,” and the often upturned and reverent expression of Dr. Gallaudet’s countenance, excited by indignation seized his cane, and, stamping it as he went, noisily stalked forth from the building. On reaching the porch he exclaimed to the sexton, in tones sufficiently loud to be heard inside: “I really *did* hope that there was at least *one* church in Boston where this detestable practice of *Ritualism* would never be tolerated; but here I find it, full-blown, right under my very nose, and in the Bishop’s own church! For one, I’ll stand no such tomfoolery, and so you may tell the Bishop!”

Let every Churchman imitate the prompt and plucky action of our Boston brother, and it will not be long before we shall have this new and odious ism under the heel.

SOME twenty-five years ago, in the palmy days of Ex-President Fillmore, when that excellent gentleman was in full practice at the bar of Erie County, he occasionally happened to be employed in a case where his client had a small show before the court either in law or on the facts. In such exigencies it was his habit to bring the weight of his character to sustain a feeble cause. He would ask the jury if they supposed he would stand there and ask for a verdict unless the case was intrinsically meritorious? He had played this game with considerable apparent effect in a slander case, the late Judge Mullett being the opposing counsel. When that very able advocate came to reply he complained with some earnestness of this practice of Mr. Fillmore: “In the present instance, if it please the Court, the honorable gentleman has played *himself* out as though *he* were the *right-bower* in the cause!”

“Right-bower!” said Mr. Fillmore; “what is that?”

“*The biggest knave in the pack!*” said Mr. Talcott, who was an amused spectator of the scene.

THAT naughty Massachusetts minister who went to the Legislature last winter, and afterward deemed it expedient to leave without the formality of an adieu, has set the wives of other members a-thinking on the general question whether married men had not better let out their little legislative work, or intrust it to widowers and bachelors. The spouse of a certain honorable, who has “views” on the subject, enrhymes them thus:

“Husband, dear husband, come home to me now,
The garden needs spading for peas,
The boys should be picking up stones in the lot,
And you should be trimming the trees.
When will you get through with bills and resolves,
Stop talking of license and rum,
Of railroads and tunnels, and other such things,
And ‘tend to your business at home?”

QUITE as good as this (for Massachusetts) is the advertisement of a gentleman who “wanted a general servant in a small family where a *man*

is kept. The house-work and cooking is done by members of the family. The gentleman of the house rises early, but prepares breakfast himself. All the washing is put out, and the kitchen is provided with every comfort and luxury. Cold meat and hash studiously avoided. References and *photographs* exchanged!”

FROM Epworth, Dubuque County, Iowa, we have an anecdote of Washington—hitherto, we believe, unpublished—the authenticity of which seems to be sufficiently established. Our correspondent heard it forty-five years ago, from General Blake, who commanded the militia at the famous battle of Hampden, in the war of 1812. General B. had been a Captain in the Revolutionary army. In reply, says our correspondent, to my father’s observation that it had been said that Washington was never seen to smile during the war, General Blake said: “That is a mistake, for I saw him laugh heartily at Valley Forge. The occasion was this: When the trees were first cut down for the encampment the stumps were left the usual height. To clear them off the parade-ground an order was issued that every officer or private who got drunk should be punished by cutting a stump down to the surface of the ground. The stumps did not last long. One morning, while making his usual personal inspection of the camp, accompanied by several officers, of whom I was one, he came upon a soldier who was cutting the very last stump. Washington said to him: ‘Well, my good fellow, you have found the last stump.’ ‘Yes,’ replied the man, without looking up or stopping his work. ‘Now when an officer gets drunk there’ll be no stump for him to cut!’ The ‘immortal George’ laughed heartily at the response, and some of the officers felt a sensation of great relief.”

IN Concord, New Hampshire, many years ago, Governor H—— and Colonel P—— were associate editors of a Democratic paper, though wide as the poles asunder afterward. Governor H—— was a devout Episcopalian; Colonel P—— attended the “Old North” (Dr. Bouton’s). On one occasion Colonel P—— wrote a “feeler,” in which various charges and implications were made. One point struck Governor H——. “Is this true?” he asked, in relation to the matter. “Well, no,” replied Colonel P——; “I must admit that it rather *strains the Old North!*” The phrase became of proverbial application to the “white lies” of Concord.

A CLERICAL friend in Philadelphia, whose calligraphy we shall be pleased to see again, seems to think that the Drawer considers the clergy fair game. By no means. We should greatly regret it if such an idea were seriously entertained. Much the largest proportion of the pleasantries sent to us about clergymen come from clergymen themselves, as does the following from our correspondent, an Episcopalian and a firm believer in the *jus divinum* of Episcopacy:

Bishop H. U. Onderdonk was consecrated in Christ Church, Philadelphia, in 1827. At that time there was nearly opposite to the church a very well-kept tavern of high repute. It had attached to it a spacious yard, which was used occasionally for the exhibition of “show beef,” or

very fat cattle. It so happened that on the day of consecration—the 25th of October—"a mammoth ox" was to be on exhibition at the tavern. A very worthy agriculturist of an adjoining county, and withal a very earnest Episcopalian, who deemed it little else than heresy to deny Episcopacy, or to attend any other than an Episcopal church, forgetting all about the consecration, had brought his little son of five years of age to the city to see the "big ox." Just as he reached Arch Street, Christ Church bells struck up their jubilant chimes in honor of the occasion (not of the exhibition, but of the consecration). Every peal smote upon the conscience of the worthy Mr. D—, because he had forgotten the consecration of the new Bishop, and had remembered only the ox; so, with a heavy conscience, but not a word to his son, whose little head was full with the prospective show, he hastened past the tavern and entered the church. Presently the organ began, and the Bishops with the officiating Presbyters entered the chancel arrayed in their official robes; the candidate, a very stout man, standing in the aisle vested only in white—the rochet. Mr. D—'s little boy was perched upon the seat of the pew, and viewed the proceedings with open eyes and mouth as widely open. Soon as the organ ceased little D— called out so as to be heard over the church, "*Pa! Pa! where's the ox?—there's the butchers!*"

The question was not a rubrical one, and therefore not deemed of sufficient importance to warrant any consultation as to the propriety of delaying the proceedings. In fact, the incident seems to be altogether ignored in the diocesan annals.

JOHN VAN BUREN was often urged to marry a second time. Many a scheming match-maker had carefully looked him over to ascertain, if possible, the point where he could be attacked with greatest prospect of success. Many a fond mamma had deemed it among the possibilities that she might become his affectionate mother-in-law. Few widowers in the country had been made the subject of more varied and thorough discussion. Courtly and brainy, an able lawyer, an astute politician, an accomplished man of the world, possessed of a competent estate, good habits, and an equable temper, what more could be desired in a son-in-law? Probably he had experienced as many attempts at "husbandry" as any gentleman in the land. One of these is worth repeating. A lady friend, a charming widow, with no designs upon him either for herself or her kindred, met him at a party where were assembled many of the beautiful girls of the city. One of these, a young lady of rare personal attractions and gracious manners, was an especial favorite of the widow, who remarked:

"There, Mr. Van Buren, is as sweet a girl as ever breathed, and she would make you an excellent wife."

"I have no wish to marry."

"But you ought to marry! She has beauty, amiability, and good sense—besides, she has a fortune."

"Doubtless—in prospect."

"No; her own absolutely, in her own right."

"She has a father, though; and papas generally manage to control in money-matters."

"Not in her case; why, she actually *supports* her father!"

"That signifies nothing."

"Indeed but it does."

"Not at all; why, my dear lady, I once 'supported' *my* father, but I assure you it wasn't of the least account, and made not the slightest difference with the old gentleman; he kept on in the old way, utterly regardless of my wishes, just as if I hadn't 'supported' him at all!"

Uttered with a blank gravity of countenance, this reply puzzled the lady for an instant, when she quietly glided away to another part of the room.

ON receiving the inclosed from a Cincinnati correspondent we were disposed to send it to Brother Warren, of the Buffalo *Courier*, and request him to ferret out the parties, with a view of ascertaining whether the historical statement it sets forth is *so*:

"Traveling the other day from a Western city to Boston with the charming Mrs. C—, we reached the dépôt in Buffalo, with its multitudinous iron tracks, late in the afternoon. As we were threading our way among them I remarked:

"Here we are, in Buffalo—so called because the first herd of buffaloes ever seen was discovered on this spot."

"Yes," quickly replied the lady, "and I see a great many *tracks* here yet!"

How is that? Has the Historical Society ever thrown itself heartily into the investigation? and if not, why not?

"Who dresses you?" is an interrogatory of import to the male members of this Republic, who, by favor of the manufacturers of the East and the wool-growers of the West, pay more for what they insert themselves in than any of the peoples of the earth. The artists who drape the human figure seem now to be bending their energies to elegance in advertising, judging from the following dainty announcement of an eminent professor in London. Have the grace to admire it:

"H. CREED AND Co., ARTISTES IN DRAPING THE REAL FIGURE. Practical experience, combined with a scientific knowledge of external anatomy, and the definite proportions and forms of the human figure, give him confidence in soliciting patronage."

Will young America believe in this "Creed?" Decidedly he is the man for our money; none of your common tailors, but a genuine artist, who possesses a "scientific knowledge of external anatomy," and who has been skillfully coached about "the definite forms and proportions of the human figure."

—But how unlike the plain, straightforward, thoroughly American, and manly tone that pervades the subjoined circular, sent out by one of the prominent houses of the West, in reply to similar invitations from some of the great wholesale establishments of New York. Here we have positive meat—brawn and brain combined—none of your feeble "draping the human figure," as is meekly set forth by the subject of the effete monarchy of England:

"DEAR SIR,—According to custom we once more forward you our Circular, and beg you will give it a careful perusal, as we are now prepared to offer un-

surpassed inducements to Eastern and Southern merchants.

"We particularly invite your attention to the following, viz.: 12 tons India-rubber sassaengers; 74 cases sacked Cider; 40 crates Post-holes, 10 cattles Buffalo milk, 400 pieces California pant stuff, grape-vine warp and shuck filling, besides several gobs of Goslin greese. In the provision line we offer a choice article of Rabbit-hash, Horse-collar soup, 4-4 Tripe, and Sturgeon jerk. Our jewelry consists in part as follows: Breast-pins, Mousehole anvils, drilled eyed Jugs, Jewsharps, Buckram, and Beeswax.

"The seventh story of our establishment is filled up with goods that appertain only to the fine arts, and consist in part as follows: 14 inch Owl gizzards, Birds eye and childrens diaper, trimmed with mackerel fur, 4 quintals Missouri mush, 50 packages Pigeons milk, and a truly terrific picture of the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius, 4000 copies Barnums ode to Jenny, set to music by Senior Stoppleknocker, and sung to the soul stirring air of 'Granny will your dog bite?' snare-drums, rip saws, skilletts, flax-brakes, and Hibbards pills, Dr. Ponch's Enervating extract of applesaas, medicated pumpkin butter, and two copies of the life of John Rogers.

"P.S. We will credit your last years account with the postage on this circular.

"Respectfully, FLINT & SPILGOOSEL."

It is the custom of the graduates of the Episcopal Theological Seminary in New York to have a merry breakfast, after morning prayer, on the day of the Annual Commencement. The last of these reunions was held at the Astor House, in July last, and we are told that the theologues had a powerful good time. Times change. Ditto the social customs of religious bodies. The deep religious earnestness of the seventeenth century considerably waned after the termination of the struggles which ceased at the Revolution. In guid auld Scotland, from the middle till the close of the eighteenth century, vital piety did not prevail to any alarming extent. Instead of breakfasts, heavy dinners and heavy suppers were the order of the day and night among the dominies. Synod suppers occasionally did not terminate till considerably after midnight. On one occasion, at 4 A.M., the Moderator of the Synod of Aberdeen requested *Boots*, who is the youngest member of the court, to ring the bell. The waiter appeared.

"Is the kettle bilin'?" inquired the Moderator.

"It is, your Reverence," responded the attendant.

"See, then," added the Moderator, "that ye keep it aye fou an' aye bilin'!"

Perfectly familiar was that Moderator with the manners and customs of the people, as well as with the social habits of the *clergy*. Breakfasts forsooth!

AN ex-warrior of Indiana is disposed to compliment the unflinching courage and presence of mind of a certain colonel during our recent Southern dispute. His regiment was about to enter its first engagement. The "Miniés" were flying about in the most inappropriate and indiscriminate manner, when the gory chieftain halted the column and thus spake: "Soldiers of Indiana! much depends upon you to-day! Soldiers of Indiana! do your duty! Soldiers of Indiana! no dodging the balls, but stand up like men!" Just then a shell came screeching by, very near the colonel. He involuntarily dodged, but instantly recovering himself, exclaimed: "Dodge the big ones, boys! Dodge the big ones, but don't dodge the little ones!"

Indiana expects that you will not dodge the little balls!" And with that martial observation he "went in and did his level best" for an undivided nationality.

As a reparteeist the Milesian seldom fails to hold his own, especially if the questioner thinks himself the superior person. On a dark and blustering night in December a wedding-party came to the crossing at Langley Creek, Dearborn County, Indiana. The ferryman, *un Irlandais*, lived on the opposite bank, but the most stentorian appeals to "come over and help us" failed to penetrate the auricular portion of his system; so we were compelled to take refuge for the night with a family on this side. Meantime I resolved to lecture Mr. Ferryman soundly next morning. When the time arrived for the denunciatory performance the clergyman of the party (our informant) said: "Well, my man, if you get into this habit of not hearing when called you'll fail to get up on the morning of the resurrection." The prompt reply was: "Faith, honey, it 'ill be a moighty different gentleman from yerself as will be blowin' then!" And with these words the colloquy ceased.

THE paragraph in the July number of the *Drawer touching paper cities* reminds a Watertown correspondent of the mania for speculation that raged throughout the country in 1836, and ran particularly high in Oswego. Mr. De Z— resided there and owned considerable real estate, which he caused to be surveyed into city lots and mapped. A superb lithograph was got up, showing a great number of streets, avenues, etc. This he took into Wall Street for exhibition and to make sale of his lots. Several gentlemen were examining it one day when one of them inquired:

"Mr. De Z—, what kind of buildings are on this property?"

"Buildings!" rejoined the exhibitor. "Buildings! why, gentlemen, the land covered by this map is altogether too valuable to be built on!"

WHEN the Court of Appeals had under consideration the claim of the Metropolitan Police for an increase of pay, founded on a statute somewhat ambiguous in its language, Judge Gray, of Elmira, delivered an opinion in support of the claim, in which a majority of the Court concurred. Mr. Talcott, a distinguished lawyer of Buffalo, rather shocked at the loose construction of the law, and surprised at the opinion of the learned Judge, met that gentleman in Congress Hall, and taking him into one of the darkest and most remote halls of that somewhat complicated edifice, inquired whether any of the descendants of Benedict Arnold were living.

"Why do you ask such a question?" said the Judge.

"Because," replied Mr. T., "according to the principles laid down in your opinion to-day, any one of them living would undoubtedly be entitled to a pension!"

Now that the franchise is about to be conferred on our colored brother, and prospectively on woman, it seems to be appropriate and necessary that they should be made more familiar with those questions pertaining to the origin of civil

government than they are generally supposed to be. It is "pretty impossible" to make an intelligent voter out of an ignoramus who can neither read nor write; and with the view of strengthening the foundations of our liberties, and rendering them proof against the caucusings, and pipe-layings, and plottings of naughty people, it is proposed that, before being permitted to cast a ballot, they shall undergo examination on the following perfectly plain and simple propositions:

1. Illustrate by means of a synthetical parallax the digestive process in pre-Adamite Man, and compare carefully and critically the Cæsofagi of Prediluvian Marsupalia.

2. Extract the oviparous process of a silicious Pterodactyle.

3. Calculate as nearly as possible the effect on the earth's surface of the friction produced by the annual migration of the Termitic Ants.

4. Deduce from a comparison of Medieval with the Black Art the probable amount of brass possessed by Tubal Cain.

5. How many times did the Moose-Deer shed his horns in the Ark, supposing him, at the time of his entering it, to have had none at all?

6. Extract the truth from the Blue Lias strata.

7. The exact age of the ass with whose jaw-bone Samson smote the Philistines was twelve years, seven months, two weeks, and four Jewish days. How old would he have been if he had been a mule?

8. Trace the probable results to the whole of medieval Europe—

(a) If Romulus had died of the measles at an early age.

(b) If he had died of the whooping-cough.

9. Give Xerxes's hotel account during his invasion of Greece.

10. Assign approximate dates to the following events:

(a) Cain's wedding-breakfast.

(b) The earliest fact in Chinese history.

(c) The incursus of the first flea.

(d) The apotheosis of Rameses the First.

(e) The discovery of the native oyster.

11. Relate any story you may remember.

An intelligent answer to these few questions ought to be sufficiently indicative that the pupil is entitled to a voice and vote on public affairs, and amply qualified to understand all about our new State Constitution.

WHEN a person intends to quote Scripture let him quote it. Very great men sometimes make very great blunders in attempting to quote accurately from the Sacred Volume. For example, Judge B——, of Central New York, a genial man and devoted Christian, was addressing the scholars of a Sunday-school in U—— on the importance of an accurate knowledge of the Bible, which he urged must be obtained, if at all, in early life. He deplored that such knowledge should so little abound among adults, and especially among members of the bar. As an example he mentioned that, while trying a case in Lewis County, one of the counsel endeavored to deepen the impression sought to be made on the jury by quoting "from the wisest of men under the Old Dispensation the well-known declaration that 'the love of money is the root of all evil.'" The Judge said he looked for the counsel on the other side to take some advantage of this palpable misquotation, which in due time he proceeded to do by informing the jury that "his honorable friend had evidently read the literature of the case as imperfectly as he had the law, for he believed it was not Solomon but *Shakspeare*" who descanted on the root business! "Now," said the Judge, "I presume there is not a Sunday-school scholar present who could

not have set both these attorneys right, and informed them that the passage was neither in Solomon nor *Shakspeare*, but in Paul's Second Epistle to the Corinthians." It has never been ascertained, that we are aware, how many of the children could have claimed the certificate thus given; but there was at least one person present who would have demurred, and whose first business on going home was to look up the text, and find it in the *First Epistle to Timothy*! It is possible Judge B——, seeing this in *Harper*, may have occasion for a third laugh over the proverbial uncertainty of the Law when it undertakes to handle the Gospel.

THIS reminds us of an anecdote of the famous Indian chief *Red Jacket*, which has not found its way into the "Bench and Bar," and which we think now first appears in print:

The late John C. Spencer was once examining *Red Jacket* as a witness before the County Court in Buffalo.

"Ask him," said Mr. Spencer to the interpreter, "whether he believes in a God?"

The answer was: "Much more than he who can put such a question!"

THE Harpers have recently published a handsome volume entitled "*Bench and Bar: a Complete Digest of the Wit, Humor, Asperities and Amenities of the Law.*" Of course it is replete with jocularities of the famous lawgivers of England and the United States. We reproduce one or two:

A lawyer from the country once entered the Court of Appeals while Daniel Lord, Jun., of New York, was arguing a case, and inquired of Mr. Charles O'Connor, who was sitting near by, "who that was addressing the court?" Mr. O'Connor, whose feelings must have been nettled by the course of the argument, replied: "That is Daniel Lord, Jun., and he puts the *Junior* after his name so he may not be mistaken for the Almighty!"

THE late Judge Peters, of Connecticut, was a strong Democrat, and a violent opposer especially of every thing connected with the famous Hartford Convention. Roger Minot Sherman and Calvin Goddard, who had been members of that body, were once talking with Judge P. on the subject, when the latter, half facetiously and half in earnest, said:

"Well, gentlemen, if you had been tried before me for that matter I would have hung you both, not only without law and evidence, but, if need be, against both."

"That," said Sherman, making a low bow, "only proves your Honor's remarkable impartiality—that you would decide our case on the same principle that you do the greater part of the cases that come before you!"

IN his religious views Judge Peters was understood to be a Universalist. On one occasion an offender had been convicted before him of two different crimes, when for the *first* the Judge sentenced him to the State prison *for life*, and then for the *second* for *five years more*! As the court was adjourned, Sherman, stepping up to him, said:

"Well, Judge, I am happy to see that you are

changing your religious views, at least on one important subject."

"How so—how so?" said the Judge. "I don't understand you."

"Why," said Sherman, "it is plain, from your sentence, that you believe in punishment *after death*."

It is but just to the Judge, however, to add that he defended his sentence on the ground that the criminal might be pardoned for the first offense, and in that case would be held for the second.

COLONEL AARON FINCH was a distinguished Democratic politician in Indiana. He had some thoughts of emigrating to Arkansas, and, meeting a gentleman from that part of the country, asked him what were the inducements to remove to that State. Particularly he inquired about the soil. The gentleman informed him that the land was good, but in some parts very sandy. Colonel Finch then asked about the politics of Arkansas, and the prospects of a stranger getting ahead.

"Very good," was the reply. "The Democratic party is strongly in the majority, but, to succeed, a man must load himself down with revolvers and bowie-knives, and fight his way through."

"Oh, well," said the Colonel, "on the whole, from what you say, I think Arkansas wouldn't suit me. I rather think the soil is a *little too sandy*!"

SPEAKING of epitaphs:

On the death of Judge L—— the house in which he resided was converted into a smithy. These lines were found on a piece of paper attached to the door:

This house a lawyer once enjoyed;
A smith does now possess;
How naturally the *iron age*
Succeeds the *age of brass*!

ANOTHER:

Here lies James Brown, of old extract;
In fifty-five God did exact
From him the debt that all must pay
Who mortal are and made of clay.

AN Illinois correspondent, during a recent visit to Delaware, Ohio, had occasion to visit the village cemetery, and, among the various inscriptions commemorative of the virtues of those who rested there, noted the following, which he thought worthy of submission to the pleasant people who read the Drawer:

Blessed are the homesick,
For they shall get home.

It has been said that lobbying, which has now come to be numbered among the exact sciences, is better understood at Washington, Albany, and Harrisburg than in any other of the legislative centres of the country. But they are making creditable progress in Minnesota. Not long since a portly specimen of humanity came into the office of our informant, and was complimented on his appearance, and asked if he was a fair specimen of the State whence he migrated.

"Yes," was the reply, "I reckon I am; but I am about one of the shortest and leanest men in Illinois!" He went on to say: "I have been

away from here many years. I left the State soon after the County of —— was divided. I had something to do with that. A good many efforts had been made for division without success. As a final one I was requested to take the matter in hand, as I was intimately acquainted with several members of the Legislature. I assented, conditioned upon being paid \$500 in advance, to work the affair through. Agreed to and the money paid. I went to the capital, invited several prominent members to a little supper, spared no expense for whisky or victuals, ascertained how much it would cost to pass the bill, paid it, and succeeded. My mission finished I wrote my constituents, saying: "Now, gentlemen, you want an appropriation for a bridge. Send another five hundred and I'll fix *that*; and if there is any little man you want hung, send on his name and *I'll get a bill through for that too!*"

As long ago as the year 1806 a gentleman was traveling to Great Barrington, Massachusetts. The stage stopped at West Stockbridge for dinner. While waiting he picked up a paper printed at Otsego, New York, and his eyes fell upon the following advertisement. He read it, and the oddity of the rhymes made him retain them in his memory. Since then he has occasionally recalled them for the amusement of his children and grandchildren. He had forgotten the name of the town where the paper was published, and scarcely knew whether it was a real advertisement from some witty physician or a mere jest, when it was recalled afresh to his mind a few years ago by seeing announced in the New York *Tribune* the death of Dr. Nathaniel Gott, of Plainfield, Otsego County, for many years a prominent citizen and physician of that town, where he probably settled about the date of his advertisement:

"Says Dr. Gott,
I'm called on hot
To pay my shot;
And may I rot
If I do not.
But I can not,
Unless 'tis got
By jog and trot
All round the Otsegonian plot.
Whether begot,
On Teague or Scott,
Sober or sot,
Yankee or not,
Or on the motley race of Lot,
It must be shot
Into my pot,
Or else I wot
You'll smell it hot,
Or you may blot
Nathaniel Gott."

AN Episcopal clergyman was not long since called to the bedside of an aged parishioner, whose illness was of a character that precluded hope of recovery. The old gentleman had for many years been actively engaged in the purchase and sale of real estate. His investments had proved profitable, and he had amassed a handsome estate. But it was quite evident that the next transaction in that line—the last contract he could make—the last "certain piece or parcel of land lying and being" within his reach, would be of the same moderate dimensions and devoted to the same purpose as that described in the first

purchase of real estate of which we have any account, and which may be found recorded in Liber One of the Books of Moses, chapter xxiii. verses 16, 17, and 18, where, for 400 shekels of silver (\$800), *cash* (no mention of a mortgage), Ephron conveys to Abraham certain lands, trees, etc., in Machpelah, for a burying-place, as follows:

"And Abraham weighed to Ephron the silver, which he had named in the audience of the sons of Heth, four hundred shekels of silver, current money of the merchant."

"And the field of Ephron, which was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre, the field, and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure."

"Unto Abraham for a possession in the presence of the children of Heth, before all that went in at the gate of his city."

Convinced that a smaller field even than this was soon to become his final resting-place, and bowing with becoming submission to the inexorable decree, his thoughts nevertheless would at times revert to the successes of the past, and cast themselves into the future. On one occasion his pastor inquired if there was any thing on his mind of which he desired to speak, or any wishes that he would like to have gratified. The good man meekly replied: "Well, no, Doctor, I don't know that there are. I have been a successful man, and have endeavored to be a good man. I don't know that there is any thing I particularly desire, though it *would* be really a great gratification if I could come back here about twenty years from now, for a few hours, *just to see the improvements!*"

And with that aspiration he sank quietly to his last sleep, and was gathered to his fathers.

WE are informed by Mrs. Partington, of Boston, that Mr. Abihu Partington, a brother of her "diseased husbind," had "heern tell" that during the reign of shoddy, when fortunes were accumulated with marvelous celerity, and grammar did not always keep pace with the same, a clever man in the latitude of the Hub said to his neighbor: "When we lived up in B—— Street the old carryall was good enough for my wife and girls; but with the new arrangements on A—— Street I had to go right off and buy a 'coupon!'"

At a gorgeous party to which he was invited by one of the upper-ten, after a glowing description of the fixings generally, in expressing his enjoyment of the evening, he declared "he never felt so *voluptuous* in his life!"

Upon having a tooth extracted while under the influence of ether, he said afterward that he "entirely lost his *conscientiousness!*"

If a subdued and decorous politeness is to be expected and desired at one place more than another, it is especially at a funeral; for there, as the divine Williams expresses it, "our manners reason" as well as "our griefs." The city sexton, especially of the larger and wealthier churches, "takes hold" of a funeral as a mechanic does of a job, and carries it to its finale with the eye of an artist. The sextonial Turveydrop is noticeably on his best deportment on these occasions. But the heavy sexton of the city has not a finer appreciation of the proprieties than members of that "profession" in the rural districts. We have in mind a small-headed, thin-voiced, bent-

backed, hollow-cheeked, narrow-waisted, meek little man, who officiated at all the funerals in a neighboring village, and who on such occasions seldom raised his voice beyond a subdued mumble. At one time, after the preliminary services had been held, the coffin placed in the hearse, and the parents and brothers of the deceased had entered their vehicles, the good little man peered his good little face into the parlor, and with an expression of sadness on his face said, *sotto voce*: "The *cousins of the corpse* will enter the next kerridge!" which was becomingly done, and the ceremonial proceeded with. This sexton was *not* Mr. Br-w-n of Gr-e-e Church. Mr. Br-w-n is not a narrow-waisted party.

The intimation thus kindly given by the funeral functionary has a parallel in an incident that occurred in Rhode Island some years ago: A distinguished Free-will Baptist had died. The funeral was to be celebrated from his meeting-house. A great crowd had gathered, when the sexton of the congregation entering the door, with solemn voice made this announcement: "The congregation will please *raise*; the corpse wants to come in!"

THE habit of conundruming has come to be generally regarded as one of the most depraved and despicable. Physiologists declare that its unrestrained indulgence tends directly to idiocy. We have an acquaintance, a good man as the world goes, a devoted husband (and "good provider"), an affectionate father, and member of a base-ball club. Except in this one objectionable habit, he may be said to be respectable. Imagine how mortifying to his friends and family, as well as to the parson, was the scene on a recent Sunday evening, when, after the usual preliminary exercises, the text was given out: "How are the mighty fallen! How are the mighty fallen!" Our friend looked up inquiringly at the preacher, and in the meekest possible tone of voice replied, "*I give it up!*" Rather than have yielded the point in this hasty and imbecile manner, he should have set to work investigating the matter, and not made himself ridiculous before an intelligent body of pious and reflecting towns-people.

Is it true that all the babies born in California are lacking in certain particulars above the eyes? Something of that sort is insinuated in the following, which comes from Enterprise, Butt County, in that State. It may be true. Certainly we have never before seen it so positively averred:

Mrs. P——, a young mother, was exhibiting with commendable pride to a number of admiring friends her first baby. Finally, approaching little Danny, a boy of five years, the happy parent said: "Danny, isn't this a sweet little baby?" Danny hesitated a moment, turned up his eyes, and answered: "*Yes, but it's bald-headed!*"

WE apprehend that the great Biblical Encyclopædia of Doctors M'Clintock and Strong has not yet found its way to the auriferous regions of Nevada, judging from the following incident sent by a correspondent in Snake Diggings, in that State, who says:

Our clergyman is a very worthy and venerable gentleman, whose manner of delivery is deliberate and impressive. He deals largely in figures

of speech, some of which we fear are as wanting in accuracy as in taste. On a recent occasion of public worship, in his prayer, he alluded to our Saviour as "the lion of the tribe of *Judeah*!" which induced one of his friends to ask him if he were not in error, and whether he did not mean "the tribe of Judah?" The good preacher promptly replied: "Well, I really don't recollect; but *probably* I used the word in the *plural* sense!" That explanation appearing to meet the historical and theological requirements of the case, hortatory remark hardly seemed to be called for.

It being a part of the mission of the Drawer to encourage neatness in every walk of life, we do not feel at liberty to refuse the following, that occurred not long since in a neighboring town. It is of a tidy, industrious, pains-taking old woman, who, if she knew she were about to die, would wish to die neatly and comfortably. A fire unfortunately occurred in the village, and as the flames were spreading toward the grocery kept by her husband, the crowd rushed in to save the stock. Each took an armful of stuff—among the rest a basket of dusty bottles—and rushed for the door. "Wait a minit, boys! just a single minit! and let me brush the dust off them bottles! They r'ally ain't fit to go out lookin' so!" But the boys concluded that they would not pause for that manœuvre, and so saved every thing, including cook-stove, accordeon, and Aunt Sally herself.

On the occasion of an Odd Fellows' Celebration at Ogdensburg, Elder M—— was invited to deliver an address before the members of the Order and their friends in the lecture-room of his church. This brought out the question whether he was a member of the Order or not.

"No," said Deacon W——, "but he is very friendly to it, and I have no doubt will give us a better welcome than the Masons got on the occasion of one of their anniversaries here."

"How was that?" said the questioner.

"Well," said Deacon W——, "on one of these occasions they were disappointed in their speaker, and Elder P—— being called on to supply the vacancy, the procession, as it entered the church, was greeted with the solemn and impressive reading of the passage: 'Ye generation of *vipers*, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?'"

THE freedman is developing—more rapidly on the moral side, in certain localities, than on the political. Last Sunday, in Cincinnati, a "man and brother" came home from church delighted; said the sermon was "de best one he ebber heard preached." On being asked what the minister said that pleased him so much, he scratched his crispy-covered scalp, and, a little confused, replied: "I nebber mocks de preachers—*nebber*!"

THIS must have been the same tinted gentleman who said that he "didn't know much 'bout de differences 'twixt de Methodies and the Babbies," but he did "object to the 'Babbies' kase dey made immershum a *saving audience*!"

SOMETIMES politics and piety go along nicely together, and—sometimes they don't. In the

following official case, sent by a government functionary at Washington, the reader is at liberty to draw his own conclusion:

An excellent old clergyman from the country called upon one of the Heads of Departments for some small appointment. The "Head" was a professedly pious man, and made the old gentleman all sorts of promises—requesting, in return, the good man's prayers. The parson was delighted, and honestly believed all that was said. This interview was followed by several others, in which the promises were reiterated. The old man becoming dubious about results, and not being familiar with the nature of a Washington promise, began to make inquiry as to the probabilities in his own case. Meeting a brother church-member, he asked:

"What kind of a man is Brother ——?"

"I suppose him to be a very good man."

"But what is his character for veracity?"

"I always understood it to be sound."

"No," says the parson, "he tells lies. He told me a flat falsehood."

"Indeed! and what did you do?"

"Oh, I went and told him he had told me falsehoods."

"And what did he say to that?"

"Why," said the parson, with tears in his eyes, "he put his hands on my shoulders and said: '*My dear brother, do pray for me!*'"

COMMEND us to Chicago for the frequency of her murders, and the thoroughly enthusiastic abandon with which the reporters of her journals get up spicy descriptions of special and original horrors. A friend who has just returned from that city of grain, lumber, and pork, states that the everyday amusements of the place are attending inquests, sitting on coroners' juries, dragging the river, listening to divorce trials, and attending executions. Not long since a retiring young man from New England, staying a few days with a business acquaintance, was awakened at an early hour one morning with:

"Come, get up, my boy! there's an hour before breakfast, and we will have time to visit the interesting spot."

"What spot?"

"Why, the spot where the dreadful murder was committed last night!" said he, rubbing his hands with delightful expectation. "You were lucky to come just as you did—this is the biggest thing of the kind we've had yet—husband kills his wife and nine children with an axe, shoots two policemen, beats another so that he is not expected to live, sets fire to three houses and a barn, swallows half a bushel of counterfeit money, and commits suicide in the tunnel! Immense excitement about it!"

A LIEUTENANT in the ——th Massachusetts Infantry, in the early part of the war, took his Company out on a raid in North Carolina. Near a small village he met a contraband, who reported that two of the enemy's pickets were a short distance beyond. Making a détour round the village the pickets were captured while asleep. The Lieutenant returned to camp highly elated, and reported his exploit, saying: "I surrounded Pollockville and held it twenty minutes against the enemy. Colonel, you know I'm not much to command, but I'm h—— on a siege!"

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Bobinette Berlops.

PRINCE JACK kissed her hand, and Bobinette was assuming a look of reproof lined with a smile (if Milton tailored the clouds I suppose I may "dress-make" a look), when what should she see but her fairy godmother!

But first, you should know that some weeks before, as Bobinette Berlops nibbled at her breakfast, she heard a sharp little rap at the door; and before one could say "Come in" her fairy godmother whisked through the keyhole.

"Good-morning, godmother," said Bobinette, in that tone which means—"Why in the world did *you* come?"

"Morning," returned her godmother, resting herself on her crutch; "and I hope, Bobinette, that you have properly reflected on your serious position."

"Eh?" said Bobinette.

"For my part," continued the fairy, "I am positively shocked when I reflect that this is your twentieth birthday."

"Why?" asked Bobinette, opening her large black eyes.

"Why!" echoed her godmother. "Hear her! Could she be more serene if she had lived several hundred years ago, when girls had only to keep a sharp look-out at the windows till the Fairy Prince rode in at the castle gate. Bobinette, you need waking up. Reflect, my child! This is New York, where, if the Fairy Prince does not come after the marriageable damsel, the damsel must go after him. Twenty years old! Good Heavens, Bobinette! Suppose you should meet Mrs. Grundy without so much as an engagement ring about you. How long before she would transform you into an old maid!"

"But what can I do?" bleated Bobinette, wiping away two tears with her napkin.

"I am here to tell you that," returned the fairy godmother, promptly; "and you will do well to listen with attention, for the modern

young woman must bustle about her, and have her wits in her hand. She is beset by many difficulties. First, she must find her Fairy Prince."

"And how am I to know him, godmother?" inquired Bobinette, much interested.

"By his money, child; by his money. When you see a man with a house in town and one in the country, that is your Fairy Prince; but beware how you look and laugh with a man before you have weighed his purse. Many a nineteenth-century girl in this way has *Fallen In Love*."

Bobinette tossed her head, and smiled in derision.

"You will then set your cap for him," pursued her godmother; "but remember! this is an operation which requires the nicest discrimination. The art, Bobinette, of setting your cap is so to set it that it shall glint in your Prince's eyes till he shall catch himself thinking about it when he is eating, and walking, and smoking, and posting his ledger, and talking about the attraction of gravitation, and whatever else has least to do with it. While, mark, Bobinette, it shall be so set that the rest of the world shall not discern in it the slightest tip north, south, east, or west, but shall see it resting fair and maidenly on your head, rather hiding from your eyes any stray admiration that may meet you as you walk. It is a difficult and delicate art, my Bobinette!"

"Difficult indeed!" sighed Bobinette.

"For your wardrobe."

"Ah!" murmured Bobinette, "unless you can make coaches out of pumpkins, and robes in a twist of your crutch—"

"Child!" interrupted the fairy, with dignity, "the pumpkin-coach days are indeed gone by; but"—turning and seizing on the father and mother Berlops—"with proper management" (squeezing them both hard), "we can fit out our nineteenth-century princess yet," releasing the parental Berlops, both quite purple, while before Bobinette stood a tall, well-packed Saratoga trunk.

"Dearest godmother, how shall I thank you?" cried Bobinette, in a rapture.

"My Bobinette," returned the fairy, with emotion, "in all things conduct yourself like a business girl. Proceed with caution, remembering that in these days Fairy Princes are as easily startled as antelopes, and much too well-advised of their own value. Observe, also, that you are to run down your game under an elaborate pretense of not knowing its whereabouts; and, wherever you go, forget not to say that you are down in your Uncle Jupiter's will for seventy thousand dollars!"

"But that is not true, godmother," observed Bobinette, innocently.

"Did I say that it was, Miss?" snapped her godmother, coloring through her wrinkles; "but it is a charm that will stop the mouth of a nineteenth-century lion; and now go, my Bobinette, and look well after your trunk."

To come back now to our beginning. Bobinette blushing, and looking away to hide the blush from that too earnest gaze, met a gaze of a very different sort; a furious look, in fact, from the small, twinkling eyes of her fairy godmother, hobbling toward her as fast as her crutch would bring her. What had Bobinette done? She could not have told you herself;

but though she cleared her throat, and held up her head, and tried to look at her godmother with smiling confidence, her heart beat as if it would burst out of her white bosom, and her cheeks grew distressfully red. She felt instinctively that she must account for her tall friend before her godmother opened her mouth.

"Godmother," she said, tremblingly, "this is Prince Jack."

"Humph!" said the fairy; and (I suppose you know that she dated from the days of Cinderella, and had old-fashioned ideas of politeness) she made Prince Jack a courtesy—prodigious for so small a body. Then, "My dear," she observed, her small eyes twinkling maliciously, "if you knew any thing of the world you would understand that a handsome young fellow can find better amusement than dancing attendance on bread-and-butter chits like you. No doubt Prince Jack was dying an hour ago to get away." And with another of those astonishing





courtesies she tucked Bobinette's reluctant little hand under her arm and hurried her off.

"A fine business you have made of it, Miss," commenced the fairy, scornfully; "you and your Prince Jack!"

"But what have I done, godmother?" asked Bobinette; and distressful tears began to roll down her cheeks. "Could I find a finer Fairy Prince than Prince Jack? He has—"

"How much money?" broke in the fairy, sharply.

Bobinette looked aghast. "I—don't—know—godmother."

"I should think not!" cried the fairy, jumping up, and, in her excitement, flourishing her crutch uncomfortably near Bobinette's nose. "And pray, miss, how did I tell you you were to know your Fairy Prince? By his fine blue eyes? Eh—was that it? By his handsome leg? Was that what I said?" between each question flourishing her crutch in a way to keep Bobinette winking and backing. "By the times he squeezed your hand, and the way he combed his hair? Was that it, Bobinette?"

"No, no," answered Bobinette, scared, and bursting into sobs in the corner, into which the old woman had driven her. "By his m-m-money, godmother. I did—did—didn't know-w-w, godmother."

"Say I fell in lo-lo-ve, love, godmother," mimicked the old woman.

"Why not, godmother?" she answered, audaciously.

"Why not!" cried her godmother, shrilly. "Would you like to know what becomes of girls who fall in love? They live," sinking her voice, "at the east side of the town, Bobinette; and in Harlem, and in the country. They have ten children, and do all the family sewing. They lose their color, and get thin, and wear one bonnet three winters running; or they live

in lodgings, and drink hay tea, and fight the landlady, and wear dyed silks."

Bobinette shuddered, but hearing between her godmother's words the waltz beat outside, began also to tap out the time with her slipper.

"No more balls, then," pursued her godmother, shrewdly watching her. "The satin slippers are laid away to be looked at, and the ball-dresses are cut up into toilet cushions!"

Tum ti tum; ti, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum! That was the music which came floating pleasantly into the musty little cloak-room. Bobinette looked longingly at the door.

"My love, your arm," said the fairy.

Tum, tum, tum, beat the music, to which magnificent princesses went whirling about with gorgeous princes, while Bobinette walked up the room, with her little brown godmother; her heart aching a little for Prince Jack, who followed her with reproachful eyes, but not aching so very hard because she heard the young men say, as she went by, "Oh! what a pretty girl!" Just then her godmother pinched her arm.

"My dear, there is your Fairy Prince."

"Where?" asked Bobinette, eagerly, for at first she could not see him; but presently she spied a little old man, lean, brown, and wrinkled, in snuff-colored clothes, sitting on a velvet sofa between two beautiful young ladies, while two more stood before him with fans and bouquets to divert him.

"That!" exclaimed Bobinette. "Why, he looks like a monkey, and he is old enough to be my father."

"Stuff!" said her godmother. "He owns blocks of houses, and the finest horses in the city!"

Bobinette pouted and turned her head away.

"Very remarkable," thought the Fairy Prince, who had been watching her from his sofa. "I never saw a woman do that before."

They all smile in my eyes till I wink again." So he went over to the fairy godmother and made her a bow, and the fairy made him a great courtesy, and said, sweetly, "Bobinette, my dear!" And Bobinette was obliged to face about; but she was so vexed that she would not say a word.

Then the Fairy Prince, who was nearly talked to death, thought to himself, "This Bobinette is not only peculiar, she is admirable." And he said aloud, "Charming Bobinette, will you take my arm?" Bobinette put up her lip, but the fairy whispered, "If you don't you shall go home to-morrow." Then Bobinette took the snuff-colored arm and they walked solemnly about; and Bobinette was still more angry, and still silent; and the Fairy Prince thought that she grew more charming every moment. But the young ladies on the sofa turned green with envy, and Prince Jack, unable to endure the wretched sight, went home and wrote Bobinette a little note, in which he said:

"DEAR BOBINETTE,—Don't maffy that snuffy old ogre, at least till you have once more met in the conservatory your distracted

JACK.

"Hour, ten A.M. Place, conservatory."

That evening, when Bobinette opened her ribbon box, she found the note there.

"Alas!" said Bobinette, "what is a poor girl to do? Godmother declares that Prince Jack is a beggar, and Prince Jack calls her Fairy Prince an ogre. There is only one thing quite certain, that I can never meet him in the conservatory."

She said that over to herself till one minute of ten the next morning. Then she slipped slyly into the conservatory, and oh! astonish-

ing sight, there was Prince Jack behind an orange-tree.

"How good of you to come!" he said, softly.

"I think it was very bad," answered Bobinette, with a pert toss, saying in her heart, "Why, oh! why, should a fairy prince without any money sport such a mustache and have such shoulders?" While Jack thought, "Oh! happy ribbon that clasped her round waist, and oh! ecstatic collar about her white throat, and how the hand in his was soft as down."

"How foolish!" said Bobinette, giving the hand a pull of about one-wren power, which made Prince Jack hold it the tighter.

"Dear Bobinette," he said, softly, "you must know that I love you!"

Bobinette looked very hard at a great red geranium, and said nothing.

"I haven't houses and lands like your snuff-colored ogre—"

"If you please, he is a friend of godmother's," interposed Bobinette.

"Ogres in the old days owned castles and lands, and gobbled up lovely maidens," persisted Jack; "but they were called then by their right names."

"But—but—" Here Bobinette lost courage and hung her head.

"But what, Bobinette?" asked Prince Jack, very tenderly. I believe he had stolen an arm about her in some way.

"I don't see how we could live," murmured Bobinette, thinking of the hay tea and the dyed silks. "Godmother says you could not keep me in slippers."

"A wandering prince must earn his kingdom," replied Jack, quickly, straightening himself and looking, Bobinette thought, oh! so grand and noble, though how much of it was shirt-front and shoulders I should not like to say; "and then," insinuatingly, "if it comes to a strait there would be your Uncle Judi—"

"Oh, dear me!" broke in Bobinette, looking at him with frank, wide open eyes—"there is nothing in that, you know. My Uncle Jupiter is—why nobody knows where Uncle Ju has been these ten years. I said that because godmother told me it was a charm."

"A charm indeed!" muttered Jack, growing pale; and something like a frost came at once between him and Bobinette. He did not drop her hand, but he suffered her to take it away.

"You see," she said, tears springing to her eyes, "that it is no use."

"No use," echoed the wandering prince, forgetting the kingdom that he proposed to earn; but



thinking, regretfully, how like she was to a dewy pink blossom.

"I think we had better go out," said poor Bobinette.

Prince Jack bowed and held open the glass doors.

"Poor disenchanted prince!" chuckled the fairy godmother, who all the while had been hidden behind a vase.

Bobinette went out and sat down in a corner; and the young ladies, who had turned green with envy the night before, looking attentively, discovered that she was sad. Prince Jack was not sad. He was flirting on the piazza; and the Fairy Prince was not sad. He was just finishing a fine breakfast of toast and omelets. Hereupon they began to buzz; and the stones on the hill that cried out after the princess were not more uncivil than the envious young ladies to the drooping Bobinette.

So that when the Fairy Prince asked her to drive she was actually glad to go; but as for her life she could not help thinking over that miserable conservatory business, she was almost as silent as on the preceding evening.

"She is a superior girl," thought the Fairy Prince, with an actual affection for her; "and as sweet as she is sensible. She looks like a rose."

So he showed her his houses, and then he drove around and about and displayed his lands before her, and he explained to her the value of his horses and the silver that he had in bank. Bobinette listened patiently, and at the end the Fairy Prince said:

"Will you have them, Bobinette, and me

with them? I am an ugly old man, but they are worthy of your beauty."

And of course, after coming all this way to find and catch her Fairy Prince, Bobinette said "Yes."

When she heard of it, "Thank Heaven!" cried the fairy godmother. "It was never too easy to marry off a god-daughter; but now that they must do their own husband-hunting—" Here she heaved a great sigh, embodying, I suppose, all the difficulties of the situation.

When they heard of it—the green young ladies, I mean—they all wondered whatever he saw in her! and how she *could* sell herself, even for millions! but they were also on tip-toe to see her diamonds, and there was no more buzzing.

When he heard of it, Prince Jack was rather silent for a day or two, and smoked a great many cigars. At the end of them he had ready a little poem, which was published in a weekly paper, and copied in all the other papers. In the illustration at the top you saw Jack and Bobinette among the roses in the conservatory; Jack, with as much agony as the engraver knew how to make in his manly countenance, while the false and mercenary Bobinette, with lovely, but, alas! impossible hair, turned poutingly away, and seemed to look at her bald and elderly adorer, just visible through an arch; while in the verse below he told how

"You married an old man for gold, my pet,
And your fresh young beauty sold, my pet,"
making all the tender-hearted young ladies say,
"Oh, how could she!" After all which the tough old world went on very much as usual.



THE DODGE CLUB; OR, ITALY IN MDCCCLIX.



DON'T SPEAK.

XLVIII.

BAD BRUISES, BUT GOOD MUSES.—THE HONORABLE SCARS OF DICK.—A KNOWLEDGE OF BONES.

THE Senator searched long and anxiously among the fallen bandits for those whom he affectionately called his "boys." Dick was first found. He was senseless.

The Senator carried him to the fire. He saw two ladies and a gentleman standing there. Hurriedly he called on them and pointed to Dick. The gentleman raised his arms. They were bound tightly. The ladies also were secured in a similar manner. The Senator quickly cut the cords from the gentleman, who in his turn snatched the knife and freed the ladies, and then went to care for Dick.

The Senator then ran back to seek for Buttons.

The gentleman flung a quantity of dry brush on the fire, which at once blazed up and threw a bright light over the scene. Meanwhile the passengers were looking anxiously around as though they dreaded a new attack. Some of them had been wounded inside the coach and were groaning and cursing.

The Senator searched for a long time in vain. At last at the bottom of a heap of fallen brigands, whom the Senator had knocked over, he found Buttons. His face and clothes were covered with blood, his forehead was blackened as though by an explosion, his arm was broken and hung loosely as the Senator lifted him up. For a moment he thought that it was all over with him.

He carried him toward the fire. The appearance of the young man was terrible. He beckoned to one of the ladies. The lady approached. One look at the young man and the next instant, with a heart-rending moan, she flung herself on her knees by his side.

"The Spaniard!" said the Senator, recognizing her for the first time. "Ah! he'll be taken care of then."

There was a brook near by, and he hurried there for water. There was nothing to carry it in, so he took his beaver hat and filled it. Returning, he dashed it vigorously in Buttons's face. A faint sigh, a gasp, and the young man feebly opened his eyes. Intense pain forced a groan from him. In the hasty glance that he threw around he saw the face of Ida Francia as she bent over him bathing his brow, her face pale as death, her hand trembling, and her eyes filled with tears. The sight seemed to alleviate his pain. A faint smile crossed his lips. He half raised himself toward her.

"I've found you at last," he said, and that was all.

At this abrupt address a burning flush passed over the face and neck of the young girl. She bent down her head. Her tears flowed faster than ever.

"Don't speak," she said; "you are in too much pain."

She was right, for the next moment Buttons fell back exhausted.

The Senator drew a flask from his pocket and motioned to the young girl to give some to Buttons; and then thinking that the attention of the Señorita would be far better than his, he hurried away to Dick.

So well had he been treated by the Don (whom the reader has of course already recognized) that he was now sitting up, leaning against the driver of the diligence, who was making amends for his cowardice during the fight by kind attention to Dick after it was over.

"My dear boy, I saw you had no bones broken," said the Senator, and knew you were all right; so I devoted my first attention to Buttons. How do you feel?"

"Better," said Dick, pressing the honest hand which the Senator held out. "Better; but how is Buttons?"

"Recovering. But he is terribly bruised, and his arm is broken."

"His arm broken! Poor Buttons, what'll he do?"

"Well, my boy, I'll try what *I* can do. I've sot an arm before now. In our region a necessary part of a good education was settin' bones."

Dick was wounded in several places. Leaving the Don to attend to him the Senator took his knife and hurriedly made some splints. Then getting his valise, he tore up two or three of his shirts. Armed with these he returned to Buttons. The Señorita saw the preparations, and, weeping bitterly, she retired.

"Your arm is broken, my poor lad," said the Senator. "Will you let me fix it for you? I can do it."

"Can you? Oh, then, I am all right! I was afraid I would have to wait till I got to Bologna."

"It would be a pretty bad arm by the time you got there, I guess," said the Senator. "But come—no time must be lost."

His simple preparations were soon made. Buttons saw that he knew what he was about. A few moments of excessive pain, which forced ill-suppressed moans from the sufferer, and the work was done.

After taking a sip from the flask both Buttons and Dick felt very much stronger. On questioning the driver they found that Bologna was not more than twenty miles away. The passengers were busily engaged in removing the barricade. It was decided that an immediate departure was absolutely necessary. At the suggestion of Dick, the driver, postillions, and passengers armed themselves with guns of the fallen brigands.

The severest wound which Dick had was on his head, which had been almost laid open by a terrific blow from the gun of the robber chief. He had also wounds on different parts of his body. Buttons had more. These the Senator bound up with such skill that he declared himself ready to resume his journey. Upon this the Don insisted on taking him into his own carriage. Buttons did not refuse.

At length they all started, the diligence ahead, the Don following. On the way the Don told Buttons how he had fared on the road. He had left Florence in a hired carriage the day before the diligence had left. He had heard nothing of the dangers of the road, and suspected nothing. Shortly after entering the mountain district they had been stopped and robbed of all their money. Still he kept on, thinking that there was no further danger. To his horror they were stopped again at the bridge, where the brigands, vexed at not getting any money, took all their baggage and let them go. They went on fearfully, every moment dreading some new misadventure. At length their worst fears were realized. At the place where the fight had occurred they were stopped and dragged from their carriage. The brigands were savage at not getting any plunder, and swore they would hold them prisoners till they procured a ransom, which they fixed at three

thousand piastres. This was about four in the afternoon. They overturned the coach, kindled a fire, and waited for the diligence. They knew the rest.

Buttons, seated next to Ida Francia, forgot his sufferings. Meanwhile Dick and the Senator resumed their old seats on the banquette. After a while the Senator relapsed into a fit of musing, and Dick fell asleep.

Morning dawned and found them on the plain once more, only a few miles from Bologna. Far ahead they saw the lofty Leaning Tower that forms so conspicuous an object in the fine old city. Dick awaked, and on looking at the Senator was shocked to see him very pale, with an expression of pain. He hurriedly asked the cause.

"Why, the fact is, after the excitement of fightin' and slaughterin' and seein' to you chaps was over I found that I was covered with wounds. One of my fingers is broken. I have three bullet wounds in my left arm, one in my right, a stab of a dirk in my right thigh, and a terrible bruise on my left knee. I think that some fellow must have passed a dagger through my left foot, for there is a cut in the leather, my shoe is full of blood, and it hurts dreadful. It's my opinion that the Dodge Club will be laid up in Bologny for a fortnight.—Hallo!"

The Senator had heard a cry behind, and looked out. Something startled him. Dick looked also.

The Don's carriage was in confusion. The two Señoritas were standing up in the carriage wringing their hands. The Don was supporting Buttons in his arms. He had fainted a second time.

XLIX.

SUFFERING AND SENTIMENT AT BOLOGNA.—MOONSHINE.
—BEST BALM FOR WOUNDS.

THEY all put up at the same hotel. Buttons was carried in senseless, and it was long before he revived. The Senator and Dick were quite exhausted—stiff with fatigue, stiff with wounds.

There was one thing, however, which made their present situation more endurable. The war in Lombardy made further progress impossible. They could not be permitted to pass the borders into Venetia. Even if they had been perfectly well they would have been compelled to wait there for a time.

The city was in a ferment. The delight which the citizens felt at their new-found freedom was mingled with a dash of anxiety about the result of the war. For, in spite of Solferino, it was probable that the tide of victory would be hurled back from the Quadrilateral. Still they kept up their spirits; and the joy of their hearts found vent in songs, music, processions, Roman candles, *Te Deums*, sky-rockets, volleys of cannon, masses, public meetings, patriotic songs, speeches, tri-colors, and Italian versions of "The Marseillaise."



USED UP.

In a short time the Senator was almost as well as ever. Not so Dick. After struggling heroically for the first day against his pain he succumbed, and on the morning of the second was unable to leave his bed.

The Senator would not leave him. The kind attention which he had once before shown in Rome was now repeated. He spent nearly all his time in Dick's room, talking to him when he was awake, and looking at him when asleep. Dick was touched to the heart.

The Senator thought that, without exception, Bologna was the best Italian city that he had seen. It had a solid look. The people were not such everlasting fools as the Neapolitans, the Romans, and the Florentines, who thought that the highest end of life was to make pictures and listen to music. They devoted their energies to an article of nourishment which was calculated to benefit the world. He alluded to the famous *Bologna Sausage*, and he put it to Dick seriously, whether the manufacture of a sausage which was so eminently adapted to sustain life was not a far nobler thing than the production of useless pictures for the pampered tastes of a bloated aristocracy.

Meanwhile Buttons fared differently. If he had been more afflicted he was now more blessed. The Don seemed to think that the sufferings of Buttons were caused by himself, or, at any rate, by the eagerness of the young man to come to the assistance of his sisters. He felt grateful accordingly, and spared no pains to give him assistance and relief. He procured the best medical advice in the city. For several days

the poor fellow lay in a very dangerous condition, hovering between life and death. His wounds were numerous and severe, and the excitement afterward, with the fatigue of the ride, had made his situation worse. But a strong constitution was on his side, and he at length was able to leave his bed and his room.

He was as pale as death, and woefully emaciated. But the society of the ladies acted like a charm upon him; and from the moment when he left his room his strength came back rapidly.

He would have liked it still better if he had been able to see the younger sister alone; but that was impossible, for the sisters were inseparable. One evening, however, the Don offered to take them to the cathedral to see some ceremony. Ida declined, but the other eagerly accepted.

So Buttons for the first time in his life found himself alone with the maid of his heart. It was a solemn season.

Both were much embarrassed. Buttons looked as though he had something dreadful to tell; the Señorita as though she had something dreadful to hear. At length Buttons began to tell the story of his many searches, pursuits, wanderings, etc., in search of her, and particularly his last search at Florence, in which he had grown disheartened, and had made up his mind to follow her to Spain. At last he came to the time when he caught up to them on the road. He had seen them first. His heart told him that one of the ladies was Ida. Then he had lost all control of himself, and had leaped down to rescue her.

The Spanish nature is an impetuous, a demonstrative, a fiery nature. The Señorita was a Spaniard. As Buttons told all this in passionate words, to which his ardent love gave resistless eloquence, her whole manner showed that her heart responded. An uncontrollable excitement filled her being; her large, lustrous eyes, bright with the glow of the South, now beamed more luminously through her tears, and—in short: Buttons felt encouraged—and ventured nearer—and, almost before he knew it himself, somehow or other, his arm had got round a slender waist!

While the Señorita trembled—timidly drew back—and then all was still!—except, of course, whisperings—and broken sentences—and soft, sweet.....Well, all these were brought to an abrupt close by the return of the Don and his sister.

As they entered the room they saw Buttons at one end, and the Señorita at the other. The moonbeams stole in softly through the window.

"Why did you not call for a light?"

"Oh, it is so pleasant in the moonshine!"

At the end of a few weeks there came the great, the unlooked-for, the un hoped-for news—the Peace of Villafranca! So war was over. Moreover, the road was open. They could go wherever they wished.

Buttons was now strong enough to travel.



BUTTONS IN BLISS.

Dick and the Senator were as well as ever. The news of the Peace was delightful to the travelers.

Not so, however, to the Bolognese. They railed at Napoleon. They forgot all that he had done, and taunted him with what he had neglected to do. They insulted him. They made caricatures of him. They spread scandalous reports about him. Such is the way of the world.

L.

CROSSING INTO THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY. — CONSTERNATION OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICERS.

THE journey was a pleasant one. The Spaniards were an agreeable addition to the party in the estimation of others than Buttons. The Senator devoted himself particularly to the elder sister. Indeed, his acquaintance with *La Cica*, as he afterward confessed, had given him a taste for foreign ladies. He carried on little conversations with the Señorita in broken English. The Señorita's English was pretty, but not very idiomatic. The Senator imitated her English remarkably well, and no doubt did it out of compliment. He also astonished the company by speaking at the very top of a voice whose ordinary tone was far stronger than common.

The journey from Bologna to Ferrara was not diversified by any incident. Buttons was rapidly regaining his gayety and his strength. He wore his arm in a sling, it is true, but thought it better to have a broken arm with

the Señorita than a sound one without her. It must be confessed, however, that his happiness was visible not so much in lively conversation as in his flushed cheek, glistening eye, and general air of ecstasy. Moreover, Ida could not speak English much—a conversation in that language was difficult, and they would not be so rude to the Senator as to talk Spanish in his presence. The consequence was that the conversation flagged, and the Senator was by far the most talkative member of the company, and laid out all his strength in broken English.

Ferrara was reached at last, and they put up at a hotel which boasted of having entertained in its day any quantity of kings, emperors, and nobles of every European nation. It is an astonishing town. Vast squares, all desolate; great cathedrals, empty; proud palaces, neglected and ruinous; broad streets, grass-grown and empty; long rows of houses, without inhabitants; it presents the spectacle of a city dying without hope of recovery. The Senator walked through every street in Ferrara, looked carelessly at Tasso's dungeon, and seemed to feel relieved when they left the city.

On arriving at the Po, which forms the boundary between this district and Venetia, they underwent some examination from the authorities, but crossed without accident. But on the other side they found the Austrian officials far more particular. They asked a multiplicity of questions, opened every trunk, scanned the passports, and detained them long. The ladies were annoyed in a similar manner, and a number of Roman and Neapolitan trinkets which had passed the Italian *doganas* were now taken from them.

Dick had a valise, both compartments of which were strapped down carefully. Under a calm exterior he concealed a throbbing heart, for in that valise was the Doctor's pistol, upon which he relied in anticipation of future dangers. The officials opened the valise. It was apparently a puzzle to them. They found but little clothing. On the contrary, a very extensive assortment of articles wrapped in paper and labeled very neatly. These they opened one by one in the first compartment, and found the following:

1, Six collars; 2, a brick; 3, lump of lime; 4, pebbles; 5, plaster; 6, ashes; 7, paper; 8, another brick; 9, a chip; 10, more plaster; 11, more ashes; 12, an ink bottle; 13, three pair stockings; 14, more ashes; 15, more ashes; 16, a neck-tie; 17, a bit of wood; 18, vial; 19, some grass; 20, bone; 21, rag; 22, stone; 23, another stone; 24, some more grass; 25, more pebbles; 26, more bones; 27, pot of blacking; 28, slippers; 29, more stones; 30, more stones.

The officials started up with an oath apiece. Their heavy German faces confronted Dick with wrath and indignation, and every separate hair of their warlike mustaches stood out. However, they swallowed their rage, and turned to the others. Dick drew a long breath of relief. The pistol was safe. It had been taken apart and each piece wrapped in paper and labeled.



DICK'S LUGGAGE.

Had he carried it about with him it would have been taken.

The Senator thought it was better to have three battles with brigands than one encounter with custom-house officials. He had a little store of specimens of Italian manufactures, which were all taken from him. One thing struck him forcibly, and that was the general superiority of the Austrian over the Roman side. There was more thrift, neatness, and apparent prosperity. His sentiments on this subject were embodied in a letter home, which he wrote from Padua on a dreary evening which they spent there before starting for Venice:

"If this part of Italy is oppressed by Austria, then all I can say is, that the pressure has squeezed an immense amount of vegetation out of the soil. Passing from the Roman territories into the Austrian is like going from darkness into light, or from Canada into the United States. What kind of people are these who do better under foreign rule than native? In my opinion, the territories of the Pope are worse than those of other rulers in Italy. A Spanish friend of mine tells me that it is because the thoughts of the Pope's subjects are set not on things below, but on things on high. He tells me that we've got to choose between two masters—Christianity on the one hand, and Mammon on the other. Whoever chooses the latter will be destitute of the former. He gives as examples of this France, England, and America, which countries, though possessed of the highest material blessings, are yet a prey to crime, skepticism, doubt, infidelity, heresy, false doctrine, and all manner of similar evils. Those nations which prefer religion to worldly prosperity present a different scene; and he points to Spain and Italy—poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith—the only evils which afflict them being the neighborhood of unbelieving nations."

LI.

VENICE AND ITS PECULIAR GLORY.—THE DODGE CLUB COME TO GRIEF AT LAST.—UP A TREE.—IN A NET, ETC.

FEW sensations are so singular as that which the traveler experiences on his first approach to Venice. The railway passes for miles through swamps, pools, ponds, and broken mud banks, till at length, bursting away altogether from the shore, it pushes directly out into the sea. Away goes the train of cars over the long viaduct, and the traveler within can scarcely understand the situation. The firm and even roll and the thunder of the wheels tell of solid ground beneath; but outside of the windows on either side there is nothing but a wide expanse of sea.

At length the city is reached. The train stops, and the passenger steps out into the station-house. But what a station-house! and what a city! There is the usual shouting from carriers and cabmen, but none of that deep roar of a large city which in every other place drones heavily into the traveler's ear.

Going out to what he thinks is a street, the traveler finds merely a canal. Where are the carriages, cabs, calèches, hand-carts, barouches, pony carriages, carryalls, wagons, hansoms, hackneys, wheel-barrows, broughams, dog-carts, buggies? Where are the horses, mares, dogs, pigs, ponies, oxen, cows, cats, colts, calves, and live-stock generally?

Nowhere. There's not a wheeled carriage in the place. It may be doubted if there is a dog. There certainly is not a cow. The people use goats' milk. The horse is as un-

known as the pterodactyl, ichthyosaurus, dodo, iguanodon, mastodon, great awk. How do they go about? Where are the conveniences for moving to and fro?

Then, at the platform of the station, a score or two of light gondolas await you. The gondolier is the cabman. He waits for you, with his hand toward you, and the true "Keb, Sir!" tone and smile. A double-sized gondola is here called an "omnibus," and the name is painted on the side in huge letters. And these are the substitutes for wheeled vehicles.

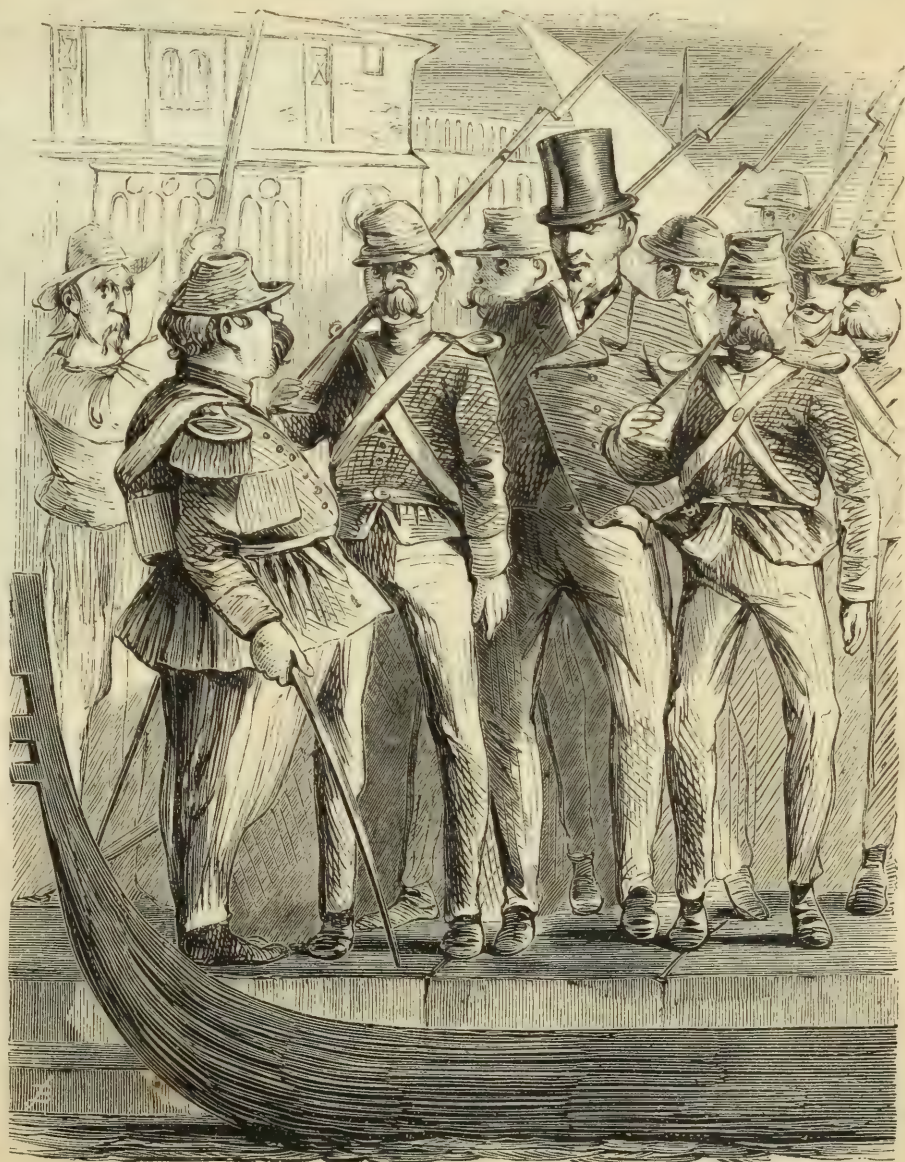
Now after entering one of these you go along smoothly and noiselessly. The first thing one notices in Venice is the absence of noise. As the boat goes along the only sound that is heard is the sharp cry from the boatman as he approaches a corner. At first the novelty interests the mind, afterward it affects the spirits. In three days most people leave the city in a kind of panic. The stillness is awful. A longer stay would reduce one to a state of melancholy madness. A few poets, however, have been able to endure, and even to love, the sepulchral stillness of the city. But to appreciate Venice one must be strongly poetical.

There are many things to be seen. First of all, there is the city itself, one grand curiosity, unique, with nothing on earth that bears a distant approach to it. Its canals, gondolas, antique monuments, Byzantine architecture, bridges, mystery: its pretty women with black lace veils, the true glory of Venice—though Murray says nothing about them.

For Murray, in what was meant to be an exhaustive description of Venice, has omitted all mention of that which makes it what it is. Whereas if it had been Homer instead of Murray he would have rolled out the following epithets: ὑπλόκαμοι, ἀπαλαί, χοροθηεῖς, ἡύκομοι, ῥοδοπηχέες, ἑρατειναί, καλλιπλόκαμοι, ἐλκεχίτωνες, κνανώπιδες, καλιώπιδες, ἰμερόεσσαι, βαθύκολλοι, λιγύμολποι: κ. τ. λ.

The travelers visited the whole round of sights. They remained in company and went about in the same gondola. The Senator admired what he saw as much as any of them, though it appeared to be out of his particular line. It was not the Cathedral of St. Mark's, however, nor the Doge's Palace, nor the Court of the Inquisition, nor the Bridge of Sighs, nor the Rialto, that interested him, but rather the spectacle of all these magnificent edifices around him, with all the massive masonry of a vast city, built up laboriously on the uncertain sand. He admired the Venetians who had done this. To such men, he thought, the commerce of the world might well have belonged. In discussing the causes of the decline of Venice he summed up the subject in a few words, and in the clearest possible manner.

"These Venetians, when they sot up shop, were in the principal street of the world—the Mediterranean. They had the best stand in the street. They did work up their business uncommon well now, and no mistake. They made money hand over fist, and whatever advantage could be given by energy, capital, and



ARRESTED.

a good location, they got. But the currents of traffic change in the world just as they do in a city. After a while it passed in another direction. Venice was thrown out altogether. She had no more chance than a New York shop would have after the business that it lived on had gone into another street. Hence," said the Senator—he always said "hence" when he was coming to a triumphant conclusion—"hence the downfall of Venice."

On arriving at their hotel a little circumstance occurred which made them look at Venice from a new and startling point of view. On going to their rooms after dinner they were followed by a file of Austrian soldiers. They wanted to see the passports. They requested this in a thick guttural tone, which made the Americans feel quite nervous. They showed the passports nevertheless.

On looking over them the Austrian soldiers arrested them. They were informed that if they went peaceably they would be well treated, but if they made any resistance they would all be bound.

The Americans remonstrated. No use. A thousand conjectures were made as to the cause of their arrest, but they were completely baffled. Before they could arrive at any conclusion they had arrived at the place of their destination, to which they had, of course, been taken in a gondola. It was too dark to distinguish the place, but it looked like a large and gloomy edifice. The soldiers took them to a room, where they locked them all in together. It was a comfortable apartment, with another larger one opening from it, in which were two beds and two couches. Evidently they were not neglected.

After waiting for half the night in a kind of fever they retired to rest. They slept but little. They rose early, and at about seven o'clock breakfast was brought into them, with a guard of soldiers following the waiters.

After breakfast they were visited again. This time it was a legal gentleman. They did not know who he was, but he gave them to understand that he was a person high in authority. He questioned them very closely as to their business in Venice, but did his questioning in a courteous manner. After about an hour he left.

Lunch was brought in at one o'clock. Their feelings at being treated in this mysterious manner can be imagined. Such neglect of the rights of man—such trifling with his time and patience—such utter disregard of *habeas corpus* awaked indignation which words could not express.

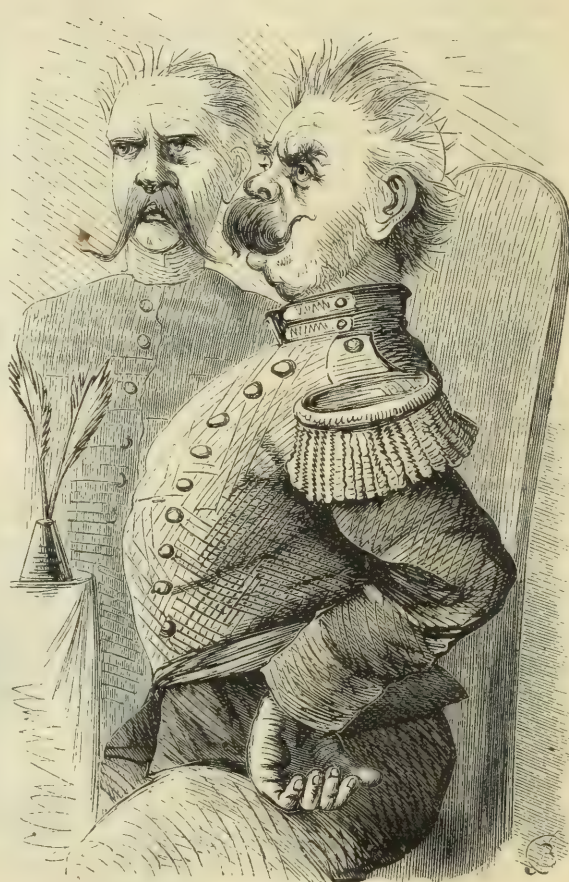
Positively they were treated like dumb cattle; locked up, fed, deprived of liberty and fresh air; no communication with friends outside; and, worst of all, no idea in the world of the cause of their imprisonment. They came to the conclusion that they were mistaken for some other parties—for some *Cacciatori degli Alpi*; and Buttons insisted that the Senator was supposed to be Garibaldi himself. In these troub-

lous times any idea, however absurd, might be acted upon.

At about three in the afternoon the door was thrown open, and a file of soldiers appeared. An officer approached and requested the prisoners to follow. They did so. They passed along many halls, and at length came to a large room. A long table extended nearly from one end to another. Soldiers were arranged down the sides of the apartment.

At the head of the table sat an elderly man, with a stern face, ferocious mustache, sharp eye, bushy gray eyebrows, and universal air of Mars. His uniform showed him to be a General. By his side was their visitor of the morning. Officials sat at the table.

"Silence!"



SILENCE!

LII.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE AND THE AUSTRIAN DOUBLE-HEADED DITTO.

At the command of the Austrian General every body became still. Thereupon he motioned to the prisoners to stand at the bottom of the table. They did so. The General took a long stare at the prisoners, particularly at the Senator. They bore it steadily. As for the Senator, he regarded the other with an expression which would have done honor to the Austrian General's own father.

"Who are you?"

The General spoke in German. The legal gentleman at his side instantly interpreted it into English.

"Americans."

"Ah! dangerous characters—dangerous characters! What is your business?"

"Travelers."

"Travelers? Ah! But what are your occupations in America?"

"Our passports tell."

"Your passports say—'Gentlemen.'"

"Well, we *are* gentlemen."

The Austrian looked blank. After a while he resumed; and as he directed his glance to the Senator the latter made all the replies, while the Interpreter served as a medium of communication.

"How long have you been in Italy?"

"Two or three months."

"You came here just about the commencement of these difficulties?"

"Yes—the beginning of the war."

"Where did you land?"

"At Naples."

"Naples? Ha! hm! Where did you go next?"

"To Rome. We staid there a few weeks and then went to Florence; from Florence to Bologna, and thence through Ferrara and Padua to Venice."

"You went to Florence! How long ago did you leave?"

"About a month ago."

"A month! Ah, hm!"

And the General exchanged glances with the legal gentleman at his side.

"What were you doing in Florence?"

"Seeing the city."

"Did you place yourselves in connection with the Revolutionists?"

"No."

"Did you have any thing to do with the emissaries of Garibaldi?"

"Nothing."

"Take care how you deny."

"We say we know nothing at all either of the Revolutionists or Imperialists or Garibaldians or any other party. We are merely travelers."

"Hm—a strong disavowment," said the General to himself. "You have never in any way countenanced the rebels."

"No."

"Think before you speak."

"We are free Americans. Perhaps you know that the citizens of that country say what they think and do what they like. We have gone on that rule in Italy. What I say is, that we do not know any thing about rebels or any political parties in the country."

"Do you know *La Cica*?" asked the General, with the air of a man who was putting a home-thrust, and speaking with uncommon fierceness.

"I do," said the Senator, mildly.

"You know her well? You are one of her intimate friends?"

"Am I?"

"Are you not?"

"I am friendly with her. She is an estimable woman, with much feeling and penetration"—and a fond regret exhibited itself in the face of the speaker.

"Well, Sir, you may as well confess. We know you, Sir. We know you. You are one of the chosen associates of that infamous Garibaldian plotter and assassin, whose hotel is the hot-bed of conspiracy and revolution. We know you. Do you dare to come here and deny it?"

"I did not come here; I was brought. I do not deny that you know me, though I haven't the pleasure of knowing you. But I do deny that I am the associate of conspirators."

"Are you not the American whom *La Cica* so particularly distinguished with her favor?"

"I have reason to believe that she was partial to me—somewhat."

"He confesses!" said the General. "You came from her to this place, communicating on the way with her emissaries."

"I communicated on the way with none but brigands among the mountains. If they were her emissaries I wish her joy of them. My means of communication," said the Senator, while a grim smile passed over his face, "was an iron crow-bar, and my remarks left some deep impression on them, I do believe."

"Tell me now—and tell me truly," said the General after a pause, in which he seemed trying to make out whether the Senator was joking or not. "To whom are you sent in this city?"

"To no one."

"Sir! I warn you that I will not be trifled with."

"I tell you," said the Senator, with no apparent excitement, "I tell you that I have come here to no one. What more can I say?"

"You must confess."

"I have nothing to confess."

"Sir! you have much to confess," cried the General, angrily, "and I swear to you I will wring it out of you. Beware how you trifle with my patience. If you wish to regain your liberty confess at once, and you may escape your just punishment. But if you refuse, then, by the immortal gods, I'll shut you up in a dungeon for ten years!"

"You will do no such thing."

"What!" roared the General. "Won't I?"

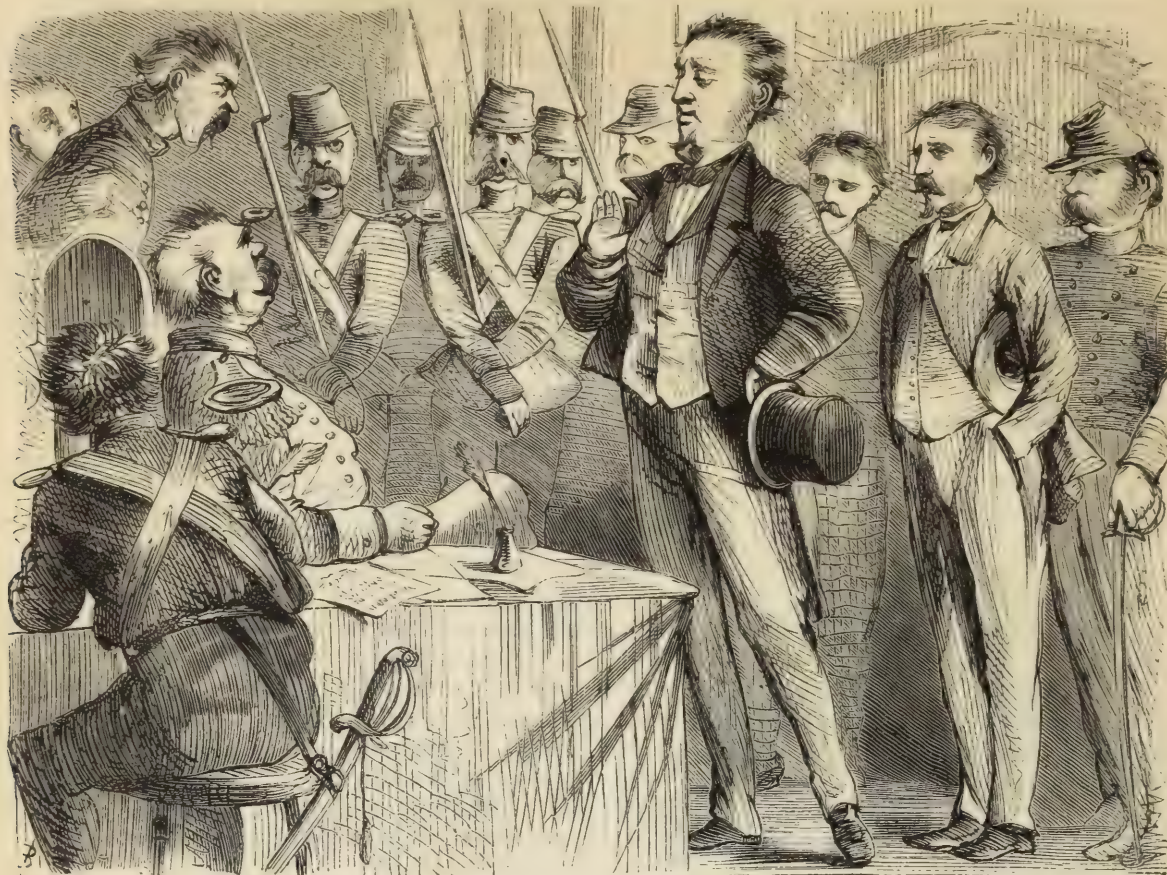
"You will not. On the contrary, you will have to make apologies for these insults."

"I!—Apologies! Insults!"

The General gnawed his mustache, and his eyes blazed in fury.

"You have arrested us on a false charge, based on some slanderous or stupid information of some of your infernal spies," said the Senator. "What right have you to pry into the private affairs of an American traveler? We have nothing to do with you."

"You are associated with conspirators. You are charged with treasonable correspondence with rebels. You countenanced revolution in Florence. You openly took part with Repub-



"DON'T TRY IT ON WITH ME!"

licans. You are a notorious friend of *La Cica*. And you came here with the intention of fomenting treason in Venice!"

"Whoever told you that," replied the Senator, "told infernal lies—most infernal lies. I am no emissary of any party. I am a private traveler."

"Sir, we have correspondents in Florence on whom we can rely better than on you. They watched you."

"Then the best thing you can do is to dismiss those correspondents and get rogues who have half an idea."

"Sir, I tell you that they watched you well. You had better confess all. Your antecedents in Florence are known. You are in a position of imminent danger. I tell you—*beware!*"

The General said this in an awful voice, which was meant to strike terror into the soul of his captive. The Senator looked back into his eyes with an expression of calm scorn. His form seemed to grow larger, and his eyes dilated as he spoke:

"Then you, General, I tell you—*beware!* Do you know who you've got hold of?—No conspirator; no infernal Italian bandit, or Dutchman either; but an American citizen. Your Government has already tried the temper of Americans on one or two remarkable occasions. Don't try it on a third time, and don't try it on with me. Since you want to know who I am I'll tell you. I, Sir, am an American Senator. I take an active and prominent part in the government of that great and glori-

ous country. I represent a constituency of several hundred thousand. You tell me to *beware*. I tell you—*BEWARE!* for, by the Eternal! if you don't let me go, I swear to you that you'll have to give me up at the cannon's mouth. I swear to you if you don't let me off by evening I won't go at all till I am delivered up with humble and ample apologies, both to us and to our country, whom you have insulted in our persons."

"Sir, you are bold!"

"Bold! Send for the American Consul of this city and see if he don't corroborate this. But you had better make haste, for if you subject me to further disgrace it will be the worse for your Government, and particularly for *you*, my friend. You'll have the town battered down about your ears. Don't get another nation down on you, and, above all, don't let that nation be the American. What I tell you is the solemn truth, and if you don't mind it you will know it some day to your sorrow."

Whatever the cause may have been the company present, including even the General, were impressed by the Senator's words. The announcement of his dignity; the venerable title of Senator; the mention of his "constituency," a word the more formidable from not being at all understood—all combined to fill them with respect and even awe.

So at his proposal to send for the American Consul the General gave orders to a messenger who went off at once in search of that functionary.

LIII.

THE SENATOR STILL ENGAGED IN FACING DOWN THE AUSTRIAN.—THE AMERICAN CONSUL.—UNEXPECTED REAPPEARANCE OF FORGOTTEN THINGS.—COLLAPSE OF THE COURT.

THE American Consul soon made his appearance. Not having had any thing to do for months the prospect of business gave wings to his feet. Moreover, he felt a very natural desire to help a countryman in trouble. Upon entering the hall he cast a rapid look around, and seemed surprised at so august a tribunal. For in the General's martial form he saw no less a person than the Austrian Commandant.

The Consul bowed and then looked at the prisoners. As his eye fell upon the Senator it lighted up, and his face assumed an expression of the most friendly interest. Evidently a recognition. The Austrian Commandant addressed the Consul directly in German.

"Do you know the prisoners?"

"I know one of them."

"He is here under a very heavy accusation. I have well-substantiated charges by which he is implicated in treason and conspiracy. He has been connected with Revolutionists of the worst stamp in Florence, and there is strong proof that he has come here to communicate with Revolutionists in this city."

"Who accuses him of this? Are they here?"

"No, but they have written from Florence warning me of his journey here."

"Does the prisoner confess?"

"Of course not. He denies. He requested me to send for you. I don't want to be unjust, so if you have any thing to say, say on."

"These charges are impossible."

"Impossible?"

"He is altogether a different man from what you suppose. He is an eminent member of the American Senate. Any charges made against one like him will have to be well substantiated; and any injury done to him will be dangerous in the highest degree. Unless you have undeniable proofs of his guilt it will be best to free him at once—or else—"

"Or else what?"

"Or else there will be very grave complications."

The Commandant looked doubtful. The others impassive. Buttons and Dick interested. The Senator calm. Again the Commandant turned to the Senator, his remarks being interpreted as before.

"How does it happen that you were so particularly intimate with all the Revolutionists in Florence, and an habitué of *La Cica's* salon? that your mission was well known throughout the city? that you publicly acknowledged the Florentine rebellion in a speech? that the people carried you home in triumph? and that immediately before leaving you received private instructions from *La Cica*?"

"To your questions," said the Senator, with unabated dignity, "I will reply in brief: *First*, I am a free and independent citizen of the great

and glorious American Republic. If I associated with Revolutionists in Florence, I did so because I am accustomed to choose my own society, and not to recognize any law or any master that can forbid my doing so. I deny, however, that I was in any way connected with plots, rebellions, or conspiracies. *Secondly*, I was friendly with the Countess because I considered her a most remarkably fine woman, and because she showed a disposition to be friendly with me—a stranger in a strange land. *Thirdly*, I have no mission of any kind whatever. I am a traveler for self-improvement. I have no business political or commercial. So that my mission could not have been known. If people talked about me they talked nonsense. *Fourthly*, I confess I made a speech, but what of that? It's not the first time, by a long chalk. I don't know what you mean by 'acknowledging.' As a private citizen I congratulated them on their success, and would do so again. If a crowd calls on me for a speech, I'm there! The people of Florence dragged me home in a carriage. Well, I don't know why they did so. I can't help it if people will take possession of me and pull me about. *Fifthly*, and lastly, I had an interview with the Countess, had I? Well, is it wrong for a man to bid good-by to a friend? I ask you, what upon earth do you mean by such a charge as that? Do you take me for a puling infant?"

"On that occasion," said the Commandant, "she taught you some mysterious words which were to be repeated among the Revolutionists here."

"Never did any thing of the kind. That's a complete full-blown fiction."

"I have the very words."

"That's impossible. You've got hold of the wrong man I see."

"I will have them read," said the General, solemnly.

And he beckoned to the Interpreter. Whereupon the Interpreter gravely took out a formidable roll of papers from his breast, and opened it. Every gesture was made as though his hand was heavy with the weight of crushing proof. At last a paper was produced. The Interpreter took one look at the prisoner, then glanced triumphantly at the Consul, and said:

"It is a mysterious language with no apparent meaning, nor have I been able to find the key to it in any way. It is very skillfully made, for all the usual tests of cipher writing fail in this. The person who procured it did not get near enough till the latter part of the interview, so that he gained no explanation whatever from the conversation."

"Read," said the Commandant. The Senator waited, wonderingly. The Interpreter read:

"*Ma ouillina sola ouda ste ensoce fremas dis ansit an-sin assalef a oue tu affa lastinna belis.*"

Scarcely had the first words been uttered in the Italian voice of the reader than the Senator started as though a shot had struck him. His face flushed. Finally a broad grin spread

itself over his countenance, and down his neck, and over his chest, and over his form, and into his boots, till at last his whole colossal frame shook with an earthquake of laughter.

The Commandant stared and looked uneasy. All looked at the Senator—all with amazement—the General, the Interpreter, the Officials, the Guards, Buttons, Dick, and the American Consul.

"Oh dear! Oh *de-ar*! Oh DEEE-AR!" cried the Senator, in the intervals of his outrageous peals of laughter. "OH!" and a new peal followed.

What did all this mean? Was he crazy? Had misfortunes turned his brain?

But at last the Senator, who was always remarkable for his self-control, recovered himself. He asked the Commandant if he might be permitted to explain.

"Certainly," said the Commandant, dolefully. He was afraid that the thing would take a ridiculous turn, and nothing is so terrible as that to an Austrian official.

"Will you allow me to look at the paper?" asked the Senator. "I will not injure it at all."

The Interpreter politely carried it to him as the Commandant nodded. The Senator beckoned to the Consul. They then walked up to the Commandant. All four looked at the paper.

"You see, gentlemen," said the Senator, drawing a lead pencil from his pocket, "the Florence correspondent has been too sharp. I can explain all this at once. I was with the Countess, and we got talking of poetry. Now, I don't know any more about poetry than a horse."

"Well?"

"Well, she insisted on my making a quotation. I had to give in. The only one I could think of was a line or two from Watts."

"Watts? Ah! I don't know him," said the Interpreter.

"He was a minister—a parson."

"Ah!"

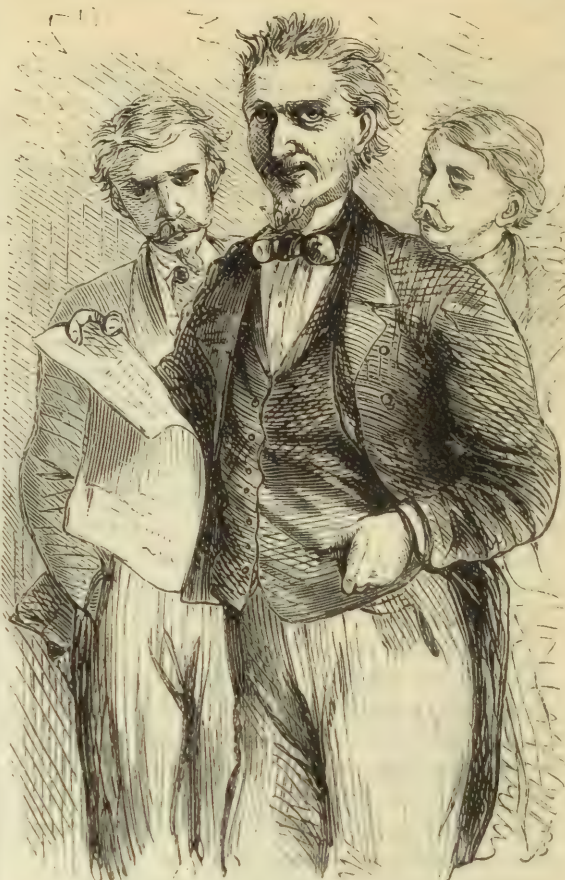
"So I said it to her, and she repeated it. These friends of yours, General, have taken it down, but their spellin' is a little unusual," said the Senator, with a tremendous grin that threatened a new outburst.

"Look. Here is the true key which this gentleman tried so hard to find."

And taking his pencil the Senator wrote under the strange words the true meaning:

*"My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss."*

The Interpreter saw it all. He looked profoundly foolish. The whole thing was clear. The Senator's innocence was plain. He turned to explain to the Commandant. The Consul's face exhibited a variety of expressions, over which a broad grimace finally predominated, like sunshine over an April sky. In a few words the whole was made plain to the Commandant. He looked annoyed, glared angrily



WATTS MIS-SPELLED.

at the Interpreter, tossed the papers on the floor, and rose to his feet.

"Give these gentlemen our apologies," said he to the Interpreter. "In times of trouble, when States have to be held subject to martial law, proceedings are abrupt. Their own good sense will, I trust, enable them to appreciate the difficulty of our position. They are at liberty."

At liberty! No sooner were the words spoken than the prisoners bowed and left, in company with the Consul, who eagerly shook hands with all three, particularly the Senator, who, as they were leaving, was heard to whisper something in which these words were audible:

"Wa'al, old hoss! The American eagle showed its claws, any how."

LIV.

A MYSTERIOUS FLIGHT.—DESPAIR OF BUTTONS.—PURSUIT.
—HISTORIC GROUND, AND HISTORIC CITIES.

It was about seven o'clock in the evening when they reached their hotel. Every thing was as they had left it. Some trifles had occurred, such as a general overhaul of the baggage, in which the Doctor's pistol had again miraculously escaped seizure. Buttons went immediately to call on the Spaniards, but their apartment was closed. Supposing that they were out about the town, he returned to his friends.

During their memorable captivity they had eaten but little, and now nothing was more

welcome than a dinner. So they ordered the very best that the hotel could supply, and made the American Consul stay. Buttons did not give himself up so completely as the rest to the hilarity of the occasion. Something was on his mind. So he took advantage of a conversation in which the Senator was giving the Consul an animated description of the fight with the brigands, and the pluck of his two "boys," and stole out of the room. Whereupon the Senator stopped and remarked,

"Hang these fellows that are in love!"

"Certainly," said Dick. "They often hang themselves, or feel like it."

"Of course Buttons is on his usual errand."

"Of course."

"It seems to me that his foreign travel has become nothing but one long chase after that gal. He is certainly most uncommon devoted."

Scarce had these words been spoken when the door was flung open, and Buttons made his appearance, much agitated.

"What's the matter?" cried Dick. "The Spaniards!" "Well?" "They're off!" "Off?" "Gone!" "Where?" "Away from Venice." "When?" "I don't know." "Why?" "I don't know."

"What sent them? It looks as though they were running away from you on purpose."

"They're off, at any rate," cried Buttons.

"I went to their room. It was open. The servants were fixing it up. I asked why. They said the Spaniards had left Venice early this morning. They did not know any thing more."

"Strange!"

"Strange, of course. It's so sudden. Their plans were laid out for a week in Venice."

"Perhaps they were frightened at our adventure."

Buttons sprung to the bell and pulled it vigorously. Then he rushed to the door and flung it open. Five or six waiters came tumbling in. They had all been listening at the key-hole.

"Where's the chief waiter?"

"Here," said that functionary, approaching.

"Come here. You may retire," said Buttons to the others. They went out reluctantly.

"Now, my friend," said he, putting some pistoles in the hand of the chief waiter. "Think, and answer me right. Where are the Spaniards—a gentleman and two ladies—who came here with us?"

"They have left the city."

"When?"

"At six this morning, by the first train."

"Why did they leave?"

"A hint came from the Commandant."

"From him. Ah! What about?"

"Why—you know—your Excellencies were waited on by a deputation."

"We were arrested. Well?"

"Well, these Spaniards were friends of yours."

"Yes."

"That connection made them suspected."

"Diavolo!"

"Such is the melancholy fact. There was no cause strong enough to lead to their arrest. It would have been inconvenient. So the Commandant sent a message, immediately after your Excellency's lamentable arrest, to warn them—"

"What of?"

"That they had better leave the country at once."

"Yes—but that didn't force them to go."

"Ah, Signore! Do you not know what such a warning is? There is no refusal."

"And so they left."

"At six by the train."

"Where to?"

"Signore, they had their passports made out for Milan."

"Milan!"

"Certainly. It was necessary for them not only to leave Venice, but Venetia."

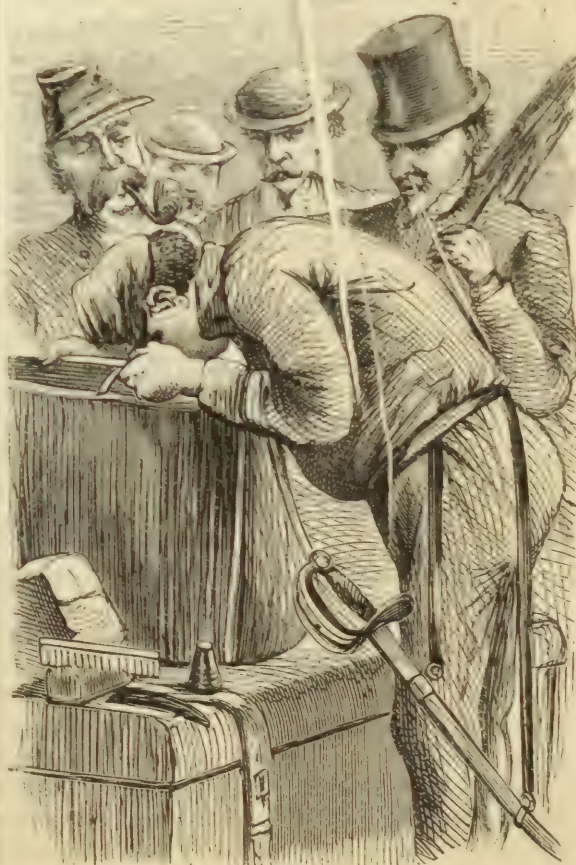
"Very well. When does the next train leave?"

"Not till to-morrow morning at six?"

"You must call us then at five, for we are going. Here, take our passports and get them viséd;" and having explained matters to the Senator, Buttons found no need of persuasion to induce them to quit the city, so the passports were handed over to the waiter.

So at six the next morning they went flying over the sea, over the lagoons, over the marshes, over the plains, away toward Lombardy.

They had to stop for a while at Verona, waiting to comply with "some formalities." They had time to walk about the town and see the Roman ruins and the fortifications. Of all



FORMALITIES.

these much might be said, if it were not to be found already in Guide-Books, Letters of Correspondents, Books of Travel, Gazetteers, and Illustrated Newspapers. Our travelers saw enough of the mighty military works, in a brief survey, to make them thoroughly comprehend the Peace of Villafranca. In the neighborhood of Solferino they left the train to inspect the scene of battle. Only a month had passed since the terrific contest, and the traces remained visible on every side. The peasants had made two trenches of enormous size. In one of these the bodies of the Austrians had been buried, in the other those of the French and Italians. In one place there was a vast heap of arms, which had been gathered from off the field. There was no piece among them which was not bent or broken. All were of the best construction and latest pattern, but had seen their day. Shattered trees, battered walls, crumbling houses, deep ruts in the earth, appeared on every side to show where the battle had raged; yet already the grass, in its swift growth, had obliterated the chief marks of the tremendous conflict.

At length they arrived at Milan. The city presented a most imposing appearance. Its natural situation, its magnificent works of architecture, its stately arches and majestic avenues presented an appearance which was now heightened by the presence of victory. It was as though the entire population had given themselves up to rejoicing. The evil spirit had been cast out, and the house thoroughly swept and garnished. The streets were filled with gay multitudes; the avenues resounded with the thrilling strains of the Marseillaise, repeated every where; every window displayed the portrait of Napoleon, Victor Emanuel, or Garibaldi, and from every house-top flaunted the tricolor. The heavy weight imposed by the military rule—the iron hand, the cruelty, the bands of spies, the innumerable soldiers sent forth by Austria—had been lifted off, and in the first reaction of perfect liberty the whole population rushed into the wildest demonstrations of joy and gayety. The churches were all marked by the perpetual presence of the emblems of Holy Peace, and Heavenly Faith, and Immortal Hope. The sublime Cathedral, from all its marble population of sculptured saints and from all its thousands of pinnacles, sent up one constant song. Through the streets marched soldiers—regular, irregular, horse, foot, and dragoons; cannon thundered at intervals through every day; volunteer militia companies sprang up like butterflies to flash their gay uniforms in the sun.

It was not the season for theatres. *La Scala* had opened for a few nights when Napoleon and Victor Emanuel were here, but had closed again. Not so the smaller theatres. Less dignified, they could burst forth unrestrained. Especially the Day Theatres, places formed somewhat on the ancient model, with open roofs. In these the spectators can smoke. Here the performance begins at five or six and

ends at dark. All the theatres on this season, day or night alike, burst forth into joy. The war was the universal subject. Cannon, fighting, soldiers, gunpowder, saltpetre, sulphur, fury, explosions, wounds, bombardments, grenadiers, artillery, drum, gun, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder! Just at that time the piece which was having the greatest run was *THE VICTORY OF SOLFERINO!*

Two theatres exhibited this piece with all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. Another put out in a pantomime "*The Battle of Malegnano!*"

Another, "*The Fight at Magenta!*" But perhaps the most popular of all was "*GARIBALDI IN VARESE, od I CACCIATORI DEGLI ALPI!*"

LV.

DICK MEETS AN OLD FRIEND.—THE EMOTIONAL NATURE OF THE ITALIAN.—THE SENATOR OVERCOME AND DUMB-FOUNDED.

THE day of their arrival at Milan was distinguished by a pleasing circumstance. Buttons found the Spaniards, and was happy. And by another circumstance scarcely less pleasing. Dick found an old acquaintance.

On this wise:

Finding himself in Milan he suddenly called to mind an old friend with whom he had been intimate in Boston. He had been exiled from Italy on account of his connection with the movements of 1848. He had fled to America, and had taken with him barely enough to live on. For five years he had lived in Boston under the plain name of *Hugh Airey*. Then Dick met with him, and had been attracted by the polished manners, melancholy air, and high spirit of the unfortunate exile. In the course of time their acquaintance ripened into intimate friendship. Dick introduced him to all his friends, and did all in his power to make his life pleasant. From him he had learned Italian, and under his guidance formed a wide and deep acquaintance with Italian literature. In 1858 Mr. Airey decided to return to Italy and live in Turin till the return of better days. Before leaving he confided to Dick the fact that he belonged to one of the oldest families in Lombardy, and that he was the Count Ugo di Gonfaloniere. The exile bade Dick and all his friends good-by and departed. Since then Dick had heard from him but once. The Count was happy, and hopeful of a speedy return of better days for his country. His hopes had been realized, as the world knows.

Dick had no difficulty in finding out where he lived, and went to call on him. It was a magnificent palace. Throngs of servants were around the entrance. Dick sent up his name, and was conducted by a servant to an antechamber. Scarcely had he finished a hasty survey of the apartment when hurried footsteps were heard. He turned. The Count came rushing into the room, flushed and trembling,



THE COUNT UGO.

and without a word threw himself into Dick's arms, embraced him, and kissed him. It was a trying moment for Dick. Nothing is so frightful to a man of the Anglo-Saxon race as to be hugged and kissed by a man. However, Dick felt deeply touched at the emotion of his friend and his grateful remembrance of himself.

"This is a circumstance most unexpected!" cried the Count. "Why did you not write and tell me that you were coming, my dearest friend? I did not know that you were in Italy. But perhaps you wished to give me a surprise?" And then the Count asked after all the friends in America, for whom he still evinced the tenderest attachment.

On being questioned he related his own subsequent adventures. After leaving America he went at once to Turin. Though proscribed in Lombardy he was free in Piedmont. He managed to communicate secretly with his relatives in Milan, and lived comfortably. At length he became aware of the great movement on foot which ended in the Italian war. He had thrown himself altogether in the good cause, and, without being at all disheartened by his former misfortunes, he embarked energetically in the current of events. He was at once recognized by the Sardinian Government as a powerful recruit, and appointed to an important military command. Finally war was declared. The French came, the Count had taken a conspicuous part in the events of the war, had been present at every battle, and had been promoted for his gallant conduct. Fortunately he had not once been wounded.

On the occupation of Milan by the Allies he

had regained all his rights, titles, privileges, and estates. He was a happy man. His ten years of exile had given him a higher capacity for enjoyment. He looked forward to a life of honor and usefulness. He had found joy harder to endure than grief; the reunion with all his old friends and relations, the presence of all the familiar scenes of his native land had all well-nigh overcome him. Yet he assured Dick that no friend with whom he had met was more welcome to his sight than he, and the joy that he felt at seeing him had only been exceeded once in his life—that one time having been on the occasion of the entrance of the Allies into Milan.

And now that he was here, where was his luggage? Did he come without it? There was certainly only one place in the city where he could stop. He must remain nowhere else but here. Dick modestly excused himself. He was scarcely prepared. He was traveling in company with friends, and would hardly like to leave them. The Count looked reproachfully at him. Did he hesitate about that? Why his friends also must come. He would have no refusal. They all must come. They would be as welcome as himself. He would go with Dick to his hotel in person and bring his friends there.

In a short time the Count and Dick had driven to the hotel, where the former pressed upon the Senator and Buttons an invitation to his house. They were not allowed to refuse, but were taken away, and before they fairly understood the unexpected occurrence they were all installed in magnificent apartments in the Palazzo Gonfaloniere.

Buttons's acquaintance with the language, literature, manners, and customs of Italy made him appreciate his advantages; the friendship of the Count prevented Dick from feeling otherwise than perfectly at home; and as for the Senator, if it had been possible for him to feel otherwise, his experience of high life at Florence would have enabled him to bear himself serenely here. His complete self-possession, his unfaltering gaze, his calm countenance, were never for a moment disturbed.

The Count had been long enough in America to appreciate a man of the stamp of the Senator; he therefore from the very first treated him with marked respect, which was heightened when Dick told him of the Senator's achievements during the past few weeks.

The brilliant society which surrounded the Count was quite different from that which the Senator had found in Florence. The people were equally cultivated, but more serious. They had less excitability, but more deep feeling. Milan, indeed, had borne her burden far differently from Florence. Both hated the foreigner; but the latter could be gay, and smiling, and trifling even under her chains; this the former could never be. The thoughtful, earnest, and somewhat pensive Milanese was more to the Senator's taste than the brilliant and giddy Florentine. These, thought he, may well be a free people.

Moreover, the Senator visited the Grand Cathedral, and ascended to the summit. Arriving there his thoughts were not taken up by the innumerable statues of snow-white marble, or the countless pinnacles of exquisite sculpture that extended all around like a sacred forest filled with saints and angels, but rather to the scene that lay beyond.

There spread away a prospect which was superior in his eyes to any thing that he had ever seen before, nor had it ever entered his mind to conceive such a matchless scene. The wide plains of Lombardy, green, glorious, golden with the richest and most inexhaustible fertility; vast oceans of grain and rice, with islands of dark-green trees that bore untold wealth of all manner of fruit; white villas, little hamlets, close-packed villages, dotted the wide expanse, with the larger forms of many a populous town. He looked to the north and to the west. The plain spread away for many a league, till the purple mountains arose as a barrier, rising up till they touched the everlasting ice. He looked to the east and south. There the plains stretched away to the horizon in illimitable extent.

"What a country! All cleared too! Every acre! And the villages! Why, there are thousands if there is one! Dear! dear! dear! How can I have the heart to blow about New England or Boston after that there! Buttons, why don't somebody tell about all this to the folks at home and stop their everlasting bragging. But"—after a long pause—"I'll do it! I'll do it!—this very night. I'll write about it to our paper!"

LVI.

IN WHICH BUTTONS WRITES A LETTER; AND IN WHICH THE CLUB LOSES AN IMPORTANT MEMBER.—SMALL BY DEGREES AND BEAUTIFULLY LESS.

BUT all things, however pleasant, must have an end, so their stay in Milan soon approached its termination.

Buttons and the Senator were both quite willing to leave. The departure of the Spaniards had taken away the charm of Milan. They had already returned to Spain, and had urged Buttons very strongly to accompany them. It cost him a great struggle to decline, but he did so from certain conscientious motives, and promised to do so after going to Paris. So there was an agonizing separation, and all that. At his room Buttons unbosomed himself to his friends.

"I'll begin at the beginning," said he, directing his remarks more particularly to the Senator.

"My father is a rich man, though you may not think I live very much like a rich man's son. The fact is, he is dreadfully afraid that I will turn out a spendthrift. So he gave me only a moderate sum on which to travel on through Europe. So far I have succeeded very well. Excuse my blushes while I make the sweet confession. The Señorita whom we all

admire will, some of these days, I trust, exchange the musical name of Francia for the plainer one of Buttons."

The Senator smiled with mild and paternal approbation, and shook Buttons by the hand.

"It's all arranged," continued Buttons, with sweet confusion. "Now, under the circumstances, you might think it natural that I should go back with them to Spain."

"I should certainly. Why don't you?"

"For two reasons. The first is, I have barely enough tin left to take me to Paris."

At once both the Senator and Dick offered to make unlimited advances. Buttons made a deprecatory gesture.

"I know well that I could look to you for any help in any way. But that is not the reason why I don't go to Spain. I have money enough for my wants if I don't go there."

"What is the real reason, then?"

"Well, I thought that in an affair of this kind it would be just as well to get the Governor's concurrence, and so I thought I'd drop a line to him. I've just got the letter written, and I'll put it in the mail this evening."

"You have done right, my boy," said the Senator, paternally. "There are many excellent reasons for getting your father's consent in an affair like this."

"I don't mind reading you what I have written," said Buttons, "if you care about hearing it."

"Oh, if you have no objection, we should like to hear very much," said Dick.

Whereupon Buttons, taking a letter from his pocket, read as follows:

"DEAR FATHER,—I have endeavored to follow out your instructions and be as economical as possible.

"During my tour through Italy I have made the acquaintance of the senior member of the house of Francia, in Cadiz, a gentleman with whom you are acquainted. He was traveling with his two sisters. The younger one is very amiable. As I know you would like to see me settled I have requested her hand in marriage.

"As I wish to be married before my return I thought I would let you know. Of course in allying myself to a member of so wealthy a family I will need to do it in good style. Whatever you can send me will therefore be quite acceptable.

"Please reply immediately on receipt of this, addressing me at Paris as before.

"And very much obliged E. BUTTONS."

"Well," said the Senator, "that's a sensible letter. It's to the point. I'm glad to see that you are not so foolish as most lads in your situation. Why should not a man talk as wisely about a partnership of this kind as of any other? I do declare that these rhapsodies, this high-blown, high-flown, sentimental twaddle is nauseating."

"You see, Dick," said Buttons, "I must write a letter which will have weight with the old gentleman. He likes the terse business style. I think that little hint about her fortune is well managed too. That's a great deal better than boring him with the state of my affections. Isn't it?"

"There's nothing like adapting your style to the disposition of the person you address," said Dick.

"Well," said the Senator, "you propose to start to-morrow, do you?"

"Yes," said Buttons.

"I'm agreed then. I was just beginning to get used up myself. I'm an active man, and when I've squeezed all the juice out of a place I want to throw it away and go to another. What do you say, Dick? You are silent."

"Well, to tell the truth," said Dick, "I don't care about leaving just yet. Gonfaloniere expects me to stay longer, and he would feel hurt if I hurried off. I am very sorry that you are both going. It would be capital if you could only wait here a month or so."

"A month!" cried Buttons. "I couldn't stand it another day. Will nothing induce you to come? What can we do without you?"

"What can I do without you?" said Dick, with some emotion.

"Well, Dick," said the Senator, "I'm really pained. I feel something like a sense of bereavement at the very idea. I thought, of course, we would keep together till our feet touched the sacred soil once more. But Heaven seems to have ordained it otherwise. I felt bad when Figgs and the Doctor left us at Florence, but now I feel worse by a long chalk. Can't you manage to come along nohow?"

"No," said Dick. "I really can not. I really must stay."

"What! must!"

"Yes, must!"

The Senator sighed.

LVII.

THE FAITHFUL ONE!—DARTS, DISTRACTION, LOVE'S VOWS, OVERPOWERING SCENE AT THE MEETING OF TWO FOND ONES.—COMPLETE BREAK-DOWN OF THE HISTORIAN.

ABOUT a month after the departure of the Senator and Buttons from Milan Dick reappeared upon the scene at Rome, in front of the little church which had borne so prominent a part in his fortunes; true to his love, to his hopes, to his promises, with undiminished ardor and unabated resolution. He found the Padre Liguori there, who at once took him to his room in a building adjoining the church.

"Welcome!" said he, in a tone of the deepest pleasure. "Welcome! It has been more than a passing fancy, then."

"It is the only real purpose of my life, I assure you."

"I must believe you," said Liguori, pressing his hand once more.

"And now, where is Pepita?"

"She is in Rome."

"May I see her at once?"

"How at once?"

"Well, to-day."

"No, not to-day. Her brother wishes to see you first. I must go and let them both know

that you are here. But she is well and has been so."

Dick looked relieved. After some conversation Liguori told Dick to return in an hour, and he could see the Count. After waiting most impatiently Dick came back again in an hour. On entering he found Luigi. He was dressed as a gentleman this time. He was a strongly knit, well-made man of about thirty, with strikingly handsome and aristocratic features.

"Let me make my peace with you at once," said he, with the utmost courtesy. "You are a brave man, and must be generous. I have done you wrongs for which I shall never forgive myself;" and taking Dick's outstretched hand, he pressed it heartily.

"Say nothing about it, I beg," said Dick; "you were justified in what you did, though you may have been a little hasty."

"Had I not been blinded by passion I would have been incapable of such a piece of cowardice. But I have had much to endure, and I was always afraid about her."

With the utmost frankness the two men received each other's explanations, and the greatest cordiality arose at once. Dick insisted on Luigi's taking dinner with him, and Luigi, laughingly declaring that it would be a sign of peace to eat bread and salt together, went with Dick to his hotel.

As they entered Dick's apartments Gonfaloniere was lounging near the window. He had accompanied Dick to Rome. He started at the sight of Luigi.

"God in Heaven!" he cried, bounding to his feet.

"Ugo!" exclaimed the other.

"Luigi!"

And the two men, in true Italian fashion, sprang into one another's arms.

"And is my best friend, and oldest friend, the brother of your betrothed?" asked Gonfaloniere of Dick.

But Dick only nodded. He was quite mystified by all this. An explanation, however, was soon made. The two had been educated together, and had fought side by side in the great movements of '48, under Garibaldi, and in Lombardy.

For full an hour these two friends asked one another a torrent of questions. Luigi asked Gonfaloniere about his exile in America; whereupon the other described that exile in glowing terms—how he landed in Boston, how Dick, then little more than a lad, became acquainted with him, and how true a friend he had been in his misery. The animated words of Gonfaloniere produced a striking effect. Luigi swore eternal friendship with Dick, and finally declared that he must come and see Pepita that very day.

So, leaving Gonfaloniere with the promise of seeing him again, Luigi walked with Dick out to the place where he lived. The reason why he had not wanted him to see Pepita that day was because he was ashamed of their lodgings.

But that had passed, and as he understood Dick better he saw there was no reason for such shame. It was a house within a few rods of the church.

Dick's heart throbbed violently as he entered the door after Luigi and ascended the steps inside the court-yard. Luigi pointed to a door and drew back.



THE DOOR.

Dick knocked.
The door opened.
"Pepita!"

To describe such a meeting is simply out of the question.

"I knew you would come," said she, after about one solid hour, in which not a single intelligible word was uttered.

"And for you! Oh, Pepita!"

"You do not think now that I was cruel?" and a warm flush overspread the lovely face of the young girl.

"Cruel!" (and Dick makes her see that he positively does not think so.)

"I could not do otherwise."

"I love you too well to doubt it."

"My brother hated you so. It would have been impossible. And I could not wound his feelings."

"He's a splendid fellow, and you were right."

"Padre Liguori showed him what you were, and I tried to explain a little," added Pepita, shyly.

"Heaven bless Padre Liguori! As for you—"

"Don't."

"Well, your brother understands me at last. He knows that I love you so well that I would die for you."

Tears came into Pepita's eyes as the sudden recollection arose of Dick's misadventure on the road.

"Do you remember," asked Dick, softly, after about three hours and twenty minutes—"do you remember how I once wished that I was walking with you on a road that would go on forever?"

"Yes."

"Well, we're on that track now."

[The Historian of these adventures feels most keenly his utter inadequacy to the requirements of this scene. Need he say that the above description is a complete *fiasco*. Reader, your imagination, if you please.]

LVIII.

THE DODGE CLUB IN PARIS ONCE MORE.—BUTTONS'S
"JOLLY GOOD HEALTH."

Not very long after the events alluded to in the last chapter a brilliant dinner was given in Paris at the "Hotel de Lille et d'Albion." On the arrival of the Senator and Buttons at Paris they had found Mr. Figgs and the Doctor without any trouble. The meeting was a rapturous one. The Dodge Club was again an entity, although an important member was not there. On this occasion the one who gave the dinner was BUTTONS!

All the delicacies of the season. In fact, a banquet. Mr. Figgs shone resplendently. If a factory was the sphere of the Senator, a supper-table was the place for Mr. Figgs. The others felt that they had never before known fully all the depth of feeling, of fancy, and of sentiment that lurked under that placid, smooth, and rosy exterior. The Doctor was epigrammatic; the Senator sententious; Buttons uproarious.

Dick's health was drunk in bumpers with all the honors:

"For he's a jolly good fe-e-e-e-e-llow!
For he's a jolly good *fe-e-e-e-e-llow*!!
For he's a jolly good *FE-E-E-E-E-E-LLOW!!!*
Which nobody can deny!"

All this time Buttons was more joyous, more radiant, and altogether more extravagant than usual. The others asked themselves, "Why?" In the course of the evening it became known. Taking advantage of a short pause in the conversation he communicated the startling fact that he had that day received a letter from his father.

"Shall I read it?"

"AYE!!!", unanimously, in tones of thunder.

Buttons opened it and read:

"DEAR SON,—Your esteemed favor, 15th ult., I have rec^d.

"I beg leave hereby to express my concurrence with your design.

"My connection with the house of Francia has been

of the most satisfactory kind. I have no doubt that yours will be equally so.

"I inclose you draft on Mess. Dupont Geraud, et Cie of Paris, for \$5000—say five thousand dollars—rec^d of which please acknowledge. If this sum is insufficient you are at liberty to draw for what may be required.

"I remain, HIRAM BUTTONS."

Thunders of applause arose as Buttons folded the letter.

A speech from the Senator proposed the health of Buttons Senior.

Another from the Doctor.

Another from Mr. Figgs.

Acknowledgment by Buttons.

Announcement by Buttons of immediate departure for Cadiz.

Wild cheers. Buttons's jolly good health!

"For he's a jolly good fe-e-e-e-ellow!

For he's a jolly good fe-e-e-e-ellow!!

For he's a jolly good FE-E-E-E-ELLOW!!!

Which nobody can deny!"



FINIS.

A MONODY.

MIDWINTER, when the snow lay chill
In shadowy drifts o'er heath and hill,
And all the church-yard mounds were hid
Beneath its downy coverlid,
I prayed that I might live to see
The Spring's green leaf on vine and tree.

And now the yearning of my prayer
Boon Nature answers; all the air
Is rippled by the sweet perfume
Of apple-bud and clover-bloom;
And, thrilled heart-deep, my pulses dance
With the glad Spring's exuberance.

Still do my prayers the fear betray
Lest I with Spring shall pass away;
Lest these dimmed eyes no more behold
The Summer's oriflamme unfold,
Nor these cheeks feel the soft caress
Of her wind-stole deliciousness.

Alas for those who bear like me
A fate forefelt, on shore or sea!
Howe'er the seasons come and go
Theirs is the heavy heart, I know!
Or Summer noon, or Winter tide,
Life is most dear when most denied!



THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.*

RIDES THROUGH MONTANA.

BY COLONEL CORNELIUS O'KEEFE, LATE OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

[The First Ride:—With Preliminary Observations.]

THERE are several ways of getting into Montana. Having made up my mind to

visit it, I took the longest and the pleasantest, which is the shortest after all.

* Many months ago Mr. Meagher laid out the scheme of a series of papers describing his experiences and observations in Montana. The *nom de plume* which he adopted was not intended to disguise the authorship of the papers, but merely to enable him to speak with a freedom which would hardly comport with the official dignity which would have seemed proper had he written directly in his own name. Of the life of THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER it is only necessary here to say that he was born in Waterford, Ireland, on the 3d of August, 1823. His school career was remarkably brilliant. He took an active part in the Irish movement of 1848; upon its failure he was tried and sentenced to banishment to Van Diemen's Land. In 1852 he escaped and made his way to the United States, where he started a newspaper, and entered upon the practice of law. When the rebellion broke out he entered the army, in the "69th," afterward known as the Irish Brigade, whereof in February, 1862, he was commissioned as Brigadier-General. The brilliant services of this brigade, and of Meagher as its commander, have passed into history. Badly wounded at Fredericksburg, he was forced to retire from active service. In 1865 he was appointed Secretary for the Territory of Montana, of which he was for long the Acting-Governor. On the 1st of July, 1867, he fell from the deck of a steamer, at Fort Benton, on the Upper Missouri, and was drowned. In a long letter to us,

bearing date June 7, 1867, he writes: "Ever since I dispatched to you the text of my paper on Montana I have been in the field 200 miles from here against the Sioux and other implacable red devils. Thinking over what I wrote to you by my bivouac fire, with a pipe in my mouth, I came to the conclusion that the article would be improved by a few notes. Hence you have them herewith." On the 17th of June he wrote from Virginia City, M. T.: "Inclosed," he says, "you have positively the last notes for the First Ride through Montana." This letter, we think, contains the last words ever written by the author for transmission Eastward. The notes referred to will be found at the end of this paper. "This," he also wrote, "will be the first illustrated paper ever published upon Montana;" and more than once he requested that special mention should be made of the fact that the sketches (of which many were transmitted) should be credited to Mr. Peter Toffits, an artist who accompanied him in his "Rides." We had expected that an early July mail would have brought us a continuation of these "Rides." It brought instead the tidings of the untimely death of the man who was to have written them. It is barely possible that among the papers of Mr. Meagher may be found a continuation of these Rides; but we fear that with this "Introductory" will close the projected series of "Rides in Montana."—ED. HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

I might, to be sure, have taken the stage at Atchison; and, jumbling across the prairies of the Platte, have had my legs swollen, as though afflicted with *elephantiasis*, long before we reached Denver. From Denver, then, I might have jumbled along in the same way to the beautiful and wonderful city of the Mormons; and, having revived myself with the sulphur baths and delicious fruits that abound there, have braced myself for another spell of cramps and starvation, on the great Overland Route.

But I heard enough of this style of traveling; enough of the salt fare one has heavily to pay for every time he has a chance to snatch a meal; enough of the drear and achesome wastes one has to sulk over while making the middle part of the trip, and the waters of bitterness he has to quaff; enough of the chances one has to be roasted like St. Lawrence, or punctured to death with arrows like St. Sebastian, for most of the road: I heard enough of all this, from many pleasant authorities on the subject, not to come to the conclusion it was well to avoid it.

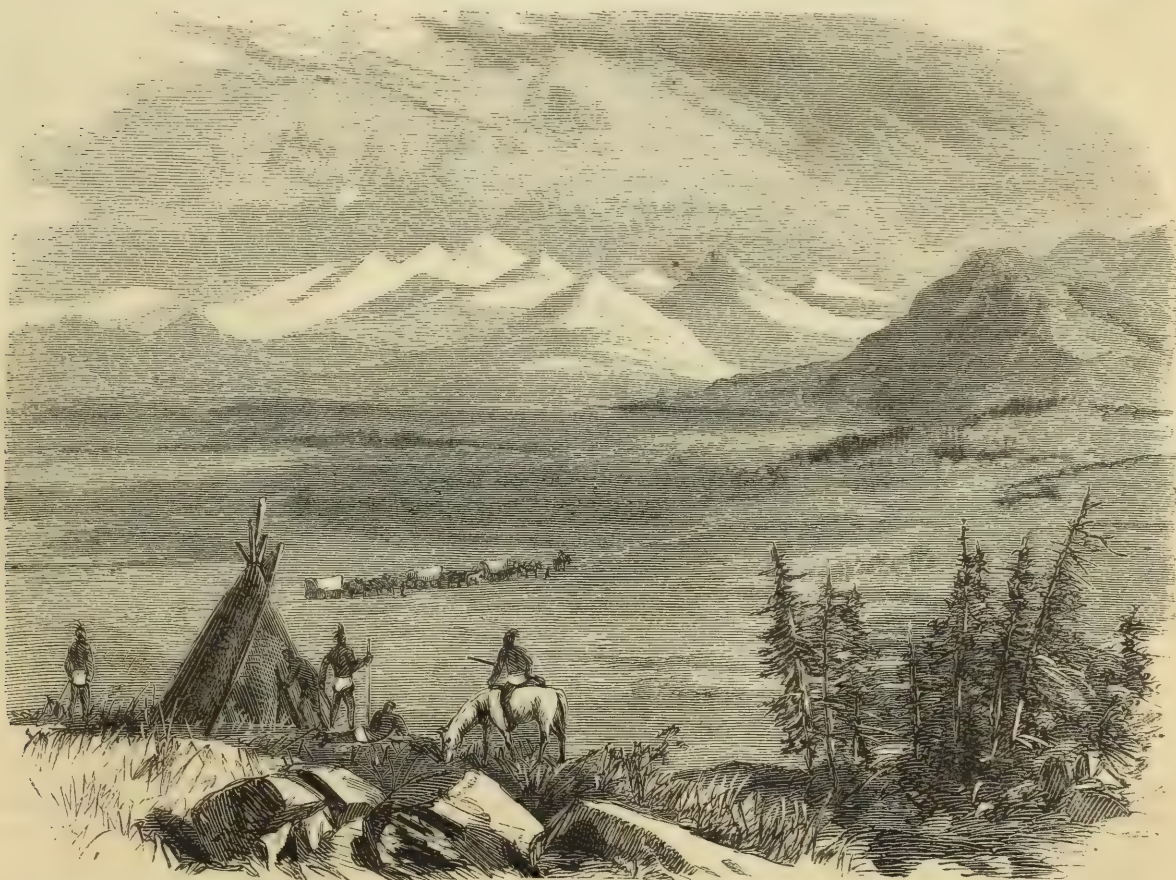
Were I ambitious of figuring, one of these days, in the Travelers' Club of New York, as an out-and-out Pilgrim of the Rocky Mountains, I might have paid handsomely to walk with a train, and have spent three or four months at the work. But I heard enough of this way, too, of getting to Montana, and shrunk from it with a convulsion of the heart. The world pretty generally knows, by this time, what it is to travel with a caravan of oxen and huge green wagons, in a column of dense red dust, to the cracking of oaths and cow-hides, through a re-

gion the greater portion of which justifies the description that "it is the worst part of the infernal domain burned out."

A third line was open to me, of which it is but fair to say I heard nothing extremely repugnant. This is the line of the Upper Missouri. Early in April, and from that to the end or middle of May, great steamboats swing off from St. Louis for the mountains; and, having panted and shrieked and blowed with all their might against the yellow volume of that huge river, finally take rest at Fort Benton, after a violent struggle of fifty, sixty, seventy, or eighty days.

A charming gentleman whom I met one morning in Broadway, to whom I communicated my intention of visiting the new land of gold (and who, by-the-by, was deeply interested in half a dozen of those steamboats), pressed me with a bewitching earnestness to "go up the river," and familiarize myself with its greatness and the delights of a companionable trip. In the liveliest colors he represented to me the fact that I could leisurely shave and wash every day; cool and exhilarate myself just as often in fresh linen; seat myself at a bountiful table three or four times a day; and that a piano, not to mention other instruments that might fortuitously be aboard, would enchantingly dissipate the hours.

Equally animated were his pictures of the boat "wooding-up," and the several forts at which we had to stop, land mails and Government stores, and receive in exchange the courtesies and hospitalities of the officers in command.



ONE OF THE WAYS INTO MONTANA.



FORT BENTON.

Nor were his pictures of the friendly Indian camps, dotting the choicest spots along the banks, less sprightly and captivating. The strange and marvelous formations of the "bad lands;"¹ the vast citadels; the Gothic towers and churches; the long lines of wall, built with the precision and apparently with the solidity of the most skilfully-laid and compact masonry; airier structures, displaying all the gracefulness and pleasantness of villas, rustic temples, the balustrades and fountains of daintily-designed pleasure-grounds: these very singular novelties brought out his pictorial art with the strongest and happiest effect. Nor did he forget to trace for me in the boldest outline the innumerable herds of buffalo blackening the hills and river; the antelope gliding along the bottoms; the mountain sheep topping in lightning leaps the steepest cliffs, and, having topped them, shaking their ponderous crowns in defiance at the boat a thousand feet below. Last of all, I had a glowing vision of Fort Benton, a town, he said, of surprising growth and of many fine historic reminiscences and relics, with its hotels, warehouses, bells, theatres, museums of natural history, official residences, bright display of flags, and the delicacies of the season—fish, fruit, and game.

Nevertheless, I came to the determination *not* to face the Upper Missouri, as I have a strong aversion to traveling on any thing like a canal—the more especially should it be from two to three thousand miles long, with the risk constantly recurring of being impaled on a snag, running dry on a sand-bar, blown sky-high into

atoms, or scalded to death. Then I well knew that fresh provisions were sure to give out on such a trip as that long before it was over, and that a surfeit of ham, codfish balls, sardines, and lamp-oil, and such-like rare and delicate commodities would be our visitation, night, noon, and morning, for days, and it might be for weeks. Buffalo meat would, of course, occasionally come into play; but even that anticipation, novel and refreshing as it was, failed to persuade me into a compliance with the importunities of my friend. So I took my own way, and it was this, as jotted down in my notebook:

*"From New York to San Francisco, via Nicaragua—thence by sea to Portland, Oregon—thence up the Columbia to Walla Walla—thence on mule or horse back to Lake Pend d'Oreille, in the Territory of Idaho."*²

And there, on that very lake, I awoke one Sunday morning in the month of August, 1866, in the midst of the fragrance and shadow of great forests; the sparkling of warm, deep, wide-spread waters; in a world of mountains, the variety of whose shapes and hues was perfectly bewildering for a time, and from the vagueness of the more distant giants of which the whole scene derived a character of immensity, infinite beauty, and infinite grandeur.

I was on board a very pretty little steamboat, in a beautifully-rounded nook of the lake; no one and nothing stirring about me; the sun making in the breathless blue air a net-work of gold and silver upon the breast of the little harbor in which we lay close up to shore; a huge pile, opposite me, of heavily-wooded gran-



LAKE PEND D'OREILLE.

ite, overtopping by a thousand feet and more the trees that fringed the waters; a profound quietude pervading the morning dream and subduing the glory, with which it was fraught and featured, into the softest radiance. Pines, firs, cedars—all of the handsomest growth—came down in open order to the waters of the basin into the depths of which the *Mary Moody*, swan-like, threw her white shadow; then again climbed up in massive column the mountain opposite; while wild gooseberries, currants, service-berries,³ interwoven with flowers and flowering shrubs, made a thick undergrowth about them, through which was heard at times the rustling of the grouse, the ground-squirrel, the rabbit, and such small deer.

The little harbor is over sixty feet in depth, cold, clear, and of a golden brown, owing to the trees so densely crowding in upon it, and that noble mountain overhanging it; but so clear that, close to the graveled beach, where the water is fully twenty feet in depth, the smallest trifles, from a fish-head to a broken saucer, are shiningly discernible. White-fish, speckled and salmon trout, suckers, and other delectable swimmers swarm there, as they do all through the broader waters outside; and as the harbor is closely invested, the Spokane and Cœur d'Alene Indians, in the winter months, surround and drive the deer and other antlered game into the basin, where they slaughter them unmercifully. From the foot of the mountain opposite—out from the roots of the lowermost trees that mount and crowd all over it—a tiny stream, glistening as though it were full of diamonds, and cold as the coldest ice, splashes into the waters of golden brown, having leaped to its last home many hundred feet down from ledges of broken granite, moss-covered, and

piled with whitened drift-wood. Jutting into the harbor, and closing it up, apparently, as one approaches the latter from the lake itself, there rises a beautifully-shaped mound, studded with tall trees, straight and graceful as any sculptured columns, but eloquent with a light and music which no metal, wood, or marble, however exquisitely fashioned by the chisel, is ever fraught with. On this the pleasant owner of the *Mary Moody* designs to have a cottage for his summer residence, and heartily shall I envy him the same.

Looking through the trees across the neck that connects this mound or hillock with the main land, the pine-built walls of Pend d'Oreille city fairly glittered in the sunshine—such jewelry did the magic of the day extract from or impart to the plainest things that delightful morning. Stepping ashore, I found myself in odorous contact with a group of Spokanes—a woeful cluster of emaciated vagrants, of whom one old fellow, almost naked, having nothing on him but a red blanket, ingeniously shaped and stitched into something like a windy dressing-gown, with the help of a “buck and saw” was shortening fire-wood for the *Mary Moody*—his grandson, a sort of Cupid in a very sooty chemise, helping him with the brightest industry. The son of the old top-sawyer—an elderly scamp in another red blanket, furnished with a fur collar—sat on his breechless haunches close by, smoking a brier-wood pipe; and, solemn as an owl in daylight, superintended the job complacently. This airy gentleman of leisure had the rope round his neck not long ago—Colonel (afterward General) Wright having made up his mind to hang him as a hopeless reprobate. But the paternal heart—bending and breaking there over the “buck and

saw"—interposed in his behalf, and prolonged the lazy days of the ragamuffin.

Pend d'Oreille city, standing on a picturesque slope—or running down it, to speak more correctly—consists of a large store comfortably stocked with Californian and Oregon goods—dry, soft, and liquid—a billiard saloon of grand dimensions—a modestly-proportioned hotel—and half a dozen private residences, evenly and compactly built of logs, and snugly shingled. The store belongs to Captain Moody, who is also the principal owner of the little steamboat, which has been complimented with his daughter's name. The billiard saloon is the property of Mr. Blackstone, whose genial nature well deserves the soldierly and splendid frame through which it radiates.

In this charming little place—in the society of the enterprising and hospitable gentlemen who have made it their home—the day was most agreeably spent, notwithstanding that one of the citizens—a convivial politician of imperfect articulation—was distressingly importunate in his entreaties, that Colonel Cornelius O'Keefe should favor the people (twenty-five all told) of Pend d'Oreille city with a speech on the "reconstruction of the South" and the fortunes of mankind generally.

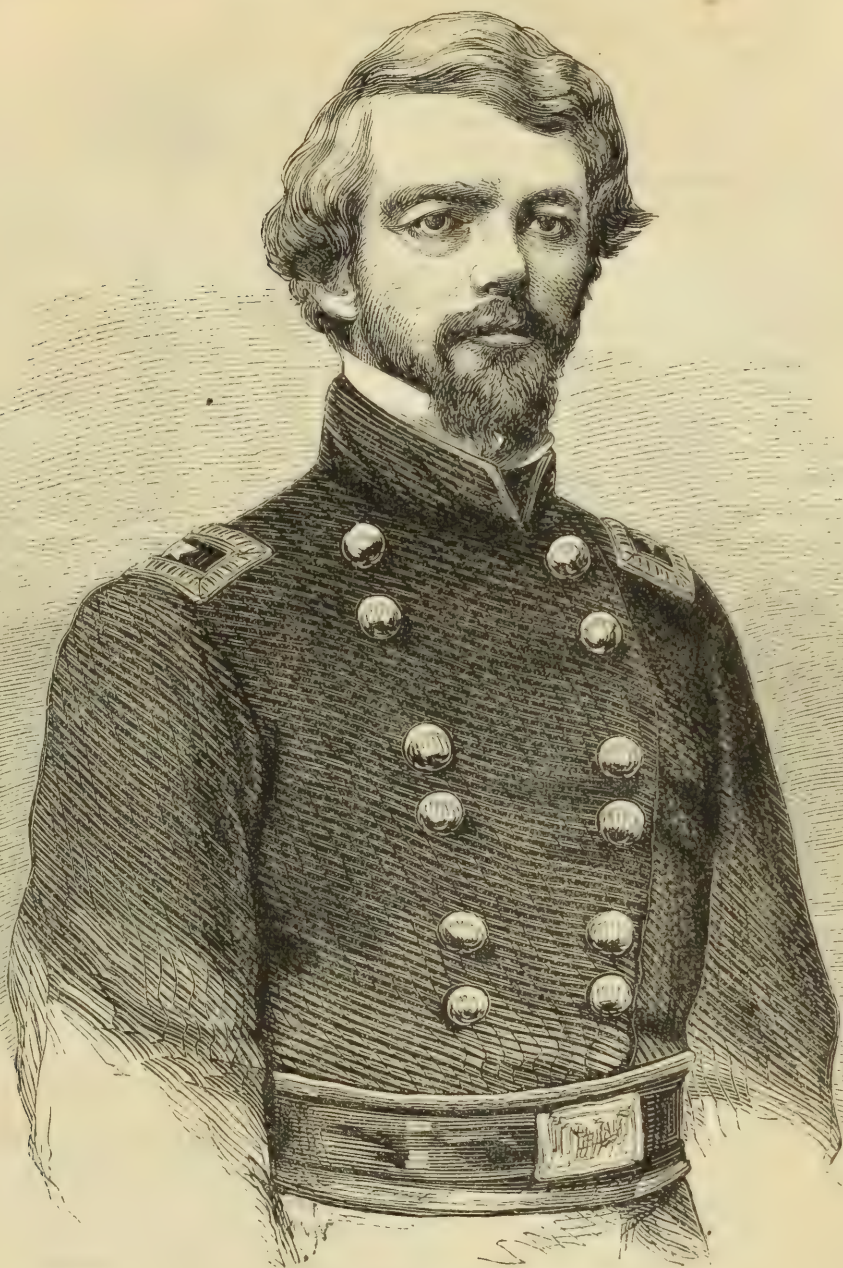
In Stevens's report of his explorations through this part of the country, in 1853 and 1854, we have a truthful, and, for the very reason that it is a truthful, a very beautiful description of this entrancing lake; the description closing with the prediction that "in a coming time, not very remote, the repose of those waters will be broken

by the shrill scream and the paddles of the steamboat." In less than fifteen years this prediction of the most gallant, indefatigable, and triumphant of all our explorers of the Great Mountains has been verified; and no one who now beats rapidly over Lake Pend d'Oreille in the *Mary Moody*, calling to mind his persistent and invincible labors, and the qualities of head and heart that ennobled him, can refrain from a deeply mournful regret that Isaac I. Stevens was not spared to contemplate, as he would have done with enthusiasm, the ripening into civilization of the wild region his intrepid researches threw open to the Government and people of his country. But the keen intellect and dauntless spirit, which conquered to the knowledge of the country this wilderness, so full of marvelous grandeurs and resources, passed irrevocably from us in the rain and fire of that fatal night at Chantilly, in the autumn of 1862, and his reward for all he did here is but the remembrance in which his enterprises and achievements, as illustrious as they were incalculably useful, are now, and for generations to come, shall with his name be gratefully enshrined.

I have spoken of the *Mary Moody* in diminutive terms of endearment and esteem. This may be considered an error when one is told that she is 108 feet in length, has 20 feet beam, 4 feet 9 inches depth of hold, and is 85 tons burden. Built on the lake in the winter of 1866, all her timbers were whip-sawed. The planking is of yellow fir. Her upper wood-work is of white pine. Four months after the



PEND D'OREILLE CITY, AND THE "MARY MOODY."



ISAAC I. STEVENS.

first tree was felled for her she was afloat. Fifteen days after that her steam-whistle startled the echoes of the mountains, the lonesomeness and mysteriousness of which she has forever banished; and elk, and bear, and Red Man stood with straightened hair and ears at the shrill challenge of their invader. Her engine—20 horse-power—came all the way from Wilmington, on the Delaware. The first trip she had on board 85 pack-animals, 10,000 pounds of freight, and 50 passengers. Designed to be the first of three boats that are to navigate Clark's Fork of the Columbia to the mouth of the Jocko—ten miles west of the main range of the Rocky Mountains—she stops short at the landing at the foot of the Cabinet Mountain—some fifty miles from her starting-point at Pend d'Oreille city—the Rapids, immediately above the landing, being too violent to permit her pushing further up. Above these Rapids the second boat will ascend to Thompson's Falls.

Above Thompson's Falls the third boat will complete the chain of navigation to the Jocko. This plan in operation, the northwestern portion of Montana—surpassingly rich in agricultural facilities, and, far away, the most beautiful portion of the Territory, the scenery of it blending all the sterner and loftier with all the gentler features of Switzerland and the Tyrol—will be pierced and opened from the Pacific, and a future of prosperous activity secured for it, which no one can presume, at this moment, to shadow forth, much less to estimate.

Entering Clark's Fork of the Columbia—or the Flathead River, as it is popularly called—we ascend twenty miles to the Landing. Swift water—of considerable depth, force, and fierceness in many places—is encountered. Snags protrude every where. Ugly, gaunt, stubborn, wicked-looking enemies, of great girth and ghost-like whiteness, they are easily avoided by the *Mary Moody* when she mounts the stream,

but cause her no little uneasiness, just now, as she drops down with the rapid current. Her pilot, however, an expert and right pleasant Englishman all the way from Hull, carries her safely and brilliantly through; and before long those treacherous fangs will be wrenched from their sockets and flung harmlessly to rot somewhere back from the wash of the river they fret to-day.

Out of the deep places and the swifter waters we glide into and over broad shallows that have silver bottoms; and these are the play-grounds of bewildering shoals of trout that flash about them, as silvery as themselves, utterly regardless of the noise and buffetings of the boat. But what most delightfully arrests the eye is a meadow, three hundred acres in extent, smooth and level as a billiard-table—green, too, as a billiard-table, with the sweetest and richest grass, which takes one up to his neck in a sea of emerald—with Indian lodges emerging from it in all their rude upholstery of crimson-painted skins and bands of Indian horses swimming, as it were, slowly through it, their heads alone being visible—except, indeed, where the grass has just been mowed, and where the daintier of them revel in the honeyed stubble. A mowing-machine—the property of the Steamboat Company—drives through it, doing prodigious work, the results of which are brought up from time to time to the Landing for the use of the animals that enter and come out of Montana by this most picturesque of roads. It is in strange contrast, indeed, with the primitive canoe we pass soon after, and which a raw-boned Indian, of the Lower Pend d'Oreilles, blest with a brawny chest and a nose such as one sees at intervals upon a ship's figure-head, almost imperceptibly impels against the stream—a yelping dog, straining his eye-balls with the exercise, following deferentially in his master's wake, and losing ground at every stroke. A little higher up the Pilot directs my attention to a withered pine—a very tall, dead tree—in the top branches of which, as in a bowl, a wild goose has built her nest to keep her young ones safe from the wolves and other depredators of the like.

“A wise goose that!” observes the Pilot with a mirthful wink, as though he says something equally as wise as the bird; and then whirling his wheel until the spokes blend and disappear, seems immensely pleased.

As we near the Landing, all along the left bank, a little back from the river, grandly overlooking, and with precipitous bold cliffs of red slate serving as an uplifted shield to every thing—woods, meadows, Indian lodges, all the incidents and figures of the scene—the Cabinet Mountain magnificently towers and spreads its ample wall, the face of which is deeply furrowed, and the upper line of which is broken, pointed, or rounded into tablets, suggestive of gigantic gates, or monstrous head-stones in a grave-yard of buried Titans. In the full blaze of the sinking sun we head up against the Land-



NEST OF WILD GOOSE.

ing, and, making the *Mary Moody* fast, scramble up the shelving bank, to find ourselves in a bustling little place—some future town of prodigious consequence, it may be, now in its noisy infancy—consisting of two houses, and a capacious shed for mules and horses. A saw-mill is in vehement operation here, and sweating at its work; which fact the big drops of perspiration oozing profusely from it are evidence enough. The owner of it, Mr. Abrahams, a rigid religionist, who shuts himself hermetically up on Sundays, invites Colonel Cornelius O'Keefe to his house—one of the two just mentioned—and courteously entering it, the Colonel is introduced to Mrs. Abrahams, whose table is perfumed with a bouquet of mountain flowers, the offering of the men at work about the Landing, who thus, even in these wild solitudes, vindicate the proverbial gallantry of Americans to their countrywomen, and, indeed, to women generally the world over. Another lady is present, whose son served in the Second Wisconsin at the first battle of Bull Run. The Colonel, being shown his photograph, recognizes an accomplished and brave young comrade, who, having entered another regiment from the same State shortly after that celebrated event, fell at Fredericksburg the



CABINET LANDING.

day that General Burnside knocked his head against it.

The next day, having procured an excellent and highly-gifted horse, I set out for Montana, being still some twenty odd miles or so from the western frontier of that Territory. A vigorous old gentleman, who had been a Quarter-Master somewhere or other during the war, and an Indian half-breed of the Flathead nation, accompanied me.

The Quarter-Master stood six feet four inches in his boots, wore a dense pair of whiskers of a purple tint, displayed a sublime width across the chest, and was distinguished by a voice of imperious force and volume. Utterly innocent of the slightest touch of delicacy, and, indeed, it is no injustice to say, of any thing that smacked of courtesy and gentleness, heavily encumbering his most ordinary remarks with ejaculations of a thundering profanity, he was, for all that, a gentleman of a kindly nature. Of a brisk spirit too, and large experience in such matters, his exploits in cooking exhibited a surprising alacrity and skill, and were perfect in their way. A little over a year in Montana, he professed to know every body in it, and be thoroughly familiar with all its resources, farming successes, and quartz operations. The war, however, was his favorite subject of soliloquy; and were one left to infer so from his copious representations of himself, history has already done him grievous wrong in omitting to blazon and consecrate him as one of the most potential heroes of the nation. Without him

Fort Donelson would never have been taken; and Vicksburg to this day would have roared defiance to the combined armies of the Union. As he spoke of himself, in the like magnificent style did he eat; for his appetite was infallible and immense. An ogre in autobiography, he he was equally an ogre in the demolition of fried bacon, fried trout, broiled grouse, roast potatoes, and all the other luxuries which, with the providence of a practiced Quarter-Master, he had provided for the journey, or to which he helped himself with his fish-hook and gun on the road. Having come down to the Pend d'Oreille Lake to inform himself of the practicability of a wagon road from the interior of Montana to that point, he was now on his way back to Virginia City to procure gratuitously from the Legislature a charter for the project, being fully satisfied that it was not only feasible, but would prove hugely remunerative—or, to use his own graceful and emphatic language, would "turn out to be a big thing."

The half-breed was a striking specimen of intuitive gracefulness and intelligence. Tall, lithe, strenuous, of exhaustless activity and endurance; his splendid eye, black as the raven's wing, was ever flashing with mirthfulness and wit, and the quick brain that fired him found in it an interpreter that never grew dull or tired. His name was Francis Joseph; and better horseman than Francis Joseph, Colonel Cornelius O'Keefe is prepared any day to lay the heaviest wager, it would be difficult to match. Half French, half Indian, he looked

more like a Spaniard than any thing else, and spoke the Spanish tongue, such as it is in New Mexico, as fluently as he did his father's or his mother's dialect. To complete his portrait, it is enough to say that he was proud of a waving mass of the softest and richest black hair, and hands and feet of the daintiest fashion. To complete the enumeration of his attractive traits, it is enough to say that he was brimful with good-nature, was faithful, and incessantly obliging. With two such companions, Colonel Cornelius O'Keefe proceeded on his road into Montana in exuberant spirits, and already conceived the happiest impressions of the country.

The road—or, to speak more properly, the trail—for nearly two miles lay through a forest in which a fire had furiously raged some days before, the evidences of which were felt and seen on every side, and above and below. The noblest trees had been torn and devoured by it—some lay, mere masses of charcoal, across the trail—others still, reduced to heaps of gray ashes, rendered the trail soft and treacherous, filling up, as they did, great holes into which the horses plunged, or where there were hot cinders underneath the ashes, blistering the animals into frantic pirouettes and pranks—others even yet stood to the height of forty, fifty, and sixty feet, spare and blackened masts, which a gust of any strength would have snapped and sent crashing down upon us—while a few, brave and robust old fellows, having fought it out to the bitter end, had the foe eating out their hearts, though sound at top, and displaying all their finery of leaves and limbs untouched. While cautiously, with a vigilant eye and firm rein, we paced through all this havoc, our ears were constantly filling with the roar of the Cabinet Rapids, which gurgling and seething, tossing and foaming—now whirling into smooth eddies—now plunging between huge boulders and splashing over them—then again gathering their broken force and rushing pell-mell down a narrow and sunless cañon gashed between steep black walls on which no bird can find a footing—compel the *Mary Moody* to keep below them at a civil distance. But as we cleared the burned forest and got above the Rapids we saw from an open bench, against which the river swung in a deep curve, the second boat on the stocks, opposite us, on a broad, pebbly beach. Right pleasant it was to hear the blows driving home the bolts, and right pleasant it was to watch the ox-teams laboring up with lumber from the saw-mill to where the echoing work was going blithely on. A *portage* of seven miles along the left bank avoids the Cabinet Rapids, and will renew the navigation they savagely disturb.

Three miles beyond this point we halted for the night, though it was not yet four in the afternoon; but there was a sufficiency of good grass there, and it would have taken us a long stretch to have found another bite for them further on. So, stripping off the saddles, and turning the animals loose with their *lariats*, we

spread our blankets, and then unlash the *parfleche*,⁴ produced the kettle, frying-pan, eatables and drinkables, and prepared for supper. First of all a fire was lit—then the kettle was put on—then the plates, knives and forks, spoons and cups, were washed and scrubbed—then Francis Joseph went down to the river, a step or two, with his rod and line—then the Quarter-Master greased his frying-pan, and cut his bacon into generous slices—and in the mean while, during all these delightful preparations, Colonel Cornelius O'Keefe, being relieved from duty by the indulgent Quarter-Master, smoked his pipe deliciously, dreaming a day-dream of the golden days in store for him among the treasure-veined mountains of Montana.

Francis Joseph returning in half an hour with a dozen and a half, or more, of gorgeous trout, the Quarter-Master took them instantly in hand, and giving a multitude of orders in a powerful accent to the boy, swelled to his work and soon dispatched it. It was in itself a luxury simply to behold him. Coat off, shirt wide open at the neck, shirt-sleeves rolled tightly up above the elbows, big hands mottled with blood and glossy with grease, he was a sight at which the artists of the *Maison Doré*, or Lorenzo Delmonico himself, would have flamed into eulogium and delight. Then, as he spread his fish in the nicest order on the pan, tapped them gently with his knife, sprinkled them with oil, and finally buried them in slices of pork and onion, he recounted so many of his exploits on and about the Mississippi, and did so with such a burst and hurricane of martial asseverations, that it might have been easy to conclude we were having a bivouac in the height of an exciting campaign, and that the enemy, forty thousand strong, were right before us.

Supper over, the Quarter-Master was as busy as ever washing up the things; and it was not until that business was completed to his satisfaction that he lit his pipe, and, stretching his ponderous frame to rest, relapsed into a tranquillity of voice and mind far more in harmony with the serenity of the hour than his usual activity and vigor would have been. But even so, he did not leave off his marching, and skirmishing, and besieging, and carrying all before him with his batteries and bayonets. The stars were out a good hour or two, and Francis Joseph had been in the depths of slumber three-quarters of an hour at least, before the warrior closed his lips, and with his lips his eyes, and lay like a Crusader in stone upon an ancient tomb.

No sleep is deeper, none more wholesome, none more refreshing, than one takes in these mountains on such a night as that I speak of.⁵ The ground perfectly dry, the air aromatic with the pine and fir, no humidity whatever, no vexatious insects, the night calm and cool, full of sweetness and health-renewing freshness, the traveler wraps himself in his single blanket, sinks into the deepest sleep to the muffled music of the river; and in the kindling sunshine,



THOMPSON'S FALLS.

as it gilds the leaves and rocks and waters, resumes his ride with the clearest head, the firmest nerve, and brightest eye. Then the water all along the route is so delicious, and the game and fish so rich and delicate in their abundance, that the journey, rough and toilsome as it is in many places, is little short of being a luxurious treat. Add to this that the Indians, who are few and wide apart in these vast solitudes, and seldom relieve the profound sameness of the road with their picturesque rags and feathers, cultivate the friendliest relations with all strangers, boasting joyously that they have never stained their hands with the blood of the Pale Faces. These are the Kootenais, the Pend d'Oreilles, and the Flatheads, all of whom have been trained and nurtured into gentleness and the love of peace, and to some extent the exercise of its humbler arts, by the good Fathers of the Missions who have made the echoes of the Rocky Mountains long since familiar with Sabbath bells and the voices of Aisle and Altar.

In a rapid sketch, which is all that the present paper pretends to be, the Colonel, who has ventured on its authorship, feels that it would be a task wearisome to his readers as well as to himself were he to dwell much longer on his road, along which there is so little of human life, and hence so little of that varied and vivid interest which human life exclusively supplies. Beautiful and bounteous streams, which become torrents with the melting snows, must, therefore, be hurried over without a word of commemoration. So must springs and fountains

that sparkle as though they were full of diamonds, bubbling from moss-fringed nooks and crevices, and making the cool air and bright green shrubbery vocal with their child-like cadences, mirthfulness, and gentle poetry. Cataracts and rapids, such as Thompson's Falls, which, tiger-like, stealthily and with an imperceptible glide sweeps to the ledge—the ledge hemmed in between huge slippery rocks—from the rim of which it takes its furious leap, plunging into the very core and bed of the river which it seems to pierce, and tear, and rack, and furrow, and then fling up in masses of dazzling foam, mingling and blended with broken billows, which surge upward round and full, and then glance off with a blinding swiftness as though charged with lightning and bent on ruin.

Immense slabs of rock rear themselves on the right, vertically above those desperate Falls, looking down from the edge of which, upon the storm and havoc the mad waters make, one grows giddy and feels insecure. To the left, standing well apart in park-like grounds, tall trees come down to the river's edge from the slope of huge and hazy mountains—the outer tier of the great range of the Cœur d'Alene. Immediately below the Falls, on the same side with these park-like grounds, the river, rounding into the graceful woods, forms a warm and sparkling little cove; the quieted waters, exhausted suddenly by their previous fury it would seem, lapping with a lazy lisp and throb the white beach that shapes the crescent of the bay. A stanch log-hut stands above the Falls,

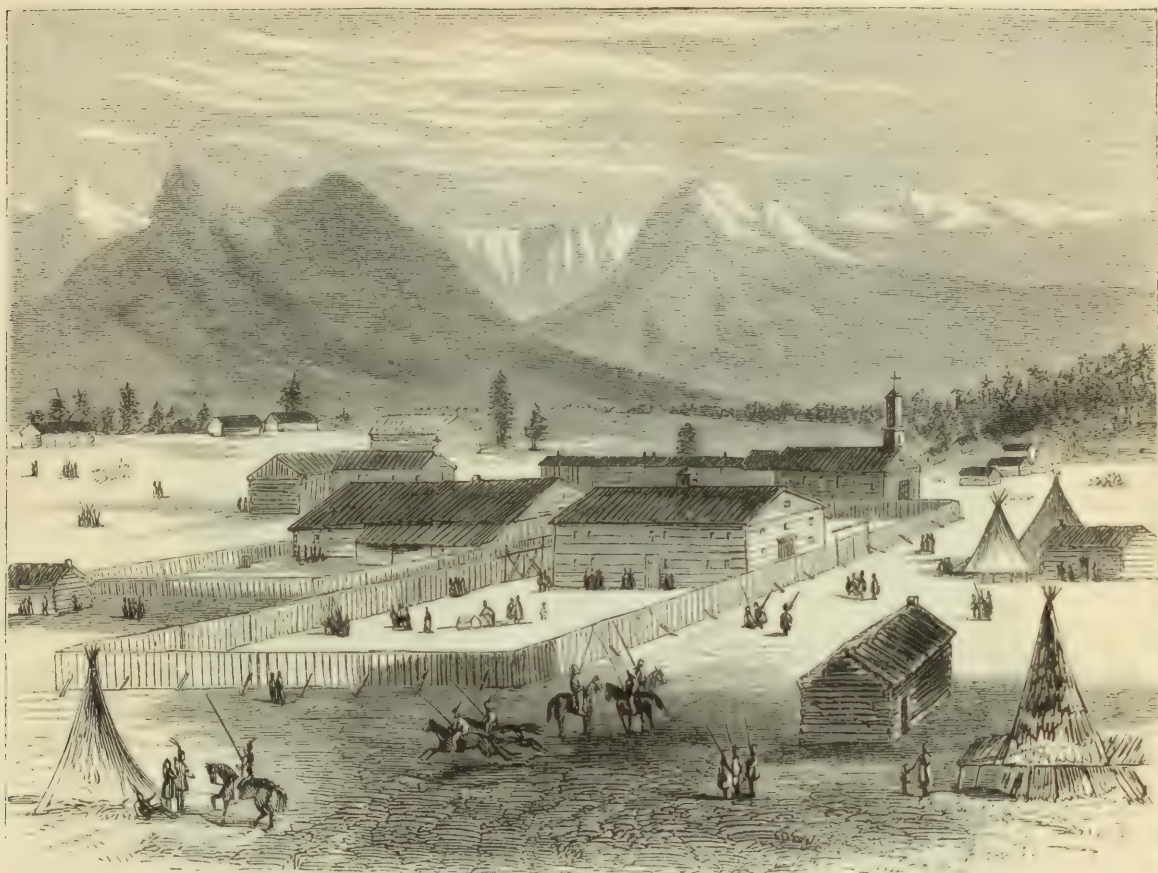
right upon the trail; and a good piece of meadow-land, well fenced in, regaled the Quarter-Master with a perfume which, recalling the days of his golden sunshine with the Army of the Cumberland, when he made hay and gathered honey-suckles and butter-cups, revived his most voluptuous emotions. He thought that Thompson's Falls would be just the place for a Quarter-Master to retire to from his military operations in a luxurious civil life, and indulged, a few moments, in bold sketches of the improvements he should inaugurate upon the spot, under the auspices and with the material aid of the Steamboat Company—Thompson's Falls being the point of departure as well as the point of arrival for the third and last boat destined to ply upon Clark's Fork of the Columbia. A restaurant, glaring with gilding and florid with frescos, rose up instantly among the trees a little way back from the beach of that cozy and scintillating cove—a terrace full of Swiss and Gothic cottages sprang to light upon those park-like grounds above the Falls—livery-stables multiplied themselves along the trail close to the new-mown hay—the trail itself disappeared in the fervor and splendor of his pictorial power, and in its stead a Macademized road, crossed by a turnpike of elegant design, gave a highly-civilized and business air to what otherwise would have been a raw and wasteful scene.

The morning after Colonel Cornelius O'Keefe passed these Falls he had to climb the "Bad Rocks," an enormous knob or shoulder jutting into the river from the lateral range of mountains, 1500 feet of an almost perpendicular ascent, exceedingly dangerous, from the fact that one-half of it is a pile of loose and shelving slate or shingle, while the other half is a break-neck staircase, the steps of which are broken rocks, or roots of hard old trees, which in at least a dozen places are several feet apart. A more fearful rise and fall could not be made. The Steamboat Company, however, has by this time blasted and cut away rock where it masses itself upon the river, so as to afford a safe and easy passage for travelers round its base. To accomplish the crossing of it now one has to drive his mule or horse before him until he gains the top, and then, having taken breath, repeat the achievement downward, keeping a respectful distance from the preceding hoofs, lest he incontinently trips or impetuously slides, and so aggravate the business of the descent. But this work over, there are the aromatic woods again, and the flashing streams, and the huge and hazy mountains, and the sea-green river, now smooth, and deep, and dumb, now rough, and vehement, and fierce, and boisterous, filling the aisles of the forest and the crevices and caverns of the great rocks with its melodies or its thunders, as its mood fluctuates, and it sleeps or rages. Then there is Horse Prairie—acres upon acres of the sweetest, richest, tallest grass, a broad, high table-land swelling gradually out of them into thickly-wooded, stony

hills, in the very heart of which a deep lake is sunk, the shores of which—green and sheltered, rich in wild fruit and fragrant shrubs and cedars—flash with wild birds, mostly duck and curlew.

In the midst of a fine group of pine—thickly-crowned shafts, lofty, symmetrical, bold in girth, straight and tapering as lances—the Colonel and his robust companion enter a log-house, and find there to their consternation the owner stretched upon his buffalo-ropes and blankets, thin as a skeleton and colorless as a ghost, his left arm having been nearly severed from his body by the blow of an axe in the hands of a maniac, who deliberately struck him as he slept three mornings before, and then laughed and grinned, danced and writhed, and in a mirthful and fantastic mood did his best to cut his own throat with a blunt hunting-knife. The dangerous animal had his arms tightly pinioned as the travelers rode up, and sprawling on his back was vainly endeavoring to wrench the rope which held him. Smeared and haggard, a frowsy growth of rusty beard upon his chin, throat, and jaws, his glazed eyes charged with blood and bile, muttering incoherently something about his victims and the *vigilantes*, he was as ugly-looking a customer as any two peaceable wayfarers would under any circumstances care to meet. Strange to say, the wounded man, smashing a blow as he received, and exhausted as the Colonel and Quarter-Master found him, recovered in a few weeks—a miracle attributed by those gentlemen to the rare purity and exhilarating properties of the climate of Montana.

Passing over the stony hills just mentioned—in the heart of which lay that beautiful lake, alive and flashing with the wild birds—Camas Prairie broke and swelled, spread itself and deepened upon the view. A dismal waste of tall, wiry, yellowish, sapless grass, without a tree to relieve or gladden it, with a feeble stream veining it in a mawkish way, with Indian lodge or tent-poles strewn about with other relics of roving camps, it derives its name from a small onion which is white and rapid when first extracted from the earth, but turns sweet and black when prepared for food. The good Father De Smet gives us an interesting account of this root in his History of the Oregon Missions. He tells us that the Indian women arm themselves with long, crooked sticks to go in search of the *camas*; that having procured a certain quantity, by dint of long and painful labor they make an excavation in the ground, from 12 to 15 inches deep, and of proportionate diameter, to contain the roots, then cover the bottom with a closely-kneaded cement which is made red hot; after which, having carefully withdrawn all the coals and ashes, they cover the cement with grass or wet hay, finally placing a layer of *camas*, another of wet hay, a third of bark—the latter overlaid with mould, on which is kept a glowing fire for fifty, sixty, and sometimes seventy hours. The *camas* thus ac-



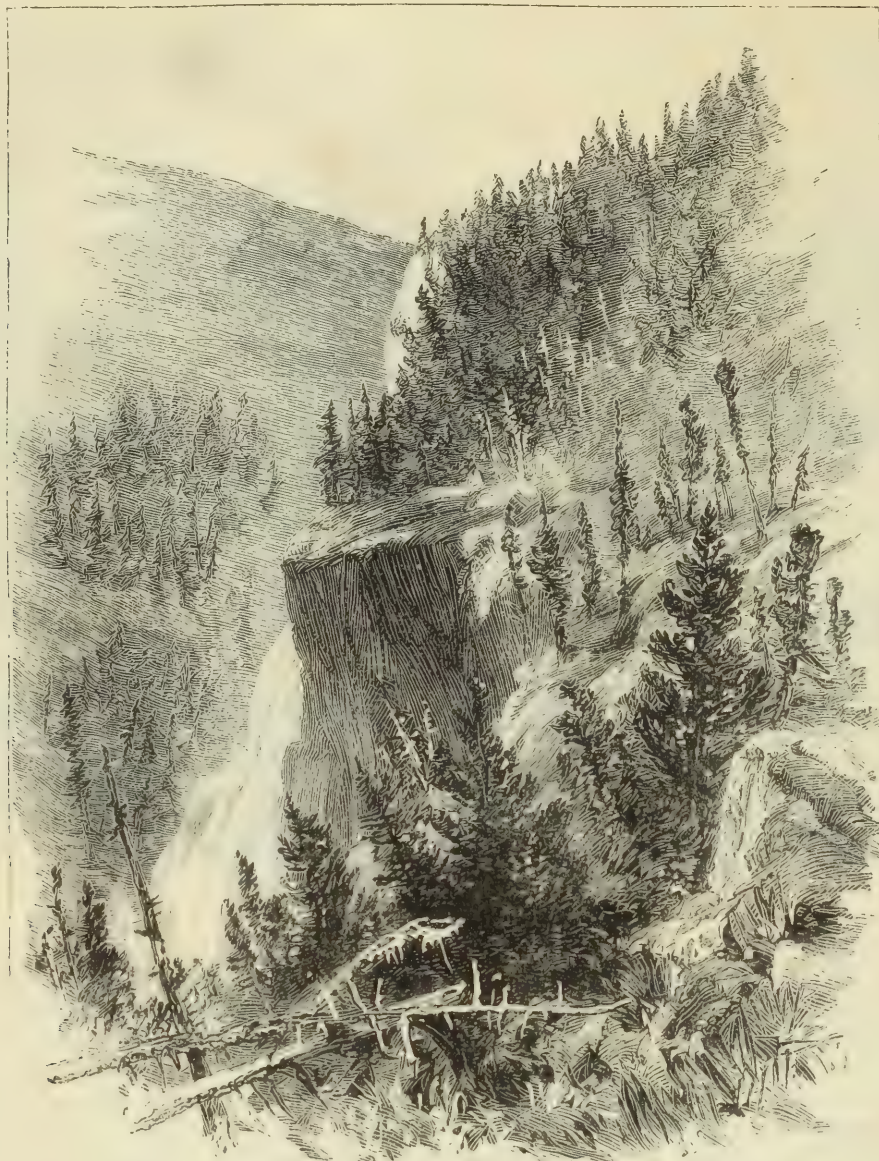
MISSION OF ST. IGNATIUS.

quires a consistency equal to that of the *jujube*, is often made into loaves of various dimensions, is excellent, especially when boiled with meat, and if kept dry can be preserved a long time.

Through the prairie for eight miles, then across the Flathead River, or Clark's Fork, in a substantial ferry-boat, then over Wild Horse Creek, a wasteful stream broken into a score of rivulets by the stones and boulders that have been flung into it in a helter-skelter way—lastly over the Jocko, a violent and treacherous river, abounding in delicious trout, and then, topping a low range of naked hills, the pilgrims had a sight which made the plastic heart of Colonel Cornelius O'Keefe dilate, and beat, and bound, and burn with rapture; and which called forth the loudest praises, asseverations of every thing but a savory and sacred character, and thunders of applause, all of a stunning military force and volume, from the valuable and vivacious Quarter-Master.

Beyond there, walling up the horizon, were the Rocky Mountains, rearing themselves abruptly from the plains and valleys—no foothills, no great stretches of forest, to detract from the magnificent stature with which they rose and displayed themselves unequivocally with their bold and broken crests, with their deep and black recesses, with their burdens of white cloud, in all their massiveness and stern cold majesty, in the purple light of a mid-summer evening, the calmness and the glory of which were in full consonance with the dumb, gigantic features of the scene. Right opposite,

leaping and thundering down the face of a vast amphitheatre that had been scooped out of the mountains, was a torrent, bounding into the chasm from a height of fully two thousand feet, but looking as though it were a bank of snow lodged in some deep groove, so utterly void of life and voice did it appear in the mute distance. A mass of trees blocked the bottom of the amphitheatre; and following the torrent which escaped from it after that leap of two thousand feet, thousands and tens of thousands of other trees seamed the valley with a dark green belt, all over which the hot sun played in infinite reflections and a haze of splendor. Midway between the mountains and the low range of hills from which this panorama was so gloriously disclosed the white church of the Mission of St. Ignatius,⁶ one of the finest structures in the Territory—the spacious Convent of the Sisters of Charity, who have come here to humble, or, some would say, to glorify themselves as the teachers of the sad children of the Indians—the cloisters and chambers of the good Fathers, who have done more to reconcile the Indians to our Government and progress than all the Agents, Superintendents, Traders, and Interpreters that ever drew pay from Pennsylvania Avenue; and in the fore-ground the lodges of the Pend d'Oreilles, many of them curiously constructed on platforms, after the manner of the palm-thatched huts of the Indians of Maracaibo—midway between the mountains and the low range of hills, the stand-point of this great picture, the Mission of St. Ignatius—



THE ELIZABETH CASCADE.

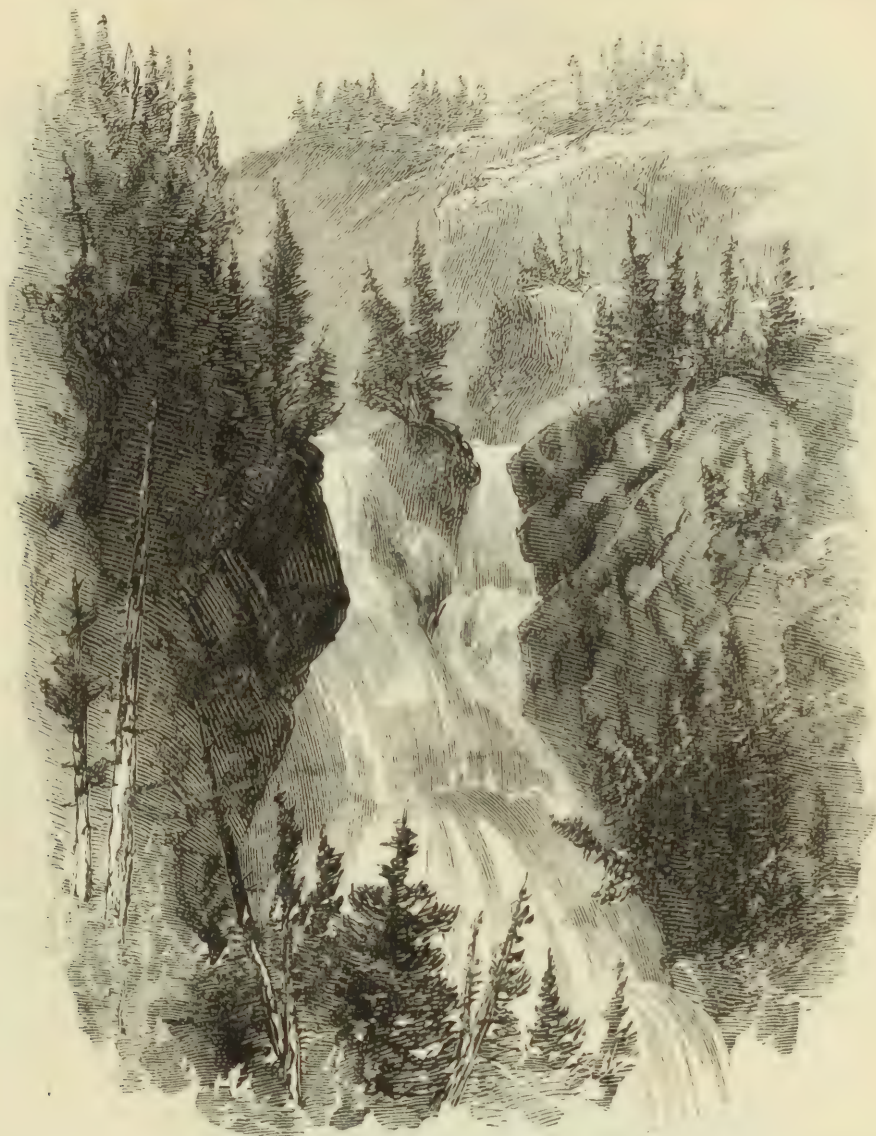
a village half of white and half of dusky walls, singularly striking and effective in the heart of so wild, vacant, and vast a region—riveted the eyes of the travelers, while it seemed to attract and detain the brightest beams the sun gave out that evening.

The Colonel and his friend met with a most hospitable reception at the Mission, remaining there over a week, during which time they penetrated to the great chasm down through which the torrent spoken of a moment since flashes and thunders in comparative gloom and silence. The path to this chasm lies through a dense wood, the beautiful and slender trees in which are closely knitted together with shrubs and briers and snake-like vines; while vast quantities of dead timber and immense rocks, slippery with moss and trickling streams thin and bright as silver threads, encumber the ground, and render it difficult and sore to travel. There are few tracks there of wild animals, and all traces of the human foot are blotted out, so rarely is that solitude visited even by the Indian.

As they neared the foot of the Elizabeth

Cascade—for such was the name given to the headlong torrent by those gallant officers—great was their surprise to find another torrent equally precipitous, but still more beautifully fashioned, bounding from the edge of the opposite wall; and as a jutting rock, sceptred with two green trees of exquisite shape and foliage, dispersed its volume the torrent spread itself into a broad sheet of delicate foam and spray, white and soft, and as full of light and lustre as the finest lace-work the harvest-moon could weave upon calm waters. This cascade is completely hid from view until one stands close under it, and the Fathers of the Mission, strange to say, knew nothing of it until our explorers told them exultingly of their discovery. To this they gave the name of the Alice Cascade, christening them both *The Two Sisters*, in honor of two charming acquaintances with whom the appreciative Colonel had been on the most estimable terms in New York.

On the very verge of the stupendous heights from which these cascades take their fatal leap the Koötenai Indians are in the habit of lighting great fires to scare the mountain-sheep,



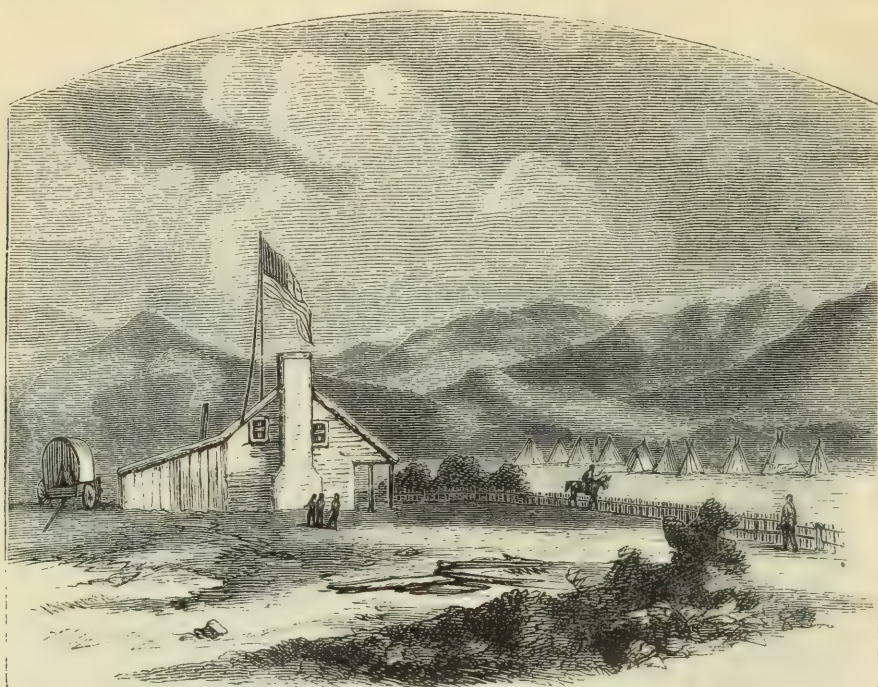
THE ALICE CASCADE.

which, frightened and bewildered by the glare, precipitate themselves over the cliffs, and are shot or captured on the lower terraces by parties of these same Indians, stationed there for the purpose. These Indians, by-the-by, are full of legends and superstitions, of which an enchanted lake,⁷ away off in the unexplored mountains between the Tobacco Plains and Pend d'Oreille Lake, where elk and bear roam through the depths of the transparent waters, is the most sacred. Near the Indian Agency on the Flathead Reservation runs a luminous and beauteous stream, called *La Course des Femmes*, and so called, the Indians tell you, in commemoration of a foot-race which a crowd of fast young squaws had there, years and years ago, and in the height of which a beautiful lady, radiant as a group of stars, descended from the clouds, joined the lists, outstripped "the field," and, having won the race, reascended in a chariot, splendid as a cloud jeweled and crimsoned with a summer sunset. A less poetical version, however, informs us that two old and desperate squaws, inflamed with the love of Honey-dew and Cavendish, not to mention Nigger-head, ran a race for a plug of tobacco to French-

town, a distance of one-and-twenty miles, over a rasping country.

From the Mission the next point to make was the Flathead Agency, concerning which the following facts may be usefully noticed and remembered :

The Reservation on which this Agency is established contains 5000 square miles. Several abundant streams and rivers water it, the valleys of which water-courses are small but exceedingly productive, yielding from 20 to 50 bushels of wheat to the acre, besides other grain—such as rye, oats, barley, and buckwheat—in generous measure. Beans, peas, potatoes, beets, onions, parsnips, melons, cucumbers, turnips, and pumpkins are raised in extraordinary profusion. The Reservation, moreover, is admirably adapted for stock, the most nutritious grass being plentiful. The winters are cold; but as a general rule there is little snow; though there are winters the severity of which compel the cattle to be stalled and fed for about three months. The mountains all round the Reservation abound in pine, cedar, spruce, tamarack, birch, and cotton-wood, all of the most serviceable quality. Game of ev-



THE FLATHEAD AGENCY.

ery description likewise abounds there, while the streams and rivers swarm with white-fish, and with speckled and salmon trout. The Indian tribes located on this magnificent domain, but practically occupying a very small portion of it, are the Flatheads, Pend d'Oreilles, and Kootenais—all comprehended under the general title and description of *The Confederate Tribes of the Flathead Nation*. Michelle, the

Chief of the Kootenais, is the most intelligent gentleman, besides being the best disposed and best behaved, among them all. The saw and grist mills, belonging to the Agency,⁸ are beautifully situated within Cadote's Pass, on the upper waters of the Jocko. The former capable of cutting 2500 feet of lumber—the latter flouring 250 bushels of wheat per day. Colonel O'Keefe, however, is firmly of opinion that, con-



BATTLE-GROUND BETWEEN THE BLACKFEET AND PEND D'OREILLES.

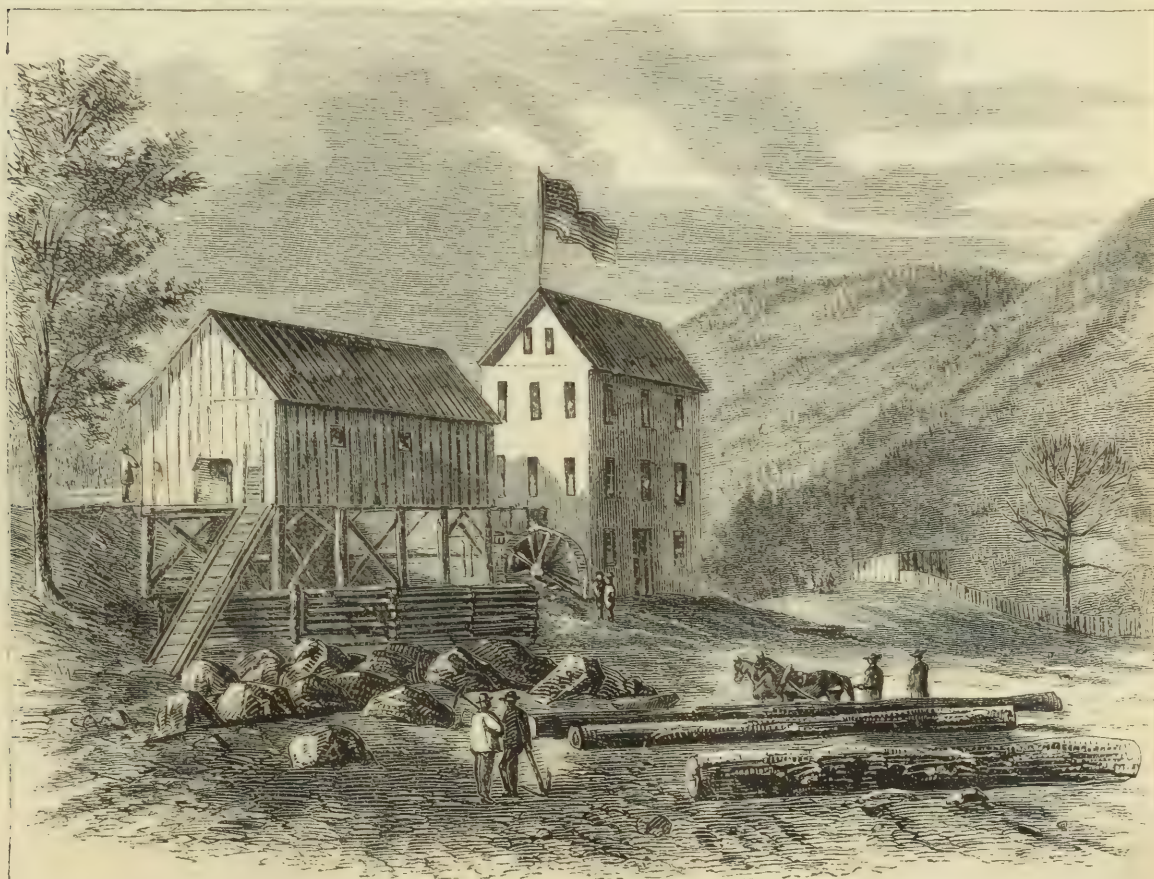
sidering the insignificant number of Indians for whom it is reserved—the three Confederate Tribes (men, women, and children, all told) not exceeding 1200 souls—the Flathead Reservation is an extravagant franchise, and the Agency a preposterous establishment, heretofore very mischievously established and perverted. Two-thirds of this superb tract of country—than which none is richer in all the Territory—ought, surely, to be thrown open to the whites by a modification of the Treaty which makes it an exclusive estate for the Indians, who virtually do not hold, and most certainly do not turn to advantage, one-sixteenth of it. But a proposition like this is not in accordance with the benign Spirit of the Age, and as Colonel Cornelius O'Keefe can not lay claim to statesmanship, and must acknowledge himself deficient in the philanthropy of the day, he drops a subject which, upon reflection he candidly admits, he never should have handled.

Quitting the Flathead Agency, then, the Colonel, still cheered and gratified with the companionship of the Quarter-Master, made his way over the hill, which is famous as the battle-ground between the Blackfeet and Pend d'Oreilles some few years ago, when the former, pushing their way through Hell-Gate, threatened the latter with extermination. But the Pend d'Oreilles met their immemorial enemies on the threshold of their country, and beat and drove them back, and pursued them with the deadliest vengeance. The bare, gaunt, spectral trees which dot that famous hill are to this day hang with relics and trophies of the

great victory of the Pend d'Oreilles, and piles of stones, carefully raised all over the hard-fought ground, mark the spots where the more noted of the Blackfeet bit the dust.

Pressing through Corriacken Defile—where he visited his namesake, the Baron O'Keefe, who has a farm in every respect worthy of the Golden Vale whence he came originally, and the melodious tongue of which he has ever scorned to discard—Colonel Cornelius O'Keefe visited Frenchtown, the oldest settlement in Montana, the first house having been built there in 1857 by Mr. Moses Reeves; and here he was delighted to find several farms under the handsomest cultivation, that of Mr. Tipton, of Kentucky, having, in addition to his corn, oats, potatoes, wheat, and every other kind of grain and vegetable, not less than three hundred fruit trees—pear, plum, peach, and apple—all, with the exception of the peach, thriving vigorously and promising the sunniest results.

Mr. Spencer, of Tennessee, also rejoices in an excellent farm; and so does Mr. Miller, of Pennsylvania; and so do some fifty gentlemen of French extraction, from whom the settlement is named, who have each from twenty to one hundred acres under the choicest and ripest cultivation. There is, moreover, a fine saw-mill here, the property of Messrs. Campbell and Van Dorn; another in the immediate neighborhood belonging to Mr. Simms; and a third down at Missoula Mills, which turns out flour as well as lumber, owned by Messrs. Worden and Higgins, which cost \$30,000, and the machinery of which came all the way from St. Louis.



THE MISSOULA FLOUR AND SAW MILLS.

And here, as he has at last got fairly into Montana, here at this very stately and patriotic Mill, the National Flag flying proudly and prosperously from it, with sixteen bushels of wheat flying from it every hour into the finest and snowiest dust, miles of lumber sliding out of it every month, and one of the handsomest stores close by, under the same proprietorship, doing a brisk and hearty business all the year round, here does Colonel Cornelius O'Keefe propose to rest a while, and refit for another ride through the mountains of Montana.⁹

NOTE 1. Page 570—"The Bad Lands."

Lieutenant Cuvier Grover, formerly of the First Artillery, more recently Brigadier General of Volunteers in the Army of the Potomac, in the account of his explorations from the Missouri to the Columbia, speaking of these "Bad Lands," or *Mauvaises Terres*, strikingly describes "the colonnades and detached pillars of partially cemented sand, capped by huge globes of light-brownish sandstone, towering up from the steep sides of the Bluffs to the height of a hundred feet or more above the water—the action of the weather upon the Bluffs in the back-ground having worn them into a thousand grotesque forms, while lower down their faces, seams of rock, from three to six feet thick, with nearly a vertical dip, beaten and cracked by the weather, and still protruding for six or eight feet above the softer materials, run up the steep faces and projecting shoulders of the cliffs, looking exactly like stone-walls, which at a distance wear the resemblance of ancient ruins." The *Citadel Rock* is specially noticed, as well it may be, in this careful and forcible description, which concludes with this general summing up, that "these *Mauvaises Terres*" or "Bad Lands," bordering the Missouri for about twenty miles, present a picture of Nature's wild deformities, a master-piece in its way, characterized by a total abstinence of any thing which could by any possibility give pleasure to the eye, or gratification to the mind, by any associations of utility."

NOTE 2. Page 570—"From New York..... to Lake Pend d'Oreille."

The latest edition of Colton's map of Montana will enable the reader of this paper easily to accompany the Colonel from the Pend d'Oreille Lake to the end of his first ride. Colonel de Lacy's map of 1866, should it be published, will prove still more serviceable for this purpose. Clark's and Lewis's report, if a copy can be had of it, will substantiate all that the Colonel says of the mountains, rivers, plains, and forests through which or over which he entered Montana. This, however, is an exceedingly scarce work, and as difficult to be found nowadays as one of Queen Anne's farthings. There are but two copies of it in the Territory, and one of them was discovered among the discarded rubbish of a rickety old book-stall some years ago in Glasgow, and bought for a trifle. A work of solid worth, an irrefutable authority upon every subject of which it treats, a noble monument, stanch and stately as a Doric column, to the irresistible energy and exhaustless devotion to duty of these most masterly explorers, it ought surely to be reproduced at the present time, now that the main field of their labors has by its extraordinary productions excited an eager interest in every thing that relates to its history and resources.

To that history, since the days of Lewis and Clark, a brilliant crowd of scholarly and brave gentlemen have contributed many chapters of the most useful and suggestive information, besides a series of pictures of incomparable boldness and variety, the achievement of clear and forcible pens. The truly chivalrous and venerable Father de Smet for thirty years, through his charming letters and weightier publications, has familiarized the European mind, more so even than the American, with the country that is now embraced within the boundaries of Montana; and if to-day Montana is an attractive name to adventurous and speculative brains in France, Germany, and Belgium, it is owing not less to what he has written than to the riches which the principal scene of his beneficent and heroic ministry has of late

suddenly divulged. So, too, with others who followed in his intrepid footsteps to prepare the way for another munificent contribution to republican life, government, and civilization, and complete the structure of the national estate. With the mountains and rivers, of which this paper gives but a hurried outline, the names of Stevens, McClellan, Saxton, Warren, Mullen, Doubleday, Lander, Suckley, Grover, Gray, and Cooper will long be pre-eminently associated—that of Isaac I. Stevens no less imperishably than the heights he scaled, the wild, dark region he brought into the noon-day light, and the floods he fought. With such names graven on her earliest chronicles, and identifying them with the honor and the glory of the nation, Montana, independently of the treasures evolved from her soil, the beautyousness that animates and the grandeur that crowns her, can justly claim a conspicuous position, second to none, among the new Territories of the Union.

NOTE 3. Page 571—"The Service Berry."

The *tee-amp* or *service berry*, abounding in the Rocky Mountains, has a dull sweet taste, the richness of which makes most people in this region fond of them. The Indians gather and dry large quantities of them, and when properly prepared and cooked they are very palatable and wholesome. They grow upon a bush varying from two to twelve feet in height, but seldom exceeding two inches in diameter. The wood is very hard and tough, and is much used by the Indians, who display great skill in straightening it out for arrows and ramrods. Besides the fruit above-mentioned, wild plums, cherries, strawberries, raspberries, and a very peculiar description of berry, popularly known as the *Oregon grape*, and which is agreeably tart and of a dark purple color, are found all over Montana, in the river bottoms and on the rocky hill-sides, in great abundance. Colonel O'Keefe mentions this from his own sumptuous experience with the most grateful acknowledgments.

NOTE 4. Page 576—"The Parfleche."

The *teet-sock* or *parfleche* is generally made of a dried buffalo hide, the hair of which has been beaten off with a stone, which softens it considerably; it is then cut in the shape of an envelope. The articles stowed in it are kept secure and compact by thongs passed through holes in the flaps, and with one on each side, looped to the forks of the pack-saddle, and lashed firmly together to prevent them slapping and pounding his ribs, the mule or horse in the Transportation Service, as above described, trots along pleasantly.

NOTE 5. Page 576—"The air aromatic."

Mr. Granville Stuart, an old and thoroughly-experienced explorer of the Rocky Mountains, an upright and high-toned gentleman of accomplished mind and manners, and universally-acknowledged authority on all questions relating to Montana, of which he is, has been ever since 1857, and purposes to continue to be for many years to come, a zealously-enterprising and triumphantly-indefatigable active resident, in his exceedingly instructive little Compendium, entitled, "Montana as it is," pronounces it "an indisputable fact, that the climate of the Rocky Mountains, or, at least, that part of them lying between the South Pass and the British Possessions, is much milder than the same latitude in the Mississippi Valley, or the States east of it." Mr. Stuart adds, that "when one considers the great elevation of this region, the mildness of the climate seems almost incredible; but it is known to be so, in proof of which stock of all kinds, including sheep, winter easily without having feed of any kind, except what they get on the prairie; or shelter, except such as they find in the brush and timber along the streams, and the lower slopes of the mountains; and, if they are not used, will usually gain in flesh during the winter, and come out fat in the spring." Mr. Stuart attributes this mildness to the warm winds from the Pacific Ocean, which reach to, and at some points, and for broad spaces, cross the Rocky Mountains, making their influence felt a considerable distance east of them. The great *Hot-air Belt* may have a good deal to do with it, too, so far, at all events, as the eastern slope of the mountains is concerned.

NOTE 6. Page 579—"The Mission of St. Ignatius."

Dr. Suckley, who accompanied the Exploring Expe-

dition under Governor Stevens, says that "the pious ceremonies of the Pend d'Oreille Indians at this Mission, and their Christian deportment under the instructions of Father Hoecken, were very interesting and truly delightful after his long and fatiguing journey; and that the Missionaries themselves, Father Hoecken and Father Menatrie, with the lay-brothers, Mageau and Francis, received him with the kindest hospitality, and gave him much important information." He adds that "their industrious labors during the nine years since the Mission was established, were shown in the fact, that they had a large dwelling-house of hewn timber, a wind-mill, a blacksmith's and carpenter's shop, barns, cow-sheds, and a spacious church." Their farm at this time, 1855, consisted of 160 acres of cleared land, on which they raised wheat, barley, onions, cabbages, parsnips, peas, beets, potatoes, and carrots. They also had hogs and poultry, and made their own butter and cheese, candles and vinegar. And this was all for the benefit of the wretched Indians, whose condition, Dr. Suckley tells us, had been vastly improved since the arrival among them of these earnest and indefatigable men.

NOTE 7. Page 581—"An Enchanted Lake."

Governor Stevens, in his final Report to the Secretary of War, of the explorations made by him, and under his direction, from St. Cloud, Minnesota, to Puget Sound, from 1853 to 1855, mentions a belief, similar to that spoken of above, as prevalent on the Pacific slope of the Cascade Mountains, in Washington Territory. He was informed that there was a remarkable Lake, called *En-chush-chesh-she-luxum*, or *Never-freezing Lake*, about thirty miles from their Camp on the Snaepeene or Narrow Creek, so completely surrounded by high and precipitous rocks that it was impossible to descend to the water. The Indians told him it was never known to freeze even in the severest winter, and that it was inhabited by buffalo, elk, deer, and all other kinds of game, which might be seen, any day, moving about in the transparent element. He mentions, also, in this connection, a point of painted rock in the Pend d'Oreille Lake, which the Indians never venture to pass, fearing that the Great Spirit, as related in their legends, will create a commotion in the water, and, should they attempt to pass the point, cause them to be swallowed up in the waves.

NOTE 8. Page 582—"The Saw and Grist Mills."

In his Geographical Memoir, forming the latter portion of his final Report, Governor Stevens, speaking of Cadotte's Pass, informs us that "it connects a tributary of the Dearborn River on the east with a branch of the Big Black-foot on the west—that the approach from the east is up a narrow valley bordered on each side by high wooded hills—that the summit is a narrow, sharp ridge, above a mile and a half wide from base to base, partially covered with small trees—that the western base is about 500 feet higher than the eastern, and the descent very rapid, favoring the construction of a tunnel"—through which tunnel the Northern Pacific Railroad, sweeping up from the Missouri, either from Fort Benton, or southeast of Diamond City, having crossed the Belt Mountains from the Muscle-shell, would descend the Valley of the Jocko, and running parallel with Clark's Fork of the Columbia, over the trail traveled by Colonel O'Keefe, would debouch upon the Pend d'Oreille lake, and so head direct for Puget Sound, the projected terminus.

NOTE 9. Page 583—June 17, 1867.

Colonel Cornelius O'Keefe has somewhere in the foregoing narrative frankly avowed that he is neither a philanthropist nor a statesman. To this virtuous confession he has to add that statistics are his special abhorrence, and all scientific calculations, nomenclatures, and explanations, little better to him than so many wheel-ruts, mud-holes, rocks, turnpikes, patches of prickly-pear and dog-towns, from which, in his mild opinion, a course of light reading should in every instance cheerfully diverge. Consequently there have been no agricultural, mining, commercial, revenue, or any other class of arithmetical Returns encumbering in any grievous measure the narrative up to this; for which fact, it is hoped, the Arcadian simplicity of the country described, as well as the purely pictorial genius of the writer, will satisfactorily account.

Nevertheless, did the Colonel desire to be considered a grave authority on such matters, he might, thus

far at all events, have ridden a very demonstrative horse, covering him all over with figures and tabular statements that would have done much in the usual current of public opinion to establish for the rider a reputation for practical erudition, while they would undoubtedly have stirred to its sleepiest depths the heart of this Golden Age.

Somehow or other—though at any point in the ramble just brought to a close it would have been shockingly out of place—he might have flung in the fact that Grasshopper Creek, on which the ancient town of Bannock bows its denuded head, has now for four years yielded not less than \$3,500,000 in gold; that Alder Gulch, in which Virginia City is solidly interred and robustly thrives, has yielded up to this, since the winter of 1862, close upon \$40,000,000 in gold; that Confederate Gulch, from which Diamond City corruscates and blazes, has yielded, these last two years, from \$7,500,000 to \$8,000,000 likewise in gold; that the Copperopolis lodes, in the visionary County of Vivion assay 50 per cent. of pure copper to the ton of rock, and are held at the value of \$400 a foot; that Last Chance Gulch, along which the town of Helena spreads itself with all the brilliant pretensions and bustling boldness of a metropolis in perspective, has, since the winter of 1864, yielded fully as much as \$20,000,000 from its yellow sands; that the silver mines of Argenta, on Rattlesnake Creek, have produced, under the masterly management of Professor Steitz, of St. Louis, in four weeks' running, \$28,400; that altogether up to this date Montana has realized over \$90,000,000 from her mineral resources; while at the same time her agricultural resources, developed by hundreds of vigorous and persistent farmers—as Missoula County as well as the valleys of the Jefferson and the Gallatin most bountifully demonstrate—have well-nigh rendered the Territory independent of St. Louis, Salt Lake City, and every other foreign market in all the necessaries and essential commodities of life.

This—to say nothing of the thirty or forty steamboats that have reached Fort Benton from Omaha, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Pittsburg even each of the last two seasons, and the miles upon miles of trains that annually surfeit the Territory with the multifarious merchandise of the East—this, however, would have been an ostentation of that heavy description of knowledge from which the delicate organization and poetical temperament of the Colonel irreconcilably recoils; and which, after all, had better be relinquished to the powerfully-digestive compilers of information for the Treasury and other Departments at Washington for the stimulation of the world of Gradgrinds that circulates about them to be vivified and warmed.

EIGHT CASTLES IN SPAIN.

CASTLE VI.—UNCLE JOHN.

ALTHOUGH only a Government clerk, with a salary which would bear a considerable increase without even then making me proud and ostentatious, I yet feel rich in many things wherein men better paid than I are poor. With them, however, I would not exchange desks if it were necessary also to exchange individualities. Greenbacks, though of the largest denomination, could not outweigh the handful of orange blossoms or violets, the perfume of which carries me back to the sunny days of youth, where I meet once more in castles whereon the sun ever shines the fair Azelia and the sainted Alice.

I doubt whether the Collector of the Port himself owns as many fine castles in Spain as I do. His couch of late, I know, has not been one composed altogether of roses—a good many thorns have been mingled with it; and it may be, as a compensation for the trials which have been his, that in his leisure moments—though, come to think, I do not imagine he has recently seen many such moments—he may have erected a gorgeous palace or two in Spain, at the

doors of which no investigating committee ever comes, or applicants for office seek to enter, where his dogs bark, and Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart content themselves with merry gambols in the court-yard of the palace. Its eastern windows doubtless command fine views of the Catskills, and the clear waters of the Po-pacton, well filled with trout, winds southward through its grounds. I would not, however, even under these favoring circumstances, care to change places with the Collector. I would not assume his duties and responsibilities, his annoyances and trials, for all the money in the Treasury of the United States.

Uncle John, who is quite modest in regard to his clerical abilities, said when he heard me make the above remark, that though he did not feel himself to be equal to sustaining the position of Collector of the Port for a lengthened period, yet he would be willing to accept the office on the conditions I named for one day.

"You would not be able, Uncle John," I said, "to endure it even for that time. You would be making too much money, Uncle John, and the newspapers throughout the country would so attack you for it that their slanders would break your heart; and then how, I would like to know, Uncle John, would the work in this office go on without you? Moreover, Uncle John, not contented with knowing that the press abused and misrepresented you in every possible way, some of your enemies—you would have them by the hundreds then, Uncle John, though you may not have one now—would cut these articles from the papers and send them to your wife and children, so that they might learn that you, the kind husband and indulgent father, whom they had loved and respected for so many years, was after all little better than a swindler and thief."

Uncle John was quite startled at this view of the case, and said that doubtless it would be so; and he hoped, looking timidly at me over his spectacles, as if he feared such a thing might come to pass, that I would not mention his remark to any one outside of the office!

"Certainly, Uncle John," I replied; "and I think that you now will agree with me in declaring that you would not care to hold an important official position for all the money in the Treasury."

To this Uncle John, much relieved, assented.

"Few men who have much wealth, Uncle John," I said, "are apt to own many Spanish castles, or possess any amount of property in Utopia. The largest proprietors in those regions never have any trouble in collecting the interest on their bonds and mortgages, since there is none to collect. Every one owns his own castles, and only he or his dearest friends occupy them. The more houses one owns on Fifth Avenue the less prospect one has of being the proprietor of a Spanish castle."

"Pray," asked Uncle John, "of how many Spanish castles are you the owner?"

"I have not," I replied, "the slightest idea,

though the number must be very great, for I have been investing in that kind of property ever since I was a lad."

"It is a little curious," said Uncle John, "that I possess no castles in Spain."

"It would be, certainly," I said, "if it were so; but it is a singular circumstance that a man may live to be as old as you are, and yet never discover the fact that he has vast possessions in the West, containing the most magnificent of castles, and peopled with the fairest visions of his boyhood."

Thereupon Uncle John, taking off his spectacles, rubbed them with his red silk handkerchief, and then, with a thoughtful look upon his face, asked me if I had ever encountered in Utopia a young woman named Minerva?

"Minerva!" I echoed, "Minerva! I think I have; a fair young person, isn't she, about nineteen years of age I should judge; with light hair and blue eyes, and dressed in a plain, though neat calico gown, and having a low, soft voice?"

"Yes!" exclaimed Uncle John, his eyes brightening, and a tinge of color coming to his faded cheeks. "Yes, that is her portrait as she looked the last time I saw her; but that is many years ago, and," sighing, "I lost sight of her somehow after I came to the city, and had almost forgotten, indeed, that she ever lived. She was my sweet-heart when I was a young man; but, after I came here, she moved out West somewhere with her parents, and so we drifted very far apart, and never, never met again!"

"Uncle John," I said, taking his hand, "she lives in one of the most beautiful castles in Spain, and, if I am not greatly mistaken, the title deeds of it are in your name."

Uncle John squeezed my hand responsively, and said he hoped it was so. "Indeed," he added, "I think that there can be no doubt of it. When I lost my fortune years ago some one—I have forgotten who—told me, I remember, that I might just as well have invested my money in Spanish castles as in what I had. I should not be at all surprised now if, unbeknown to me, some portion of my funds was at that time appropriated to the purchase of Spanish estates."

"You may rest assured, Uncle John," I said, "that it was. And now," I added, "as you and I are Spanish proprietors I will, some fine day, when the sky is blue, the clouds fleecy, and the breeze blows softly to the west, accompany you to that fair castle, where Minerva in all her youth and simplicity presides."

Uncle John thought, however, that, as this was to be their first meeting in many years, it would be as well for me not to be present, and suggested that I stop to see Musidora. And I, assenting, Uncle John, with a brisker step than I had ever known him to employ, and his face smoothed of sundry wrinkles, went back, humming an olden melody and cheery as a cricket, to his desk.

CASTLE VII.—MY LOST ALICE.

One of my finest castles in Spain is without a mistress. She who was to have presided over it has been dead these many years. Only her portrait hangs upon its walls. It represents a fair maiden of sixteen summers, with blue eyes, hair, "brown in the shadow, gold in the sun," falling in ringlets about her rounded throat and neck, lips just parted in a smile, clad in a simple white robe, and with only a blue ribbon as ornament, with flowing ends, tied around her waist. She is stooping down, half-kneeling, on a green bank in the woods, plucking violets; a bunch of which she carries in one hand, while with the other she parts the grasses and leaves at her feet seeking for more.

This is Alice as she was when my boyish eyes first looked upon her; the darling of my youth for two short years, and ever since a sweet and precious memory. How much I loved her in those days my heart refuses to tell. How much she loved me, the few letters I received after she went to her home amidst the mountains to die fondly attest. These letters, which I keep in a secret drawer of my desk and bring forth on the anniversaries of our meeting, her birthday, and her death, are more precious to me than the diamonds of Musidora, or the pearls of the fair Azelia. They are tied together with a blue ribbon, and in one of them a few withered violets, faded and scentless, which she gave me at our first meeting, are preserved. Those flowers, in their silence, speak even more eloquently to me of Alice than the letters themselves.

"A summer, a winter, and a spring went by after we met, bringing new graces to her, and making my love deeper and stronger. The perfume of innumerable violets, growing upon sunny hill-sides and in hidden nooks in the valleys, floated on the air, and hovered about the path along which Alice walked.

"Then the roses came, and blushed, and faded, and were scattered on the ground at her feet, and the lilies were broken on their stems by the first blasts of autumn when Alice, drooping and weary, sought her mountain home.

"Something, she knew not what, she wrote me, a mere shadow which would doubtless vanish before the sunshine of spring, had fallen across her path. She had taken cold, a slight cough, which had hung about her for several weeks, troubled her more than she cared to confess.

"Afterward: Her physician prescribed rest, and, when the March winds came, a milder climate. It was nothing, though, to be alarmed about, and she thought a trip to the Bermudas would be a pleasant change.

"Later: 'I can not deceive myself or you any longer. I am going to leave you, and neither medicine nor travel will benefit me. I know that I am dying, and all that I ask is that you will be with me at that hour. In truth I desire, more than words can tell, to see you once again.'

"For weeks I sat by her bedside, watching the breath of life as it fluttered like a caged dove within her breast. And one morning, when the snows had melted from off the neighboring hill-sides, and the first violets of spring had raised their modest heads above the mould, Alice, bursting the trammels of affection which held her to earth, passed, without a sigh, from life, leaving behind her crushed hearts to mourn over her early departure.

"The sod has long been green on the grave where Alice sleeps, and the violets for many springs have shed their perfume above her bed. Her shapely form has mouldered into dust, her voice is stilled forever, and her past is swallowed up in eternity. But in my heart she still retains her place, and as I unfold, one by one, those long-treasured letters, and read them with tear-dimmed eyes, my life goes back to the day when I stood before and told her that I loved her.

"'Oh, Alice!' I exclaim, with a tremulous voice, and dimmed eyes, as I gaze on them, 'why was it that my most precious hopes should have come to naught! Why was it that you, the good angel of my youthful days, should have been called away from earth, leaving me, for many years, to guide along the bark of life through the dangerous currents and whirlpools that attracted it from its proper course! With you, Alice, seated at the prow, to encourage and cheer me, I should not, as many times I did, have grounded my hapless bark on the shoals, or suffered it to be almost wrecked amidst the breakers which roared around it. The glad haven, which was reached at last, and where my vessel has long been safely moored, protected from the winds and waves, was not dreamed of by either you or I, when, in those spring days of life, we hoped to sail together down the tide of time.'

"Just when its sails began to fill, and the gay pennon at its peak to wave in the rising breeze, a deadly calm arose, and a black cloud came up and settled on the scene. Then the spring-tide went out, the flood became an ebb, and my bark lay still in the sluggish waters, and finally stranded upon the shore. Time went by, mildewing its sails, rotting its cordage, and opening its seams to the sun and air. Its keel was broken and its bottom fouled with shell-fish and sea-weeds.

"When at last the waters rose, and my bark floated again in the current, it was almost a wreck and a ruin. Its rudder, rusted in its bolts, failed to obey the bidding of its helmsman. The wind carried it whither it listed; the tides, as they came and went, drifted it hither and thither; and, under the influence even of the growing or waning moon, it yawed here and there from its forward course.

"No wonder then that when, years afterward, she, who is now my all in all, found the bark I sailed, and into which I carried her (ready to go where I went, and prepared to share with me alike the sunshine and the storm), an almost unseaworthy and trustless vessel."

"But how then," asked Uncle John, interrupting me, "does it come that she is registered as an A 1 clipper-rigged bark?"

"Uncle John," I replied, "you may not be aware that repairs will sometimes make these vessels as good as new, if not better; and, besides, it is not clear to me but that you are thinking of another vessel—your own, perhaps, the "good Maria," which for so many years has been your pride and comfort."

Uncle John said it might be so, but that really he never knew he owned a vessel, though the name was familiar to him, as Maria chanced to be the name of his wife.

"It is no wonder," I repeated, resuming my talk, "that she whom I asked to accompany me should have hesitated about setting forth; though finally, such was her confidence in my good seamanship, that she put aside all scruples, and set out on a voyage which I had contemplated making with another more than a dozen years before. Perhaps our bark encountered fewer head-winds, and floated on the top of stronger and more favorable currents than it would have done had it weighed anchor in the olden time. I know that it was better ballasted, that a firmer hand was at its helm, and that the channel through which it sailed was broader and deeper, and the route more clearly laid down on the chart than it could have been if I had sailed out in the early dawn, instead of waiting, as I did, until the morning sun had risen in the heavens.

"The further I sailed the smoother grew the waters, the more favorable the breeze, and the faster flew the bark. The trail it left behind sparkled more and more, and before it the sun by day and the moon by night made a luminous path across the waves through which the vessel plowed—reaching at last that long-looked-for harbor, where, furling its sails, it cast anchor within the Bay of Utopia."

CASTLE VIII.—UTOPIA FOUND.

I left the granite building in Wall Street the other afternoon, just as Trinity's clock struck the hour of three, more wearied and jaded than I had been for months before. All the afternoon I had been listening, leaning my elbows on the desk, and gazing through the window opening toward the west, to the strains of a hand organ, played by a swarthy Italian, in the street below. "Love not," and "Home, sweet home," seemed to be the organ's stock of tunes, and these were repeated over and over again. Somehow it seemed to me, as I followed the music of the first-named melody, that it had something to do with my Spanish castles and their inmates. I almost saw these splendid structures crumbling into dust, and the fair women who inhabited them going forth disconsolately to seek other homes and other lovers. On the other hand, when "Home, sweet home" was played, it appeared as if my own small cottage grew more beautiful, and that the wood-bines and roses wrapped it with their loving

tendrils more closely from base to roof. Within it Ruth, surrounded by our little flock, presided with increased grace and dignity. All about was joyous and peaceful. The sun shone brightly, the air was balmy, and the sky without a cloud.

How long I was engaged in these dreamings I can not tell, but I know that when Uncle John came over to my desk to compare certain accounts, the examination of which, unfortunately, I had forgotten all about, he had to touch me on the shoulder twice before he could arouse my attention. I asked him immediately if he liked music.

"Ah," he said, "I perceive that you have been traveling again; you have been visiting your Spanish estates. Pray tell me," and his countenance assumed a dreamy look, such as I had never before seen on it, "did you meet with or hear of Minerva?"

"I don't think," I replied, "at least I am not certain, that I have been to Spain. It rather seems to me that I have been engaged in visiting property nearer home. But you have not told me yet whether you like music, and if you heard those sweet airs with which an itinerant musical spirit—a troubadour or minnesinger he would have been called in the olden time—favored us during the long hours of the afternoon?"

The excellent Uncle John replied, that however much he might like music—and in the days of his youth he used to think Minerva had a fine voice, and of later years his wife and daughters of a Sunday evening were accustomed to sing a hymn together, often it was Dr. Muhlenberg's "I would not live away," which he greatly admired—he did not care to have it come from a street organ; and that even "Yankee Doodle," if played everlastingly, might, before being finished, get to be slightly wearisome, and confuse, while engaged in the addition of figures, the best regulated and most mathematical mind. As for troubadours and minnesingers, as I called them, he did not know much concerning them.

When I asked the descendant of the poet who wrote "Gather ye rose-buds as ye may," whether he liked music, he nodded his head, but did not speak; and I fancied that somehow these organ-airs had set him to dreaming, as they had me, of other days and other scenes, as well as of those of the present. I thought, too, as I noticed him gazing on the bunch of wilted violets that lay on his desk, that he repeated to himself these lines of his sweet-tongued ancestor:

"We have short time to stay as you;
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or any thing.
We die,
As your hours do; and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again."

There is about this descendant of the Anacreontic poet, with his appreciation of wine, women, and flowers, something that leads me to think he holds large estates in Spain, where choicest vineyards flourish, queenliest ladies hold imperial court, and the most fragrant of flowers are ever in bloom.

When I passed out into the dust of Wall Street, with its din and turmoil and excitement; its fierce Gogs and Magogs of traffic ever fighting each other, and reaching Trinity, crept under the shadow of the cross, and entered the sacred precincts of the church, it seemed to me as if I were about to enter a new era in my life. The boy choristers were chanting the *Cantate Domino*: "Oh, sing unto the Lord a new song!" and immediately there came over my spirit a contentment better than wealth, a joy purer than earth can yield.

It was not, however, until I entered my cottage-home that I understood what all this meant. For these many years had I been seeking throughout the length and breadth of my Spanish estates, visiting every castle I possessed, making long voyages to El Dorado, the land of Arcadie, and Utopia, looking for the San Greal of Happiness. Musidora did not possess it, if Azelia held it it was not for me; and while Alice was lifting it to my lips it was snatched away, and I knew not where to find it.

Sometimes, when I had gone home, weary and dejected, and found Ruth, with a smile and a loving word, awaiting my coming, it had occurred to me that she might know where this jeweled cup of happiness was kept. With a perverseness, however, which can only be accounted for on the ground that we are too apt to overlook that which is nearest and dearest to us, and go afar-off in search of those treasures which lie around us, I neglected to question Ruth concerning it. Moreover, perhaps, I felt that it was a thing of such a nature that unless it came unsought and unasked for—unless it rose up before me, as plainly to be seen as was the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night to the children of Israel, it could not be attained.

So when, in that sweet May afternoon, as I approached my house, and saw Ruth, with our children clustering around her, standing at the garden gate, embowered by early roses, I could see, while still far off, that she held in her hand that San Greal for which so long I had vainly been seeking.

The loves of our youth may be fair and beautiful; but, after all, they are little more than sweet flowers that fade and wither; and though their perfume may linger in our hearts for years, it is as evanescent and unreliable as the flying clouds of spring-time.

As I came near to her a sweet savor, not so overpowering as the perfume of the orange blossom, nor yet so delicate as the scent of the violet, greeted me. It arose from a lowly plant which grew about my door-step, and is significant of domestic virtues: it is the sage. Its fragrance permeates my dwelling, and the vir-

tues it represents shine forth in the actions of my wife and children.

When I said to Ruth, as we gathered that night around the evening lamp, that I had succeeded in finding the San Greal for which for so many years I had been searching, and that the draught I had quaffed from it had enabled me to enter that Utopia which, in the days of my youth I had discerned afar, and yet until now had never succeeded in reaching, she asked—while a happy smile illumined her countenance—in which of my castles in Spain had I found it? Had Musidora treasured it among her diamonds; or Azelia hidden it beneath wreaths of orange flowers; or Alice buried it under a handful of violets?

"No," I answered; "none of these have had the keeping of it. In a spot closer at hand than are my Spanish castles did I find it; and one far dearer to me than are those olden loves carried it unsullied in her bosom. Here, my dear, in this humble cottage, which you have made beautiful by your domestic virtues, did I find it, and from your pure hands was it received by me. After all, Ruth, I find that the noblest castles of man are built on the foundations of home, his fairest mistress is his wife, and his greatest treasures are his children. I feel that if I should search the wide world over, or should in dreams and reveries visit those wonderful Western estates where airy castles are erected and ideal beauties dwell; or, upon the wings of memory, should go back to the morning of life, with its vanished loves, I should fail to find so blissful a place as home, or such loving hearts as those which now surround me. Yes, Ruth, with you seated beside me, clasping my hand, and the little ones reading or playing around me, I am satisfied that no happier lot could be given me, and that my lines could not have fallen in pleasanter places."

THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE.

EVERY body knows that the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe "had so many Children she didn't know what to do;" but this is not the most peculiar feature of her case. All these children were girls. Every year the Old Woman, who was never young, added to their number. Imagine the clamor of all these feminine tongues! Imagine the portioning out of that bread and broth which, as Mother Goose hints, was not sufficient in the beginning. If there had been sons these could have stirred for themselves; but girls! the Old Woman fell into such perplexity that she went to Mr. Wiseman and asked his advice.

"What shall I do with my girls?" asked the Old Woman.

"Marry them! hunt husbands for them! Set the girls at making snares and man-traps," answered Mr. Wiseman.

"Snares and man-traps!" echoed the Old Woman, reddening and ruffling.

"Good little traps! virtuous snares!" explained Mr. Wiseman, soothingly.

The Old Woman went home and set all her girls at making good little traps and snares; but sometimes these traps were sprung, or the husband died, or ran away after he was caught, and in all these cases the bereaved huntresses were sure to come wretchedly back to the Old Woman in the Shoe. Nor was this all! they brought their children with them.

Between these returns and the new arrivals it was with the Old Woman as with Charity—where she sent out one six came back.

"What can I do?" she asked Mr. Wiseman again. "There never was such an unlucky Old Woman! How can I rid myself finally of my girls unless I could contract for a lot of perfect and immortal husbands?"

Mr. Wiseman put on his spectacles and took down his books. He looked in the Dictionaries, in the Lives of Celebrated Women, in the Laws and Treatises concerning Women, and in History; but in none of them were women to be found without legal guardians or male relatives who were bound for their support.

"Madam," observed Mr. Wiseman, "there is nothing else to be done for them. It is the destiny of woman to be provided for, and she always fulfills that destiny. She is a lovely, clinging plant that can flourish only in the privacy of home. All the Authorities say so."

"There are a large number of my clinging plants," answered the Old Woman, "that have nothing to cling to and no home to flourish in; and if Fate has really contracted to provide homes and husbands for all women, all I can say is that she goes back on her bargain with a great many of my girls, as you can see for yourself if you will come home to my Shoe."

"Thank you; but I think we had better say nothing more about it," said Mr. Wiseman, uneasily.

"But we must say something more about it!" shrieked the Old Woman. "Every year there are more girls, but there is no more broth."

"Such language is unwomanly," retorted Mr. Wiseman, "and a direct flying in the face of Providence!" and he shut his door.

The Old Woman picked up her crutch and trudged back to the Shoe.

"My dears," she said, with a sigh, "there is nothing for you but to go on hunting husbands."

"In that case," cried the Elder Sister, who had a long tongue, a short temper, and a prodigious spirit, "those may stay in the Shoe who like. I am going to seek my fortune."

And as all heroines in search of a fortune go to Court, she took the road thither also. But, as her evil star had decreed, she met Puck on the road. This is "that shrewd and knavish sprite called Robin-Goodfellow;" but he has adapted himself to the nineteenth century. He wears a wig over his curls; he has spectacles on his saucy nose; he has fixed a long beard on his round chin; he hides his wings under a sad-colored gown; he speaks not, except as by

argument, and inclines to nothing that can not be demonstrated. In a word, he is a ten-times madder and more riotous elf than of old. But to suit with our practical age, he calls himself Theory, and does his follies with a reverend aspect and by way of reason. Seeing now in the Elder Sister as fit a subject for his handling as any since the days of Helen and Hermia, he presented himself before her.

"Who are you?" asked the Eldest Sister.

"One who knows," returns Puck, solemnly.

"Knows what?"

"That you will never get what you seek till you wear the Lord-High-Fiddlesticks's best pair of breeches."

"And where are they to be had?" asked the Sister with interest.

"I will show you the way," said Puck, offering her his arm.

In this manner they came to the Lord-High-Fiddlesticks's palace, where Puck knocked a thundering double knock.

"What do you want?" asked a footman, after a while, peeping out at the queer-looking couple on the steps.

"The Lord-High-Fiddlesticks's best breeches," answered the Sister, promptly.

The footman began to laugh so loud that the other servants came to inquire what he was laughing at.

"Why, here is a couple of scarecrows as wants the Lord-High-Fiddlesticks's best breeches," said the footman.

On hearing this the other servants exploded in such great he-hes and haw-haws that the Lord-High-Fiddlesticks sent out to know what was the matter. A footman went in to rehearse the affair, and my Lord-High-Fiddlesticks and his family roared in concert. But an hour or two after, when people were tired of laughing, somebody looked out, and spied the Eldest Sister and Puck still on the steps.

"Dear me, this will never do," puffed the Lord-High-Fiddlesticks, who was a nervous man. "Tell them to get out."

"Get out!" cried half a dozen footmen, obediently. But Puck and the Eldest Sister never budged.

"My Lord," declared the footman, going back, "they won't go."

"Turn them out, then!" commanded My Lord, in a fine passion. "Turn them out, I say!"

"What is the matter? What is it all about?" asked the crowd, which by this time had been attracted by these unusual proceedings.

"Gentlemen," said Puck, "this lady," pointing to the Sister, "has been robbed of her just rights. The fiction, always carefully promulgated by the Lord-High-Fiddlesticks and his predecessors, that no woman should name much less wear the breeches, which are the insignia of his office and his privileges, is a fiction, gentlemen, which covers a hideous wrong—a wrong done to this lady: the usurpation of her right, incontestably as good as his, to wear the breech-

es. In her name I claim the privileges which, from time immemorial, have belonged to these breeches; and if you ask, Why has she a right, and what good will they do her? I answer, Why has she *not* a right, and what harm will they do her? More than that, I declare that we mean to defend our rights as well as assert them. If we are driven away we mean to come back; and no matter how often we are told that this lady will not get the breeches, I say that she *will*—as you, gentlemen, will see for yourselves if you wait long enough.”

Having pronounced this oration with a face of the most immovable gravity, Puck turned himself about and pounded again vigorously on the Lord-High-Fiddlesticks's door.

The Lord-High-Fiddlesticks, who had not lost a word of this speech from his upper window, began to shake in his shoes, and sent to the Sister privately to inquire if she would be satisfied with an *old* pair of breeches.

“The best or nothing,” returned the Sister, promptly.

The Lord-High-Fiddlesticks was in a frightful perplexity. He couldn't—he wouldn't—give the woman his breeches; and Puck and the Eldest Sister would not leave the Lord-High-Fiddlesticks. They made speeches about him to the crowd. They knocked continual and tremendous raps on his door. When My Lord tried to steal out unobserved they were too smart for him, and headed him off. Wherever he went they went too. With sober face but wicked glee Puck sounded a gong or beat a big drum, while the Elder Sister harangued concerning My Lord's iniquities to his face—or rather to his back. They made constant darts and snaps at the breeches; they went into all the houses and preached to the women about the breeches.

Imagine My Lord High-Fiddlesticks with a confirmed habit of holding tight by his waistband, and in constant terror—not of his life but for his breeches. Imagine the wrath of the court and towns-folk who could get no rest for the gong-sounding, drum-beating, and haranguing; and the discomfort of the sober, substantial citizens, who rightly felt that the Lord-High-Fiddlesticks's breeches were in no more danger than their own.

Meantime matters in the Shoe grew worse from day to day; and as it became evident that the Eldest Sister did not mean to return the Working Sisters took their children by the hand and their sick people on their backs and went out to find their fortune. And setting about it in good old-fashioned style they came to a prodigious castle, from which issued an appalling uproar of shrieks, snorts, whistles, wheels, grinding, turning, whizzing, and trampling. In the door sat a Giant with so many hands and heads that they can not be counted; and, as you may conclude, such a various appearance that it would be useless to attempt to describe him. A very ill-looking monster he was, by all accounts. But they could not go back. The

river was before them and night was closing in. So they asked him for food and lodging.

“You can come in if you like,” he answered, surlily; “and if you choose to work you can get bread and a bed; if not, stay out. There are plenty who will come.”

The Sisters looked at each other; but, as I said, they could not go back, and the river was before them. So they went into the Giant's castle, and the Giant set them all at work on a monstrous tread-mill. They sewed, they copied, they burnished, they tended wheels, they wove, they pasted, they counted: time would fail me to tell of half the things that they did, but it was all done on the tread-mill.

Word went back to the Shoe that the Working Sisters had found a shelter with the Giant, and hundreds more came trooping after. There was not room enough for the women to stand, or work enough for them to do. The Giant drove them to their work as soon as it was light, and often kept them at it till midnight. If he would have crunched them down at once in the sturdy, old-time way of Polyphemus, and other gentlemen of his persuasion, he would have done them a kindness; but he picked them day by day. There was blood on their work and nerves and tissues, and years of life daily gobbled by the Giant as they stumbled hopelessly forward on the tread-mill; the elder women leading, the children following, as fast as their little feet would carry them.

The noise of their groaning was so great that it came to the ears of the Younger Sisters, who were still in the Shoe.

“Mother,” said they to the Old Woman, “we can not sleep of nights for the groans of our Sisters in the Giant's tread-mill. We must go and seek our fortune.”

“Alack! my children,” replied the Old Woman, “have any of your Sisters found their fortune? Go to bed and stuff the blankets in your ears.”

The Younger Sisters did as they were bid, but the noise of the groaning was so loud that they could not sleep a wink; and, rising softly, they slipped out of the Shoe before any body was awake, and started off in search of their fortune. Like their Eldest Sister, they took the road to Court; but just as they entered the town they met the Lord-High-Fiddlesticks and his chief Spectacle-Holder.

The Sisters, who were at a stand-still, came up to My Lord to ask the way; but “My Lord,” cried the Chief Spectacle-Holder, who was neither more nor less than Puck in a new gown and wig, “here are more women coming after your best breeches!” for there was what is called a family-resemblance between the Eldest and the Younger Sisters.

“My breeches!” exclaimed the Lord-High-Fiddlesticks, in a panic, before the Younger Sisters could open their mouths; “get out, you hussies! get out, I say! My breeches, indeed!” and, seeing the Sisters still determined to speak with him, he took to his heels and ran

for his life, holding fast to the breeches by the way.

"Stop!" cried the Sisters, who thought he was mad.

"What is the matter now?" shouted every body, rushing to the doors and windows.

"Ladies!" cried Puck, facing about, "I wonder at you! chasing the Lord-High-Fiddlesticks out of his breath for his breeches! For shame!"

"For shame!" echoed every body.

"It is not true," answered the Sisters; "we only wanted to ask our way."

"Oh, we know better than that!" answered the crowd. "We have seen you before. You have gongs in your pockets."

"And you go about beating on drums," said Puck. "We know your tricks."

Here arose such a hubbub of indignation that Mr. Wiseman popped his head out of his window to see what was the matter.

"Mr. Wiseman!" exclaimed the Younger Sisters all together, "pray help us. We came to find our fortune; but these people have all gone mad."

"A true woman," answered Mr. Wiseman, disapprovingly, "would not be here with a mob about her, but would wait at home for her fortune."

"There is not enough to eat at home," answered the Sisters.

"A woman's fortune is in her husband," pursued Mr. Wiseman.

"But, Mr. Wiseman, what are we to do if we have no husbands, or have lost them?"

"Even if you could get My Lord's breeches," he insisted, "you would only be ridiculous in them."

"As you are now, with your gongs and drums," threw in Puck.

"Dear Mr. Wiseman," cried the Sisters, "we do not want the breeches; only to earn our bread."

"Then you should go to the Giant's treadmill," said Mr. Wiseman.

"There is not room enough now; besides we have heard the groans of our Sisters. We are willing to work for bread; but the Giant takes blood and nerves and life."

"The Giant's tread-mill has been in operation a great many years, and when you speak in that way, you attack a venerable institution which should be respected. You should not come here and look out for yourselves. Women are made weak that men may look out for them."

"But, Mr. Wiseman," answered the Sisters, with tears in their eyes, "men have not looked out for us, but left us at home to starve; and when we try to help ourselves they flout us as you do, and insist that we want breeches."

"Ladies! ladies!" cried Mr. Wiseman, "it is for men to go rambling about the country, and to have opinions. The opinion of the old Greeks was, that looms, not public meetings, are women's business. If you are uncomfort-

able you should make no noise about it. Women are like little boys; they should be seen, and not heard."

"Why?" asked the Sisters.

"Woman," cried Mr. Wiseman, "is lovely when she is silent. Woman demanding what to do, and saying that she has no bread-and-butter is simply hideous!" And he shut the window.

"There," said Puck, dancing off, "I told you you would get no breeches!"

On which the crowd set up such a hurrah that the Sisters were frightened nearly out of their wits, and ran till they came to a great castle with high arched gate and handsome walks about it. In the entrance sat a Giant peacefully smoking a pipe, but as soon as he saw the Sisters he sprang up with a howl of terror and slammed the gate under their very noses.

"What is that for?" asked the Sisters.

"Don't you know that women never come here," cried the Giant, peeping at them over the gate, "and that if you stay here we could not admire you?"

"We don't care," answered the Sisters, "for admiration as much as we do for bread-and-butter."

The Giant went into his lodge; but after a time popped his head over the gate again, and said:

"Aren't you gone yet? You had better go away—you had really! You make us so much trouble. The other day one of your sort slipped into our English tower through a little back way called the Apothecaries' Gate, and we were obliged to pull that gate down and rebuild it, so that no more of you should slip in. You had better go!"

"We are *not* going," answered all the Sisters except the Youngest, who said, "I will go on to yonder forest. Perhaps I shall find our fortune there."

Now the forest of which she spoke was made up of reverend old trees whose mighty branches hardly let in the sun; and you may think how surprised was the Youngest Sister to find this hoary forest all in a giggle. Sly faces peeped at her from under the leaves; great Roots grinned at her; every Branch quivered with bitterness and whisperings; the Pines shook with laughter in every twig; and the Brook gurgled in such a meaning way that the Youngest Sister was filled with spite.

"Are you laughing at *me*?" she asked, sharply.

"Not at all," said the Brook. "I am laughing at the story of the foolish stream that set out for the river, a drop at a time, and dried up by the way."

"I see nothing in that," returned the Youngest Sister. But just then she heard a great buzzing, and looking around saw a huge Bumble-Bee lying on its back, and kicking in an ecstasy of fun. "And what are *you* laughing at?" asked the Youngest Sister.

"At those foolish bees," said the Bumble-Bee, "who bought their honey of the humming-birds. Having nothing else, each gave its legs, its wings, its pollen-basket, and its honey-pump; but when they had nothing more to give the humming-birds turned their backs on them, and the bees starved to death."

"There is nothing in that," answered the Youngest Sister, walking on very fast. But walk as fast as she could, she could not get away from the tittering and giggling that pursued her. Of a sudden she stopped with a chill down her back. She had discovered that the laughing was in her pocket.

"What can be in my pocket? and what shall I do now?" she asked herself in a fright; when, giving her pocket a shake, out tumbled a Primer, which the Old Woman in the Shoe had given her, but which she had quite forgotten. The book opened as it fell, and the Youngest Sister saw all the Letters of the Alphabet whispering together.

"More laughing!" she exclaimed, angrily; "and what are *you* laughing at, pray?"

"Only at a couple of silly little stories, answered the Letters, trying to sneak back to their places."

"Tell me the silly little stories," said the Youngest Sister; "then I shall know if they are worth laughing at."

"Once upon a time," commenced the Primer, "there was a Prince of Cham-Cham who was unlucky enough to offend a great enchanter; on which the enchanter, after the amiable fashion of his tribe, decreed that the Prince should never eat another dinner unless he went to the top of a certain high mountain for it. No Prince of Cham-Cham had ever climbed a mountain, and the Prince sent for all the wise men in his kingdom to advise what was to be done. The wise men came and shook their heads.

"This is a difficult problem," said they. "The ascent is too steep for a horse, and it is quite impossible that Your Majesty should go up on your own feet. It was never heard of since Cham-Cham was a kingdom that any Prince went any whither on his own feet; he was always carried. If Your Majesty should climb the mountain you would destroy the ideal of Our Prince."

"How then am I to get my dinner?" asked the Prince.

"We will go home to dinner," said they, "and invent a method of hoisting Your Majesty to the top."

"So the wise men went home to dinner; but before the invention was perfected the Prince had starved to death."

"I see nothing to laugh at in that," returned the Youngest Sister, yawning. "Let me hear your other story."

"Once upon a time," said the Primer, "there were six Poor Women, and this is what they did. Each woman spent two dollars a week; each woman bought her coal by the bucket, at the rate of eighteen or twenty dollars

a ton—scant measure, and coal almost all stone at that. Each woman bought at the corner grocery sour, black bread, at ten cents a loaf; a quarter of a pound of horrible black tea, as dear as it was bad; and a quart of the worst coal-oil in the world at the price of the best. It was not often that any of these women dared buy a poor bit of meat or a few potatoes. Whatever they did buy, it was still a poor article at the best rates. And to earn such a living these six women worked night and day, and every year grew poorer and weaker. But this is what they *might* have done: They might have agreed to buy together. There would have been then twelve dollars for the week. Eschewing the corner grocery they could buy, if they liked, a ton of good coal, giving each woman, when divided, more than double the quantity at half the cost; a pound and a half of fair tea at ninety cents; two bags of good flour (twenty-eight pound bags). For the next week's purchases say a barrel of potatoes, the pound and a half of tea, the flour as before, mutton enough to last them the week, seven pounds of sugar, and butter, or what else was most needed. Other women hearing in course of time of the better fare of these six would suppose, first, that the millennium had commenced in the corner groceries; but learning the truth, would bring their money and desire to be admitted into partnership. Growing stronger, the women could buy directly of the producers—"

"But what is all this tiresome stuff to me?" asked the Youngest Sister, breaking in impatiently.

"Why, nothing, truly," answered the Primer, sheepishly; "only we laughed to see how near these women were to finding their fortune."

The Youngest Sister shut the book and wandered on, till the forest thinned the way, so that she could see a castle through the trees. Her first thought was to be glad; her second, that the building wore a disagreeably-familiar look. No sooner had she said this to herself than she recognized it. She had come back to the Giant's tread-mill. Faintly outlined against the horizon she could see the maternal Shoe. Not to put too fine a point on it, she had been walking in a circle.

Not knowing what to do next, she stood till she saw some of the Working Sisters coming out of the gate.

"Where are you going?" asked the Youngest Sister.

"To town," they answered, "to buy bread. The Giant has just paid us our wages for the week."

"I will go with you," said the Youngest Sister.

So they went to town together—the Working Sisters weary and faint after the day on the Giant's tread-mill; the Youngest Sister weary and faint because she had found no fortune and had walked in a circle—walking like shadows in the bright town till they came to a dirty shop on the corner of a dark street. The Youngest

Sister rubbed her eyes and stared. Behind the counter sat the Giant, with all his faces and hands about him: lean faces, broad faces, pale faces, red faces—some smirking and some scowling, some speaking loud and some speaking low; and hands to match—wicked faces and greedy hands all of them.

The Sisters went in, one by one. Each woman bought a loaf of bad bread, a paper of worse tea, a can of worst oil, a bucket of stones called coal, and a half-bundle of poor wood, sold for a bundle. The Giant was sharp with them, and round with them, and cross with them, and snappish with them. He cheated them in weight, and he cheated them in quality. He sold them odds, ends, refuse, scrapings, shavings; sour things, spoiled things, bitter things, rotten things. He rated them soundly when they were in his debt—and charged for his odd and ends, his refuse and scrapings, the highest market-prices. And between the high prices here at the corner, and the low wages at the tread-mill, he had them all by a chain about the neck, to which every week added a new link.

The Youngest Sister stood at the door watching, tears in her eyes and rage in her heart. As she stood she felt the Primer bounce about in her pocket in a remarkable manner. Now this Primer was not a Willson's First Reader, as you may imagine, but a Primer which possessed the excellent faculty of telling you just what you needed to know.

The Youngest Sister opened the Primer, and this is what she read:

CO-OPERATIVE CATECHISM.

Q. Are a dozen men stronger than one?—A. Yes.

Q. Can ten dollars be used to better advantage than five?—A. Yes.

Q. Is it cheaper to buy in large quantities?—A. Yes.

Q. What are the Working Sisters like when they go singly and buy pennyworths?—A. The brook that went to the river drop by drop, and dried up by the way.

Q. Who are the Working Sisters like when they buy the refuse of the Giant's shop at the best market-prices, and run in debt for it?—A. The bees who bought their honey of the humming-birds, and paid for it with their wings and legs.

Q. What does Mr. Wiseman think of the Working Sisters' case?—A. That it is a Mysterious Dispensation, and the Problem of the Age, and that no doubt Somebody will find the remedy somewhere, at some future time.

Q. Who are the Working Sisters like while waiting for Somebody to find the remedy?—A. Like the Prince of Cham-Cham, who starved to death before they could invent a contrivance for hoisting him to the top of the mountain.

Q. When you wish to be sure that a thing will be done, what should you do?—A. Do it yourself.

Q. Can a man or woman make the fortune of another man or woman?—A. No.

Q. Who is it that will be sure of help?—A. Those who help themselves.

Q. Can all the charitable men and women in the world lift the class of Working Sisters into a comfortable life?—A. No.

Q. Who can help the Working Sisters?—A. The Working Sisters.

Q. How can this be done, when these women have no money and no time?—A. As the six Poor Women might have done.

Q. How many women are needed for a beginning?

—A. The first two who have honesty and common-sense, and can agree to buy together.

Q. Is this Primer hostile to the Giant of the corner shop?—A. Yes; because women who once co-operate in buying, as soon as they are strong enough will buy directly of the producers. The Giant's pockets will collapse, his heads will grow hungry, his fingers skinny, his trade small, and his profits smaller.

Q. What picture shall be at the beginning of this Primer when it grows a rich Primer and can afford to embellish itself?—A. The mill that is now operated by one of the Trades-Unions in London.

Q. How did this Trades-Union commence?—A. With a few mechanics and a few dollars.

Q. Is it probable that women can conduct extended financial operations?—A. This Primer, being of a sanguine turn, thinks that it is, as women have shown such capabilities in individual cases; but if not, there will always be men to help them.

Q. What shall the Youngest Sister do with this Primer?—A. Go straightway and publish it.

On reading this the Youngest Sister slipped the book into her pocket and started for the publishers; but the Primer managed to squeak out one more inquiry:

Q. When shall the first two or three Working Women, who eagerly wish for present relief, begin on the co-operative plan?—A. Now!

LOVE'S LOGIC.

SO Jack Leyden came down to Bramblewild with a hurt.

He had come home from abroad a year before, with the fame of a millionaire, and Florence Reresby had been the first to greet him, with strange, sweet smiles and subtle flatteries; but one day, having been shown into the library at Reresby Hall, and left to wait till Florence should return from her drive, an open pane of the conservatory permitted him to overhear this conversation:

"There, there, stay your hand, fair Flora; these will make a bouquet worthy the most exacting Prima Donna—if she only knew who selected them—"

"She wouldn't care a fig for them."

"By-the-way, have you heard of Leyden's misfortune?"

"Lost his millions"—so unconcernedly as to make Jack's heart palpitate with pleasure.

"We were speaking of him at the Club last night, and wondering how it would affect a certain Miss Reresby."

"What an honor! You might have told them that a certain Miss Reresby had no interest whatever in the ups and downs of Mr. Jack Leyden."

"Poor Jack, though?"

"Oh yes, poor enough, evidently," and here she laughed at her own wit, but not at all as Jack remembered to have heard her laugh before.

Then Jack picked up his hat and paused an instant to collect himself, took a turn or two of the room, and stepped into the conservatory. Florence was there, to be sure, in carriage dress, on tip-toe to reach a wide-blown rose; while Mr. Gregory fastened a carnation-pink in his button-hole, with some assistance from Lisette.

The somewhat sudden appearance of Mr. Jack Leyden made a change in the tableau. Lisette turned sharply and dropped the carnation-pink, the pupils of Mr. Gregory's brown eyes expanded, as if smitten by a thought of some magnitude, while Florence came down to earth amidst a shower of rifled rose-leaves.

"I come to bid you good-by, Miss Reresby," said Jack; "I am going down to Bramblewild for the summer."

"*Good-by?* And what becomes of our excursion to Katahdin, and our—our—"

"I think they must have been dreams—day-dreams—things impossible to realize."

"So be it," she answered, brushing to yellow dust the acacia-balls in her soft pink palms; "they might not have been just what we expected, after all: one can never predict the wind and the weather. I often console myself with the fancy that those pleasures which we hoped to realize and failed of are sweeter as failures than fulfillments."

"You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will, But the scent of the roses remains round it still."

Which means, perhaps, that one may become so used to pleasure as to lose its fine perfume. That isn't my danger."

"No one knows what snares Bramblewild affords. But, since it must be—good-by!" and she swept out after him, as indifferently as if it had been no other than Mr. Gregory himself.

"Speak of angels and you hear their wings. Do you suppose *he* could have heard any thing?" queried Lisette.

"That's just what I was wondering," answered Gregory.

And this was why Jack happened down at Bramblewild so unexpectedly. He chose to walk from the station to his aunt's door, and have his luggage follow after; he wanted to see if the sweet-scented night-air of Bramblewild preserved its old spell, could bid uprise the ghost of a happy boyhood; perhaps, too, he wished to see how the familiar places would look in the light of affliction.

There were no candles burning at Miss Leyden's; he remembered how his aunt loved to sit in the still moonlight, with her wood-fire slowly dropping into dull embers; and how, when younger, he had laughed at what he had been pleased to call her foolish sentimentality, and insisted, in his selfish way, upon lights being brought in. Now he could better understand. "She is alone to-night," he said to himself—"she will perhaps be glad to see me:" and he strode straight to her favorite parlor, stepped lightly across the floor, bent above a little figure musing there in the dim light, and waked her with a kiss on cheek and forehead.

The little person thus kissed forebore to cry "Thief!" She half rose in her seat, with a gesture of impatience. "You have perhaps made a mistake," said she; "I will speak to Miss Leyden."

But Miss Leyden did not wait to be called;

her well-trained ear, which long ago had listened for footsteps that never came, knew the light tread.

"My dear Jack," said she, compensating with her cordiality for Florence's coldness, as far as a mere aunt can do such a thing—"my dear Jack, I was just saying at the tea-table how delightful it would be if you should happen down; wasn't I, Elizabeth?"

"I can bear witness to that effect, certainly."

"Oh, Jack! this is Elizabeth; you remember Elizabeth?"

"I'm sure I should have remembered, if such a pleasure had been earlier experienced. How do you do, Elizabeth? I'm afraid you'll remember *me* with a vengeance."

"That's better than to be forgotten, isn't it?"

"Smallest favors gratefully received. Did you know, aunt, what a mistake I perpetrated?"

"Did you take Elizabeth for me? That's because there were no lights. Shall I ring for them?"

"Not on my account, thank you. There is something delightfully uncertain about this semi-daylight."

"So I should think, Jack, from your point of view. But Elizabeth and I like it; she looks into the future, maybe, and I—well, it's light enough for me to see my knitting at almost any time. I believe I could knit in the dark."

"I noticed as I came in that the honey-suckle we set is still alive," said Jack; "I'm glad of it, it's the pleasantest odor to come hovering about one—"

"Excepting heliotrope," Elizabeth interrupted.

"Excepting heliotrope," allowed Jack, musingly. He was thinking of a deep-colored sprig Florence had given him from her bouquet when he first knew her, and which he had been trying to make up his mind to burn; thinking how she hung over the flowers, her rare lips almost meeting them, her white hand fluttering among their sweets; how she had chosen and hesitated and yielded. The picture was all before him at that instant—the flickering eyelids, the arch brows, the half smile about the sweet mouth: thus she rose in her radiant loveliness, and what light there was seemed of her bringing.

"I sometimes fancy," continued Elizabeth, "that this intangible essence—here one moment and where the next?—which we interpret as the perfume of pink or rose or violet, is nothing less than the mode by which some spiritual being expresses itself to us."

"Fanciful but not botanical," objected Miss Leyden.

"Too supernatural by half," said Jack. "I would rather have it of a more material signification. For instance, sweet-brier always reminds me of Aunt Leyden; mignonnette makes me think of poor Syntax, as we used to call him at school—he always kept a bit of it in his Bible for a mark; violets suggest a little gipsy who cries them under my office-window; and

heliotrope—" He had forgotten that he was speaking; that it was necessary to finish the sentence.

"Well!" said Elizabeth, as he paused.

"Heliotrope," he went on, thinking aloud—a very inconvenient habit—"one believes to be in love when one—look! there's a fire-fly in the vine. In Italy it's a portent of trouble. I hope I didn't bring it."

"Nonsense, Jack; it's too early for them. I believe you are talking in your sleep. If you are tired there's your room in readiness; don't mind us."

"I imagine that it was only a spark from your cigar," explained Elizabeth—with which assurance Jack strolled to his room to spend half the night in the moon-lighted window-seat, repeating those words that had stung him; those and others, thinking in a barren, dismayed fashion of all that had passed between them; still thinking, thinking till the moon withdrew and left him in deeper shadow.

Thus Jack found himself domiciled at Bramblewild in right good earnest. He had come down to spend the summer there; he had told Florence as much, and he meant to keep his word at whatever cost. Meanwhile he was betrayed into conjecturing what sort of a summer it would be—what amusements beyond trouting and picnicking—and when the months had flown should he have discovered that life was worth living without Florence? He recalled all the great and good to whom love had proved unkind, but who had gone on with their lives pretty much the same, as far as he could see; to whom it had not given a mortal wound; who had pursued great ends, accomplished great heroisms, without that precious incitement; but among them all no lot seemed quite so bitter as his own. Either each had been strong enough to renounce his idol with one passion of pain, or had grown content to worship idly and at a distance; but as for him, he could neither renounce nor worship; he could not inflict on himself the keen agony nor the indolent content; he could only be miserable.

He interested himself, however, the following week in helping Elizabeth lay out her flower-garden, and was almost obliged to confess that hope and faith were not quite dead within him, so much pleasure he found in the certainty that the tiny seeds he let fall would reappear in leaf and blossom.

"Mossy stone-crop," said he; "we will have that for an edge to our grounds, a sort of stone-wall to keep trespassers at an admiring distance."

"And here's the live-for-ever, what shall we do with this?"

"We will mark the centre with your initials in live-for-ever to keep your memory green."

"That's not gallant; you shouldn't allow that my memory needed such a reminder—besides, I want a bed of heart's-ease in the centre."

"Heart-shaped? That would be appropri-

ate; and then your initials can hedge it about, to signify that the inclosure is yours."

"To keep off marauders again? You seem to be arranging a plan of fortifications instead of a flower-garden."

"Yes; you see this wicked Coxcomb might just straggle along here, and make as though

'He entered gay

Your heart at some noonday.'"

"But he belongs to the amaranth family, you know."

"But hope is deceitful"—a little dismally, Jack.

"I don't think so badly of her"—cheerfully, Elizabeth.

"You affect her society? I wonder of what you were thinking that night when I surprised you."

"How can I remember my thoughts so long? They all flew away like a flock of birds among which some boy has thrown a stone while they sat sunning themselves unsuspectingly."

"Complimentary in *your* turn. And I represent the stone, and not even a precious stone at that."

"How do you know? Ask Miss Leyden. See, I want the morning-glories and nasturtiums to climb together over this pretty frame. Won't the effect be gorgeous?"

"You should see the passion-flowers and the *espíritu santo* at—" At Reresby Hall he had been near saying.

"Oh yes; I saw a passion-flower at the Horticultural Fair, and I've been distracted for one ever since."

"Have you? Where's the mignonnette going? Shall she scatter herself at random, like all spicy things, or learn to spell her own name near yours?"

"It will be the sweetest name was ever spelled. I think I should like it so. And plant the Jacob's-ladder where it will seem to be leading up to the morning-glories. And my four-o'clocks mustn't be forgotten."

"Certainly not, when they came all the way from Mexico to tell us the time of day. It's a little wonderful how they kept the reckoning correct through the changes of latitude and longitude."

"And here's a whole sheaf of sweets," pursued Elizabeth—"sweet-pea, sweet-clover, sweet-alyssum—but there, we shall have to postpone our labors. I've caught a handful of rain-drops already."

"The English violets will be glad of them. It's a long time since I was out in a country shower."

"Are they very much different from city showers?"

"Every one has an umbrella in the city, a hack, or an awning. Here they're sun showers; I am thirsty for one. Let me get your water-proof and we can taste it at first hand."

"Oh, the dear sweet rain,
Oh, the rain on the pave,
How it clatters and it chatters
With a something sad refrain!"

sang Elizabeth, as Jack adjusted the cloak over her little shapely shoulders.

"The rain seems to freshen one's thoughts as well as the atmosphere," said Jack. "The last time I was caught in a shower—"

"But you were not caught in this; you walked into it with your eyes wide open. This path leads past Mr. Estes's grounds—don't you hear the fountain play? It puts one in mind of some delicious Aria, which, however, one never listened to elsewhere. It is like Miss Leyden's music-box, which always brings up delightful reminiscences of events that never occurred, if you can understand that."

"That is, you feel as if you had lived in a novel?"

"Yes, not as the heroine though. Sometimes, on very sultry evenings, I flit down here by myself, just to hear this fountain hum. One imagines it bewailing some loss in the sweetest fashion. It is a poem in a dead tongue."

"I shall not permit you the monopoly of coming here by yourself in future."

"There's a sort of moonlight romance about the place," Elizabeth went on; "it is solitary and still, except for the fountain, and there's something ghostly about that, you must know. It isn't the original fountain, the gossips say; you can see the other any day at the further end of the grounds, a weeping water-nymph, cracked and weather-beaten and garmented with eager vines, all her tears shed long ago. A great many generations past the lady-love of the owner of this place proved false—I don't know whether he was an Estes or not; the fountain had been their favorite resort: he had seen her beautiful face reflected in its basin, she had laved her white hands in its waters and fed the gold-fish that idled there. He could never endure its presence afterward: in the pauses of its fall he fancied he heard her voice warbling the love-lays of unhappy troubadours, and he gave orders that it should be filled up, and vowed that never till he had forgiven her should these waters greet the sun again. And so the fountain has been dry ever since; the nymph forgot to weep. But many years after, when he lay dying and thinking of his old love as he had once thought of her, suddenly his heart melted within him, and up from the garden came a sound of flowing water. 'The waters of the fountain have searched out the sun,' he cried, and dragged himself out under the sky and the blossoming lilacs; but the nymph still bent there in tearless sorrow, still the wild vines and scented dodders twisted themselves about the stricken form, enameled lizards slipped among the gaping fissures, great golden butterflies fluttered tremulously in and out of the net-work of twigs and leaves, gaunt spiders hung their webs across the brow like a mourning veil, and a bird built in the hollow of the marble hand. Yet groping its slow, secret way amidst nether darkness, toiling and feeding deep roots and sluggish seeds, wearing its passage over stony barriers, at last the pent-up stream had escaped from bondage

and was bubbling up quite at the other end of the grounds. And the story goes that the old man kissed the healing waters and died."

"Running water indeed!" laughed Jack; "I should be rather suspicious of such a fountain; it might resume its line of march any time, a sort of adventurer. But where did you hear the *conte*?—it sounds medieval and miraculous."

"Mr. Estes told it me when I was visiting there with papa; he told it much nicer than I, but he reduced it to matter of fact by sundry explanations. I pleased him immensely with a little sketch I made of the woeful nymph, bereft even of her tears, while the happy waters, gushing up in the distance, took somewhat the form of a white angel who beckoned."

"Did you give it to him?"

"He didn't ask for it."

"A sin of omission of which I shall not be found guilty. Will you give it to me?"

"Certainly, if you are in earnest."

"I'm very much in earnest. You are not aware, I see, that this legend is an heir-loom of ours, that Mr. Estes purchased the old Leyden estate of my father."

"Oh, why did you let me tell you an old story?"

"I wanted to see in what shape it would come out of the crucible of your thought—having struck a vein, how you would work it—I holding an interest in the lode."

"But that was not quite fair, I think. Had we not better turn our faces homeward now? Won't Miss Leyden be expecting us?"

"As you will, only the wind is in our faces in that direction."

"Well, but we've got to meet it sooner or later."

"Who knows? It may shift yet, if we keep our backs to it resolutely."

But even while he spoke it shifted to some purpose; the clouds which had been playing at mischief all the morning, now letting the sun out between ragged fringes of mist for the nonce, suddenly discharged themselves in a sheet of blinding rain, making great pools in the country road-side, and dripping in torrents from every sheltering bough. They had already returned to the neighborhood of Mr. Estes's estate, and were seeking protection under a venerable elm, when some one interrupted their small-talk thus:

"Miss Elizabeth, you have been rather more unfortunate than I. If you and Mr. Leyden will come in and share my library fire till the storm passes I shall not feel disposed to quarrel with my portion of this discomfort."

It was Mr. Estes himself, who had taken his hat quite off, and, in proffering his umbrella to Elizabeth, was left without any shield whatever between him and the elements, which regarded courtesy with no relenting.

It was a bright fire they found, blazing and sparkling all by itself, in a sort of merry melancholy, behind the tall brass fender of earlier days—pranking along the gilded tomes on the

book-shelves; touching up the bloom on faded portraits, dancing in the frosted silver and Bohemian glass spread for Mr. Estes's solitary repast.

"My table is set for two, you see," he said; "for though I am but one, a friend or so is apt to drop in, and then, too, I like to imagine that some other is expected. It is not good to be alone."

"One isn't obliged to be," returned Jack. "You can always go out into the highways and hedges and bid them to the feast."

"That seems to be just what Mr. Estes has done in our case," said Elizabeth.

"Yes," mused Mr. Estes, stirring the fire, and sending great showers of sparks up the broad chimney; "yes, there's always the lame, the blind, and the halt to be comforted. Miss Elizabeth, let me pour you a glass of this Cyprus wine to take the damp out of your bones. There's old Burgundy, if you prefer it, Leyden."

"If we lived in the days of Cleopatra I should believe it the fluid spirit of all precious gems," said Elizabeth, as Jack held the glass before him: "see how the light searches it, and reveals all its tints and tones!"

"It is the glass which I am admiring," said Jack; "it is as if the air itself had taken shape to keep the wine from spilling."

"Air incrustated with a dream of frost-work," suggested Elizabeth; "it must be Venetian?"

"The glass-works of Murano have the credit of it," answered Mr. Estes; "the Doges may have toasted their bride from it—Marino Faliero himself, for all we can tell."

"Among such a historic company may I dare drink to Elizabeth?" concluded Jack, draining the contents.

Mr. Estes smiled faintly. Perhaps his day was over. Perhaps one garden-scene lingered in his memory still—daylight dying out in pale gold and hazy purples beneath a throbbing star; the sleepy note of finch or thrush stirring the still air; a garden sweet with dew-damps and scents of secret herbs and close-shut bells, where he pledged to eyes that could not deceive, to lips that could not lie, to the white hand that could not hurt, and found it all vanity and woe. Mr. Estes was not a man of dreams and sentiments merely; whatever had come to him in the course of years, whatever promise of joy, whatever fulfillment of sorrow, had left him only cold and courteous. If Love had no need of him, he had no need of Love, may have been an article of his creed. One could live without it—that is, one could breathe; its absence hardly rarefied the common air beyond the powers of respiration. That is the way he would have spoken of it, if at all, half-way between a sigh and a jest, between bitterness and indifference.

"Have you forgotten that little song you sang so often to your father when you were here together?" asked Mr. Estes, opening the piano, after lunch had been discussed. "I re-

member that he always required it before lights were brought in, and sang the first line himself to let you know what was expected."

"I remember," replied Elizabeth, running her fingers lightly over the keys, in a prelude like leaping water, before beginning:

Oh, the Lilies, the Lilies!

They're fairer than a bride;
They rest upon the river's lip,
They float upon its tide;
They see themselves sweet mirrored there,
Themselves, and naught beside.

Oh, the Roses, the Roses,
Their hearts' are filled with dew,
With dew and honeyed treasure,
With dreams of summer pleasure,
As my heart's filled with you,
Love, as my heart's filled with you.

"Thank you, it revives pleasant days."

"Yes; isn't it a little strange how a tune or perfume brings up whole scenes in our lives, with their attendant emotions? Whenever I even *think* that song, though it is the dead of winter, I seem to be in an orchard of apple-blossoms, merely because your vases were filled with them one day."

"I remember being belated among the mountains once," said Jack, "during a terrific storm, in a dreary inn, lonesome as a grave-yard, when a traveler came in whistling 'The Vale of Chamouni,' and, *presto!* I couldn't have told whether the wind was east or west—the whole thing was changed like magic, and, inappropriate as it may seem, I absolutely smelled the salt sea, because I had heard the song at the beach, I suppose."

"Very likely. But do you know the clouds are breaking up like an encampment of gipsies? We must be going likewise."

"Don't be in haste to fly away!" urged Mr. Estes; "the carriage will be round directly. Speaking of gipsies, there's a handful encamped at Barberry Bend, genuine out-and-out gipsies—read George Borrow—and can tell you more about the sources of the Nile than Spèke himself if you are inquisitive of the future."

"Not I; it will all come fast enough—as fast as I can understand it, at least."

"It would get miserably tedious," asserted Jack, on the road home, "if one knew always to a certainty what was going to happen. There would be no longer room for hope in the world."

"Yes. If we had known that we should lunch with Mr. Estes to-day the relish would have been wanting; indeed, it would have seemed a sort of impertinence going out on our walk at all, knowing how it must end."

"These trivial accidents in going and coming, how much they mean sometimes! One is almost afraid to call any circumstance little and of no importance, since there is no knowing at what instant, like the genius in the jar, it shall escape from its bondage of appearances and become gigantic." He was thinking what a slight chance had first brought him in contact with Florence, and how powerfully it had operated.

"The choosing the right hand or the left,

speaking or keeping silent, meeting or missing, that is Fate."

"True. It all depends upon what looks like the merest nothing, and is, in fact, every thing. Events masquerade. But here we are. Do you suppose my aunt thinks that we were swallowed up in the flood, or that we fell among thieves?"

"Mr. Estes being the good Samaritan?"

But all these things were an effort to Jack; he preferred solitude; he would rather have shut himself into his room, or strolled into Wild-fire woods to think of Florence and upbraid Fate, than listen to any words of Elizabeth or his aunt. But a sense of duty, or perhaps civility merely, urged him to put himself and his specialties out of sight for their benefit, to keep his melancholy at arm's-length. And whatever is done in the service of duty earns always the reward, if no other, of becoming delightful in the sequel.

Perhaps this partly accounts for subsequent events; for the pleasure he found in taking possession of Elizabeth and her watering-pot on sultry evenings, in watching the green things sprout and put forth odorous wings, in learning all their names and missions, what charms each was wont to work, by what accident this seed found its way across the ocean, by what strategy this other slipped from the grasp of some miserly monopolist, in listening to the little tragi-comedy of the pansy.

Perhaps this was why he scoured with her the neighboring woods, in search of the rosy-pale *Linnaea*; why he chose, at length, to attend while the soft voice made melody twice melodious, while she read volume after volume of the old novelists to Miss Leyden; or why, indeed, he chose to trouble himself with translating Italian sonnets and delicious morsels from Camoens for Elizabeth's scrap-book, instead of hanging over the brook with a prospect of trout, or attending Miss Haliburton's wedding-party, with a prospect of *ennui*.

"What do you think of these grand bridals?" he asked once of Elizabeth. "What do you think of the taste that designs them, or the vanity that submits to them?"

"If my gown were satin and pearls," she answered, "my veil point-lace; if my lover were rich as Cræsus, with a bearing like Priam, and beauty like Paris"—they had been reading Homer just before—"and if I did not love him at all, why, a grand display of that sort would be just the thing to silence conscience and keep one from thinking ruinously."

"And how if you loved him a little?" he pursued.

"That would make all the difference in the world; one could be contented with loving."

At first Jack reproached himself daily when Florence slipped from his mind now and then, when sorrow gave him a holiday, when the pain began to grow somewhat dull; he experienced a sharp anguish when he first perceived that the bitterness was passing. What if she had shown

herself unworthy, had he any the better right to be inconstant? He owed it to his own good opinion of himself, to the depth and strength of his affections, to be miserable a reasonable length of time, if not indefinitely. But gradually the place of these thoughts was filled with others; he began to discover that life, though not having fulfilled all his expectations, had pleasant phases to offer, that even disappointment could borrow enchantment from distance.

Most men have so many other interests with which to fill out the score that at times they come to regard love as a by-play, which one can omit according to fancy, or like the Greek chorus, all very well in its way, but not indispensable, hardly perceiving that it "sets in motion the events of the drama."

The weather was warm down at Bramble-wild, but the woods were cool, the days were long, according to the ephemeris, but all too brief according to Jack and Elizabeth. She used often to say:

"What a pleasant summer it is! How much we shall have to remember when the frost sets in and storms prevail!"

It never seemed to occur to her that all the summers decked themselves as fair, that the woods were always deep and sweet like sleep itself, that every spring brought the swallow, and the rose had worn its perfume in Paradise.

It was a part of the scheme of the Great Illusionist, which made Mrs. Little's strawberry party a thing to be enjoyed, and caused the week in which Jack went fishing up the Lakes to seem a decade. To be sure, except for this same fishing excursion, she would not have received those interesting letters which she grudged reading to kind Miss Leyden, notwithstanding the privilege of skipping sacred passages; but when did ever the tenderest love-letter compensate for the absence of the lover?

"Did you miss me?" asked Jack, the evening after coming home, stopping in the midst of a Provençal air he was coaxing from his flute to ask the question.

"Very much indeed, Jack, very much," answered Miss Leyden.

The Provençal air proceeded in a very unsatisfactory manner.

"Pshaw!" said he, "I never can get that tune just right. It's there in my head, but it isn't here in my flute. Can you hum it, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth hummed it.

"Thank you; your ear is perfect. Sha'n't we go out on the terrace? Seems to me I shall catch it more easily in the open air, and we shall have the echo besides."

"You didn't answer my question, Elizabeth," he remarked out there, the tune growing only more and more harassing.

"Your question? What was that?"

"I asked if you missed me."

"If I missed you! Look, there's the new moon over your right shoulder; wish before speaking."

"Is that one of your superstitions?"

"One of them."

"Do you ever get your wish?"

"Once I did."

"Ah, how rich she must be to grant *my* wish!"

"Is it so very precious?"

"It is so very precious," he replied, fixing her with a glance grown tender—"so very precious!"

"Elizabeth, Elizabeth!" called Miss Leyden, "the dew is falling; you will take cold if you stay out longer."

"Ah, well," he resumed, returning to the flute for a strain or two, "sometime, perhaps, I may tell you what was that wish of mine. Shall you care to hear, I wonder?"

"Certainly. I'm shockingly inquisitive; I'm always interested in other people's affairs."

"Yes; but what if this should prove to be an affair of your own?"

"Then I should have a right to know, of course."

"A right to know—a right," he repeated; "yes, you *have* a right to know;" and then young Haliburton came in to invite them to a picnic, and put a period to the revelation.

"I wish I could know what *Jack* wished," thought Elizabeth, as she unwound the heavy braids of her hair, looking out at the sky, where the thin crescent had shone a few hours before; while Jack walked the hall floor, as was his wont, in adapting to the troublesome Provençal air,

"A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my dear love, Elizabeth;"

for which aberration Jean Ingelow must forgive him.

Thus it was that the hours lost themselves in months, unheeded.

"I have been here three months, already," said Jack, one August evening; "and it seems as though it were only last night that I found you sitting here alone, Elizabeth."

"Only last night," she repeated. "What a different world it was then!" and blushed out there in the dark, under the dripping honeysuckle.

"What a different world indeed! Who could imagine that three months would suffice to make a heaven out of chaos?"

"Or to reverse the process?" suggested Elizabeth.

"I do not agree with that. I contend that a heaven once made can not be destroyed, unless some vital element has been omitted."

Had Jack Leyden quite forgotten the any thing but heavenly state of mind in which he found himself on coming to Bramblewild, or had his imagination played him false and borrowed something of *couleur de rose* from this imperial August?

"One could hope you were right; but it might be convenient and pleasant to know what the vital element is in common parlance," confessed Elizabeth.

"Love I should say in this case, Elizabeth; true, unselfish, responsive love. Do you not agree with me?"

"I haven't thought about it. Heaven, which means happiness in your dialect, I suppose, was a matter of such indifference to me, from never having had much to do with it, that I hadn't thought of analyzing it."

"Were you never happy, Elizabeth?"

"Never unhappy, but never quite happy; I was contented."

"Philosophers have said that contentment and happiness are identical."

"That must have been 'when the gods were nearer to us.' It strikes me that when a little bit of happiness comes one is so afraid it will take wings to itself that contentment is often lost sight of."

"Perhaps so, but of the two I would choose happiness."

"If you could choose," interrupted Mr. Estes, coming forward to make his adieux, having been arranging the terms of sale of some property belonging to Miss Leyden. "How many among us, do you think, choose our own fate, Mr. Leyden?"

"Possibly none in the general acceptance of the word. No one says, I will love here or there, I will sit in this high place and not in that; but in some way our fortune answers to our necessities."

"A comfortable doctrine," observed Elizabeth; "if I am denied a blessing it signifies that I do not need it, that I need only the denial. I don't know if I can adopt such a creed."

"You do not mean to be blown about by every wind of doctrine, Miss Elizabeth?"

"Not unless it takes me off my feet."

Yet in some sort Jack seemed to be choosing his fate, choosing, at least, to stay in dangerous neighborhood; perhaps not choosing his own so much as fixing Elizabeth's.

He was looking over her port-folio one morning in search of a picture, for which she had sent him, when he came across an illustration of Mrs. Browning's "Change upon Change," which she had been attempting and had left unfinished. There was the summer stream curling in mad eddies among the lily-pads, the high blossoming hedge where a bird swelled his crimson throat for two lovers who only heard each other's tender speeches; and further on, the same stream and not the same, no longer sweet with lilies at its brink, nor broken any more into sun-powdered ripples, but cold and dumb and frozen, the deep snows reaching it, clinging in great fringes to the naked hedge, filling the empty bird's nest, making the place where one woman walked pathless and barren and cold, beneath a sky as desolate. But what so much riveted Jack's attention was not the selection of the subject nor the rendering; not the pathos nor the plaint, but that the lover's face was his own. Possibly Elizabeth had been unconscious of this, had wrought without deliberation. It may be, that following to see what

detained, if she had mislaid the other picture, and finding him absorbed over this one, its purport struck her for the first time, for when he turned to replace it there was she beside him, blushing through all her white soul, the tears only held back by a steadfast will.

His heart turned in him at her look, the quick, incisive look that leaps to its object and probes and searches and knows fate in an instant; at the hands fallen and trembling as they had lost their hold of something precious; at the marvelous smile which neither grew nor faded, which was not so much a smile as the shadow of some hidden hope. He took a step nearer, still holding the picture.

"Darling," he said, "did you believe I could leave you like this? Could you think that I loved you so little?"

"How could I know?" she answered.

"Know by this, dearest. Come to me and be loved always!"

"Are you sure it will be *always*?"

"How can you doubt me, love?"

"Oh, I do not know; it is not you I doubt, but—"

"But you love me, Elizabeth?"

"Love you! How can I help it?"

"I should think it might be easily helped, but I'm glad you can't. *You love me because you can not help it, what could be sweeter?* Kiss me, Elizabeth."

The tones of his voice were a caress, his very air said, "I love you!" the tender meaning of his eyes, the strong clasp of his arms, the touch of his warm lips. Well, perhaps he *did* love her, perhaps fortune relented for a little, at least he thought so; was he so much to blame for that?

It was all over Bramblewild by the end of the week; no one was much surprised, though a few were disappointed. Mr. Estes met them in the lane and offered congratulations, and young Haliburton took the next train from Bramblewild, in very much the condition of Jack when he ran down to that locality.

There was only a week left of the eventful summer, but somehow or other August slipped away so pleasantly with Jack and Elizabeth, and September was such a swallow of a month, that the first brown leaf took them unawares.

"Dear me!" said Elizabeth, "I felt that this summer was eternal, and here these leaves tell another story."

"It is eternal," he answered: "never fear, love."

"How I shall miss you! What pleasure will there be in walking alone?"

"To know that *you* will miss me, that will solace many dreary hours indeed! How little I expected from this summer, and how richly it has dowered me!"

It didn't occur to him to tell her that little affair about Florence Reresby; 'twas hardly worth while to poison the moment with whatever regret might linger there.

So the last walk was taken, the last kiss re-

ceived, the last glance exchanged, and Jack was steaming out toward the city. Elizabeth listened to the echoes of the train among the distant hills; watched its wild plume of smoke curl, and nod, and vanish; heard the engine's whistle out there at the crossing, where Jack and she had loitered on their walks to see the Express thunder by, where he had found a sparrow's nest not a yard from the track, in a tuft of tall weeds. Well, the sparrows had flown long ago. The landscape was changing too. Wild-fire woods were all aflame, and swinging in the light breeze like flaring torches; the hills and meadows were russet and gold, and what delaying green there was showed like a jewel in their setting, while the soul of the dying year seemed dissolving into the cordial atmosphere. There were the grape-vines reeling under their purple burden; the orchard-trees dropping ruddy wind-falls, the dead leaves borne to and fro, like lost souls in torment. There was the flower-garden they had planned together, all its blossoms withered and dead, its beds strewn with twigs, and desolated with frosts. Ah, what a great way off was that delicious spring morning, and its silver shower! Would spring ever come again like that?

But it was always St. Martin's summer when Jack's letters came. They traveled from "fortunate parallels," and brought sunshine into a polar night; she lived in them; they suddenly made life intense, and pain a forgotten thing; they were the wondrous-eyed telescope which made the heavens familiar. Madame Sévigné used to speak of looking through the wrong end of the telescope.

Jack had been away from Bramblewild a month or more when one noon, on going out to lunch, whom should he run against but Mr. Gregory.

"How are you, Leyden?" said that gentleman; "how have you enjoyed rustication?"

"Famously," answered Jack.

"You left us so suddenly last spring that Lisette and I have often wondered—by-the-way, you don't know, perhaps, that I've stolen a march on you, and married Lisette Reresby?"

"No indeed! consider yourself congratulated."

"Oh, that wasn't why I mentioned it. I know Lisette wasn't in your style. But what I was going to say—you took us all by surprise that morning you came to bid Florence good-bye. We have often speculated upon what brought it about, if I may be so bold, when the prize seemed just within your reach."

"What do you mean, Gregory?"

"The deuce! You don't know what I mean, eh? Why, I could have taken oath that you would propose to Florence within a week; and instead you rush off to Bramblewild without a moment's notice, and leave Florence to break her heart."

"If I weren't speaking of your wife's sister I should say that hearts like hers are not so brittle."

"You do her the greatest injustice, Leyden—but there, it's none of my affair to tell you how miserable she was."

"Did she really care?" asked Jack, in amazement. Florence miserable for him! It didn't sound probable.

"If it wasn't that Lisette has always felt herself to blame," continued Gregory, "and ever since we were engaged has been worrying and accusing herself, and threatening to write to you, I would not say another word more."

"I don't understand," persisted Jack.

"Perhaps not; but if you don't mind telling I should like to ask where you had been waiting when you came into the conservatory that morning, or if you had just been admitted?"

"I had been waiting in the library," he answered, in a sudden *claircissement*. "What then?"

Gregory gave a sharp whistle, as if he listened to good news.

"The devil you were! Just as Lisette fancied! And you heard—"

"If you are interested to know what I heard," interrupted Jack, "I don't know that I care to withhold it. I heard Miss Florence Reresby say that she had no interest whatever in the ups and downs of Mr. Jack Leyden, with sundry addenda not worth repeating."

Gregory resumed his musical effort.

"It's confoundedly hard on a fellow to bear witness against his own wife," said he; "but there's a flaw in your indictment. *Florence wasn't in the conservatory when that pleasant little speech was uttered.*"

Something very like hope rose up in Jack's heart at that moment, and trembled in his voice. What business had he with such a hope, I should like to know?

"*Was not!*" he cried; "do you know what you are saying?"

"Perfectly."

"I could have sworn it was Florence's voice."

"That's not unaccountable. I often make the same mistake myself when I don't see them. I got dreadfully jealous that way once; it's the only resemblance they have."

"But—but I found Florence there with you both when I entered!"

"True. You remember, perhaps, that you did not enter immediately; you probably walked the room a bit and settled your plan, as Lisette says you always do, when you're troubled—and in the mean while Florence came in through the yard, just in time to make things look awkward. But see, here's my door; pray come in and lunch with us; Lisette will be delighted to see you, *maugre* her ungracious words:" and before Jack was well aware of it he was in the drawing-room, where a brisk wood-fire snapped and a mocking-bird whistled.

"Take a seat, Leyden," said Gregory, "and admire my Landseer. I'll go and find Lisette."

Jack lost himself over the fire instead of the Landseer, for a little; how much longer he might have mused thus, what thoughts might

have come to him, what strength to battle with circumstance, what forgetfulness of self and devotion to duty, who shall say? But before these late discovered events had time to balance themselves in his mind with those others a presence half tender half haughty, but dangerously magnificent, came between him and the light—a voice clear like summer brooks spoke to him.

"Mr. Gregory said that some one wished to see me here—I did not suspect it was Mr. Leyden."

What inevitable tide of Fate compelled him? what swift magnetism drew him, to rise with one unquestioned impulse, to reach and hold her in his arms, in spite of all her haughtiness, to tell her he loved her past believing? Well, so he had held, so he had spoken to Elizabeth. And this was the end.

He returned to his office late that afternoon, intoxicated with Florence. He turned over his books and papers in a desultory fashion, he looked at his watch and counted the hours till eight, he wrote a business letter and destroyed it, having inserted several endearments which the affair did not require; and just then, his eyes happening to settle upon an envelope near by, it grew upon him that the handwriting was familiar, that it was a letter for himself, that it was unread, and from one Elizabeth!

This was a little staggering—but a state of intoxication is liable to such mishaps. Till that moment Elizabeth owned no more share in his mind than if she had never existed, than if he had never seen her, or so much as heard her name. Florence had quite absorbed her identity, as far as he was concerned.

What was to be done? Something certainly, and that quickly. It was an awkward business at the best. He, Jack Leyden, who had plumed himself on his straightforwardness, who had reprobated such things in others, *he*, of all men under the sun, to be engaged to two women at the same time!

Who would judge him from his view-point? Who believe that it was by the merest chance, unpremeditated?

He would write to Elizabeth and explain himself, and perhaps there was, even then, some solace in the thought that she loved him well enough to understand and forgive him. But he found it no such easy matter to explain to his own satisfaction; indeed, it was the hardest business he had ever undertaken, and having spoiled half a dozen sheets of paper in the attempt, he gave it up and concluded that it were better done in person; so he dispatched a line to Florence, saying that he was obliged to leave the city but would see her before the end of the week, and took the last train for Bramblewild again, in so much worse case than before, as, whereas, he had only one love affair on his hands at that time, he now had two. It never occurred to him to sacrifice Florence to Elizabeth—that would have been hardly natural—but it *did* occur to him, call him coxcomb if you please, that the train was hastening him onward

to break the heart of the woman who loved him best.

But what do any of us care for those who love us, so long as we are ourselves untouched? Grace, heroism, and beauty itself are at certain moments impotent and ineffectual, since we may pass them by scathless, as Ulysses escaped the sirens, without using his precaution; but, by-and-by, we become suddenly aware of a greater presence, which gives eyes to the blind and leads us away captive.

It was a night black as ink into which Jack stepped from the train. He was glad of that; he was in no mood to be recognized and saluted, and except that the dim station-lamps showed him Mr. Estes's span of bays in waiting for that gentleman, he ran no such risk. A light snow had been falling for the last twenty miles, but as they had neared Bramblewild the flakes grew larger and more indolent, and finally ceased altogether. It was a strange contrast, the great black sky and the wide white earth, a contrast dreamy and bewildering to come upon, out of a gayly lighted car. But the way was not long; indeed, he could have wished it longer, before he stepped into Miss Leyden's hall and began to brush the snow from his feet, preliminary to going further.

The drawing-room door was just ajar, letting out a glimpse of bright fire-light and a low murmur of musical sounds. Elizabeth was singing to Miss Leyden, as usual on quiet nights.

Jack paused an instant to listen to the sweet fluting of the accompaniment, much like a suppressed sob, before the sense of the words quite reached him:

If in the world one heart does beat,
Does beat for me, and only me:
Oh, then 'twere sweet, dear love, how sweet!
To breathe, to be.

If in the world one voice alone
Does call for me, for only me,
How precious has this poor life grown,
To be implored of thee!

"Excuse me for interrupting you, dear," he heard Miss Leyden say. "Did not some one come in?"

"It was a blind blowing back up stairs, I think," Elizabeth answered, going to the window. "What a woeful night! I wish some one *would* come. *If Jack would only come!*"

"You must be right about the blind; go on with your music, please."

"This is no place for me," thought Jack; "it will be better to write after all;" and he stepped out again into the dark, silent night, while the music still wound on its melancholy sweetness without him.

He had found it so hard to write to her, so infinitely harder to speak, what would it be for her to hear?

"There's trouble coming," prophesied old Prudum, when she brought in the breakfast things.

"Don't, Prue!" cried Elizabeth.

"I don't a-goin' ter," said Prue; "but there's

footsteps in the new snow ter the front-door, and nobody come last night; that means trouble—when there's footsteps and no feet in 'em."

"I thought I heard some one come in, you know, Elizabeth."

"I know. Count the spoons, Prue," laughed Elizabeth.

"You may laugh, Miss Elizabeth; but them as laughs now cries by-and-by, miss."

"For those whose tears have bitterest flow,
Shall fill their lips with sweetest laughter," she quoted, between sips of her Japan tea. "Do you think any thing has happened to Jack?"

"Don't vex yourself, child; Prue was always full of mysterious portents."

It was the third day after this that Jack's letter arrived. There had been a drifting snow-storm the previous day, and down at Bramblewild one was just beginning to look upon the outer world; and behold what a very white world it was, pierced with sunshine and fringed with lustre. The poplars in the lane looked like sheeted ghosts, and passers walked, like the cats, on the tops of the fences. One could hardly imagine that it had ever been summer-time, except for a reminiscence of harebells Elizabeth was working in worsted upon claret-colored velvet, intended to adorn Jack's foot in the shape of slippers.

"I should think it was the Valley of Diamonds," said she, looking up from her work and out upon the prospect. "It reminds me of a winter-scene by Frimas. I hope the storm hasn't delayed the mails; it doesn't seem as though I could wait much longer to hear from Jack."

"Nor you won't have ter, miss," said Prue, coming in with the letter.

"From Jack?" asked Miss Leyden.

Elizabeth gave assent abstractedly; she was trying to unravel the meaning of the first fatal lines, which bid fair to be the work of a lifetime.

It got to be eleven o'clock, and still Elizabeth sat there with the letter before her face. It seemed as though she had never stirred since the hour began, she sat so still—so very still, it might be she would never move again, that the pulse had ceased to quiver, the heart to vibrate to emotion. No tears fell, no sigh; a winged grief fluttered to her lips. It was a silence like death and the grave; there was no speech worthy of it, could interpret it. The winter sun crept round and fell upon her like a warm, kind hand, but she did not heed it; she was back again in that far summer morning when life was like a cordial—that morning when Jack brought the long-desired Passion-flower, telling her that under all its purple and fringes was a tear hid for those who had no tears, whose grief was too barren; back again in that moment when there came to her heart a presentiment of hope, when tender words grew familiar.

Those days, what had they meant by coming to her with such promise?

"Has any thing happened to Jack?" hazarded Miss Leyden, when patience had ceased to be a virtue.

"Nothing has happened to him," she answered; "nothing unfortunate, at least."

If true, responsive love had happened to him at last, such as they had dreamed and spoken of together, was he not of all men the most fortunate? But in replying she passed the letter to Miss Leyden, who read and returned it without a word. That was the commotion it caused down at Bramblewild—one would have said that the mischief was slight; but the harebells grew no more that day nor any other—they had been touched with frost perhaps.

For Elizabeth the concerns of life were too deep and earnest to allow her to linger long and selfishly over her own disaster; it was sure to come to her with the earliest streak of day, like an ache that sleep had eased a little—to appear in the pauses of her dreams, in dark, solitary hours, on moonless nights; it never left her, in truth, but at these seasons it cried out and would not be pacified.

One met her at Mr. Estes's Christmas-tree notwithstanding—saw her play a part in Mrs. Haliburton's Theatricals with *éclat*, heard her tell fortunes at the Charity Fair with profit. At home it was the same old story—no longer the old, old story—pleasant enough a year ago, but grown so tame now that she knew how much pleasanter it might have been—a story with the hero omitted.

Jack was no more named between them; he had passed out of their sight only to dwell forever in their sorrows.

You call him heartless and fickle, perhaps; but was it worth while to render two miserable a life-long in order that one might rejoice? And how poor a rejoicing besides, when only that which rests on realities is lasting!

"But he would have loved her in the end," you insist. How do you know that? It is like reaching

"Through time to grasp
The far-off interest of tears."

It were safer not to trust to such possibility. Elizabeth would hardly have chosen to purchase late love with a sacrifice so costly on his part. And this was love's logic according to Jack.

The swallows came again and built in the caves, the sun unlocked the brooks and sent them singing to the sea. All the tender seeds and roots stirred in their sleep, and yearned toward the light. There was a motion in the air, as if one heard the tiny insects bursting bonds, the thin leaves pushing their way, the buds' impatient movement. The frogs began to pipe from the pools, a score, full of summer and enjoyment, great moths fluttered into the candle at night, or bruised themselves against the pane, and the lilacs were prodigal of sweetness. The world was young again.

Elizabeth had been ill during the latter half of the winter—not a sentimental illness, but a

matter-of-fact fever, consequent upon a commonplace cold, and when she was first allowed to pace the terrace in the blessed sun she found the grass already ankle-deep, embroidered with dandelions, and odorous with purple clover. She thought it good to be alive that day, to make part of the great thanksgiving which soared, and sung, and offered incense, even though life had withheld some gifts, and of all the melody that broke about the lonely terrace none was half so touching as a certain Provençal air which, walking there by herself, she tried to hum, and failed perforce.

The physicians had agreed that mountain air would be the thing for Elizabeth, and Miss Leyden having made all due preparations for the journey, they were to start next morning. She long remembered how Miss Leyden spoke of her own youth that evening, as she had never spoken before; how together they watched the moon rise out of a silver mist; and later she had gone to the piano, and as if by sudden inspiration chanted a little madrigal like an ecstasy.

"It is full thirty years since I sang that," said she, rising; "it bubbled up to my lips to-night of its own will."

What mighty power was it which had forced the barriers of thirty years? Elizabeth recalled these things very vividly next morning, when, entering Miss Leyden's room for a bunch of keys, she found her sitting still dressed in her arm-chair, her head bent forward over her tightly-clasped hands, her soul gone on the long journey which every one takes alone.

That evening they brought to Elizabeth a miniature on copper, set in a bed of lapis-lazuli.

"She died with this in her hand," said one.

"Why," cried Elizabeth, startled, "it is my father!"

"It has a look like him, to be sure, but your father was an older man, Miss."

"Yes," she returned, "he *was* an older man."

"Some people can never understand that an old man was once young," she thought.

Jack did not come down to the funeral—he was traveling with the Reresbys in Cuba; and Mr. Estes could not help acknowledging to himself that it would have been somewhat awkward if he had, owing to the nature of the will, of which neither Jack nor Elizabeth knew, and which Miss Leyden had caused to be drawn up at the time of their engagement, and had neglected to amend. The main feature, exclusive of small bequests to servants and friends, was the bequeathal of the bulk of her fortune to her nephew in view of his marriage to Elizabeth; but in case any thing should prevent said marriage, Elizabeth herself came in as residuary legatee.

It was not long after the last cousin had withdrawn and left Elizabeth and Prue alone in the desolated house that Mr. Estes presented himself again, in order to complete some arrangements relative to the property, as he led one to believe.

"If you could recommend any thing for me to do, Mr. Estes," said Elizabeth, when he glanced up from a pile of papers and put his pen to rest. "Excuse me, but I *must* trouble some one with my affairs."

"You do not trouble *me*, Miss Elizabeth," he returned. "You do not intend to accept of this fortune which has fallen at your feet? I suspected as much."

"Certainly not. The law gives it me, but it belongs to Mr. Leyden."

"And you want something to do, Elizabeth?"

"Yes. I don't know that I *can* do any thing; but I thought you could tell me what most women do, and then I could judge."

"Most women marry," he said, gently.

"Yes, I know."

"Why not do as they, Elizabeth?"

"Mr. Estes."

"I came to suggest this to you—to ask you to marry *me*."

"But, Mr. Estes, I do not love you."

"Of course not, but you like me; I am not disagreeable to you?"

"Oh no, no!"

"Well, I am not exacting; that would do for a commencement. You need a home; here is mine waiting for you. Your health requires peace of mind and rest of body; they are at your service. Care and protection; I can give them. Why, a year's drudgery would cost you your life."

"And what will you have in return?"

"I? I shall have some one to think of besides myself; some one to come home to—ay, that is it; *I shall have a home—your gift!*"

Elizabeth smiled faintly. How different it was from Jack's wooing! yet generous withal. Eager to take her, shattered at heart as she was; thinking more of her than himself—perhaps that was a little different from Jack's style too.

"I have not thought about this," was all she found strength to say. She could not ruin his hopes at once—tell him firmly and forever that it could never be.

"That is what I would have you do," he answered; "think well of it. I wish"—he continued—"I wish I could give you *every thing*, Elizabeth!"

He meant to be plain with her, you see. In that one instant his heart was rent with a strong cry for the love which had gone out from him in vain, but had never returned to him. He would have exchanged years of his life, to have had it to-day, to give again. It was perhaps a bitterer pain than that he had suffered long ago. But Elizabeth did not perceive this at the time; she was so desolate, so miserable, so bereft of comfort that kindness looked like love. She did not understand that any would take pity on her merely. Oh no; it was *she* who had the

chance of making one happy, and no matter for the rest.

They were married at last. Elizabeth wore lustrous satin and pearls like scattered moonbeams beneath a veil of Flanders lace. Mr. Estes would have it so. There was ringing of chimes and gathering of friends, wedding chants and bride-cake. There was a tour to Europe; and eighteen months later Mr. and Mrs. Estes at Bramblewild again, receiving calls.

To-day one meets them every where. Bramblewild is their summer resort, except when the mountains or the sea-side allure. In the city no house is so thronged with wit and beauty and worth as theirs, no invitations so eagerly sought—but all this is not enough.

Still it is something to be warmed and housed and well cared-for. What blessings are hers she will not lightly regard. There had been a promise once: "Inasmuch as thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

So the years roll on with her, not altogether gloomily, never gladly. The solace of misfortune is like that of a rainy day—one looks constantly for the rainbow; but only when the years are done with Elizabeth, when their rains are over, their sunshine a delusion, will she enter into her promise, and know the meaning of this mortal life.

"Meantime, there is this earth here." Mr. Estes is kind and attentive, and unfailingly courteous. She could have loved him once, perhaps, but that does not help her now. He is sedulous to entertain her, consults her about every thing, strives that she may imagine herself important to him; but she made a mistake like that once before, and is shy of repeating herself. No word of hers falls unheeded, no wish unattended, her friends reiterate. "She has all that heart can desire." Still, it is not the life she dreamed about one spring night—ages ago—sitting in the growing moonlight.

Was she so poor in love that she spend but once? Was it because she spent lavishly that once—squandered her fortune, and has not even a life-interest to fall back upon—that she is now thus impoverished?

Amidst so much luxury and splendor of what has she to complain? How different her lot from that of the poor beggar-woman who knocked at her door, bare-footed, in the chill November weather, carrying a sick child—a face inscribed with suffering, inured to rebuff! Surely her lines have fallen in very pleasant places besides this:—richly clad, sumptuously served, taking no thought for the morrow—has not God dealt gently with her?

Oh! but this beggar-woman's husband had saved her from a burning house, and died smiling. She needed nothing more—she had had love. In all the world she would find nothing so sweet, so generous, so satisfying as love!

LA BELLE FRANCE: A GLIMPSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

PART II.—NORMANDY.

ONCE more we are at the same junction station—small and quiet enough, after London or Paris railways; though, no doubt, it forms a very important link of communication with the outside world to the inhabitants of this fair province of Normandy. I can imagine the perplexity of the quaint, sleepy, old-world town—existing much as it is now, apparently, since the crusades—when the alarming *chemin de fer* first burst into it; and along those pleasant slopes, yellow with colza, or green with pasture-land, or reddening with growing hay—came snorting past the great bright beast, with white puffing breath and fiery eyes—the locomotive dragon which has been, not slain, but ridden and mastered, by a new Saint George. However, it has grown used to these marvels, the queer old town—which I do not intend to describe, nor even to name. Let it remain in the reticent sanctity under which we hide all most pleasant things.

Well, here we were once again—two British monads—adrift in this strange land. But it had grown familiar now. Since we landed at this place, a certain number of days or weeks ago, there had come an interval, a hiatus—never to be put into print, but ever remembered—and therein we had gained much. We emerged from its deep peace to find ourselves—foreigners, certainly—I doubt if ever the British nature could wholly amalgamate with another race—but not strangers. With a brave spirit we took our "*billets*" (the civil official again glancing at us, and putting in a perfectly unnecessary and humiliating "*ye-es*"), and ranged ourselves among the little crowd that waited for the Havre train.

A crowd, as unlike that of an English terminus as possible. In the first place, our liberty (that rare commodity in France, concerning which a French inn-keeper once said to me, "Madame, it is no matter; if we had it we should not know how to use it")—our liberty was completely taken from us. Likewise our luggage. Instead of following it, battling for it, snatching it from stray porters, and having no rest till it was safely deposited in the van—we get it weighed, pay a few *sous* for it, receive a small scrap of paper—on the production of which our right over it depends—and then, lo! it is taken clear out of our hands; and we might as well grieve after it as after last week. It has vanished completely, and in another minute we ourselves are caught and penned up, always politely, but very securely, in a double compartment, where first and second class are arranged separately, like superior and inferior animals—say pigs—and have to remain so till an official throws the doors open, announcing "*le train*."

I do not say this is a bad plan; for some

things it is a better plan than ours; it avoids all the noise and confusion which make an English railway such a horror to nervous and fidgety folk; but still, we are English—we dislike having our freedom restricted; above all, we dislike having to come about half an hour before, and wait three quarters of an hour after, the time for *le train*. Which was late, of course; I think they always are in France. But nobody else seemed to mind this at all; the good Normans remained patient, with or without seats, and chatted together in the most *amiable* and *agréable* way. I use the words in their native signification, which is a shade different from ours, and peculiarly applicable to the French people, who seem to have the art of making life pass so much more smoothly than we do, of oiling its creaking wheels, and stepping lightly over its rough roads. Well, small blame to them; rather the contrary.

"*Messieurs les voyageurs*," as the French *affiches* gracefully translate our abrupt word "passengers," were of all sorts and classes. A good many artisans—one of these, with a pale young wife hanging after him, had that keen, dark, discontented look we had so often noticed among French *ouvriers*: I could well have conjured up over his thick, black hair, fierce eyes, and long mustache, the terrible *bonnet rouge*. There were peasant women in short petticoats, *sabots*, and the picturesque cap into which the high Norman head-dress has gradually dwindled, so as to be seldom seen nowadays. And there were several nuns, or, more likely, sisters of charity: common-looking, but fresh-faced and comfortable sort of women, fat and cheerful, and any thing but interesting, except in their costume.

Also, there was the other costume which meets one every where in France, that of the priest or *curé*: the shovel hat; the round, black cape; and the womanish black petticoat, with its long tail tucked up behind. Most of these priests looked like what we universally heard they were, in the provinces—men chiefly taken out of the peasant ranks, having a warm feeling for, and a wide influence among, the class from which they spring, but very imperfectly educated, and of little originality or grasp of mind. Not at all the "ravening wolves" that our anti-papal parsons would make them out to be, but kindly, silly old sheep, whom only the warning bell round their necks could make distinguishable from the rest of the flock. Very good fellows, nevertheless, who would come and dine with you whenever you asked them, making no difference between Catholic or heretic; and, if you wanted it, would give you a dinner, too, out of their humble store; for they are mostly as poor as Scotch ministers, and have as needy

parishes, to which many of them devote themselves faithfully during their long, wifeless, childless lives. In one small village churchyard I remember stopping to look at the monument of the last *curé*, who, it said, had been priest of the parish, universally beloved, for "*quarante-huit ans*." Only fancy a man gifted with any brains, any human passions, leading such a life, in this remote corner, for nearly half a century! Truly, whatever the Reverend Boanerges Hate-the-Pope, or poor frightened Mrs. Anti-Ritual, may say, I believe that, putting theology aside, there are worse people here and there in the world than these French *curés*.

They, the nuns and the working-people, were all together in the second-class pen; the first contained a sprinkling of the unclothed "higher orders," who dress the same, and look pretty much the same, all the world over. But in them we noticed little of the fine Norman face which had struck us so much in the common people. Scarcely in the women, who grow prematurely old and coarse, but in the men it was very remarkable—the clear blue eye, aquiline nose, and classical-shaped mouth. They were tall, too, and well-made; indeed, both as to features and figure, many of the herdsmen and farm-laborers hereabout reminded us strongly of some of the old knights lying with their legs crossed in our English cathedrals; nay, the very coachman who drove us hither to-day might have stood just as he was, about six feet three, fresh-featured, high-nosed, large-handed, with the most gigantic *sabots* imaginable, for a model of our William the Conqueror.

That great hero, though we hardly recognized him as *Guillaume le Conquérant*, is a notable person in these parts; and we were bound to-day to his burial-place, Caen. It was with a queer feeling of being somehow back into the Middle Ages, with the past running continually in and out of the present, that we heard at last "*le train*," and struggled in somehow, trusting our *bagage* to fate and a benign Imperial Government, and were whirled through this fair country that lay brightening under the first really hot day of spring. Quite English country, familiar and sweet, while in the time-table and at the small stations we found names belonging to the day of lesson-learning—Evreux, Falaise, Bayeux, and so on; places which hitherto had for us no existence, save in Pinnock, and now we were really nearing them.

"Caen!"—unmistakably Caen. And with a vague doubt of the infallibility of Government we darted out and began the truly Anglican search after luggage, of which, like most foreign travelers, we now wished one-half was at the bottom of the sea. In vain did more experienced wisdom insist that it was "only French ways," and would be sure to come right. I could not be comforted; the *bagage* was nowhere. At last a vociferous omnibus-man, finding out whither we were going, hauled us into his vehicle, snatched the crumpled scrap which was our only safeguard as to property,

and vanished. How shall I describe the scene which followed? the dreadful ten, twenty, nay, I believe it was thirty minutes, during which we sat broiling in company with six Caennois—two of them very fat—who seemed to take it quite easily! the mixture of wrath, despair, and total helplessness with which we regarded every thing French meanwhile, and the thrill of returning peace which came when we saw the man reappear, smiling—they always smile in France—with a sheaf of "*billets*," in his hand, and our luggage all safe! And now I aver honestly that I think, in this and some other disciplines, a benign Imperial Government is in the right of it. We know what *we* are, we English, at Euston, Paddington, or London Bridge; but only imagine a crowd of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen clamoring for their *baggage*! Babel would be let loose and Chaos come again.

Caen is better known to English people than most French provincial towns, from there being here a *Lycée* where education for boys is both good and cheap, costing, I believe, not more than £30 a year. Consequently many poor gentlemen and gentlewomen with large families go there temporarily to reside, and make quite a little colony of Britons in this pleasant, healthful place, which has nothing very notable about it except its churches. These, especially the *Abbaye aux Hommes* and *Abbaye aux Dames*, built respectively by William the Conqueror and his queen in atonement for their having married within the prohibited degrees, we had been strictly charged to see. But at present our thoughts were engrossed in arriving safely at an inn—any inn, any where, being an alarming place to the feminine mind. As we rolled down the narrow Rue St. Jean under the archway which led to the court-yard of this one—where the entrance hall, the *salle-à-manger*, the kitchen, and the stables seemed all to be side by side—we felt that we were now really in France. No more of those insultingly polite replies to our poor French in the worst of English. "Put that down!" energetically said to two big Normans, who would insist on carrying a very small portmanteau between them, elicited only a broad stare. No, nobody understood English here. We must "*do or die*."

We did do, and we did not die. We shall always recall kindly that little Caen hotel. Of course it had its defects. To British feet a wide expanse of polished flooring, slippery as glass, on which one has to walk like a cat in pattens, is not agreeable at first. Also, one prefers washing out of something bigger than a cream-jug and a pudding-basin; and when, to the amazement of the *femme-de-chambre*, we order a fire—which consists of two logs of rather green wood laid across two bars of iron on the open hearth—the result does not quite satisfy a shivering Briton. Still let us be cheerful—and French—for the nonce. So we make the best of every thing, and go down to our first *table d'hôte à la Française*.

The *salle-à-manger* is a large square room, with glass doors—not windows merely, but doors opening on to the street. It is furnished with a horse-shoe table and plenty of mirrors. Every where, we noticed, whatever else may be deficient, one is sure to find in French hotels abundance of mirrors and ormolu clocks. At first the room is empty; but gradually come dropping in about a dozen Frenchmen. Not that they look like it; you might take them for stout, respectable Yorkshire squires, or Manchester manufacturers. Few are bearded; none cigar-scented; indeed here I beg to mention that in all my wanderings through France I was never once annoyed by smoking, which appeared much less general than in England. Presently more guests appear—ladies, also, who hang up their bonnets on the pegs behind and take their places unconcernedly at the table, as if it were their established custom. A few seem to know one another, and begin conversation; but mostly the table is very quiet, and every body's attention seems concentrated on the business of dinner.

A word here on these French dinners. I own, at first, they were a deep mystery. What could be the use of taking twelve different mouthfuls of twelve successive dishes? Why on earth could not one eat the meat and potatoes together, instead of gazing hungrily at a small fragment of "*rôti*" sitting forlorn on the middle of one's plate, to be followed at long intervals by a bite of fried potatoes and two teaspoonfuls of sorrel or spinach? It seemed such an awful waste of time and appetite. I will not deny, there have been moments when a good slice of roast beef and two honest potatoes, or even a substantial piece of bread and cheese and a glass of milk, and then to rise at once, one's dinner done, would have been a state of things quite paradisiacal. But shortly there grew to be a certain charm in these lengthy meals—these multifarious, varied, delicately-cooked dishes—in which one was always wondering what was to come next, and what it was made of when it did come. The domestic and culinary spirit began to have a secret admiration for the way in which French cooks contrive to make something out of nothing—to evolve the tastiest of dishes out of the most ordinary materials; also for a certain refinement of feeding, very pleasant in its way. There were no greasy nastinesses of stews; no gigantic, ill-cooked joints; no swilling, during dinner and after, of heavy ale and porter or well-brandied wines. Undoubtedly, as a nation, our neighbors are more temperate than we; in eating probably, most decidedly in drinking. While a Briton luxuriates in rich meat dinners, strong ales, and "heady" wines, a Frenchman lives upon dainty dishes, chiefly composed of vegetables, and drinks the lightest of *vin ordinaire*. Of course either follows his own way of living, and thinks it the best way; still, on comparing the two, one feels strongly inclined to believe that the chances of a healthy, enjoyable exist-

ence, blessed with a clear head and a sound stomach, are rather in favor of *monsieur*.

To return to our Caen *table d'hôte*, where our landlord always gave us admirable dinners, and presided at them himself in a style of equal-handed justice quite inimitable. At the conclusion every body rose, resumed hats or bonnets, and silently disappeared. We too went out, in the soft April twilight, to make our first investigation of a real provincial French town. Well, "Murray" describes it: I need not. It was a queer enough feeling to be here in the heart of France, miles away from any familiar face or tongue, and to see all things going on around us, ripple after ripple succeeding one another on this light surface life, which we watched, amused as children almost, but of the inner depths of which we knew absolutely nothing.

First, we came to what we supposed the market-square—a wide, open space, with a church in the centre. Outside the railing was a quaint little group—a blind fiddler, fiddling away behind two lighted candles, which burned steadily though dimly in the still air. On either side of him sat a man and woman, singing in concert some interminable ballad, quite composedly and contentedly, though nobody noticed them or gave them any thing. Outside the architecture of the church looked magnificent in the warm sunset glow; inside it was dark and desolate, except for three black figures kneeling before the high altar, and an old woman who came clattering up thither in her *sabots*. We went out again and took our way through the cheerful evening streets, where the people stood chatting at their shop-doors, or began to stroll about in twos and threes.

We wished to find out the *Abbaye aux Hommes*, now the church of St. Etienne, where the Conqueror lies buried, and many a question we had to ask, to which we invariably got the fullest and civilest answers. And here I must candidly confess that one of the pleasantest things in *la belle France* is the exceeding politeness of what we call the "lower orders." Peasants, shop-keepers, domestic servants—you never open your lips to them without being quite sure of a courteous reply. It costs nothing—cynics may say it means nothing; but, undoubtedly, it is agreeable at the time. For instance, I am accustomed to be on excellent terms with my friends' servants—especially their gardeners. I could name half a dozen in England and Scotland whom I regard as personal friends, and consider an hour spent in their company both agreeable and instructive. But I call to mind a certain Norman *jardinier*, whose first bow of salutation from the cabbage-bed, his "*Pardon, Madame*," as he proceeded to correct wrong information concerning cider-apples, and his general style of conversation and deportment, were of a kind which inclined one to doubt whether one was talking to "Jean," or "Louis," or to some ancient knight about whom lingered all the courtesies of chivalry.

Now I know my friends Duncan or Thomas to be first-rate gardeners and excellent men, and, as I say, I like their company exceedingly: nor would I alter, if I could, any thing about them, their grave, respectful behavior and honest countenances, lighting up with a demure satisfaction when we sympathize on the subject of a particular flower. Still, I can also admire the charming politeness of my French friends of similar rank. And I think it would not be the worse for either Duncan or Thomas if they were to bring up their children in the doctrine that a little "manners"—that is, a pleasant smile and kindly word to all comers—do neither a poor man nor a rich man any harm.

But at this rate of proceeding I shall never quit Caen and its inhabitants, in whom we began to take a lively interest, and of whom—though we did not know a soul—we have carried away several mute, mental photographs, vivid as life. There was an old lady and gentleman in an ancient phaeton, which stopped beside us as we sat under some chestnut-trees in front of the Lycée: he got out, and she sat waiting, reins in hand, for a quarter of an hour or so, looking meditatively out over her pony's ears. How we speculated about her!—what sort of life she led at home—I beg pardon, *chez elle*; whether she had children and grandchildren—and if this old French couple were as cozy together as some elderly English couples we had known; which facts we shall never elucidate in this world. Then there was another old man, a very poor-looking, shabby old fellow, who, on being asked if the *Musée* was open, answered with the sweetest politeness, walked with us to the door, and took much vain trouble to get us admitted there, finally bidding us a regretful adieu, and lifting his greasy hat with an air worthy of poor old Beau Brummel, who died in a lunatic asylum in this very town of Caen. And there was a young man—a sort of verger in the church of St. Etienne—who, in our several visits there, showed us the civilest attentions; even politely looking another way when he found us eating biscuits in the sacristy, and showing us, confidentially, all the decorations in preparation for the approaching *Mois de Marie*. Which decorations he evidently thought very splendid, and we would not wound his feelings by hinting that these calico draperies and paper roses contrasted strangely with the sombre-vaulted arches of one of the finest churches in France.

But our most curious glimpse of Caen life was a wedding. Once, entering the church of St. Pierre, which we did about three times a day, we saw, in front of the high altar, a group, evidently intending to be married. They seemed of the *bourgeois* class, but highly respectable: the bride's dress of black silk, with a Lyons shawl and a white bonnet, was tasteful and good; so was the bridemaid's; but neither of the young women were at all pretty. However, they both looked gentle, good, and in earnest. For the bridegroom, and two young men

who accompanied him, three more ill-looking young fellows I have not often seen. During the service, which was conducted by one priest and a boy, and seemed much like the ordinary celebration of the mass, with its mutterings, bowings, and so on, these men conducted themselves in a fashion so irreverent as to be scarcely decent. The two groomsmen kept on playing tricks with a long piece of embroidered stuff, something like a hearth-rug, which it seemed part of the ceremony to hold over the heads of the young couple, dropping it down on the bride's dainty bonnet, and ruffling the bridegroom's perfectly-arranged hair, till he turned round quite crossly, and then laughed outright. All this while the plain little bride, whom he scarcely glanced at, knelt meekly by his side, then—the ceremony over—rose and took his arm—tied to him for life. Poor thing! The bridemaid looked at her, and cried a little—the only person who seemed affected at all. It was an ugly side of French social life; and we went out of the church both sad and angry.

Outside we met the priest, who had hastily put off his magnificent lace—oh! what a flounce for a dinner-dress it would have made!—and in shovel hat and cassock appeared a pleasant gentleman enough. Really a gentleman, as was shown by the way in which he stopped to speak to a poor woman with two children, and stooping down, kissed the little ones so kindly that we forgave him on the spot for all his necessary mummeries within the church. Possibly he wished to follow in the steps of the late *curé* of St. Pierre, who had died three years before, and whose monument bore two inscriptions—one in French, telling simply the story of his long and virtuous life; the other in Latin, setting forth how, in reward of this, it had pleased his Holiness the Pope to command free exit out of purgatory for the soul of M. de Montargis. Strange mixture of sense and nonsense! which struck us continually in this Catholic church—the church of a whole nation—nay, of nations: so noble in many of its acts, yet in its beliefs so puerile, that one wonders how any body but children can be got to credit them for a moment.

This was exemplified to us in the *Abbaye aux Dames*, where we went with a vague notion that there, being the eve of May-day, we should find something interesting going on concerning the Virgin Mary. And sure enough we found, decking her altar, the sweetest faced, elderly nun!—evidently one of the *Dames*, the sisterhood established by Queen Matilda, which now has settled into a convent of forty nuns, who devote themselves to the management of the Hôtel Dieu, or public hospital. She had come laden with white flowers, either in nosegays or pots, and a mass of evergreens, for the adornment of this altar, upon which sat a plaster Mary, about eighteen inches high; such a figure as an Italian image-boy would sell for about half a crown. In lifting it down a piece of the plaster fell off. "*Ah c'est cassée—c'est cassée!*"

cried the poor nun, in despair. "*Et c'est jolie—si jolie, n'est-ce pas?*" added she, turning appealingly to me for sympathy—not in vain. Indeed, I grieve to confess, that but for sterner authority, this recalcitrant Protestant would have bought ever so many white azaleas and ten-week stocks, in order to make pretty again that broken Virgin and console the gentle old nun. But she did not lament long, for a young priest came to the rescue, and carried off the figure into the sacristy to mend it—successfully I believe, for next morning I saw my Virgin again—"your Virgin Mary!" as she was henceforth satirically termed by stanch Presbyterianism—sitting uninjured in a very bower of white blossoms—no doubt to be worshiped admiringly by the whole of Caen, during this month of May, especially consecrated to her.

Strange it is to think what puerile follies, what heathen ceremonials, have grown into this worship of Mary! If she, the holy maiden of David's line, the carpenter's wife of Nazareth, the deeply suffering, righteous mother of the Lord Jesus—if she could look down, not as queen of heaven, but as mortal woman, whose spirit has long gone into peace, to the abode of "those just souls and true" who await the final resurrection—how would she feel? Thinking of her thus—any woman would—I scout the Presbyterian iconoclast, and keep a tender corner in my heart still for "my Virgin Mary."

We were that day leaving Caen, having gone over the town till we had become quite familiar with its churches and streets, its innocent shops, and its curious old houses, where no doubt dwelt many an old Caen family, about whom we used to speculate amusingly as we peeped through the great gates into their court-yards, or their antique gardens full of flowery shrubs, and adorned with that queer flashing crystal ball which the French seem to think such a becoming part of horticultural embellishment. Also, we had driven some miles without the town, seen the stone-quarries, and looked over the uninteresting levels of land, brightened only by great patches of yellow; acres upon acres of the colza plant, whence is produced the colza oil. And we had investigated the broad, smooth, rather dull river, the Orne, with its handsome quays; besides being especially amused by its boat of *blanchisseuses*, where, amidst much chattering and laughing, the garments of the whole town are rinsed, in a most dangerous manner, in the open current of the stream. Finally, we had wandered to the Caen race-course, where were building all sorts of booths in preparation for the yearly fair, which convinced us that giants and dwarfs, two-headed lambs, and extraordinarily fat babies, nay, even a French edition of Cheap Jack and his wares, were as popular with our neighbors as with ourselves.

In short there was little more to be seen during the three hours that yet remained to us, so we wandered from the door of the *Abbaye aux Dames* into that of the *Hôtel Dieu*, the hospital of the sisterhood. Here a small boy—whom I

had noticed as being so attentive to his prayers in the church that I asked if he meant to be a priest, at which he shook his pretty head with a gentle "*Je ne sais—je ne sais rien*"—came up to us, and asked if he should take us to "*les sœurs*." So with great pride he introduced us to one of them, sitting as portress of the convent, and she consigned us to a sort of lay-sister or servant there, a pleasant-looking, intelligent woman, who showed us every thing without much talking.

A sad sight it was—all hospitals are—yet this had less sadness than most. All was in such exquisite order; white, clean, airy, quiet; the windows looking out on a park green and lovely as that of any palace, where the May sunshine fell, and the new budded trees rustled merrily, as if sickness and death were unknown in the world. We had hesitations, but our conductress had none, either in the men or women's wards; she took us right through them all, we trying neither to look at nor be seen by those sad, sickly faces on the pillows, who were being made "comfortable," after the weary night. The *dames*, we heard, watch them sedulously night and day; one *dame*, sixty years old, had been up all last night, and for fourteen nights before that. The whole hospital is under the care of these ladies, most of whom are of good birth, and bring to the establishment their "*dot*," whatever it may amount to.

I asked our guide if she knew any thing of another establishment, the *Petites Sœurs des Pauvres*, of which I had heard much. It was begun about ten years ago by one Jeanne Juzan, a servant-maid of Brittany, and it now numbers a hundred and one *maisons*, and maintains from its funds sixteen hundred *sœurs*. These are paid a small yearly sum, about sixteen pounds altogether, and on that they have to live entirely, feed and clothe themselves, without the slightest appeal to charity. "In truth," said my informant, "it is sometimes quite painful when one of the *petites sœurs* will walk over to me, miles across the country, to ask alms for some poor patient she is tending, but as for herself I am not allowed to give her any thing but a cup of water. How they contrive to live is a marvel, but they do live on their sixteen pounds a year, and can help others likewise."

Their head *maison* in this district is at Caen, so the woman knew all about them, and spoke very highly of them. "But," she said, "the *petites sœurs* are different from our *dames*. They are free to go and come, they see a great deal of the world. But for our *dames* it is *toute autre chose*—quite another thing. When once they enter here, *elles ne sortent plus*."

After that we went into the children's portion of the hospital, a cheerful room, where several small patients were gradually recovering and beginning to play about; and one—well, its pinched, yellow, suffering little face would be very still and sweet, I think, in an hour or two more. A nun, with a kind, sad face, almost

motherly, sat watching it until the end. Then we crossed a field where splendid cows were feeding, to the *Labyrinthe*, a green knoll planted with shrubs, looking over miles of country. Close by was the kitchen garden, where an elderly nun was walking in the sun; and another garden, quite green, without a single headstone, only the cross over the entrance gate, where, the attendant showed us, another nameless hillock had a week ago been made. All was so fresh, so smiling, so lovely, the sweetest place to live in, or to die in; yet at every step I seemed to hear the words, "*Elles ne sortent plus.*"

Alas! a similar knell rings through many a human life. Fate continually shuts upon us some door which is never opened more. But to shut it of one's own accord, to enter voluntarily a threshold which one knew one should never cross again except into the house appointed for all living, would be a horrible thing. Better all the chances and changes, the struggles and weariness, of an existence—in the world, but not of it—whereof the sweets are plain to be seen, and easy to be acknowledged, while the bitternesses lie between ourselves and God—far better all this than the total stagnation, the maddening imprisonment, of a haven of rest of which the motto was "*Elles ne sortent plus.*"

We bade adieu to Caen—sweet, pleasant town, which for us will always seem to lie in the sunshine in which we left it—and took our *billets de voyage* for Rouen from a very courteous and elegant young lady appointed to that task. Very much it amazed us to see continually on French railways these female officials, down to signalwomen and pointswomen, who at country stations stood flag in hand, solemnly attentive to duty, and perhaps doing it as well as most men. Undoubtedly French women, of all classes, have in one thing far more common-sense than ours—they know how to work, and they are not ashamed to do it. They do not fold their hands in genteel dependence upon fathers, brothers, and husbands—they help them whenever they can. Nor does society consider such help a disgrace to either side. Madame the wife of the *boutiquier* continually presides in her shop in the most energetic, accurate, and withal lady-like manner; and I have known refined and educated gentlewomen who managed, and managed admirably, the whole accounts of both family and farm, nor thought themselves lowered by such an occupation. In this, too, we might take a leaf out of our neighbor's book with considerable advantage.

A long, sunshiny, shut-up day in a railway-carriage is rather an alarming prospect, unless one is certain of one's fellow-passengers, or has the advantage of having none. We glanced anxiously at ours—an elderly military-looking gentleman and two youths, who probably belonged to the Lycée at Caen. It was eleven o'clock, the universal hour for *déjeuner*, so the three proceeded to regale themselves in the

temperate French fashion upon a roll of dry bread apiece, and then began to chat, and joke, and play together in the most lively way. And here we could not help noticing—what indeed struck us wherever we went in France—the extremely free relations that exist between parents and children. In England, and especially in Scotland, however deep and tender the love, there is always a certain distance kept up. Now these lads played tricks with their father that would have made a British parent's hair stand on end with horror, fondling over him the while with a kind of rough caressing that was queer, certainly, to us undemonstrative islanders; yet he seemed to like it and to be used to it. This was perhaps an exceptional case; they might have been the spoiled children of his old age; but among all French children we noticed toward their elders, both in speech and manner, a sweet, frank liberty which never degenerated into license. Throughout France "the nursery" is only a room for the babies; as soon as the little folk can toddle about or wield a knife and fork they are admitted freely both to the *salon* and the *salle-à-manger*, and share the occupations and amusements of the family in a manner that with us is quite unknown. Possibly, with some natures, this may have its disadvantages—making them men and women too soon; but it certainly makes them little gentlemen and gentlewomen, and it saves them entirely from that mixture of shyness and underbredness which is sometimes seen, for a time, in very good and sweet children who have been kept continually in their nurseries, and accustomed to associate chiefly with servants.

For instance, when our Caen fellow-travelers left us, they were succeeded by a carriageful of children—rather rough-looking boys, and a big *gauche* girl—in charge of an elderly person, who might be a *bonne*, an aunt, or a grandmother. We soon discovered that she was the latter, and that these were four orphans of whom she had the bringing-up—rather a heavy handful for one so well advanced in years. The lads, excited by their journey, were just a little noisy; but their fun never once degenerated in naughtiness, and a grave shake of the head, or a gentle, "*Soyez sage, mes petits,*" was the utmost reproof they ever obtained or deserved. Certainly they chattered incessantly, and amused themselves in the most independent way, perfectly at their ease both as regarded their grandmother and us; but the heaviest sin they committed was a very venial one—namely, writing on their slates and passing round to one another certain written comments on *ces Anglais*; which, after having discovered that French was not an unknown tongue to us, they—children as they were—were too polite to make in the vernacular.

After they left us—leaping out into the arms of a Norman peasant and peasant-woman, who suddenly came from a farm close by the station, and who greeted them with an eagerness of affection quite charming to see—the little people

still did not forget, as the train moved off, to watch for the passing of our carriage, and lift their caps to us in a farewell salutation, as "*sage*" as the good grandmother could possibly have desired. Indeed, we should rather have missed their company, had we not been just then passing into a country that was really interesting—the forest-country between Bourgheroude and Rouen.

For many miles that line of railway skirts two enormous forests—the Forêt de la Londe and the Forêt de Bouvray; in the latter of which William the Conqueror is said to have been hunting when he heard of the death of Edward the Confessor and the seizure of the English crown by Harold. It is a very wild forest still, and appeared to us almost entirely uninhabited. Sometimes for miles we sped along between two sloping uplands of under-wood, with not even a cart-track or foot-path visible, and occasionally we saw glades desolate and lovely as those in the New Forest of Hampshire. But the days of wild beasts are past, and probably there are neither bears nor wolves to be hunted, though I can not say for certain. Once, in Normandy, we really did hear of a wolf—a she-wolf and her cubs, being seen in a wood not many miles off; but as it was from the lips of imaginative childhood, we do not wish to vouch too strongly for the fact. Still, that in very hard winter, wolves do come down from the mountains and desolate the farms, is undeniable.

At Elbœuf we crossed the Seine, now grown into a fine broad river with magnificent banks—great chalk cliffs, broken into all sorts of curious shapes, called Les Rochers d'Orival. While waiting at the station—in the way that French trains seem to have a trick of doing, just for amusement—we had a fine view of these rocks, dyed in faint colors by the sinking sun. And all the way to Rouen the Seine, winding in and out, was a beautiful, bright object. We were grieved to lose sight of it, and creep into civilization through an array of bricks and mortar, ominously reminding us of Manchester or Birmingham.

I suppose I had unconsciously connected Rouen with medieval romance, Joan of Arc, and so forth; but I certainly had not expected to find it a big, modern, manufacturing town, approached through mills and warehouses, its streets being gradually rebuilt into painful newness—a second Paris, in short. And our inn—which, not having to speak well of, I will not name—what a contrast it was to the quiet little hostelry at Caen, where we were served so well and made so "comfortable," according to the word we expressed at parting, and which was the only bit of English our beaming landlady seemed to comprehend! The *table d'hôte*, also, with its frantic attempts at English cooking, administered in French quantities, its sanguine *gigots*, and intolerable "*poudings*," was trying to hungry travelers. It was in rather a depressed frame of mind that we issued out to

see the town—that is, the churches, for we went straight to the Cathedral, of course.

It is said to be of inferior architecture—florid and tasteless; certainly its ornamentation outside is lavish to redundancy; yet there was a charm in its multitude of saints and angels, stuck in every available niche, and every one of which must have been the workmanship of some skillful and careful hand, now long forgotten. There is to me something pathetic in the individualism of this medieval architecture—the lingering labor of years, completed with a personal devotedness, which in our rapid machinery-days we can scarcely comprehend. We smile at stories like that of Alexander Berneval, the master-mason of St. Ouen, who slew his apprentice for surpassing himself in a rose-window, and was accordingly most justly hanged; only the monks, considering what a beautiful church he had built for them, allowed his body to be buried within it. Such things seem impossible now, as impossible as it is to believe in the insanities perpetrated by Huguenots and revolutionists in this very cathedral—bonfires lit in the nave to burn priests' vestments and melt down sacramental plate; tombs broken open, and the bodies of good men, who had slept there for centuries, scattered abroad.

Let us hope that the world has outgrown such childish wickedness, and only perpetrates childish follies, such as we witnessed on going suddenly out of the dim nave into the lighted choir. There we saw a grand altar, decked out with yards upon yards of coarse white muslin and stiff calico roses, after the fashion of a county ball-room, interspersed with flowers half real, half artificial, or both mixed together, in that kind of taste which belongs to Catholic church-decorations—which, in such a proverbially tasteful people as the French, I can only characterize as being at once most surprising and most abominable. About the whole were stuck myriads of wax-candles of different sizes, and so numerous that it took a boy with a long stick a full half-hour to light them all.

In front of this show we found slowly collecting a large congregation, of which a good proportion were children. They seemed highly interested and delighted; and no wonder, for the sight was as pretty as a Christmas-tree or an exhibition of fire-works. Finally, a girls' school, under charge of half a dozen nuns, was marched up, an organist seated himself at a harmonium close by, and the service began. It consisted of prayers—in French, not Latin; a sort of litany, in the responses to which all joined; a hymn, simple and sweet, and sang excellently by the children and nuns; and a sermon, also in French—a very good moral discourse by an elderly priest. Again there was a long hymn, one of those half-cheerful, half-plaintive tunes which are used as litanies to the Virgin; and then, about nine o'clock, the congregation dispersed.

A most innocent service, which we were told would take place here every evening during the

Mois de Marie. In it, as usual, we noticed the extreme earnestness of the worshipers, and the large proportion of the very poor among them. One young woman, who brought a two-year-old baby in her arms, held it in front of her, with its little hands folded between hers, and its round eyes staring at the dazzle of lights, for a full quarter of an hour, while she remained kneeling upon the bare marble floor, absorbed in devotion. And there sat close beside me half a dozen boys of the roughest age and lowest order of boy-kind, who came in by themselves, and, though there was no beadle to box their ears, behaved in a manner that I could wish was imitated by every Sunday-school scholar of my acquaintance.

We went "home" (as we persisted in saying every where—and perhaps there was a deep truth in the word) to our inn, finding nothing particularly interesting in the Rouen streets. They seemed merely an imitation of Paris—as indeed the whole town did—until, next morning, we suddenly passed out of its glaring sunshine in at the little church-door of St. Ouen.

After a certain course of churches one church gets to look very much like another, at least to us who possess no architectural learning to teach the difference between them. But it is the peculiarity of the highest class of Art that we feel it without understanding it—it appeals to ignorant as well as to enlightened appreciations. Therefore, though I can not in the least explain why, St. Ouen stands out in my memory as the most beautiful of all the churches we saw—a real temple, full of that beauty, visible and spiritual, which is the combined result of the most perfect skill. It appeared not to have been built, but to have grown, its soft gray arches springing up like trees, and its colored windows slowly glowing out of nothingness like the rainbow out of the evening clouds. I can still shut my eyes and think I stand at our favorite point of view, just in front of the high altar—looking east—on those lofty avenues that melt upward into a dim blue haze like the sky itself for peace: and to right and left are those exquisite rose-windows, the peculiar but delicious harmonies of which give one, in color, the thrill I have sometimes felt in sound, as if a piece of music was at once perfectly new and yet familiar, having been heard often before in a previous existence.

St. Ouen was our chief delight; we went in and out of it I smile to think how often. Still, we "did" Rouen valorously, even down to the Hôtel de Ville, with its atrocious pictures distributed through the most charming of galleries, its ancient streets, its market-place where Jeanne de la Pucelle was burned; nay, we conscientiously put ourselves in charge of a sleepy horse and drowsier driver, who, being roused up periodically, only answered with the calmest politeness, "*Où, où, Madame, j'aime beaucoup dormir,*" and at length found ourselves on the summit of the hill where has been lately built the chapel of *Nôtre Dame de Bon Secours*, a most

beautiful chapel after the modern style of ornamentation, not unlike the newly-restored crypt in our Westminster Hall, with an altar the richest we had yet seen. Here, too, there was some taste shown, not mere decorative upholstery and formal flowers stuck into common little china pots; but wreaths of evergreens, tall white lilies, and white azaleas, arranged with a loveliness befitting the devotion of a good Catholic to Mary in the month of May. On either side, extending down the wall of the chapel, were votive tablets in white marble, bearing curious inscriptions, some quite anonymous, some marked with a name or initials, but all breathing devout gratitude, and telling, or implying stories so touching that one could not laugh at them even when they verged on the ridiculous. For instance, a lady inscribed—in most colloquial French—how her faithful manservant fell ill on a journey of typhus fever, and after divers remedies, minutely stated, had all failed, she prayed to *Nôtre Dame de Bon Secours*, and the man immediately recovered. Some of these votive inscriptions were mere outbursts of thankfulness: "*Marie, mon Secours;*" "*Honneur à Marie;*" "*J'ai prié Marie, et elle a exaucé ma prière;*" "*Ma fille était moribonde, et Marie l'a donnée à mon amour;*" or else a mere date with the motto, "*Grâces à Marie;*" or two dates, with "*Marie m'a écoutée deux fois.*"

Very strange they were, these half revelations of many a secret, these records of many a gone-by sorrow. No doubt some very good people would have turned from them as blasphemous, horrible; but to us they seemed only pitiful; an accidental leaf out of the great chronicle of human woe, which will never be closed until the world's end; touching, too, as being instances of thankfulness—cries of joy arising from the vast suffering multitude, to one half of whom comes no relief to be thankful for, while the other half seldom acknowledge it when it comes. Alas, these poor blind souls acknowledged it amiss; still the gratitude was there, and perhaps He, who is the Giver of all good things, would not wholly despise the full heart—though it poured itself out only to the Virgin Mary.

From the chapel we went out on the hill-side to the little cemetery, the graves of which overlook—strange phrase concerning that silent, sightless company!—a view as extensive as it is magnificent. The whole valley of the Seine, from Rouen almost to Elbœuf, lies spread out as in a map, and on this clear day, with only a few white spring clouds floating over the bluest of skies, it was lovely—a bit of earth that makes one seem to understand heaven. A sight that in spite of these graves, and many more, taught us that *le bon Dieu* was Himself still. And though there is no *Nôtre Dame de Bon Secours*, no pitiful Virgin Mary from whom help might be implored, no votive shrine at which could be bought immunity from sickness and sorrow; though, God knows! many a prayer goes up blankly to Him, and falls down again, unan-

swered, upon bleeding hearts and new-filled tombs—yet through it all He is there. Close at hand night and day; with us, as with His natural world, working darkly on in His own way; ready finally to work out even death itself, which seems the greatest evil, into the most perfect good. How we know not; but there are days, and this was one of them, when, without knowing, we can believe.

Among other things at Rouen we had been charged to visit the *Musée des Antiquités*, where we found many curiosities—none more so than the old curator. How polite he was, the funny little old man! how eager about his stained glass and his fragments of Gothic architecture! What a deal of information he gave us, condescendingly, in broken French, which he probably thought would be more intelligible to foreigners! I am afraid we were not learned enough for him, as the principal thing we noticed was a headless, draped statue—apparently a portrait statue—which had been dug out of some ancient baths. Charming beyond any thing that we had seen for long was the simple grace of this young Roman maiden, done in marble for later centuries to gaze at and speculate over. Not idealized at all; just a girl in her girlish clothing, as her mother might have dressed her, yet it put the ideal quite to shame. Or, rather, it was the ideal; as the real often is unawares—this common everyday life, which time will translate into history and poetry. A creed evidently not that of our friend the curator, for when, after he had shown us all sorts of queer things—of course all ancient—ending with a handful of brown dust, kept under glass, said to be the veritable “lion” heart of Richard Cœur de Lion, we asked a meek question about a very good modern bust close by, he answered, carelessly, “*Oh, c'est un Monsieur*,” adding, with the utmost disdain, “*Il vit encore*.” Hapless gentleman!

We spent the evening on the bridges and quays, watching the sun set down the broad Seine, and noting the passers-by—of whom, as usual, about a third seemed to be soldiers. Never was there such a country for soldiers! In Paris one can not walk about for half an hour without meeting several detachments of them filing down the streets, either with music or without. I wonder if it is done on the same principle that I encourage my cats in the free range of the house—not necessarily to eat the mice, but only to frighten them?

Next morning we spent our last few hours at Rouen in taking a farewell round of the churches; ending at Saint Godard, where we came in for one more glimpse of French life—another marriage. But quite different from that of Caen: here, from the carpet spread on the church-steps to the poetical-looking young organist, who discoursed soft music during the whole ceremony, all was elegant and aristocratic. So was the company—and dressed—oh, Fashion! what enormities do even the tasteful French nation perpetrate in thy name! Never in the

richest and roughest of English or Scotch manufacturing towns did I see such bonnets—mounted upon such heaps of hair, impossibly luxuriant, and exhibiting, bold and bare, faces—well, we are not accountable for our own faces, but we are for the manner in which we display them obnoxiously to our neighbors. And if these good, plain, large-visaged, elderly ladies did but understand that a little reticence—a little retirement beneath soft blonde and neat ribbons will often make even an ugly person tolerable to beholders. But it is vain to preach. At least we had the consolation of finding that our Gallic neighbors were as silly as ourselves.

Not the bride. She was scarcely at all pretty, and yet it was a pleasure to look upon her, from the excessive simplicity of her dress. Her high white gown—of silk or satin, I forget which—fitted her perfectly, and fell down in pure Pre-Raffaelite folds; her orange-wreath was set neatly upon her smooth hair, and her veil of white tulle covered her down to her feet. This charming costume, added to her extreme youth, and the grave, decorous behavior of both herself and her young bridegroom, made them a pretty sight to behold as they knelt in the sunshine before the high altar. The ceremony was long (apparently it took more trouble, and more priests, to marry these “genteel” people than our *bourgeois* friends at Caen), and a good deal of it consisted in applications to the purse of bride or bridegroom; six times at least I saw them giving alms.

As we sat looking at this young couple, guessing about their past, and speculating on what their future might be—concerning neither of which we are ever likely to learn any thing—they reminded us tenderly of a similar ceremony which was that very day and hour being celebrated in a certain English chapel we knew. We kept wondering how all had “gone off” there; how every body behaved and looked—the dear familiar faces; some very lovely, and all so good, and sweet, and kind! Thinking of them, this young “Flore” and “Victor Eugene”—we caught their Christian names, though of all else concerning them we are, and shall ever remain, in profoundest ignorance—became more interesting. We watched them, I confess, with somewhat dimmed eyes; nor will it harm them, whoever they be, that the two heretics, on quitting the church, left a hearty silent blessing behind.

Another of those long and slow railway journeys, which incline us to believe that the French are the most patient, or we the most impatient, of races; and toward evening we found ourselves at Amiens, with, alas! one of our *mallets* amissing—a box that, under the unimportant bonnet, contained books and papers of quite peculiar value. Great was the grief feminine, and loud the masculine reprobation of every thing French, especially the French system of *bagage*. A knot of sympathizing porters gathered round, and one of them fetched the *chef de*

la gare—viz., station-master, whose courtesy was overwhelming.

"It was most unfortunate; such a thing hardly ever happened. But Madame might make herself quite easy, the box must be found. Was it of *fer, bois, cuir*?" and he indicated some of each sort. But in the confusion the French word for tin had unluckily escaped both our memories, and description failed. Some one conceived the bright thought of producing a dictionary. The *chef* seized it, and began searching in the most urbane manner for the word which he could not possibly know. At last, just as we had made the blessed discovery *étain*, appeared three porters, beaming with triumph, carrying three boxes, one being actually the right one! "I told Madame it was sure to be found," observed the smiling official, and with another series of bows he retired, followed by the band of porters, who not one of them made the slightest suggestion of an eleemosynary franc. The Britons, their grief healed, their anger mollified, stood meek as lambs; and beg to record gratefully the incident, as being the only difficulty they met with in all their journeyings.

These were now drawing to a close. This sunset which shone so pleasantly in the hotel garden, and lighted up the old cathedral towers, would be our last in France. No more churches to wander in and out of, no more lazy sauntering down evening streets, watching the humors of the crowd, in that excellent holiday idleness which only hard-working people can fully appreciate. As we pushed open the heavy double-doors of Amiens Cathedral, and thought that this was our last church, for at least a long time, we were just a little dull.

It was nearly eight o'clock, and already the evening mists had begun to float high up among the aerial arches, and hide from us the painted windows, chapels, and tombs. Still we saw as much as we could, under the guidance of the young *huissier*, or beadle, or something, who seemed excessively proud of his cathedral, and who asked if we would not like to "assist" in the service just beginning? We assenting, he found us seats where we could watch a large congregation slowly gather between the choir and the nave, in front of the altar to the Virgin.

It was the finest and prettiest decked altar we had yet seen. Behind it was a large shield or screen, adorned with mottoed scrolls, on which was inscribed "*Mater purissima*," "*Virgo Beata*," "*Stella Maris*," "*Regina Cœlorum*"—every conceivable epithet that Catholic devotion bestows on the mother of Christ. Above it, white, life-sized, and gracefully sculptured, she sat, with her child in her arms, in that wonderful peace, beauty, and benignity of motherhood which, as represented in some of these Catholic churches, must touch the very stoniest of Protestant hearts. When the myriad wax-candles, which took about three-quarters of an hour to light, were all lit, the effect was marvellous. You could almost fancy, in the flicker of the illumination, that you saw the mother

softly smile, or that the child moved its little arms, and extended them over the multitude. And all the while the sweet monotonous litany, sung now by deep male voices, rose and fell, and its steady response—*Ora pro nobis*, I think, it was—came back and back like the beating of a wave against the shore.

Then, making his way with difficulty through the enormous congregation, which spread itself in darkness far down the nave, came a priest, sprinkling us all from a wet brush on either side. All clean water is holy water, so why object? It did us no harm. Nor did the sermon, which was a remarkably fine piece of oratory, very dramatic, very French, delivered by a priest with a voice as musically sonorous as that of Mr. Spurgeon himself. The subject was that of strayed sheep; how families are broken up, parents' gray hairs dishonored, and young lives wrecked, more lives than that of the poor sinner, and for what? that he may enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season—a season so very brief. Nothing novel, but eloquently and vividly put, after the Spurgeon manner, though with much more refinement. Only what would that popular preacher have said could he have seen this other popular preacher, who in many things much resembled himself? How, suddenly turning round to the altar, blazing with light, and the white figure sitting above it, the priest clasped his hands theatrically, and exclaiming "*Sainte Vierge!*" began a passionate invocation to Mary, calling upon her to behold, and pity, and take away all these sins, all these sorrows! A cry, which might have been partly in earnest—it did not appear so, but let us give the preacher the benefit of the doubt—and which was listened to with an earnestness dumb as death by the entire congregation. But, oh! when one looked round at them, these poor sheep of the wilderness, as one does at many another similar multitude in our own land, seeking food and finding—what? one could imagine how the heart of the great Shepherd must yearn over them—His still—wherever they are. And one clung to the belief—the hope at least—that He may all the while be leading them home by many a path that we know nothing of, though we think in our blindness we know every thing that there is to be known.

When the sermon was over came a long hushed pause, and then there rose up from behind the screen a cloud of clear treble voices, singing in two parts, first and second, a tune very familiar in many of our modern English churches, and generally adapted to one of the most beautiful of our modern hymns—Keble's "Sun of my soul." Though we knew it was only a litany to the Virgin, which these poor people of Amiens were hymning to that white figure, so sweet and saintly that we almost forgave them for imagining it divine, still, we could not help lingering and singing it with them, not in Latin, but in the words of the good old man not long departed:

"Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

"Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I can not live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

"Thou, Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark;
Amid the howling wintry sea,
We are in port if we have Thee.

"Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through this world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above."

And then, mingling silently with the unknown crowd—unknown to us as we to them, but every one alike children of the Father in heaven—we quitted Amiens Cathedral.

Sixteen hours after we were standing on English shores, and hearing around us English voices. *La belle France* was nothing but a dream.

But, such as it was, I have set it down; a mere glimpse at best: yet I am sure, if I "nothing extenuate," I "set down naught in malice." There may be many things seen *couleur de rose*, which a nearer view would paint much darker; and yet I am not ashamed of that; a surface judgment is daring indeed if it presumes to be other than a pleasant one. And other things may have been said incorrectly, or judged amiss; but I trust nothing has been judged unconscientiously or said unkindly. For us, the travelers, we went in the true traveling spirit, to observe, rather than to criticise; to learn, rather than to teach. And we *have* learned—much that is never likely to be forgotten by us to the end of our days.

"DID HE?"

THERE was a great hush in the long rooms. A moment before hundreds of reels were turning their gayly-tinted threads with ever-shifting colors, like a bright kaleidoscope—a hundred shuttles flew swiftly, and velvet-soft flowers of rainbow hues sprang up, as if by magic, in the looms, making a summery bloom and glow in the place, as they caught the pale, slant beams of a December sun.

Philip King, working-man as he was, had an eye for the tricks of light falling from the high windows, touching beam and post and loom, kindling in the gay web the fire of a rose's heart, or goldening the umber of trailing ferns, or filling a lily-cup with aurient wine, or shimmering in the cold pearly grays of the neutral tints. If one could only weave such sunshine into the carpet, Philip thought, what a bit of perpetual summer it would be when wintry winds wailed at the door.

As Philip thought of this his hand went nervously toward his pocket and turned over a bit of paper uneasily. Upon that scrap of paper was an original design, his own, which had

cost him many weary hours of patient toil. He had mentioned it to Mr. Lennox and was to show it to him to-day. Who knew what a passport to promotion that bit of paper might be? He held a good position in the factory now, but then when the latent talent within him should be recognized.

Whew! what did it all mean this silence? The great water-wheel below splashed and panted no longer, the great cylinders revolved in a tired way and then stopped, all the other wheels that a moment before had been crashing, creaking, crushing, whirred themselves into silence. The great heart of the factory ceased to beat.

Philip had forgotten that to-morrow would be Christmas and the men had leave to stop work at four o'clock. Mr. Lennox now came in for the first time, and there was something different from Christmas cheer in his face. Philip King looked at the master with a great heart-throb, for he read some fixed and grave purpose in that face. A kind heart had the master, and a kind word for the poorest among them.

Of a different material was the slim, fair-haired, delicate-handed youth who stood beside him, John Stuart Lennox, his only son. The master seemed to find no words at first.

The workmen, men with faces where toil had written with deeper lines than time, young men eager-eyed, impatient stood by their looms, where Tyrian dyes ran riot, and waited to hear their doom. Fear knelled it to many a heart before it was uttered to the ear. The war-cloud had overshadowed them for a long time, they had heard the rumble of the storm, and now they waited for the bolt to strike.

"It is hard, my men," the master began. "I would stave it off if I could; but to go on would be certain ruin to me. I must stop the works. Come to me for your wages. I hope to resume in May, and will give the preference to my old hands, of course."

There was a dead silence. One might have heard the heart-beats almost, slow, struggling throbs under great tidal waves of emotion. "In May"—"in eternity" would do as well, or a promise some thought, for how were they to live till May?

John Lennox looked at Philip with a half smile: "Weave no more silks, ye Lyons looms; that's the tune now, thanks to the party in power!"

"Poor fellows!" said Philip, thinking generously of the men first, then he pitied himself.

"Oh, they can enlist, *les autres*," said John, carelessly. "It's only fair to make the Government support the paupers it has made. As for you, Phil, I hear that Uncle File has raised a company and gone off as captain. He's sure to be killed—corpulent, you know—balls can't miss him."

"Well," answered Philip, coldly.

"What a hard old File he must be to ignore such a promising nephew," John went on, half sneeringly; "but he can't do you out of the

money at last. So Staynes says, his lawyer's brother, you know."

Philip turned hastily away and went to the window. He took the bit of paper from his pocket and turned it over vaguely in his hands. How he had dreamed over it last night!

A pallid golden ray sought it out as he unfolded it, and made a pretty picture of the glossy ivy-leaves, and flame-tipped berries, and trailing gloomy green cedar on a cream-white ground. It was a good Christmas-piece; yet looking at it, Philip saw another picture, of a garden, summer-gay, lying in dewy splendor, with many a shadowy walk and mossy seat, where a face shone out rosy-white, framed in soft waves of gold-brown hair, amidst the shadow of the vine-bunches, or in the "glowing sun-lights as she moved."

He crushed the paper in his hand, remembering with a fierce regret how he had worked at the thing. From the first sketch to the minute pattern, diced with little squares; then to the delicately-tinted one he held in his hand, covered with larger squares, in which the little ones were equivalent to stitches. Painfully had he labored at it the night before to make it ready for a working-pattern. It was complete now—and useless.

Philip went out silently into the stirless, frosty air. It had snowed in the morning, and the world looked dead and wrapped in its shroud, or, at best, showed only a shining still-life wrought in marmorial whiteness. Above, through rifts of pearl, the blue sky shone, and beyond the western hills, rigid in swathing ice, lay violet drifts of cloud. Philip wandered idly down by the sloppy sheds, where the earth seemed breaking out in dull blotches of purple, and scarlet, and yellow from the drippings of the dye-vats. There was no hurry now. A great pause had come into his life. He had no work to do. No need to hurry home and tell the old mother the news. So he turned from the trodden path that led into Stamford, and made his own way into the woods. Miserable as he was, he could not help marking that the winter, cold and dead as it looked, had a royal beauty of its own, colorless, statuesque, but perfect. Even amidst his calculations about bread-and-butter, he noted the delicate snow-moss that furred the trees in regal ermine; and he looked up at the twining arms of the slender white birches with some conception of the beauty of their silvery bark and ebon boughs, and the frail, glittering arches that spanned his way. The sombre pines drooped under their burdens of full-blown snow-flowers. The beeches stood up bare, polished, and shivering in the still air, with their delicate net-work of leafless branches glittering against a steel-blue sky. Flocks of snow-birds whirled over him, and sent sparkling snow-rays down on his head, and a brown squirrel came out in the way, and surveyed the ground for nuts. Without testing the cold, sparkling snow-fruit, it darted back to its hole. But the snow-birds

found nuts for themselves in the seeds of the dead mulleins, and sat leisurely picking them out with their ivory bills, darting quick, undismayed glances at Philip as he passed.

Philip saw it all, but he walked fiercely on, as one who saw not. Passionate regrets, doubts, and baffled hopes were clutching at his heart. How long before Rose could be his rose now! The earth seemed decked in marriage-robcs fit for the bridal of a great Prince; it offered haunting dreams of other bridals, with its soft snow-foam and seed-pearls, but its cold heart beat no response to his passionate pain. He took a handful of the snow and put it to his hot lips. He had hoped to say some words of love to Rose to-night; would he ever say it now?

Then a sudden indignation fired his veins. Why should his life be a failure? He, a man, stalwart, able to work, self-poised, leaning weakly on no hereditary title or treasure—why had he not been able to wrest fortune to himself by his own unaided strength? Why should the wine of life in love's enameled chalice be dashed from his hand whenever he longed to taste. Once before—he started, stung to new madness, as he remembered he had held fortune in his grasp, and had lost all. Once before he had dreamed, as he dreamed last night, of that fair face and tender voice—in vain. Well, he must give her up. She was far above him any way as an angel clothed in wings. John Lennox, with his dainty, delicate ways and jeweled hands, would suit her better. Did not rank and wealth hem her in and build him out? Could she find a true home in the plain brown cottage with the old mother? But his heart rebelled fiercely against his thought. "My Rose would bloom the brighter out of the sickly perfumed air of fashion. She does not, can not love that effeminate fop, though he is her guardian's only son. She loves me; me, Philip King, overseer in the factory, a plain working-man, but a man for all that in heart and will."

Then he was not so sure of it, and remembered John's "lengths of yellow ringlets like a girl's," and bonny blue eyes, and fair estates; so he strode on feverish in the frosty air, where his breath came and went like smoke. It mattered not, he could not ask her now.

"Cold altar, heaven and earth shall meet
Ere thou shalt hear my marriage vow,"

he said, bitterly, as he came back into the road again and saw the spire of the village church standing dark against the pearly clouds. The sun had set, the last faint rose-flush that had made even the snow-fields bloom had died away even as the last bloom of hope had faded from his heart. The icicles sparkled frostily about, and seemed like gorgeous chandeliers for the great wintry festival of nature. The clouds grew pure and pearly, and the bare trees shivered together till their shining mail dropped in showers about them.

Another step sounded on the crisp snow. A slow, uncertain step, that sometimes seemed to stop. Philip tore himself away from besieging

thoughts to notice it at last—he looked around. He looked with a sudden gasp, but he did not speak. He turned quickly away as if with some thought of escape, but wrestling with that weakness he stopped, faced about, with a cold, hard face waiting for the man to come.

A young man, you might see, in the clear, white light, with a handsome face, a hesitating manner, as one who expected repulse. Something haggard in the face told of dissipation, something facile in the outlines of a sweet womanish mouth told the story of the cause in a yielding, weak will. You saw that here was a man meant for soft things, one of Nature's Sybarites, made for dainty nurture and dear delights, whose rose-leaves should never be crumpled, whose sea of life should always wear a tranced summer calm. Born rich, he would have spent a fortune gracefully; born poor, he had still spent it (it was not his own), and forged his employer's name. He came forward with a deprecating air. A woman might have yielded to any plea offered with such appealing glances from such wistful brown eyes; but Philip King owned to no such womanish softness. He made himself as adamant while his brother drew near him, and met him with a word as sudden and sharp as a blow:

"Robin"—he forgot himself in using the pet name—"you have lied to me again!"

Even in that pallid light you could see a bright flush mount to the young man's cheek. He had walked in the dark ways of shame, it is true; but not so long that he could bear to hear that word flung in his face unmoved.

"Philip, you are hard with me; you always were," he began, piteously.

But Philip had no patience with weakness. Strength was his god—the only god he truly worshiped, I fear, though he went to church and prayed the prayers with the rest. Strength of body to work, to wrestle with adverse fate; strength of mind to bear, to conquer, to struggle, to die if need be without a word rather than do the shadow of a wrong. This was his creed, his belief, his Decalogue, and he had lived up to his faith, he thought; so he stood as a judge before this fallen one, this weak man, whose weakness he could not comprehend, but could only despise.

"Am I hard?" he said, bitterly; "was I hard when I wrecked my own happiness to save you from the just doom of your crime? What do you want now?—money, I suppose. Let me tell you that the purse is empty."

"I want a kind word," said Robin, with an eager pain in his tones. "I did promise to stay away, Phil; but you don't know how I longed to look on a familiar face—to see the old home, poor as it was. The world has buffeted me enough to knock all softness out of my heart, I should think, but still—"

"Quick then to business; don't sentimentalize," said Philip, sending a searching glance over the white road; "you didn't come here for that, I know."

Robin looked around in a despairing way. The whole world had grown cold to him as those snow-bound fields, he thought. What a blight had fallen on his summery life with that first great sin. The handsome, cordial boy had been so petted and caressed before, and his light pinnacle was so unfitted to bear the storm.

"Does one sin shut the door forever?" he said, passionately. "Is there no future for me, then? Can God forgive, and not man?"

"God forgives because he is God," exclaimed Philip; "I remember because I am a man. Can I forget the bitter, scorching shame of that night? Can I forget that I have given heart and life for you—years of toil and my heart's love?"

"No, you have not given it!" cried Robin, a pathos ringing in the quick tones. "Rose Lennox will be yours one day. You will have a home of happiness and honor, while I shall be forever an exile with a blighted name. Your Eden is safe enough for you, Philip—you only postponed it for a few years—but I am forever cast out."

"By your own act," said Philip. "Why are you here now?"

"I am going to enlist. I can not get on, somehow. I can find nothing else—but they don't inquire nicely into a man's antecedents when he volunteers. I shall make as good food for powder as if I bore an unstained name."

"It is the best thing you can do," said Philip.

"To die would be a better thing, I think," said Robin, bitterly, "but that may come in good time."

"Yes," said Philip, in a hard, impassive way. He thought his brother was trying to assault some weak spot in his heart, and he grew like the nether millstone as he listened. Yet Robin looked so young, and there was a purity in his face yet, he so needed the barrier of friendly words and loving counsel to keep him from utter ruin, that few could have refrained from speaking one word of comfort, of courage for future effort.

"You are colder than the winter's night," said Robin, shivering; "the icy hills are full-blooded compared to you. I came to ask a little help; but I will beg, steal, starve, any thing but take it now. Do you never sin, Philip, that you are so hard on the sinner? May God never deal with you as you have dealt with me this night!" and he turned with a quick, passionate gesture, and went rapidly away. Philip saw him plunge blindly into the great drifts, as if he could not rightly see the road. Then Philip felt as if the chill of the winter night had indeed got into his heart. "After all, I was only just," he muttered, excusingly. "Let justice be tempered with mercy," a voice added from within.

But Philip stifled the troublesome voice, and hurried on to the village where a hundred lights shone now with a frosty twinkle, as if the very first glance at the wintry landscape gave them a chill. The trees were all foaming with snow

in the village street, and the very paths were paved with marble; but the cottage stood back from the road, and looked as if it wore a new white cap in honor of this festive Christmas-eve.

The sudden gleam of a lamp sent out a searching glance on the little foot-path. His mother held the light, and was giving one last outlook before the curtains were dropped and shutters barred for the night. By that flickering ray you saw the wrinkled face on which a memory of past beauty lingered like light on a ruin, and the dreamy brown eyes were like Robin's. You could picture a freshness and a fairness in that face—a fleeting charm such as dies with one's first youth—but which had won Philip King's father to defy all paternal authority, and lose his fortune after losing his heart for the pretty but illiterate gardener's daughter. So it was that Uncle File had every thing and Philip was a working-man this day. But there was the will! Mrs. King looked with a certain pride at her stalwart son as he stood by the fire—a pride mingled with the awe that weak natures must feel when brought into contact with the strong. She was thinking of Robin to-night—her youngest, her darling—nearer and dearer in his sin and shame than Philip in his panoply of right; for sin and even prison-bars themselves cast but a faint shadow between the souls of child and mother.

Philip was looking at an odd figure cut out of black paper and laid on white, that was surmounted by a dingy gilt frame and hung over the mantle-piece. It had hung there ever since his baby eyes first opened to the light—he thought—yet, strange to say, he had never examined it before this night. It was hard to make any semblance to life out of this flat, black shadow; yet Philip studied it now with a mighty will, as if he would arrest and seize whatever phantom of resemblance might be hovering in those depths of darkness.

"Is he as unmitigatedly ugly as that?" he asked, so suddenly that his mother nearly dropped the tea-pot into which she was measuring the precious leaves.

"Sakes alive, you do give a body a turn," she said; "I was just a kalkilatin that this tea is about one-half on't rose leaves or some other yarb; for it never see China, I'll be bound. I have heerd that there's folks that follers the army, and picks up the old coffee-grounds and tea leaves, an just dries them over. If I thought I was drinkin such a mess—"

"It would give you another turn," said Philip, laughing; but he felt grim enough, and soon looked back at Uncle File's gloomy profile, as if no other object in the room were sombre enough to hold his glance.

"Oh! yer Uncle Philander, is it?" said his mother, noting his look. "Why, he warn't no beauty as I ever heard on; but some folks called him fine-lookin. I allers notice folks do call 'em fine-lookin when they're big and pussy, and on a large scale altogether! But there's

some things he's small enough in, Phil, as I had reason to know when yer par died. Never mind, we got along without bein beholdin to him—let us eat our buttered toast and be thankful."

Philip stared a moment longer at the face, and tried to read a grasping disposition in the fixed mouth, and a general meanness lurking in every feature—failing in this he turned to eat the buttered toast, but was not thankful. Philip sat moodily by the fire for a few moments after this, but he built no castles of flame or ember to-night—only the ashes, gray, exhausted, lifeless, could symbolize his hopes and dreams now. The church bells ringing out in the clear air reminded him that this was Christmas-eve—the time of good cheer and good will—and he rose hastily, unable to bear his mother's talk of other Christmas-eves when he and Robin had hung up their little stockings together by that very hearth. Why, he found himself almost pitying the fellow as the Christmas memories thronged around; but he shook off such weakness and hurried out.

The moon was up now—a cold, white moon that still lit up the great ice-candelabra with a silver light. It lit up also a splendid mansion of white marble till it looked in its cold and stately whiteness like a carved dream of winter—a dream of beauty frozen into form—a snow palace that should never melt. A few soft notes of music stole out on the air as he passed, and Philip knew whose white fingers touched the keys, and he hurried on heedless that he was floundering through the great drifts.

At last the church! overflowing with ruddy light and wreathed with fir and cedar, thronged with happy people, and vibrating with the grand old Christmas hymn—

"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind."

"Peace on earth," thought Philip, vaguely; "surely the day has not come—surely Christ has not begun to reign." Here was a nation at war, brother warring against brother; then an ugly memory of Robin thrust itself before him; but he put it down with a strong hand. "Good will to men;" well! that was a light duty certainly—at least he found it so; he thought "others did not, it appeared, or the peace would follow." Then he dropped all graver speculations, satisfied with his own stand-point, thinking no more of the wondrous babe who was born in Bethlehem on the first Christmas far back in the mist of years; but looking rather at Rose Lennox, with her fresh flower-like face, crowned with an aureole of golden hair, and sitting at the side of her cousin John. A queen rose she was to-night, a rose imperial, wrapped in velvet and ermine, with a diamond solitaire glinting on her little hand like a dew-drop on its snow. Could it be—it smote him with a sudden pain—a gift from John? That ring he had never seen before—could it be that, in taking that poor bauble, she had pledged all, even herself in return?

The music might sob itself into silence now or burst forth into the full joy of a world redeemed. Philip heard no more. He sat moodily through the sermon and went moodily home; but not to bed. Pacing backward and forward through the snug little room with his heart "beating like a prisoner assaulting the walls" he thought of what might have been, had Robin been honest—what might still be if some stray ball, as John Lennox had said—Bah! fool that he was to dream of such a peradventure. He looked at the oubliette again—the black, unsuggestive shadow of the man that stood between him and fortune. A selfish, obese man without taste or generosity, what was the money to him? If he died there was no wife to mourn his loss, no children to weep for him. Well!—Philip turned on himself fiercely—what then?

He took up an old time-stained book at this thought and stopped his weary walk. Not with much thought of reading, indeed, till these lines chained his glance.

"Suppose a mandarin of China, a man who lives three million of miles from you—a man whom you have never seen, whom you will never see—suppose, then, that the death of this mandarin, this person almost chimerical, would make you incalculably rich, that it only needed for you to raise your finger—you in your own country, by your own fireside—to cause him to die and no one be the wiser—say, what would you do?"

"A close question," said Philip, smiling grimly and closing the book. He began to walk again—to hurry, it seemed, from a phantom that pursued him. "To the point, too: strange that I should have hit on that. I wouldn't like to be tempted with a mandarin to-night. Well, my mandarin is there;" and he stopped short at the mantle-piece again. "I wonder if the charm would work with you, old gentleman! You look somewhat like a Chinese, though I can't judge whether the eyes are oblique enough, for there are no eyes here to speak of." And with this grim pleasantry he walked once more across the room.

"What an odd idea it is!" thought he; "and it tempts me strangely with its horror. I have never seen this man; I never shall see him; he is a myth to me; and he stands between me and fortune—better than fortune—love and happiness. What right has he to keep me out of my own?"

Then looking darkly at the picture, he threw out his hand with a passionate gesture: "I wish that stray bullet would find him out—I wish it would!"

As he spoke the picture tottered and fell forward on its face, the glass crashed into bits, the profile dropped into the rosy-red bed of coals below, and by the time Philip raked it out with the poker nothing was left but a tarnished gilt frame and some charred bits of board and burned paper.

"Have I been dreaming?" said Philip, pick-

ing up the bits of glass and dropping them one by one into the blue and orange-tinted flame, "or trying some philosophical experiment? Well, the old gentleman was a sort of nightmare, and I have demolished him; so I'd better go to bed."

Just then some members of the choir who had remained late to practice for the next day passed by, and the words came distinctly chanted through the still, frosty air:

"Peace on earth, good will to men;
Christ is born at Bethlehem."

The lamps had a glow like sunshine—for the light fell on amber satin—and made a golden glory in the room. Rose Lennox, in blush-colored tulle and pearls, floated around in the "rose-bud garden of girls" with an ineffable delight in the luxury and beauty that surrounded her. Philip could not conceal it from himself as he stood dark and stiff at the door, shadow-like as the unbidden guest in the German legend. She was not made of the stern martyr type; no wild-rose this to gladden a poor man's cottage, but a dainty blossom for a lordly domain.

And even Philip—none more keenly—felt the charm and grace of this house as he looked away from the dancers down the vista of lighted rooms. No one noticed him. He was not a dancing man, and had no interest for the gay young girls who trooped in like flocks of bright-plumaged birds. He was conversational, but not to-night. So he looked, as on an enchanted scene, at the ghostly gleam of statuary through the glass doors; at a Sèvres china boy, who held up a table near him of the same material, freighted with crimson coral and rosy-lipped shells; at an ocean sketch, where the stars seemed to quiver and gleam in the dim azure of the wave, and the faint outline of wreck rose sadly through the clear blue; at the arches of fretted alabaster, where the golden lustre kindled like a sun, and gave a living tint to the baby Cupids who shone within hearing; vases of alabaster, flushed with red camelias—at all these he looked, with a passionate longing for such a home as a shrine and garden for his Rose.

At that moment the news-boy's shrill cry made itself heard above the soft noises that melted into murmurous music around. Some one bought a paper and read at Philip's side: "Latest news from the seat of war—Surprise and rout of the enemy at Broad Gap—A whole regiment of rebels captured—Only three men lost on our side—two privates and one Captain King." Bah! only a skirmish to keep the boys warm." Philip heard no more. He was conscious of some one asking him a question, and that he answered wildly. Was the room turning round, or only the dancers that whirled so madly on and on till his brain reeled with them? He walked blindly down the shining vista through which he had been looking till he found himself alone. He had passed through

crystal doors into a flower-palace—a palace roofed with glossy, quivering, green leaves, with walls frescoed with golden or snow-white or flame-tipped blossoms, kept dewy and glistening as fresh field-flowers by the ever-falling drops of a fountain, on whose brim drooped fragrant trailers. Yellow jasmine and cream-white magnolia made the air heavy with perfume. Philip could not breathe the air; something clutched at his heart like a mailed hand. He scooped up some of the clear water and dashed it into his face. Ah! that helped him to see more clearly. That washed away the fine-spun cobwebs of fancy that had clouded his vision. What had he to do with this skirmish far off in Virginia gaps that it should stir him so strangely? And this Captain King—even if he was his uncle, which he might not be, for "King" is a common name—but why should this death strike him like a thunder-bolt, and the mere thought of it shake him to the finest fibre of being, throb through and through him to the very seat of life?

Philip did not answer this question even to himself, but hurried on. This man, murdered last night (he thrilled no more now, but grew rigid and cold, and corrected his vagrant thought—this man shot by rebels last night was his uncle. He knew it. All speculation on that subject could be dropped. Two days ago his mother—who looked after Uncle File's movements with some interest, though not a friendly one—had read the location of his regiment in the newspaper, with some wondering as to how the old gentleman liked hustling about in that way. Yes, his uncle was dead. What then?

What but fortune and happiness? What but Rose with her sweet flower-face nestling down beside him? What but a beautiful home, with the bowery bloom of a conservatory like this, the veiled glitter of such rooms, the white gleam of such marbles? A malachite vase stood near him, with a cone of cream-white tuberoses within. He moved away from the heavy odors with a faint, sickening feeling. He had been reading German lately, and was growing mystic, he believed, such queer speculations fastened upon him. "I believe Hoffman has turned my head," he muttered, "with his magical vases, and painted cups, and enchantments, and glamour." Why if it had been in a German tale that a man sitting by his own fireside—nay, even walking furiously back and forward—chafing like a lion against the prison bars of some fettering circumstance—if such a man, say, had reached out his hand suddenly to pluck fortune to himself, as Eve did the apple—some old serpent suggesting it all the time—and suppose in so doing this person had accidentally knocked down an old, faded representation or black shadow of an obese gentleman in a dingy gilt frame, and that by a wonderful coincidence it should come to him that at the very moment the picture was annihilated, the substance whose shadow it was—the corporate being—was plung-

ing down into the blackness of the abyss of death—why, what an odd and weird tale it would make?—moonshiny and transcendental as the rest of their stuff. Well, thank God! there was nothing mystical and Hoffmanish in our plain and simple American life. That lay open to the eye of day with all its means and appliances. In this real and realistic life shadows were only shadows; pictures were pictures, and not symbols; the twilight of myth and magic had melted away before the earnest daylight of reason.

He stood beside a fluted column now—a slender, milk-white shaft—about which dark-green ivy had been trained to climb. At one side grew an English mistletoe, with its dim opal berries and dusk leaves. Philip had forgotten that it was Christmas till he saw this, and he now plucked a bit of it mechanically. Then a glass door opened, through which he caught the white glitter of the marbles. The next moment a soft pink flush, like a cloud that veils the cozy dawn, floated near him, and Rose stood at his side. He held the mistletoe over her and smiled.

All the delicate shapes about him seemed floating away—silvery green and frosted purple, pale pink and softest azure—they sighed out their spirit, which was their fragrance, and melted into a dim distance. For Rose stood near.

She looked at him with pitying eyes. She had sought him out in this place because she had heard the news, and thought—poor little soul!—that the death of the uncle he had never seen was in some sort a shock to him.

"I am sorry, Philip," she began, in her sweet child's voice, the pity in her heart making her forget conventionalities.

That name, that voice made Philip forget them too.

"Rose," he began, in a hurried voice, as if he feared that another moment might come freighted with some wiser thought, "I can not counterfeit grief for a man I never saw—a man cold and hard to my mother—harsh and selfish to every one, I believe; but let him rest. That diamond glitters strangely on your hand tonight—let me see it."

He took the soft little hand unresisted, and asked, impetuously, "Did your cousin give it to you, Rose?"

Rose drew her hand away with a pretty girlish coquetry. "I shall not answer you, Sir; you are not 'Philip, my King.'"

"But you are my Queen, you see," said Philip, trying to adapt his sombre thought to her laughing way—"my Queen rose of the rose-bud garden of girls." Last night I was a poor man, Rose! I thought the day would never come that I could ask you to be mine. I lost hope and heart last night, because I loved you; but now—" He faltered, but Rose did not turn away. He stopped because she looked so fair and innocent, with the soft curls of shaded gold—the eye's marine blue—a delicate shad-

ow of the sea-tint in the soft azure of the iris—cast down till the fine curling lashes almost swept her cheek. She listened with a flitting blush, but did not turn away.

"Fortune has come to me to-night," he went on, steadying his voice with a resolute thought of forgetting the things that were past; "but it will be nothing if you do not share it with me. Rose, I have loved you so long, will you be my wife?"

"If you will let me share your sorrows I will share your good fortune, Philip," she whispered, touching his cold hand tenderly. "Do you know that you look troubled even now?"

"Do I, my darling!" he exclaimed; "then my looks are false. Do you then care for me? I dreamed it many a time; but I thought I should wake from that as from other dreams."

"I love you with my whole heart," said Rose, softly.

And Philip felt as if there were no more cares and trials in this world, "for the former things had passed away." For a moment he felt lifted up high on a summery tide of bliss—high above the work-day world, its storms and wrecks, its shifting winds of opinion, its cold clouds of conventionality, into some summer "isle of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea." The next moment he looked down at Rose's hand lying like a snow-flake in his own. How pure and white it was! while his looked dark and sinewy and strong. Why, this was the very hand that last night—The sudden opening of the door near him shivered through him as if every crystal pane had been shattered at the moment. Was he growing nervous? He collected his faculties at once, for he saw a handsome face look in—the regular Greek outline and the lustreless yellow locks of John Stuart Lennox.

"What, weeping alone, Phil?" said he, with an air of mocking malice, beneath which a vague apprehension seemed to struggle. "Well, he deserves the glittering drops truly—Staynes says it will be at least a cool five hundred thousand. I wonder why they always say '*cool*' in talking of sums of money. In my opinion it's poverty that's cool—limited fuel, you know—and it makes every body so deuced cool to one."

Philip shivered as if he felt some chill, and said, "I think I will go home now."

"Yes; the gay and festive scene is not a place for your grief," said John, with a malicious smile.

Philip was stung into a momentary forgetfulness. "I make no pretense to grief," he said, fiercely; "but, Mr. Lennox, remember that this man died for his country, and so—"

"And so is a better man than either you or I," interrupted John, lightly. "I covet not the distinction, my friend."

"And so should be secure from such sneers from any one who calls himself an American citizen," continued Philip, unheeding the light words. Then he took Rose's hand a moment in token of farewell, and passed out.

Out of the conservatory, with its crystal and fragrance, its dim lights and soft airs, into the white frosty night, where the very stars look shivering with cold, and the wind touched his face with a breath of ice. Philip shivered again as he looked up at the myriad eyes of light above him.

A wretched woman besieged him for alms as he passed a poor lodging-house in the outskirts of the town: "I don't know where I'm to sleep to-night," she wailed.

"Can you sleep? happy woman!" said Philip, as he laid a piece of money in the appealing hand; "not all the jewels of Ind could buy me sleep this night."

It was not like Philip to give money to a street beggar. He revered labor too much, and despised idleness along with other weaknesses of our nature. But he had received a shock this night, old convictions were uprooted, he felt tenderer to all sinners, he thought of Robin with a sudden heart-ache, because piercing sharply through every subterfuge came now and then the thorn of a tormenting thought. He had sinned—in will if not in deed—he had sinned, he so proud of his strength, so hard to the erring. Had he fallen into this pit that he might understand the snares that lie in other paths? that he might feel the pangs that blend the great heart of humanity? that he might know the weakness of the unregenerate will unaided by the will Divine?

When Philip saw the first violet in the garden he started in a sort of fright. "For," said he to himself, "it is time to begin the new house."

For the money had come in due time to the humble dwellers in the brown cottage, and a bower must be built for the beautiful Rose. When Philip walked about the fair site he had chosen the splendor of the bright spring day showed the gray shadows of his face and some mystic new lines on brow and cheek. But Rose seemed to blossom with the spring, and only looked grave when she stood in the shadow of his troubled thoughts. Once when they were looking together at the busy workmen she shuddered a little and said,

"Did they dig it deep, Philip?"

"What, Rose?" he exclaimed, startled from some haunting thought.

"Why, the foundation."

"Deep enough, I suppose," said Philip, "what an odd question for my Rose to ask!"

"Why you see I have been reading that strange little fancy of Hawthorne's about two lovers like you and I, Philip, who were so unfortunate in looking for a site for their temple of happiness. You remember they could not find a spot which sin had not made horrible, or where death had not left some fearful token of its presence. I would not like our home, Philip, to be built over a grave."

A strange tremor shook him through and through, a mad impulse to tell all, a mad hope that this fresh, bright nature by his side had

some charm to drive his dark dreams away. Perhaps if he brought his odd, grotesque thought into the light of reality and common day it would vanish like other twilight shadows. He must wreak his thought upon expression, or it would rend him as the evil spirits did the possessed ones of old. So he said in a voice full of restrained passion, "It is built on a grave, Rose!" and looking into the astonished blue eyes, he poured out all the story. Rose listened in a little fright—practical little Rose—and at the end she only smiled in a skeptical way, and said, "You dreamed it, Phil."

Did he?

"I can tell you just when you fell asleep, Philip," she said, nestling nearer to him, as if her felt presence might dissipate his fancies. "It was over that dry old book with its bothering stuff about the mandarin."

"But my uncle died that night," said Philip, astonished to find his convictions strengthened instead of weakened by confession. "Rose, I shall not touch that money. It is the price of blood. If he had not died my sin would have been the same. I willed it, I raised my puny will, though not my hand, against that God-given boon, life. Not even you, love, could make that home happy to me—it would be a charnel-house full of dead men's bones."

Not all Rose's pretty pleading could win him from this decision. "I am a poor man again," he said; "I can not cast off the sin—that must clog my soul forever—but I now lay down the wages of that sin. I solemnly renounce them, and make what poor amends I can. I am a poor man once more, Rose, and I give you up."

"But I will not be given up!" said Rose, with beaming eyes. "You are too hard upon yourself; even supposing—"

"Well, I have been so hard to others it is time I turned on myself," said Philip, smiling. "Poor Robin! he is sick and in the hospital now. I stood so far from him in my pride that I think I will go to him now. How the Christmas anthem sounded that night, 'Good will to men!' and I had turned like stone from a brother's prayers, and listened in the church well satisfied with *my* good will to men. I wonder, Rose, if it takes a great sin to open the door of the heart, and give one an interior view of the hidden corruption there?"

"It is God's hand that opens the door, and then we see the sin," said Rose, solemnly; and she held him back no more from his settled purpose.

The hot air was yet dashed with brine, for it came from the sea, and Philip opened the small window that it might fan the fevered cheek of his brother, who was tossing about in the wild unrest of delirium. Even as Philip looked out a zigzag streak of light rent the bosom of a violet cloud, and the sea, belted with a flush of sunset, began to heave and toss as with the beatings of the fierce heart of the storm; dun-blue clouds whirled up, and held the fateful

lightnings in their breast; the thunder-bolts shook all the wards where the sick and dying lay. Below lay a sodden lawn, where a drenched mass of full-blown roses hung down to the drenched earth, and upon it sheets of rain full of lightning, as if the very water held the light, still beat piteously. Beyond, the waves writhed in agony, and a white foam was driven up on the beach; but farther still was a dead, black sea, whose surging you could only hear—save when the lightning gushed out of the molten lead of the clouds and shuddered across the sky.

Philip watched the storm and welcomed it. For weeks he had nursed his brother in a dreary, sad monotony of life. Robin's handsome face was worn and thin now; yet to his brother's eyes it wore the same anxious, craving look which had met him on Christmas-eve; some hunger for love, some clinging prayer for help, still was written in the wasted features and great brown eyes. Oh how eagerly Philip watched to answer that prayer! but he had met no look of recognition as yet. Poor Robin had wandered back to the past, and lived over and over again the terrible hour of his temptation, and the hour, to natures like his more dreadful still, of discovery. Philip, too, had been living in the past; no mist gathered about it yet, and he knew the harvest from those fields had been reaped once and forever. Pride, avarice, self-will—these were all the fruits he had to offer to the Lord—these were all that he had gleaned in those fields of life that could never be planted again. Ah! might he not hope that he had gained one fruit more—self-knowledge; ay, perhaps wisdom?

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and she bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience hasting toward the stillness of her rest."

The sheets of rain grew thinner every moment now, and at last grew fine and glimmering like veils of finest lawn. A faint purple began to breathe over the dun sky—a pallid half-light broke over the seething waves. The last thunder-roar seemed to call Robin back from some strange shore of dreamful fancy to this world and life. He opened wide eyes of consciousness, and said, in the familiar home voice: "Philip, is it you?"

"Yes, it is I," said Philip, hastening to him with so much love in his face that Robin turned away. "Here nursing me, Philip! why, I have not deserved it."

"Do we dare to deserve blessings?" said Philip, in so changed a tone that Robin turned wondering eyes on him again.

"I say, Phil," he began, "you don't seem like yourself, somehow. I haven't heard a line from home for five months, but I liked to think of you all as rich and happy, for I heard of Uncle File's death, and I knew then that you and Rose—you are married, of course? But you don't look happy."

"Tell me how you heard of—of—the death," said Philip, with a strange uneasiness at meet-

ing those clear brown eyes, as if they could read his heart.

"Why, a chum of mine—the very first fellow I met when I came down—told me all about it. They had him dead in the newspaper a week before, because he was known to be shot, and the body was not found. Harry Giles was a good-hearted fellow, and he stuck to his captain—had him taken to a farm-house near, and took care of him to the last. He died on New-Year's Day—and—and—you are not listening, Phil."

Not listening! At the words a great burden lifted itself up from the soul of Philip and floated away, and he looked up with some half-articulate prayer to that Saviour who is one with the great suffering heart of humanity, "in that he suffered, being tempted." Rifts of gold were breaking through the clouds, and a delicate fairy arch, glittering in violet and dusky green, melting into fervid crimson and orange, spanned the sky. The token that God would no more desolate the world shone out in lovely tinted characters of light. And Philip took to his heart the sweet promise of the hour. Neither would God permit the storm of an unavailing regret to break forever on a desolate soul!

But willful Rose still maintains that Philip committed no great sin.

Did he?

And do you, my readers, recognize the sins of will that never ripen into deeds?

AT WOODSIDE.

ON this the brightest week of the brightest month of all the year I sit down to write that which I hope may be pleasant to read when red-armed Autumn smites his anvil, and through all the woods the sparks are flying, and it needs not a prophetic eye to see the mountains from base to tip-top filled with horses and chariots of fire. Indeed June and October, if they could see each other, would soon be married. Not much difference between their ages; the one fair and the other ruddy; both beautiful to look upon, and typical; the one holding a bunch of flowers, and the other a basket of fruit. The south winds would harp at the nuptials, and against the uplifted chalices would dash the blood of strawberry and grape. To that marriage altar January would bring its cups of crystal, and April its strung beads of shower, and July its golden crown of wheat.

Another dream of our life is fulfilled. For the last eight years we have wanted a place where for a few weeks, apart from the hard work of our profession, we could sit with our coat off, laugh to the full extent of our lungs without shocking fastidious ears, and raise Cochinchina hens of the pure breed.

While yet the March snows were on the ground we started out to purchase a place in the country. Had unaccountable experiences with land-agents, drove horses terrible for tardiness or speed, gazed on hills and flats, ex-

amined houses with roof pitched or horizontal, heard fabulous stories of Pennsylvania grass and New Jersey berries, until one day, the wind a hurricane, and the roads slush, and the horse a-drip with rain from blinder to trace, we drove up in front of a cottage, the first glance at which assured us we had come to the fulfillment of our wishes.

In selecting a place the first requisite is *seclusion*. There is a profound satisfaction in not being looked at. After dwelling for considerable time in a large place you are apt to know a multitude. If on some Monday morning, starting down street, you feel decidedly frisky, you must nevertheless walk with as grave a step as though ascending a pulpit. If you acted out one-half the blitheness you feel a score of gentlemen and ladies would question your sanity. A country village affords no retreat. There every body knows every body's business. You can not raise half a dozen goslings without having them stoned for picking off your neighbor's gooseberries. Gossip wants no better heaven than a small village. Miss Glib stands at her gate three times a day talking with old Mrs. Chatterbox, and on rainy days at the blacksmith shop the whole business of the town swims in a tank of tobacco-juice of the worst plug. Every body knows whether this morning out of the butcher's cart you bought mutton or calf's liver, and the mason's wife, at the risk of breaking her neck, rushes down stairs to exclaim, "Just think of it! Mrs. Stuckup has bought a sirloin steak, and she is no better than other people!" Your brass kettle is always borrowed. A handbox was seen going from the millinery shop to the house of a villager on Saturday afternoon, and on Sunday morning a score of people are early at church, head half-turned toward the door, ready to watch the coming in of the new purchase, handkerchief up to mouth, ready to burst out at what they pronounce a *perfect fright* of a bonnet. They always ask what you gave for a thing, and say you were cheated; had something of a better quality they could have let you have for half the money. We have at different times lived in a small village, and many of our best friends dwell there, but we give as our opinion that there are other places more favorable for a man's getting to heaven.

Yes, our place must be secluded. Not roused at night by fire-engines, nor wakened in the morning by the rattle of milkman's wagon. Our milk-can shall come softly up in the shape of our clear-eyed, sleek-skinned, beautiful Devon. No chalk-settlings at the bottom of the milk, or unaccountable things floating on the top—honest milk, innocent of pump, foaming till it seems piled up above the rivets of the pail-handle. The air at noon untormented of jar and crash and jostle: only hen's cackle, and sheep's bleat, and cow's bellow, and the rattle of clevises as the plow wheels at the end of the furrow. No calling in of people just because they suppose it is expected, but the coming in of neighbors

and friends because they really want to see you, their appetite so whetted with the breath of plowed ground that they are satisfied if you have nothing but ham for dinner. Such seclusion we have at Woodside.

It is never real morning except in the country. In the city in the early part of the day there is a mixed color that climbs down over the roofs opposite, and through the smoke of the chimney, that makes people think it is time to get up and comb their hair. But we have *real* morning in the country. Morning! descending "from God out of heaven like a bride adorned for her husband." A few moments ago I looked out, and the army of night-shadows were striking their tents. A red light on the horizon that does not make me think as it did Alexander Smith of "the barren beach of hell," but more like unto the fire kindled on the shore by Him whom the disciples saw at day-break stirring the blaze on the beach of Genesareth. Just now the dew woke up in the hammock of the tree-branches and the light kissed it. Yonder, leaning against the sky, two great uprights of flame, crossed by many rundles of fire! Some Jacob must have been dreaming. Through those burnished gates a flaming chariot rolls. Some Elijah must be ascending. Morning! I wish I had a rousing bell to wake the whole world up to see it. Every leaf a psalm. Every flower a censer. Every bird a chorister. Every sight beauty. Every sound music. Trees transfigured. The skies in conflagration. The air as if sweeping down from hanging-gardens of heaven. The foam of celestial seas plashed on the white tops of the spiraea. The honeysuckle on one side my porch challenges the sweet-brier on the other. The odors of heliotrope overflow the urns and flood the garden. Syringas with bridal blossoms in their hair, and roses bleeding with a very carnage of color. Oh the glories of day-dawn in the country! My pen trembles, and my eyes moisten. Unlike the flaming sword that drove out the first pair from Eden, *these* fiery splendors seem like swords unsheathed by angel hands to drive us in.

We always thought we would like to have a place near a woods. A few trees will not satisfy us. They feel lonely, and sigh, and complain about the house; but give me an untamed woods that with innumerable voices talk all night in their sleep, and when God passes in the chariot of the wind wave their plumes and shout, as multitudes in a king's procession.

Our first night at Woodside was gusty, and with the hum of multitudinous spring-leaves in our ears we dreamed all night of waves roaring and battalions tramping. Shrubs and bushes do not know much, and have but little to say, but *old* trees are grand company. Like Jotham's, they talk in parables from the top of Gerizim; have whole histories in their trunk; tell you of what happened when your father was a boy; hold engravings on their leaves of divine etching, and every bursting bud is a "Thanatopsis." There are some trees that were never

meant to be civilized. With great sweat and strain I dug up from the woods a small tree and set it in the door-yard; but it has been in a huff ever since. I saw at the time that it did not like it. It never will feel at home among the dressed up evergreens. It is difficult successfully to set hemlocks and kalmias and witch-hazel into the rhyme of a garden. They do better in the wild blank verse of the forest.

We always thought that we would like a place which, though secluded, would be easy of access to the city. We always want our morning newspaper by breakfast. This little world is so active that we can not afford to let twenty-four hours pass without hearing what new somersault it has taken. If we missed a single number we would not know that the day before the Czar of Russia had been shot at. Some day we must have a certain book. We need an Express to bring it. We must say "Yes" or "No" to a lecturing committee at Cincinnati, Boston, Bangor, or Brooklyn; and we must have a telegraph to say it. Oh, it is pleasant to sit a little back and hear the busy world go humming past without touching us, yet confident that if need be our saddle could in ten minutes rush us into it.

Thank God for a good, long, free breath in the country! For the first time in ten years we feel rested. Last evening we sped along the skirt of the wood. Our horse prefers to go fast, and we like to please him; and what with the odor of red clover tops, and the breath of the woods, and the company with us in the carriage and the moonlight—it was nothing less than enchantment.

There is something in this country air to put one in blindest mood. Yesterday we allowed a snake to cross our path without any disposition on our part to kill it. We are at peace with all the world. We would not hurt a spider. We could take in our bitterest foe and give him a camp-stool on the piazza. We would not blame him for not liking us if he liked our strawberries. We would walk with him arm in arm through water-melon patch and peach-orchard. He should be persuaded that if we could not write good sermons and vivacious lectures we can nevertheless raise great pumpkins, and long orange-carrots, and Drumhead cabbage. We would take him in our carriage, going at consistent ministerial gait, as though on the way to Old School Presbytery, never racing with any one, if there were danger of our being beaten. We hereby proclaim peace forever with any man who likes our hens. We fear we would have been tempted to sign Jeff Davis's bail-bond if he had praised our early scarlet radishes.

Amidst such scenes till autumn. Congregations would be advantaged by it if for a few weeks of every year they would allow their pastors a little farm life. Three weeks at fashionable watering-place will not do the work. There is not enough salts and sulphur in all the springs to overcome the tight shoes, and

the uncomfortable gloves, and the late hours, and the high living, and the dresses economical at the neck. Rather turn us out to physical work. A sharp hoe will hack to pieces all your dyspepsia. A pruning-knife will cut off the excrescences of your disposition. The dash of the shower that wets you to the skin will cool your spirit for ecclesiastical strife. Daily swinging of the axe will tone up your nerves. Trampling down the hay as it is tossed into the mow will tread into forgetfulness your little perplexities. In the wake of the plow you may pick up strength with which to battle public iniquity. Neighbors looking over the fence may think we are only weeding cantaloupes, or splitting rails, or husking corn, when we are rebuilding our strength, enkindling our spirits, quickening our brain, purifying our theology, and blessing our souls.

Here I stop. The aroma of the garden almost bewilders my senses. Flowers seem to me the dividing-line between the physical and the spiritual. The stamen of the honey-suckle is the alabaster pillar at which the terrestrial and the celestial part and meet. Out of the cup of the water-lily earth and heaven drink. May the blessing of larkspur and sweet-william fall upon all the dwellers in country and town! Let there be some one to set a tuft of mignonnette by every sick man's pillow, and plant a fuschia in every working-man's yard, and place a geranium in every sewing-girl's window, and twine a cypress about every poor man's grave. And, above all, may there come upon us the blessing of Him whose footsteps the mosses mark, and whose breath is the redolence of flowers! Between these leaves I press thee—Oh! "Lily of the Valley!"

GIVING LESSONS ON THE PIANO.

THERE is an immense amount of sympathy manifested for recent widowers, who never had any while their wives were alive. When Mr. Camomile, that bitter-looking man, lost the late Mrs. Camomile all the single ladies in the neighborhood of mature age expressed great sorrow for his misfortune, although it was a town-talk that he neglected her shamefully. If it had not been for the established habit the poor woman had of sending back as good as she received, when he said cruel things to her, which no human being animated with a soul ought to bear, married life would have been a monotonous affair to her.

Well, Mrs. Camomile had not been dead a fortnight before one sent in a bowl of rich soup; another suggested he should not take off his flannels, although it was the middle of July; and to crown all, it was universally agreed in a party of thoughtful unmarried ladies that Mr. Camomile must feel lonely, and of course wretchedly, after being for so many years accustomed to seeing a woman at the head of the table.

Pardon this episode: the circumstance came to mind in the way of contrast. Where is there a widow who has a bowl of soup sent to her sol-

itary chamber, unless she is a reputed beauty, or, what is more attractive in this age of selfishness, has a genteel competency? Widows are so common, by the contingencies of war and the restless waves of the ocean, there is not sympathy enough in the world to subdivide it equitably among the thousands upon thousands whose days, like mine, have been those of toil, blighted hopes, and prayerful aspirations. Under all circumstances a widow is to be commiserated, but especially when she has nothing but her hands to depend upon. Her condition may be one of never-ending anxiety, or made painfully burdensome by the unkindness of those whose duty as well as privilege it should be to lighten her cares.

There are gay and thoughtless butterfly widows, whose fingers seem made for showing off rings, and whose ears are rarely used for any other purpose than hooks for hanging out pearls for other people to see. Perhaps they are happy in proportion to their ignorance; but upon that point there is a difference of opinion. Then again there are widows always in weeds. A perpetual face of gloom is a kind of ineffable language, carrying the idea that they refuse to be comforted. Next comes the cheerful widow, who makes sunshine wherever she goes, whose presence is a foretaste of heaven in the midst of wretchedness. In short, a classification of all the recognized orders of widows, from young to old, would be a new department of literature.

Once more, before proceeding to the immediate subject of my lucubration: whether pretty or plain, rich or poor, young or old, widows invariably succeed better when thrown upon their own individual resources than widowers, because it has been announced by celestial authority, the widow and the fatherless shall not be forsaken.

Imprimis: In my seven-and-twentieth year I was suddenly deprived of the society of the best husband that ever fell to the lot of a woman. We had been settled in a pretty cottage located on one quarter of an acre of ground, in a village within six miles of Boston, which we owned, free of all encumbrance. It was earned by honest industry by my dear James, who had an ambition to have a hive before he had bees. He paid off the last bill incurred in giving a finish to that little ark of domestic safety only seven weeks before our marriage.

A feeling of entire independence is an unspeakable source of happiness. Next to that is to be the absolute owner of a home, be it ever so small. Ours was free and clear, plainly furnished, but the abode of as much wedded felicity as usually falls to the lot of that class who are obliged to sustain themselves by their industry.

My father had a large number of children, with small means, but his heart was large; his ambition boundless to have them qualified for every place they might be called in life to occupy. It was one of his sage maxims that it was better to have a good education than money in the pocket. He therefore exerted every faculty of his nature to have us all qual-

ified to take an honorable position in society, so far as an educational preparation was concerned. My brothers were judiciously appropriated, after their schooling days were over. One was a clerk in a counting-house; another was a builder; and the third, and youngest, went to sea. Of four sisters I was the eldest. We had equal privileges as we became old enough for learning progressive branches taught in a boarding-school. That was a finishing institution, where young ladies were sent for acquiring French and music, after having left the district-school. The boarding-schools of thirty years ago were, in reference to female education, what colleges always have been in this country, the furnaces in which gold was supposed to be refined.

Being the first daughter sent abroad to be polished, my father gave explicit directions to have me made perfect in music, if nothing else. He was passionately fond of it, and to be a brilliant performer on the piano, in his estimation, was being qualified to occupy a throne, which was high enough. My progress was both rapid and satisfactory to my teacher. No intelligence could have been more gratifying to my father, who paid extra bills and purchased operas by the dozen, depriving himself of many comforts for the sake of my accomplishments.

Unbeknown to any one, James had been an accepted friend long before I matriculated at the music-stool. He kept quietly at the composing-stick in the city—for you must know he was a printer, saving his wages with scrupulous care—not even smoking for fear he should not pay for the cottage by the time stipulated, so that when it was actually his own, *bona fide*, as those say who don't know a word of Latin. He had no inclination for tobacco or whisky, the two modern levers which overthrow many estates.

Although quite an hour's ride by the stage which passed the door, my good husband enjoyed the trip twice a day—going to his business in the morning and returning at dusk, which gave him a fine appetite, a red cheek, and his home a sweet repose. We felt ourselves blessed, never failing to thank God for goodness and condescending mercies on each returning day.

Our tea-table was delightful. Those nice preserves, and those white, light, plump biscuit, which James often said were infinitely superior, he believed, to vaunted broma, the food of the gods, when coated with such butter as Deacon White's wife made for her particular friends at a shilling a pound, life was floating on a summer's sea.

Like others in moderate circumstances, we had our small trials and vexations; but if it had not been for one single circumstance we might have forgotten our station, our accountability, and the possibility of reverses. James had a cousin in the dry-goods business, a daring, bold operator, who was bound to swim or sink. He put on airs, and rather looked down upon us, it was plain to be seen, although he professed a pride in a relationship so respectable.

He lived in a monster house on a fashionable street; gave entertainments to those he considered mercantile superiors, as we think now, to keep in credit. There were stories told of his wonderful sagacity in trade, and my husband was impressed with the common report, that cousin George would soon be a millionaire.

By degrees he became quite intimate with James. At first it was rather gratifying to my innate pride to have my husband receive attentions from a man who was rapidly ascending the ladder of fame. At length I discovered that on several occasions, when he drove up to the cottage in his beautiful carriage, he had long private conversations with James, which he contrived to make so entirely confidential, I was kept in perfect ignorance of what transpired. My husband was a frank, open-hearted man, who had no secrets till his cousin George made him a privileged confidant. Such was the manner of referring to the matter, when I happened to say that it was strange he should call so frequently to explain his plans and purposes, in which no one save himself could feel very deeply interested.

"It is a long lane that has no end," says a proverb, and, when least expected, there was a terrific explosion which, in shaking the credit of several strong houses, shook the cottage, the idol of our adoration, to its foundation. In some of those complicated schemes which are pursued by mercantile men, George explained to my husband that, for merely form's sake, it was necessary to have a certain bond signed at the custom-house. It would involve no responsibility, he over and over again declared, upon the honor of a gentleman and a relation, so James assured me, before he consented to put his name to the paper.

Now for a dilemma! George failed—he had not a farthing for division among an army of creditors. Our paradise was wrecked in the storm, and without a single moment of warning we were bereft of a home. Even the furniture, with the exception of a few articles the law in its mercy spares to a family, as planks, boxes, and empty casks are thrown over the side of the ship to those struggling for life who have been swept by an angry wave from the deck above. All the earnings of many years were swamped in an instant. We were poor indeed, and James was heart-broken. Misfortunes rarely come single. We were obliged to remove to the city and accept of temporary quarters at my father's. He had been some months in failing health. This blow seemed to aggravate the disease from which he had suffered at times, excruciatingly. It was a malady of the heart, now becoming painfully frequent, in consequence of the excitements to which people of ardent, sanguine temperaments are subjected in this fast age, in hastening to be rich. My poor, indulgent, blessed father died. One of my sisters had married well; the other was the song-bird of the house, who devoted herself to our parents. My mother, advanced in age, had nothing to sustain her. No, not a dime, having always resided

in a hired domicile. If misery ever stared humanity in the face, we had more to contend with than skill for avoiding. However, with my husband's wages, my sister's management indoors, together with our needles, the wolf was kept from the door, though it was too much of an effort for a constitution as naturally feeble as sister Mary's to maintain such uninterrupted effort as circumstances required to pay rent, buy fuel, go to market, purchase clothing, and be happy in appearance when we felt depressed and truly miserable.

Poverty is an affliction, viewed in any of its Protean aspects. When associated with only a commendable modicum of pride, which simply contemplates decency, too frequently censured by those who know nothing about it, as being something that should be humbled, it is a grievance. What multitudes are driven from a condition of genuine comfort by yielding to the persuasion of those who fully intend to better themselves at the expense of their inferiors! Not that I suppose cousin George felt himself positively my husband's superior, morally; but his patronizing manner carried with it, to my conviction, that he considered there was a wide social abyss between us which we could not cross up to his level, although he could safely descend to ours.

We were financially ruined, without benefiting him at all, in the general break-up of his establishment. The little money raised by an auction sale of the cottage was comparatively an insignificant sum, scarcely recognized in the assets for creditors. Our calamity is but a repetition of the way thousands have been ruined, needlessly, by being coaxed into being a bondsman. Still, with all the experiences of the past and countless records of crushed hopes and blighted expectations inseparably connected with being a bondsman, just for form's sake, or to oblige a friend, repetition follows repetition, and I suppose the ranks of poverty are recruited in that way largely all over the world. One of Poor Richard's maxims, having a direct bearing upon such cases, in my judgment, is worthy of being committed to memory—

"Little boats keep near shore,
Larger ships may venture more."

About this time, just as we began to discover new modes of economizing, a little stranger made his appearance in our midst. He was a darling boy, with dark hazel eyes, long soft lashes, and a bushy little head of curling hair. Before he was a week old, such were the developments of affection in the household, it seemed as though he would be devoured with kisses, we loved him so intensely.

Here was a blessing directly from Heaven, for which a devout feeling of thankfulness was exhibited before a worshiping congregation on a suitable occasion. Between my husband and my cherub boy every whit of my heart was distended with a sentiment of maternal affection. A new trouble, however, was indistinctly discoverable toward the latter part of the ensuing

February. The weather was cold and sleety, but my husband could not spare himself a day for rest or recreation, so dependent were we on his hebdomadal earnings for paying the rent. I wonder if it ever occurs to any besides myself how rents multiply the poor—why it is a cancer of the purse that eats through pockets into the vitals—were it not for rent scores would be comfortable and cozy who deprive their stomach of its physical dues to shelter their heads. Why does not that vivid fact fasten itself so strongly on the brain as to induce those who are young to save when they can, in order to be at ease when a rainy day appears? There is another of those old saws of the fatherland, of such solid worth as a guide in reference to the temporal future, it was taught to little James Junior very early:

"He that will not when he may,
When he would he shall have nay."

By overwork in handling types my husband began to have an incipient numbness of the fingers of the right hand. Medical practitioners recognize the printer's palsy, unquestionably caused by an absorption of lead into the system, which occasionally happens. Some typesetters are more susceptible to the poison of lead than others. Poor dear James was one of that rare organization.

Then came the pinch, as it was extremely difficult for dear husband to earn the sum in six days necessary for maintaining the family. Had we resolved at that commencement of a trying point to wend our way to the fertile West, where the fields yield a hundredfold with the slightest manual effort, and where, too, the untainted air, so unlike what we breathe to our injury in compact cities, invigorates the constitution and imparts new vigor to a languid overtasked body, we should have avoided a cloud of gathering ills. The sum paid monthly for inconvenient rooms up several flights of stairs, in a city almost every where on the Atlantic border, would purchase several acres of productive land in Kansas or Nebraska—those inviting regions of health and agricultural activity—which would yield every luxury a generous soil provides for man; and instead of buying swill milk at ten cents a quart, there any body may keep a cow without asking permission of a pound-master; raise poultry, and live on wholesome food that has not passed through a baker's dozen of licensed dealers, whose commissions make the poor poorer and market skinflints richer. With this knowledge of facts it is a problem with me why so many cling to city life in lingering misery.

A long series of domestic afflictions pressed upon us in rapid succession. My brain is confused with sad recollections of events which culminated in the death of my beloved James, a model husband, a martyr to excessive industry. If he is not in heaven who can dwell in that abode of bliss? Two of my brothers provided for our aged mother, which was as much as they could do and support their own families. Sister Mary and myself hired two rooms near by, into which our effects were stowed some-

what roughly, as carpets, furniture, and especially bedsteads, obstinately refuse to fit the places assigned to them.

Finally, the grave question had to be met, what were we to do for a living? My musical education, of course, came first and foremost up for consideration. Suffice it, sister Mary was to be mistress of all work; have an eye to little James, whose time was principally passed on the floor with wooden blocks, an India-rubber baby, and a hammer, the coveted playthings of a boy at his creeping age. By the help of an advertisement applications came in immediately. My position evidently stood in the way of gathering pupils from the so considered upper classes. Had my residence been in a brownstone front the tuition would have been three times as much as was grudgingly paid me by those who sought out cheap teachers of accomplishments. Among the callers for ascertaining terms was Theophilus Nightingale, Esq., a portly, full-fed, short gentleman, carrying a heavy gold-mounted cane. He entered abruptly, without knocking, and, instead of an apology for his rudeness in that respect, wanted to know where he "could find the woman what teecht the *pianni forty*." With becoming humility of manner I answered the question, at the same time observing that it would give me pleasure to serve him.

Mr. Nightingale was a representative citizen. With the most unblushing exhibitions of nonchalance he murdered the king's English as though he relished the entertainment, since whoever heard him invariably laughed outright. By a shrewd tact in turning a penny, from selling flounders in a stall, Mr. Nightingale became the owner of two smacks which ran regularly to George's Banks for cod. Afterward he began to salt and dry; purchased a house, kept a horse and buggy, and before his fiftieth birthday took a position among the wealthy codfish aristocracy, so called by envious people, where his opinions were held in esteem in all matters relating to the curing, packing, and sale of number one, two, and three grades of marketable dun or ordinary dried.

With possessions Mr. Nightingale indulged a laudable weakness to have his children educated to correspond with the inheritance they might reasonably expect at that hoped-for remote epoch when the first Nightingale in the nest should shake off the mortal coil. Preliminaries being satisfactorily settled, the following morning was agreed upon for going to his mansion to give the first lesson to Miss Angelina Theodora Nightingale.

It was a dark, foggy morning, and so wet under foot that some hesitation was felt at leaving the door-step. But the desire of securing a pupil overcame a few thoughts about damp feet. The hardest contest was leaving the baby, even for two hours. Dear precious, there he sat bolt upright, like a candidate for the legislature, as fat as an alderman fed at the expense of the corporation. Those little arms,

dimpled at the elbows, looked good enough to eat. With a bold defiant dash into the cheerlessness beyond I found myself very soon at the gate of my patron.

A colored servant pointed the way to the drawing-room. An impression was formerly entertained in coming up circles that it was more aristocratic to have black help as every body had white. More than an hour was worse than wasted in a close, unventilated apartment, curtained to the kill, too dark for seeing any thing distinctly, so that whiling away the time over the Book of Fashions lying upon a centre-table directly under a chandelier of such magnitude as to be wholly disproportioned to the length, breadth, and height of that overmuch frescoed place of reception, was an impossibility. At last, amidst the rustling of stiff silks, Madam Nightingale entered with her daughter.

Madam was phrenologically bumped by nature for a generous, sympathizing woman, spoiled by unexpected prosperity. By association she had imbibed frivolous notions of elevated propriety. A prolonged conversation on her views of what a young lady should be taught, and what kind of dresses she should wear, at church, the ball-room, at parties, and at Saratoga, impressed me with the belief she had conceived the idea of fitting Miss Angelina for making an alliance at some future day that would weld the Nightingales firmly to some family of rare distinction.

"If you please, marm," emphasized the mother, "I wants Angelina Theodora coma fa in opera moosic. Make her play just like they do at consarts or any of them fashionable agreeables, where the fust sort of peoples meet together."

Angelina never opened her lips till the mother retired. She was short, quite stout, and with an evident determination to appear small round the waist, which bulged out above and below the belt so as almost to conceal a huge gold buckle that ornamented the centre. She had a round pleasant face, short white teeth, prodigiously fat arms, terminating in little stubs of fingers, burdened with rings, which required an extra act of volition to span an octave. Nobody longed more than herself to become thoroughly genteel. Of the quantity of vinegar she drank to diminish her width, or the hot baths to which she had been subjected by professional advice for reducing the plethora that alarmed Mrs. Nightingale, because a slender form alone embraces the lines of beauty, no one will ever know unless Angelina should, at three-score and ten, write an autobiography.

By praiseworthy assiduity she mastered the first elements, and did credit to my instructions; but those half-length fingers could not be drilled into rapid flights over the keys. Mr. Nightingale sometimes remained through a lesson, hard and fast asleep in a rocking-chair, expressing his satisfaction with my course on awaking. "It's lulling," he would say. "Sweet Home" and "Roy's Wife" were his admiration. "Why

I could sleep like a top half the time when them airs is played," was one of his complimentary remarks.

Other pupils gradually came under tuition, mainly through commendatory representations of the Nightingales, to whom I am under lasting obligations. Among them was a lady of some two-and-thirty, who had been a teacher ever since she could remember in a female seminary. Being conscious that something was wanting in her composition to make herself as attractive as whole groups of young misses carried through their studies under her vigilant supervision, well married soon after graduation, she fancied it was music, and with that conviction she demanded, categorically, how long it would be before she could perform attractively—for example, taking her turn at a *soirée*, where gentlemen invariably importune for a song, with an accompaniment on the piano. An interrogatory not easily answered. Nevertheless, my untiring efforts were proffered for bringing out the latent musical gifts which she was sure she possessed. My compensation was thoroughly earned in that instance, for a thousand repetitions of the same note could not be retained in her memory half an hour. Notwithstanding a defective execution of the simplest tunes she never hesitated to drum away at the instrument even in the presence of musical celebrities, so inordinate was her ambition to be a performer. Some ridiculed her pretension; and others, in low whispers, when she took the stool while brilliant players were in the room, intimated that brass was current coin in spite of California diggings.

On one occasion, in the midst of an intricate composition which I was endeavoring to make easy to a clergyman's son, on whose influence I had a well-grounded hope of reaching still further into paying society, who should call but Mr. Nightingale. An evident excitement was apparent in his manner. Without waiting for an ordinary interchange of civilities, he broke in abruptly, quite drowning out the piano:

"My daughter tells me as how you say she must have a thorough course of bass. Do you think she is to sing with a big fiddle in a theatre? Next, I suppose, somebody will call her a spinster, as they did the daughter of my honorable friend the other day in court. It was not enough to compel her to go with a scurvy catch-poll of an officer to be a witness in a case she did not care a fig about, and then insult her, and her father also, by reading out loud, for every body to hear—"the aforesaid Miss Piece-meal, spinster." Such disgraceful proceedings must be stopped! Our courts need overhauling. Why, their impudence is unbearable! The daughters of every one on that square know no more about spinning than you do of the price of fish! So keep to such tunes as is tunes for a lady, but no nonsense about bass!"

When Mr. Nightingale's volubility subsided, and the mercury of his unaccountable wrath had fallen to its normal standard, I undertook to ex-

plain to his understanding that he totally misunderstood the proposition to Miss Angelina. I had simply unfolded the importance of a correct knowledge of the principles of thorough bass, as the corner-stone of a musical education. As she represented to her father the price of a quarter's tuition for that accomplishment would be a few additional dollars, he caught the idea that his daughter was to have her voice, by some newly-devised hocus-pocus, converted into that of a bass-singer, similar to those which bring in a thousand-dollar salary in operatic churches.

Happily Mr. Nightingale's alarm was allayed, and he retired, wishing me more than he ever had before—a plenty to do and a rich suitor, which would be forthcoming if he "was a widower."

"Where there is a will there is a way" is a truism, but not on that account to be underrated. I began to prosper in a small way. Little Jemmy, the image of his excellent father, daily became more engaging in disposition and action. Half of a house was now taken, new carpets purchased, and a printed circular distributed largely, by being thrown into yards and open entries.

With increasing patronage came unexpected perplexities. I was not long in making the discovery that giving lessons on the piano is attended with unwritten trials. A female teacher is uniformly considered a social inferior, however intellectually accomplished. Even school-girls not yet in their teens are invariably regarded, by their parents at least, as their superiors, and not unfrequently they exhibit their pride of position to the extreme mortification of a sensitive instructress.

More scholars and better compensation, together with branching out with a plate on the door. I began to indulge in a few ambitious schemes for assisting sister Mary. Constant in-door devotion to all-work was obviously undermining her health. Immediate action was required, as hectic flushes and an obstinate night-cough were admonishing me of approaching disease. My heart sank within me at the thought of the possibility of an incipient consumption.

This blessed land of freedom has a reputation for appreciating the claims of woman and treating them with more consideration than any other, except in some of the old European realms, where, if born a duchess, very obsequious attentions are manifested. My personal experience on that point is this: While young, brilliant, and their loveliness enhanced by ample possessions, their prospective pathway of life is strewn with flowers; but a poor widow of thirty-two, weighed down with cares and a prattling boy just far enough along to be asking questions, whose sole property is in her fingers, may be heard—if giving lessons on the piano—though rarely seen, as may be demonstrated if I should hereafter relate some of the laughable and, by way of contrast, a few tragical scenes within the range of my acquaintance.

THE LOST JACKSON BOY.

THIS romantic title does not describe, as we might at first suppose, a prodigal by the name of Jackson, who after years of wandering has returned to his father's house. The Lost Jackson Boy is an Indian captive, who was stolen from his home in Jackson, Michigan, thirty years ago, and has now come back to tell of his adventures among the savages. A sketch of his life, in a thin octavo, with numerous affidavits, wood-cuts, and sentimental poems, has just been printed. It is loosely put together, in high-flown and ambitious phrase, but gives, nevertheless, a singular and interesting narrative, which might make the ground-work of an exciting tale by Mayne Reid or Sylvanus Cobb, Jun. The facts of the story, which are well verified, and are universally believed in the region of the child's early home, are as strange as any thing in fiction. The son is sure that he has found his father; the father is sure that he has found his son; and brothers and sisters, neighbors and friends, are rejoiced that the long anxiety is at last relieved.

The story, which we condense mainly from the printed narrative, is as follows: In the month of August, 1837, Ammi Filley, an emigrant from Connecticut, was living on a farm in the township of Jackson, Michigan, which he had purchased four years earlier, and had reclaimed from the wilderness. Large numbers of Indians were at that time in the Territory, and their hunting and fishing grounds were in the forests around the lakes so numerous in this part of Michigan. The old settlers who still survive all have stories to tell of these troublesome neighbors, whose pretended friendliness did not include the virtue of honesty, and who had very lax ideas of private property. Fowls and tools had to be carefully watched; but no one supposed that the savages would care to steal children. The family of Ammi Filley at this time consisted of his wife, a delicate and nervous woman, and two or three children, of whom the eldest, William, was a little more than five years of age. There was also a hired girl, named Mary Mount, the daughter of a neighboring farmer. In those days it was not disgraceful for an American girl to go out to service.

On the 3d day of August this servant girl, Mary Mount, took little William with her, and went to a swamp not far away, between Mr. Filley's house and her father's house, to pick whortleberries. After picking berries for some time the boy got tired and wanted to go home. The girl then led him back to the path, and pointed him to her father's house, from which they had come, which was in plain sight. She then returned to her occupation, filled her basket with berries, and went back to her father's house expecting to find the boy there. She was frightened in learning that he had not been seen since he went off with her. Her mother had objected to his going with her from the

fear that he might be bitten by some of the venomous snakes, of which Michigan has still its full share. There was also danger from bears and wild animals, though these usually kept out of the way and rarely attacked men. They went to his father's house, and not finding the boy there, at once went to the neighbors on every side, gave the alarm, and in a short time the whole country for miles around was stirred in the search for the missing child. Every man and woman and child was excited. They dragged the ponds; they crawled into and examined the thickets; they followed and fished in the streams for miles; at night fires were built that the boy might see them, and that the searchers might have light to find him; an excitement so painful and so general had never been known in the region. On the next day a family named Hamilton, who lived about two miles west of the swamp where the boy was lost, stated that about 10 or 11 o'clock at night they heard near their house a strange noise like the stifled cry of a child. This led to the examination of the place, and in an oak grove, close by, a piece of paper with writing upon it was picked up, which the mother of Mary Mount recognized as having seen in the possession of the child on the day before. A crowd soon gathered here, and arranged themselves in a large circle around the grove, walking inward, so that the circle gradually became smaller and smaller until they could join hands around it. Nothing more was found than three bears and several deer, which were allowed to escape, as they did not wish to alarm the Indians by the discharge of fire-arms. The search proving vain, a report was then started that the child had met with foul play and had been murdered by his girl companion. The house of Mr. Mount was thoroughly ransacked—every box and drawer and ash-pile opened, and turned over again and again; but no relic of the child, button or bone, was found, and nothing whatever to justify the suspicion. Many, however, still continued to believe that Mary Mount, if not actually the guilty party, knew more than she had told about the disappearance of the boy; and the suspicion was not wholly dissipated until his return, after nearly thirty years of absence.

The first search proving vain, advertisements were inserted in the newspapers, and large rewards were offered for his return alive or dead. These offers were communicated to the different Indian tribes of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois. Ammi Filley, made almost distracted by his loss, gave up his work and wandered for months among the encampments of the Indian tribes of the Northwest to find his child. At the time of the child's disappearance his mother, a daughter of Captain William Marvin, of East Granville, Massachusetts, was away on a visit to her father's house. She never recovered from the shock and died soon after. Mr. Filley for years was regarded as partially insane. He was constantly seeking for his son, and could not be persuaded that the boy

was dead. At one time, in the winter of 1845, his hope seemed to be realized. A child of fair complexion was found in the possession of some Indians in Albany, who refused to tell how he came into their possession or who was his father. It was at once conjectured that this child must be the son of Mr. Filley, as his age seemed nearly to correspond; and he could tell of being in Michigan, on Green Bay, and sailing in steamboats. The child was taken from the Indians, placed first in the Orphan Asylum, and then sent to the friends of Mr. Filley in Connecticut, where he was accepted as the lost boy. But several facts came up to make his identity doubtful. It was discovered that the boy was too small and young to be the child of Mr. Filley, and marks of physical resemblance between parent and child were wholly wanting. Further investigation conclusively proved that the child in question was an illegitimate son of the half-breed squaw of an Indian named Paul Pry, who lived in the town of Copake, in Columbia County, New York; and the search for the missing one had to be begun again. But in 1866 it had long since ceased. Mr. Filley, after some hard fortunes of his own, had changed his residence from Michigan to Illinois; and the story of the lost boy was only told as an incident in the early history of what is now the large and busy city of Jackson.

In October of last year the following letter was received by the postmaster in Jackson:

"SIR,—Not knowing your name, but thinking that you would do me the favor to try and ascertain whether there is a man living in the city of Jackson, where you live, or any where else, by the name of Willey. I am his son. I was taken by the Indians about thirty years ago. Can you find any of the relatives of this Willey? All that I know about it is that my father's name is Willey, and that I was taken from Michigan. This I was told by an Indian. Please to try and find out for me, and I will thank you whether you find my father or not, as soon as you can make it convenient, as I want to see him or my relations. Your humble servant,

WILLIAM WILLEY.

"COLD WATER, BRANCH CO., MICHIGAN, Sept. 28, 1866."

This letter was laid aside by the postmaster, and would probably have been neglected altogether but for a remark which was made to a prominent citizen of Jackson, who had known of the loss of the boy and had been among those who hunted for him, that such a letter had been received. He at once suspected that the name Willey was a mistake for Filley—notified Mr. J. L. Ballard, who had married a daughter of Ammi Filley, and another son of Ammi Filley, then in Oil City, Pennsylvania; and both set themselves to the discovery of the writer of the letter. While Mr. Ballard was absent on this search the writer of the letter appeared in Jackson, told his story, and was recognized by his relatives as the one whom they had so long been seeking. His father came on at once from Illinois, and the strong, personal resemblance between the two men, which appears even in the coarse engravings of Mr. Ballard's book, satisfied all that this time there was no mistake, and that the hard quest was ended.

The boy was identified, too, by a remarkable scar on the thumb. When he was two years of age his thumb was nearly cut off by an uncle, who was attempting to shorten the sleeve of an old coat, which the child had put on, and the scar remained ever after. It was found on the thumb of the man distinctly marked, and was recognized by the uncle as in the very place where the wound had been made. The color of the eyes and hair, the complexion, and the expression of the face were those which were remembered as belonging to the boy.

The account which William Filley gives of himself is, that he first learned the story of his captivity and parentage from a dying Indian chief of the Comanches, in the early part of the year 1860. Before that time he had no explanation of his pale face, which he knew could not be the face of a native Indian. He had no memory of Michigan or of life among white men, and for the first eight years of his captivity saw no white face and heard not a word of English spoken. The Pottawatomies, by whom he was captured, who were removed from Michigan not long after that time to the great Indian Territory beyond the Missouri, seem to have transferred their captive to another tribe, perhaps to have sold him. His first recollection is of life with Indians of the Platte region, some 200 miles below Fort Kearney. From these, when he was nine years old, he went to the Sioux; and he gives some curious instances of the justice and the cruelties of this brutal tribe, of their "moon" marriages (for a month), and their torture of offending squaws. From this tribe he went to the Big Crow tribe, whose chief, after the California gold-fever broke out, took him across the mountains to San Francisco, that he might come in contact with the whites, learn their language, and so be an interpreter for the Big Crows and the Walla-Wallas, whose chief joined in the enterprise. He was placed in one of the city schools, and remained there more than three years, learning to read and write, and to speak English with fluency, though he found the task very difficult. At the end of the time the chiefs came back for him, and he was forced to go with them into New Oregon. But he had made the acquaintance of a Comanche chief, and proposed to this man to make a bargain for him and get him from the other chiefs. The bargain was concluded, but its terms he never knew. He went with the Comanche; was watched very closely for a year or so; was then adopted into the tribe and chosen to be their chief, though only the second in rank. He became a trading agent of the tribe with other Indian tribes and with the white men, and gained among them, too, the rank and influence of a "medicine man." He describes his life with this tribe as happy, in spite of the dangers to which he was frequently exposed, and his separation from the pleasures of civilized life, for which his training in the San Francisco school had fitted him. His home was in the Rocky Mountains, but he fre-

quently went long distances both eastward and westward, to buy supplies, to sell skins and furs, and to hunt wild animals. Some of the narratives of his adventures with panthers, grizzly bears, and catamounts have a highly romantic flavor. His testimony concerning the manners and the faith of the Indian tribes does not assist the legends of the artlessness, humanity, and piety of these children of nature. He tells how the Arapahoes torment their victims by burning the tongue, ears, and other parts of the body with red-hot flints; how the Osages take up children by the ears; how the "Dirty Tribes" eat black snakes, drink fresh blood as a favorite beverage, and never wash their hands. In the course of his twenty-nine years of residence among the Indians he was in intercourse with seventeen different tribes, and actually learned eleven different dialects. Some things that he says about Indian ideas of God and Indian sacrifices might lead us to adopt the theory of Mr. George Jones, that the American red men are the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. They offer sacrifices at the new moon, in atonement for their sins, and the animals which they offer must be perfect, without spot or blemish. They pray to a Great Spirit, and, beneath Him, to the Sun and the Earth—the Sun as the source of life, and the Earth as the producer of all things. They have no creed, no profession; their religion is all in their sacrifice and their worship, their chants and dances. They know nothing about a Mediator, and no such word as Virgin is found in their language. He admits that the Indians are ready to steal, but claims that they have been taught to do so by the whites, and that in proportion to their numbers they are more honest than the whites. Their vindictiveness he was never able to share, and he is happy in the thought that he has never killed a man.

After Mr. Filley learned his parentage from the dying Indian, who sent for him expressly to impart the fact, he determined, if possible, to find his way to Michigan, and to see the friends and home of his childhood. He obtained leave to do so with difficulty, and only on the pledge of returning when he had satisfied his curiosity and his longing. He has no disposition to break that pledge, or to give up the ways and associations of savage life. He still holds his rank as chief in the tribe, and will go back to them in the present year. He retains all his Indian tastes, sleeps upon his blanket, eats no salt, and hates all labor, except the medicinal preparation of roots and herbs. He prefers the rough fare of the woods to the restraints of civilized life. Of course most of the facts of his narrative must be taken on his sole evidence, and must rest on his veracity. His story reads like a true story, and finds some confirmation in the certificate of Daniel M. Lyons, of East Mendon, New York, who passed sixteen years among the Indians of the Northwest. Mr. Lyons testifies that when he was with the Pottawatomies on the Platte

he learned from them that a white child had been stolen years before from Michigan, and also that when he was at the mouth of Death River, in the spring of 1849, at a place which is now the city of Marysville, he saw a white boy in company with two Indian chiefs, who said that they were taking him to San Francisco to learn the English language. The boy appeared to be about seventeen years of age. In the absence of any conflicting evidence, there can be hardly a doubt that the "chief medicine man" of the Rocky Mountain Comanches, who is now visiting his relatives in Connecticut and Michigan, is the boy that was stolen from the swamp near Fitch's Lake, in the city of Jackson, in August, 1837. That is the conviction of Ammi Filley and his other children, and of nearly fifty residents of Jackson, who hunted for him when he was lost, and have seen and talked with him since his return. The story rests upon safer evidence than the story of Eleazer Williams, the Bourbon Prince, though in our judgment the evidence in that story was not fairly weighed.

TOADS.

JOHN BULL gratifies his hereditary dislike for the French by calling a Frenchman "*Johnny Crapaud*"—that is, "JOHNNY TOAD." Ask him why, and he will tell you that all Frenchmen are *frog-eaters*, and that if a frog is not exactly a toad it is very like one, and that toads and frogs are all "much of a muchness." If he knew that Agassiz ranks the toad higher than the frog because of its more terrestrial habits, perhaps he would be disposed to call himself "John Bull," and his Gallic neighbor "Johnny Bull-frog." And yet John Bull in general—*Taurus vulgaris*—believes that the toad is venomous, and, if eaten, would poison Johnny Crapaud to death; in which belief many a Frenchman ignorantly believes with the vulgar Englishman, although he may have often unconsciously eaten toads, supposing them to be frogs, just as he doubtless has eaten cats under the mistaken persuasion that they were rabbits.

Yet French restaurateurs and English mountebanks long ago discovered that the common toad is harmless food. The one cooks him and calls him "frog;" the other used to eat him raw, amidst a gaping crowd, who, like the barbarians of Malta when the viper fastened on Paul's hand, "looked when he should have swollen or fallen down dead suddenly," but, instead of such a catastrophe, only saw the charlatan swallow a dose of what he called "medicine," and seem to be livelier and healthier than ever; none the less lively because the crowd of admiring bumpkins at once made haste to buy his nostrum, and, as President Lincoln used to say, "provide against the emergency" of their swallowing a toad. Usually on such occasions one man ate the toad, at the mountebank's request, and, to please him, was then attacked

with seeming illness, and, being persuaded to try the "cure-all," recovered immediately. Was it from this practice that sycophants and flatterers came to be called "toad-eaters?"

English poetry is full of slanders upon toads. Even Shakspeare, like all others in his day, and most others since, looked upon toads as poisonous, as appears from that charming passage in "As You Like It:"

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;"

and is further manifest in the Witches' incantation, in "Macbeth:"

"Toad, that under coldest stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Sweltered venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!"

If Shakspeare believed also in the precious jewel, the "toad-stone," or *bufonite*, supposed to be formed and found in the toad, he partook of an error which lived both long before and long after him. The toad-stone is now known to be the tooth of a fossil fish; but for ages it was believed to be formed in the toad's head, as is the pearl in the oyster, and to possess wonderful powers, both medical and magical.

Children, until they are taught better, regard *toad-stools* as structures built by toads, as did "our sage and serious poet" Spenser, and wonder why, unlike him, they never find toads sitting on or under those pretty umbrella-shaped fungi, though they have never read his declaration in the "Faerie Queen" that

"The grizly toad-stool, grown there, might I see,
And loathed paddocks lording on the same!"

Milton evidently shared in Shakspeare's and Spenser's dislike of toads; otherwise he would not have described Satan as taking the form of that reptile:

"Squat like a toad close at the ear of Eve,
Assaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy....
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
The animal spirits," etc.

The great poet of the "Paradise Lost" permits the devil to assume the form of three different animals, all objects of popular hate and disgust, and all classified from time immemorial among monsters, or beasts of malignant aspect and evil omen. He doubtless remembered that Virgil in his *Georgics* (i. 184)—even Virgil, whose knowledge of agriculture should have taught him not merely the harmlessness, but also the insect-killing value and helpfulness of the toad—calumniates that much-abused reptile as a monster:

"Inventusque cavis bufo, et quæ plurima terræ
Monstra ferunt."

Or as Dryden says:

"In hollow caverns vermin make abode,
The hissing serpent and the swelling toad."

Thus the very modesty and retiring disposition of this poor toad become his reproach. How invariably poets add to the horrors of grottoes and caverns by peopling them with

snakes and toads. Take, for example, this passage from Henry Kirk White's "Gondoline:"

"And as she entered the cavern wide
The moon-beam gleamed pale,
And she saw a snake on the craggy rock;
It clung by its slimy tail!
Her foot it slipped, and she stood aghast,
She trod on a bloated toad!
Yet still upheld by the secret charm,
She kept upon the road."

The toad's eyes are wonderfully bright and beautiful; yet not of them has it ever been said, in the rather undefined language of Keats,

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Nay, the beauty of their eyes has rather aggravated the general dislike for toads, as though such ugly customers should not possess such sparkling gems without being suspected of grand larceny. The toad might find more favor, perhaps, were his skin smooth instead of warty, his colors gay instead of gray or grave, and his motions lively and graceful instead of slow and awkward; and yet it is doubtful. Frogs possess all these superior traits, but they are not admired by most persons; it is only some enthusiastic naturalist of the French school who sympathizes with the Count Lacépède instead of laughing at him as he exclaims: "Who can regard without pleasure a creature so delicate in form, so nimble in movement, so graceful in attitude? Let us not deprive ourselves of an additional source of pleasure, nor regret to see the banks of our rivulets brightened by their colors, and animated by their sprightly gambols!"

The abundant moisture and coolness of the toad, so essential to his health and comfort, help make him disagreeable to us. As the moist coolness of a dog's nose startles any one who feels it unexpectedly or in the dark, so does the invariable dewy cold and clammy sweat of the toad when touched offend many a civilized simpleton. I say *civilized*, remembering that the black barbarians of Senegal, availing themselves of this perpetual coolness produced by the abundant moisture and rapid evaporation on the skin of toads, are in the habit, as Adamson informs us, of applying toads to their foreheads as they travel in torrid heats over burning sands, on the same principle that Roman ladies of the imperial age carried cooling-pots in their hands and bosoms in the form of living serpents; or that the languid beauties of Turkish seraglios pass between their fingers the refrigerating and fragrant beads of their amber *tusbees*.

In every toad is a sack of pure water not at all connected with the kidneys, but serving as a reservoir, and furnishing, doubtless, a part of the fluid which transpires from the skin. This fluid is very harmless in the common English and American toads. So, also, is the liquid which is largely secreted by the bean-shaped bunch on each side of the toad's head, as well as that which is so freely ejected when you suddenly grasp a toad in your hand. Most persons are afraid of these fluids, and imagine them

poisonous. They are mistaken. Not even Macbeth's weird sisters could now find venom in the common toad. It is true, however, that these juices have a slightly irritating effect when applied to the eyes, or to a flesh-wound, and that cat or dog does not like to take a second taste. But they are substantially harmless.

There are foreign toads whose fluids are less harmless. Thus Rev. Mr. Stanley of England found that ink was changed by them as by acids. Monsieur Bosc, a French naturalist, tells us that if, in hot weather, any one puts his hand to his nose (his *own* nose, not that of Monsieur Bosc) after handling a toad, he will feel nausea and other disturbances of the stomach; and Schelhammer, another continental writer, relates an anecdote of a child who had severe pustulous eruption, in consequence of a toad's having been held for some minutes before the child's mouth. The *natter-jack*, or *bufo calamita*, which is found in England and on the Continent of Europe, and also the brown toad of Southern Europe, smell disgustingly, the one like gunpowder, the other like garlic, when disturbed, and people who "sniff" at them may be nauseated; but no such odor or effect belongs to the common toad of either England or the United States.

Not only did Macbeth's witches use toads to make their "hell-broth" "thick and slab;" but many physicians of former ages, and some of more recent date, have employed both toads and frogs in pharmacy and medicine. The flesh of toads, dried and powdered, used to be considered diuretic and diaphoretic. I have read the statement of a living English doctor that "frog-spawn may be usefully employed in external inflammation as soothing and emollient." Formerly toads' flesh macerated in oil was regarded as deterrent and anodyne. Live toads used to be applied topically for headache, colic, and cancer. Ettmüller, Joël, Vallesnieri, and many others, have left us curious details on this subject. Timotheus directed the application of frogs, cut in two alive, to the region of the kidneys of dropsical patients. Dioscorides prescribed the flesh of frogs cooked in salt and oil as an antidote for the poison of serpents. Arnold affirmed that the heart of a frog, taken daily, in the form of a pill, was a cure for fistula, and the London Encyclopædia ("Credat *Judeus apella, non ego*") affirms that some Americans take the land frog of Catesby, reduce it to powder, mix it with orris root, and take it as a cure for flatulency!

Both toads and frogs have the same curious habit of swelling up and puffing themselves out when alarmed by seemingly hostile approach. Æsop had noticed this habit in the frog, and makes use of it in his fable of the Frog and the Ox. I have often mischievously amused myself by wriggling a stick, snake-fashion, toward a toad, in order to see him bloat and bulge out, and stand on tip-toe, apparently trying to make himself appear to be too large to be swallowed. Generally the toad's courage fails before the

stick gets very near, and he, like another well-known bloated character, believing that the better part of valor is discretion, turns tail and hops away with a headlong speed and length of hop utterly ridiculous.

It is curious to observe that, while the common toad of the United States *hops*, the common toad of England does not hop, but *crawls*, and that the *natter-jack* or *bufo calamita*, which is the only other kind of toad found in England, neither hops nor crawls, but *runs* much like a mouse. All of them, however, have the same habit of blowing themselves up on the appearance of danger. May not the Latin name for toad, which is *bufo*, coupled with this swelling swagger common to toads and jesters, or clowns, on exhibition, have given the name of *buffoon* to that amusing class of personages?

Children who are frightened by the rough skin and uncouth movements of toads, and who see them eagerly devouring worms and insects, are very apt to believe that toads have teeth. But neither English nor American *bufo vulgaris* has any such addition to jaw, tongue, or palate. I have explored their mouths with the zeal of a dentist, but never found fang or tooth, incisor or canine, bicuspid or molar! It is worth while to see a toad eat an angle-worm—using his forepaws as a greedy child its fingers, to cram his mouth and get the whole worm tucked in before he begins to swallow. It is still more amusing to see a toad wriggle off and devour his own skin. This cutaneous thanksgiving feast occurs once a year. The skin comes off in lateral halves, and is crammed eagerly, one half after the other, into the owner's mouth, and swallowed with great apparent zest.

Every toad, like every frog, is, or should be, born in the water. If the female can possibly get to the water she will always deposit her eggs, which resemble long threads of jelly studded with minute beads, in either pond or stream. Sometimes, it is true, they are laid in cellars, or other places, away from water. But in such cases the toads that may be hatched from them do not pass through the regular tadpole state.

Early in the spring the toad, who at every other period avoids the water, goes there to deposit her eggs. Then it is that we hear those piping, shrilling, far-reaching, and not unmusical sounds, from every lake, pond, river, stream, ditch, and pool, which tell us that spring has come again, and which have induced some naturalists to call our American toad the *Bufo musicus*. About twenty days after the eggs are laid they become tadpoles, purwiggies, porwiggles, poliwigs, or, as Yankee boys say, pollywogs. The tadpole period, unlike the tadpole's tail, is very short. While it lasts the juvenile toad swims and breathes like a fish, having at first a tail only, with which to row, scull, or steer. Speedily his legs develop themselves; and presently the tail, as if conscious of its misplaced attachment, first falls away, and next falls off.—("Oh, waterfall is there, my coun-

trymen!")—The gills close up, the lungs are put in motion, and the pollywog emerges from the water and graduates a diminutive toad into field and garden. Nor is this the only change. As a tadpole his intestines were very long and adapted for the digestion of vegetable food only. As a toad, they have become very much shorter, are inflated into stomach and colon, and become fitted for animal food.

Lord Bacon, learned as he was, made some queer blunders in regard to tadpoles, frogs, and toads. In one passage he gravely informs us that, during the great plague of 1666, "there were seen in divers ditches about London many *toads* that had tails three inches long, whereas *toads*," he says, "have usually no tails!"

About the time of this transition from water to land, I have seen the margin of a pond or pool swarming and black with thousands on thousands of young toads not larger than a kernel of corn. Once, in particular, do I remember having met such a countless crowd advancing into the road,

"—as bees

In spring-time, when the Sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth!"

and fairly obliging me to check my horse, or crush them by hundreds. My humanity made no impression on a flock of depraved ducks and ducklings that followed this phalanx of frogs, and gobbled these batrachian infants up (or down), with appetites that seemed insatiable.

Such of these juvenile reptiles as escape the early perils of migration and transmigration grow rapidly in size, and some of them attain to a good old age. Toads, known to be fourteen, fifteen, or sixteen years old, are not uncommon. Pennant gives a very interesting account of one that was domesticated in an English family for upward of six-and-thirty years. His favorite abode and winter retreat was under the house door-steps. Of course he burrowed there and remained out of sight except in warm weather. He knew his master, and would come forth at his approach. At candle-light he came out regularly to receive his supper. Often, to gratify curious visitors, he was brought into the house and placed on the table for exhibition, manifesting the utmost coolness and self-possession in polite society, and seizing with wonderful celerity every insect offered for his entertainment. He grew to a prodigious size, and showed no sign of infirmity up to the day when Fate fell on him in the fell shape of a raven whose ravenous beak, in spite of a gallant and persistent defense, inflicted on his aged frame wounds whereof he never recovered, but of which, or the effects of which, after some months' lingering, he died. *Sic transit gloria bufonis!*

But a forty-year-old toad in our climate has really had an active, self-conscious life of less than half that period. For, to say nothing of his sleeping by day in summer, he retires into his hole on the approach of cold weather, and there remains torpid until the return of spring—

"bids the earth roll, nor heeds its idle whirl." The ease and speed with which he digs his hole, stern foremost, not elbowing, nor shouldering, but *hipping* away the earth behind him, are quite remarkable; and it is really funny to watch him as he goes under—his eyes, with their three sets of eyelids, winking rapidly as they disappear, not again for more than six long months "to revisit the pale glimpses of the moon."

The toad loves the twilight. "Keeping shady" in the daytime, he comes nimbly forth after sunset and seeks his evening meal among the insects which swarm amidst the deepening shadows. As "it is the early bird that catches the morning worm," so it is the twilight toad that catches the evening bug. How often, at even-tide, have I sat on piazza or door-steps and watched the activity of these bright-eyed bug-devourers, a dozen of them in sight at once, hopping about in the gathering gloom like rabbits in their warren, evidently aware that they are licensed pets, each one a "chartered libertine," safe from all enemies, and not seriously disturbed when some zealous entomologist seizes one of their number and gently compels him to disgorge his evening meal in order to discover in his maw some rare and delicate insect, whose nocturnal habits enable him to elude all eyes less keen than those of the toad.

I was early taught to spare the lives of toads and swallows. "If you kill them," said one of the village oracles, in the very beginning of my memory, "the cows will give bloody milk." I believed it most religiously, and doubted not that I should thus be deprived of my morning and evening bread-and-milk should I wantonly destroy either of those sacred animals.

It has long been known that toads will not only remain for more than half a year in a torpid state, as is their winter custom, but that they will live for years shut up in darkness, and seemingly beyond the reach of either air or food. There are cases, well or ill authenticated, of the discovery of living toads inclosed in solid trees, in coal, in various kinds of stone, in beds of sand or gravel at immense depths below the earth's surface. Over a sandstone mantle-piece in Chillingham Castle, England, there used to hang, framed in with a coat of arms, a Latin inscription, in letters of gold, calling attention to a cavity in the mantle, and reciting that a living toad was taken from that hole in the rock when the mantle was split from the quarry. Nearly a hundred years ago, in tearing down the wall of a Parisian house belonging to the Duc d'Orleans, which had been standing nearly fifty years, a live toad was said to have been found in the midst of the wall, his hinder-legs imbedded in the mortar. This discovery led to many cruel experiments in both France and England—experiments too cruel to be justified by any scientific pretext. Monsieur Herrisant, in presence of a committee of the French Academy of Sciences, inclosed three

toads in plaster, boxed and sealed them up, and laid them aside for a year and a half. The boxes were opened at the end of that period, and two of the toads were found alive. They were again boxed up for a few months, and then again their sarcophagi were opened, but all were dead. In 1817, at Paris, Dr. Edwards inclosed a number of toads in plaster, and as far as he could, in various ways deprived them of air. All of them lived many days, but those died soonest which he forced to remain under water.

In 1825 and 1830 two English clergymen, who might have been better employed in parochial duty, repeated these experiments on a larger scale. The full record of the tortures they inflicted may be found in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, April—October, 1832, pp. 26, 228. Dr. Buckland was the first of these experimenters. That reverend gentleman caught thirty-two toads, shut them up and starved them for two months in a cucumber-frame in his garden; so that, to use his own words, they "were in an unhealthy and somewhat meagre state" when, on the 26th of November, 1825, he proceeded to imprison them more closely. *Four* of them he plugged tight into as many holes, each cut about five inches deep and three inches wide, on the north side of the trunk of an apple-tree. At the end of a year every one of these four toads was dead, and all of their bodies were decayed. *Twelve* more he shut up at the same time in twelve circular cells, each about a foot deep and five inches in diameter, cut in a block of limestone so coarse that it was easily permeable by water. *Twelve* more he confined in twelve other cells of the same width, but only half as deep, cut in a very compact silicious sandstone. The tops of the twenty-four cells were glazed airtight, and covered with slate. Both stones were then buried three feet deep in the garden, and there they remained for nearly thirteen months. On the 10th of December, 1826, they were dug up and examined. Every toad in the sandstone had evidently been dead for months. Most of those in the limestone were alive, but all except two were greatly emaciated. These two had gained in weight. Over one of them, and also over one that had died, the glass was broken. The survivors were again shut up and buried as before, but all of them died before the end of the second year. *Four* others were placed each in a small basin of plaster of Paris, four inches deep and five inches wide, glazed in and buried like the twenty-four. Being dug up at the same time, two only were alive, but "much emaciated." What the Doctor did with them we are not told.

The other clerical experimenter was the Rev. Edward Stanley. In June, 1830, he confined three toads, each in a flower-pot, and buried them four feet deep. In the following March they were all dead. Then he corked up two others in glass bottles, one hermetically closed, the other with a small hole in the stopper. The

first died in forty-eight hours; the other seemed to be dying in about a fortnight. He was then unbottled, put under a flower-pot on moist garden-earth, grew lively, and was set at liberty. In words that sound like mockery this clergyman says: "I had the pleasure of seeing it *crawl* off under every symptom of entire convalescence." Tortures inflicted for so trifling a purpose, and ending in results so worthless, almost make one wish that, for a while, at least, the toads and their tormentors could have been made to change places. Which of them would have then believed that "not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Heavenly Father's notice?"

I will finish this article by quoting some passages from the letter of a young friend who is endeavoring to domesticate a toad, and who in this letter "reports progress, and asks leave to sit again:"

"*Saturday*.—I ran into the garden to look for a toad. It is hard to find them in the daytime, but I soon saw one, and then put on my gloves and gave chase. I thought that I really meant to catch him. He hopped and I ran. I stooped and put out my hand, and he sprang out of my reach. My movements were *not* very prompt, and his *were*; and presently, to my great satisfaction (!), he hopped through the pickets and escaped. I guess I was as glad as he.

"*P.M.*—After dinner I thought I would try again, and after some search found a big toad under a currant-bush. Summoning up all my courage I grasped him with my gloved hand, and, *ugh!* what a sensation it gave me to touch him! I never felt a toad before. With a good deal of trepidation I managed to put him into an old bird-cage which I had brought for the purpose; but to my amazement he hopped instantly through one of the seed-holes, which looked smaller than his body, and was at liberty. But I caught him again—shuddering as I did before—put him into the cage, covered up the seed and water holes, rushed to the house, and exhibited my prisoner. We all admired the beauty of his eyes; but his warty and watery skin was disgusting, and his activity in trying to get out was beyond all belief. Presently I placed the cage on the grass under the dining-room window, and took a seat indoors to watch him. In less than five minutes he turned himself edgewise, forced himself through between the wires, and escaped! Not expecting such an escapade, I had taken off my gloves, and now if I caught him it must be with my naked hands—and I did it! As I seized his damp, cold, *knobby*, bloated body an indescribable shudder ran through me, extending to my very toes. He wet my hand, but I did not let go until I had put him back into the cage; and then, wrapping a shawl round it, I sat down on the piazza, quite faint and weak with the struggle. He remained still for a while, but presently began leaping upward over and among the perches in the cage, sometimes actually clinging to the top wires, showing the whitish-yellow under side of his body, and making me feel almost as badly as when I had him in my hand. He seemed so nearly frantic that I concluded to let him go. So, taking him back to the currant-bush, I opened his prison door and came away, leaving him to come out at his pleasure.

"So much for my first day of toad-taming!

"*Monday, P.M.*—I resolved to try again. Bringing down from the garret an old patent flour-sifter, I converted it into a cage, and then ran into the garden, caught my victim, imprisoned him, brought him to the house, and carried him up to my own chamber, and placed him in one of the windows opening on the piazza roof, where I left him to meditate till after tea. After tea I brought him down, set the cage on the table, and offered him a succession of flies. He seemed quite calm, behaved very well, but would not notice

the flies. Then I took him up stairs again, and placed his cage as before. When I went up to bed I had forgotten all about him, but just as I began to undress I heard a sort of scratching noise, looked toward the window, and saw the toad sprawling along on the outside of his cage. I uttered *one* scream and sprang upon the bed. He gave *one* leap and fell upon the floor. Del closed my door, and would not come in to my relief. Toady hopped about the chamber with alarming agility; and there I sat, 'squat like a toad,' on the bed, half crying, half laughing, and wholly afraid to get down and recapture the '*contraband*.' I called to Del to 'come in and catch him,' and she exhorted me (through the keyhole) to 'get down and catch him,' and each stoutly refused to do any such thing. At last, mustering all my courage, I charged at him with a towel, covered him, seized him, and called out, 'Del, I've got him!' That heroic female then ventured to open the door almost an inch and peep in. I suppose I must have relaxed my grasp, for just that instant the toad leaped out from under the towel. Del screamed and slammed to the door, and I screamed and jumped up again on the bed. Very soon, however, feeling rather ashamed of my cowardice, I put on my gloves, once more enveloped the toad in the towel, carried him down stairs, opened the back door, and dropped him on the grass. I went to bed disgusted with toads, and rather mortified at my want of courage, besides seeming to have lost all faith in the wisdom of trying to establish and maintain friendly relations with the lower orders of animals.

"*Wednesday*.—Another toad adventure! This afternoon at uncle Sam's one of his little boys came in with a toad in his hand. He treated it just as though it were a pet bird. Uncle took it, patted it, played with it, tickled its stomach with one of his fingers until the toad actually laughed out loud—at least he swelled up and made a sort of chuckling noise that sounded something like laughing. Then uncle persuaded me to take it, first in one hand, then in the other, then in both together, without gloves; and I did so, and kept on doing so until all my uncomfortable feelings passed away, and I began to think that a toad, well trained, might become a very tolerable pet. I have made up my mind to keep one in a sort of pen in the garden, where I can feed it regularly, and study its disposition and habits. After a month's trial perhaps I will send you an account of my experiment."

I have written encouragingly to my correspondent, and in due time hope to receive a supplemental report.

MY WALL STREET OPERATION.

I HAVE come to the conclusion, after a varied experience of two months, that it is not only necessary to the proper enjoyment of your money that it should be made by hard labor and the sweat of your own brow, but that safe investments are only to be made with hard-earned money. Speculations bring their own ruin; like every other crime they bear the seeds of their punishment: they endanger the money they produce, and through the process of getting and squandering the speculator is corrupted. I am clearly satisfied of the truth of the old adage that "what is easily made is easily spent." The fact is, that in my present state of mind I am disposed to go even further, and declare that what is easily got is generally most foolishly and illegally spent. I may be induced to modify this opinion when I get cooler, but in the present state of excitement I am invulnerable to argument—perfectly iron-clad with indignation.

Several months ago I made one thousand dollars very easily; I did not exercise my perspiratory pores over it at all—except from surprise at getting it. It is no matter how I came by it. It might have been left me by a defunct relative—it might have been given me for suppressing a scandalous paragraph (I am—alas! I *was* an editor)—it might have been given me for my political opinion (but I had none)—it might have been the proceeds of a Gift Enterprise, or the result of a Charitable Collection; I am told that money is frequently easily made in these ways; but it was none of these. The only thing necessary to be told as to the means of its acquirement is that it came out of *Wall Street*!

When I had the two handsome, picturesque, and decidedly original, not to say unique, designs of the American Bank Note Company, with the magic figures \$500 and the incomprehensible but valuable signature of the United States Treasurer (whom, from his chirography, I take to be one of the three young Chinamen educated some years ago at Harvard, or Yale, or some other college, where an occasional barbarian is admitted) engraved, thereon, stowed away in my pocket-book, vigorously clutched in my hand, and my hand and its contents carefully crammed into the lowest recesses of my breeches-pocket, I rushed off to my house in Brooklyn to relate the good news to that wise little counselor of mine who takes care of the babies and looks after my shirt-buttons. It seemed to me, as I hurried home, that every body knew of my good fortune, and I fancied I discovered in every conversation which reached my ears intimations of that instinctive knowledge coupled with advices as to the disposal or employment of my capital.

A young man, who was evidently in the shoe and leather trade, insisted on telling, in my hearing, a companion, who smelled of hides and tanners-oil, that "soles were advancing" and "kip was very scarce," and the man of hides and oil replied, with a sidelong glance at me, that "kip-skins were scarce and the Western markets bare." As I paid my two cents at the Fulton Ferry gate I heard one of the receivers tell another that the Directors could, if they would, declare a dividend of fifty per cent. on the last six months' business; but as the charter requires them to pay all over eight per cent. of profits to the charitable institutions of the State he rather thought the balance-sheet would show that the Company was barely getting four per cent. on its investment. As he said it, the man looked straight at me and not at my two cents—this may be a habit of his, however—and I was immediately seized with the idea that my pocket was transparent, and that he saw the two \$500's there!

On the boat I heard that Erie had advanced two per cent. at the Second Board; that Gold had jumped from 26 to 27½ since noon; that Seven-Thirties were declining in consequence of Germany sending them home in large quantities; that the fruit crop was a failure, and

dried peaches were ranging high; and finally, after threading my way through a mixed population, alike only in the fact that they all talked of money, and business, and speculation, I sat down by the side of a seedy-looking young man who had the *Herald* open at the "Business Opportunities," and who had the impertinence to laughingly call my attention to an advertisement announcing an extra favorable opportunity to make at least \$1000 a month by the investment of \$300 in a business of some kind or other, which the advertiser was abandoning for the sufficient reason that he wished to go to Europe. And further, the seedy young man was at once impolite and ungenerous enough to remark sententiously, "*Swindle!*"

I am in some measure of a suspicious nature; and at first I rather thought the same of all the enterprises I had heard spoken of, except perhaps the Gold story. I am not a sanguine man; nor do I think I am—or was previous to this experience—over-courteous; but somehow that information about Gold and American Securities stuck in my head; and when I had gotten home, and set the children wild with delight, and made Mary happy with the display of my money and my joy (I think the latter really affected her most) it still stuck there. I don't think it had clearly settled there; I don't think that idea had as yet got to incubating. I was not firmly convinced that the Dutch were about to be so foolish, because they were threatened with a little war among themselves, as to send our Bonds home, and depreciate the only securities I held, and advance the yellow commodity, which I did not hold; but I *did* reflect that if they did there was no good reason why I shouldn't have any benefits that might accrue therefrom as well as another.

And so—mark the sad sequence of that covetous thought—with this idea active but undefined in my head, when Mary asked if I was going to put the \$1000 with the other little savings in the Dime Savings' Bank, I hastily thrust the money back into my pocket, and gruffly answered "No."

The little woman looked at me for a second in profound astonishment; then her countenance became shadowed, and a tear stood in the corner of each eye; for in five years of a truly peaceful married life I had never before spoken a harsh or unkind word to her, and that "No" was a shock. I was as much pained myself at having uttered it—but too proud, or mad, or foolish, or criminal to repair the fault with an apology or a caress. I got up to stride away in my anger when my eldest boy grasped me lovingly about the legs, and nearly stumbling over him, I rudely jerked him on his feet and ordered him to "get out of the way." Whereupon he set up the half-suppressed cry of a wounded spirit; to escape which, and the now tearful eyes of the little woman, I took my hat down from the rack and strode out of the house, deaf to the call of my youngest to "come home soon, papa!"

I am sure I hadn't meant to be gruff; and when after a while I had gradually argued myself into the admission that it was unkind of me, and that I ought to make amends, I returned to the house and kissed both the boys and their mother too—at which the latter cried more pitifully than before, but I don't think so bitterly. When I had managed to wipe and kiss the tears away, I told the little woman of my soul, as kindly as I could, how sorry I was; and then I am aware of a certain undue haste to change the subject. I explained to her that, as I had said, I did not mean to deposit the money—that I had some idea of an "INVESTMENT." I rolled the word under my tongue as if it were a sweet morsel, and pronounced it as if it were written in small caps or black face antique. I wasn't selfish about it either; I told her why I wished to invest it. I hoped in a short time to double it; and then, instead of putting the aggregate in the bank, I intended to pay it out as the first installment on that little Gothic cottage and two acres at Fort Hamilton, which was to be had by the payment of further light installments. And telling her that no time was to be lost—that the morning's news from Europe had much affected trade (I had nearly said "stocks," but avoided it, because I somehow fancy that word has an ugly and a sort of suspicious sound)—I begged her to hurry up dinner, as I proposed to go to the office for the evening.

At this announcement my wife again opened her eyes—my going out of an evening was such an unusual thing—and I had to volunteer the explanation that I wanted to go to the office—that of the *Morning Telegram*—to see the European telegraphic market quotations of Six-Twenties and Seven-Thirties. I went, and in the office and in two or three of the public places in the vicinity where I had gone, invited by or inviting others, for spiritual comfort, heard any number of opinions to the effect that there was going to be a great war in Europe, and that the bonds certainly were coming home, and that gold was going to advance. And about midnight, with my head filled with a great deal of financial nonsense—"knowledge" I called it then—I went home and found my wife sitting up with much fear and trembling waiting for my delayed appearance, and satisfied in her own mind that I, minus my thousand dollars, was lying stiff and stark at the bottom of Fulton Ferry Slip; and when I entered safe and sound, the hysterics which had gradually been getting the better of her threw her into a convulsive sobbing, during which she went to bed and I fell asleep.

The next day I went directly to a broker's, in Broad, near Wall Street, and half-understanding the process of speculating in gold, deposited my \$1000, and ordered him to buy me five thousand dollars in gold, "buyer 3." I was very much surprised to hear him say that my margin was good for a purchase of eight thousand, and knowing no good reason why he

should do this unless *he* thought gold was going to advance, I told him to go ahead. The eight thousand was bought at 126, and when the time for its delivery had arrived I found it had been settled for at 130½, and that my "margin" was now \$1360—less the insignificant commission of one-eighth of one per cent. I told the broker to put it all out at the best price he could, and went home declaring that the \$500 which we had in the Dime Savings' Bank at six per cent. interest should no longer "waste its sweetness on that desert air" (what did a man who was making a hundred dollars a day off of \$1000 care for the correctness of his quotations or metaphors?), but that it should be invested in spite of wife's entreaties the first thing in the morning.

And when she persisted in begging me not to touch the \$500 in the bank I was thoughtless enough to say, I am really afraid very unkindly, that "you women make it a rule to hold a man's hands whenever he gets into a fight or in a fair way to do any thing." At which she exclaimed: "Why, husband!" in a hurt and reproachful tone; then the scene of the night before was in some respects repeated, and she went to bed sad at heart to weep, while I pretending not to hear or heed her sobs went off to sleep, and had many visions of wealth that brought none of the home-happiness which I had enjoyed before.

The \$500 was added next day; the margin was footed up \$1860, and the broker, very liberally and with a confidence only second to my own, purchased me \$15,000 of gold "buyer 3." I don't know what the experience of other wives may be, but my wife has good reason to think that "buyer 3" stands for three days of nervous excitement on my part and misery on hers, and that "regular" as applied to next day delivery sales means in domestic parlance "regular and constant suffering." She was miserable those three days. I was cold to her and the children. I affected to draw tighter reins of domestic government and required impossible things of her and the children, which failing of accomplishment I scolded her and spanked the children. I was absent all day and a greater part of the night. I neglected my business and drank a good deal of very indifferent liquors of various kinds, and altogether failed to go home to meals. I affected Sutherland's for lunches, and my whole course of reading embraced only the war rumors from Europe and the money articles. When the three days expired I went to the broker's, and was told that the seller had paid up at 1.34, and that \$450 of his money had been placed to my credit. My original margin of \$1000 had become, with the two operations and the added \$500 from bank, \$2300 in round numbers.

When I told the wife about my great good fortune she rejoiced greatly with me and half wept from joy; but ended up her exclamations of pleasure by asking if I had brought the money home, and if I was going to buy the house at Fort Hamilton next day?

"You foolish thing!" I exclaimed, with the nearest approach to a genuine laugh which I had indulged in at home for a week, "of course I haven't brought it home. I have ordered the broker to invest it again. It will buy at least \$15,000 gold."

"Oh, husband! you will lose it all. Think of how many *do* lose every thing in Wall Street!"

"Of course they do—somebody must lose; but they are the fools who don't know what they are doing. They understand nothing of the great political events and combinations which affect gold; they do not read the market reports comprehensibly; they can not divine the schemes of shrewd operators; in short, they are natural born fools. I know what I'm at."

She looked at me doubtfully, but I did not suspect then that she thought I didn't know every thing.

"Besides," I continued, "what do we want with a house in the suburbs? I saw a handsome two-and-a-half story brown-stone front in Clinton Street yesterday, which I can get for \$5000 cash and as much more on bond and mortgage."

"But where are you going to get the money?"

"I'll make it in a month. I'll have ten thousand dollars cash before the war is over."

I didn't *quite* do it. I made several more operations all in the same style, and all "bulling" gold. It went gradually up in the course of the month to 1.52; my money had been turned over frequently at exceedingly good advantage and profit, and I found my margin had grown at the end of that time to the formidable little sum of nearly \$7000. Singularly enough, other things increased or decreased in like proportion. The disgust for the Fort Hamilton cottage grew into decided contempt for the Clinton Street house, and my ambition was now fixed on a mansion which I had noticed in the upper part of the Avenue. I began to look on East River and her ferries as nuisances; Brooklyn became in my eyes a stupid, out-of-the-way place, pleasant, but not aristocratic, and Fulton Ferry decidedly inconvenient for "a man of business in Wall Street." I could buy the Avenue house for \$8000 cash and \$12,000 on bond and mortgage, and I rather thought I would do it. My bad temper, I am sorry to say, increased in like proportion to my gains; and my wife tells me I was very unkind and inconsiderate at times. I am afraid I neglected the boys, and they grew somewhat afraid of me. My business matters at the office of the *Morning Telegram* were not in a much happier condition than the domestic arrangements; and on some objections being advanced as to my habits, I had expressed regret that they did not suit the proprietor, and was ready to resign if it was deemed that another could fill my place better. It was not required, however, and I continued to hold my situation and to give equal dissatisfaction. The fact is, I did not care how soon the separation was effected.

Matters were in this state when gold had

reached 150. My broker that day told me that my margin, then about \$6000, would only buy the usual proportion—five times as much—*i. e.* \$30,000. I asked why, and was told that the broker had very little confidence in gold going any higher. I was a little startled, but pooh-pooed the idea, and declared that it would go to 175 in a fortnight, that the war was only beginning, that Vienna would fall in a week, and Napoleon be dragged into the struggle, and Europe, I hoped, be involved in one common ruin. My broker muttered something about the war in Germany not materially affecting gold here, that other agencies were at work; and was insane enough to advise me to sell rather than buy at 150. I told him he was a looney to suggest it, and went away seriously contemplating the idea of changing my banker. When I called for the settlement in three days and found gold at 152 I looked at the broker forgivingly, and suggested to him good-naturedly that it was a bad plan to sell at 150 and buy at 152. And he as good-humoredly said, "I was smarter than he was at that time," and took my order for \$30,000 gold, "buyer 3," with the proper demureness of a man who knew himself to be in the wrong.

The settlement three days after was not so encouraging as the previous ones had been. Gold had hung at 152-52½, and on the day of settlement it actually fell to 151. I was not much hurt; I didn't feel pleased, however, and I paid my loss of \$300 with the inward satisfaction that it would all be made up on the morrow, and Bull-like gave another order for "Bulling" gold when my broker and every body else told me to turn "Bear." But I laughed at them and rushed on to my ruin.

Yes, to my ruin! The story is easily and briefly told. I was infatuated, and could neither abandon Wall Street nor the habit of "Bulling." If I had had sense enough to change my tactics and sell, I would have made money as rapidly as I had before; but the decline which had begun continued, and still found me a buyer. Oh, the terrible infatuation! Oh, the agony of that month of losses! I became more morose, more harsh, and more cruel than ever. I hardly went home at all, except at midnight to sleep a few hours. I neglected my business until I was finally advised to resign, and did. I never had a pleasant word for my wife or the children, and they pined away in sorrow.

I never managed to "let go" until the money was all gone—the \$1000 and the \$500 too with it. I had been sustained by a confident hope that gold would every day go up again, and I would retrieve my losses. But the rise never came; my little fortune dwindled away to nothing, and my temper grew worse and worse. When the final crash came, and I found myself without money or situation, I went to bed ill of a fever, in which my wife nursed me with the strong devotion which it seems to me only women can feel. When I grew better and stronger,

and was roused up to action again, I think I had grown more kind to her and the boys, and was, I hope, in every way a better even if a poorer man.

LITTLE RAVAGEOT.*

I.

NOT very long ago there lived a little boy, who was so naughty that every body was afraid of him. He struck his nurse, broke the plates and glasses, made faces at his papa, and was impertinent to his poor mamma, who loved him with all her heart, in spite of his faults. He had been nicknamed Ravageot because he ravaged every thing about him, and he ought to have been very much ashamed of it, for it was the name of a dog, his rival in mischief in the house; but he was ashamed of nothing.

In spite of all this he was a pretty boy, with light curly hair, and a face that every one liked to look at when he took a fancy to be amiable. But this was never any thing more than a fancy, and the next instant he became unbearable. All the neighbors pitied his parents, who were the best people imaginable, and nothing was talked about in the whole town but this naughty boy. One told how Ravageot had thrown a stone at him one day when he was taking the fresh air before his door; another, how he had jumped into the brook during a heavy rain on purpose to splash the passers-by. The milkman would not let him come near his tin cans since he had thrown a handful of fine sand into them through mischief, and the policeman threatened to put him in prison if he did not stop pinching the little girls on their way to school. In short, so much was said of his bad behavior, that it came to the ears of an old fairy, who, after long roaming over the world, had taken up her abode in the neighborhood.

The fairy Good Heart was as good as it was possible to be; but just on account of her goodness she could not endure evil to be done around her. The sight of injustice made her ill, and the mere hearing of a wicked action took away her appetite for a week. In the course of her long career she had punished many bad people, great and small, and when she learned of all that Ravageot had done, she resolved to give him a lesson that would last him a long time. In consequence, she informed his parents that she would pay them a visit on a certain day.

The fairy Good Heart was well known in the country, and every one esteemed it a great honor to see her enter his house, for she was not lavish of her visits, and it was almost an event when she was seen in the town. On the morning of the day appointed the cook hastened to the market, and returned two hours after, bent double under the weight of a huge basket holding the best that money could buy. The rattling of dishes, and of the old silver plate, taken

* From *Home Fairy Tales*, by JEAN MACE. Translated by MARY L. BOOTH. Harper and Brothers. 12mo.

from great chests, was heard all over the house. Baskets full of bottles were carried up from the cellar, and great hampers of fruit were brought down from the attic. Such a commotion had never before been seen; the servants were tired out, but no one complained, for all loved the fairy Good Heart, and would have gone through fire and water to please her.

"What shall we do with Ravageot?" said the father to his wife. "You know how disagreeable he is to people who come here. The unhappy child will disgrace us. If he behaves badly to the fairy every one will know it, and we shall not dare to show our heads."

"Don't be afraid," said the good mother. "I will wash his face, comb his beautiful fair hair that curls so nicely with my gold comb, put on his pretty new blouse and his little buckled shoes, and beg him so hard to be good that he can not refuse me. You will see that, instead of disgracing us, he will do us honor."

She said this because she thought of the good dinner that she was preparing, and she would have been too sorry for her dear little boy not to have been there. But when the servants went to bring Ravageot to his mother, that she might dress him, he was nowhere to be found. The naughty boy had heard of the fairy Good Heart, and was afraid of her, without knowing why. It is the punishment of the wicked to fear every thing that is good. Hearing himself called, he hid, and was finally found, after a long search, in the pantry, with his fingers in an ice-cream that had been set there to keep. The cook made a great uproar when she saw her beautiful cream spoiled, with which she had taken such pains, but it was in vain to cry out and scold the culprit; the guests were forced to dispense with ice-cream for that day.

The worst of the matter was that, in the midst of the cook's lamentations, a great noise was suddenly heard in the street. It was the fairy Good Heart coming at full gallop. All the servants rushed at once to the door, leaving Ravageot, who ran and hid among the fagots in the loft.

His poor mother was deeply grieved at not having him by her side on such a day as this; but it was not to be thought of, and, forcing back her tears, she advanced with the most joyful air she could assume toward the good fairy, who was just alighting from her carriage, and conducted her with the greatest respect to the dining-room, where the whole company took their seats round a large table magnificently served.

When the repast was ended, the fairy cast her eyes round the room. "Where is your little boy?" said she to the mother, in a voice that made her tremble.

"Alas! Madam," replied the latter, "we have had so much to do this morning that I have not had time to dress him, and I dare not present him to you in the state in which he is."

"You are disguising the truth from me," said the fairy, in a harsh voice, "and you do wrong. You render children an ill service in seeking to hide their faults. Bring him to me just as he is; I wish to see him directly."

The servants sent in search of Ravageot soon returned, saying that they could find him nowhere. The father shrugged his shoulders, and the mother began to rejoice in her heart at the thought that her dear child would escape the lesson that was evidently in store for him. But the old fairy did not intend to take all this pains for nothing. She made a sign to her favorite dwarf, who was standing behind her chair. This dwarf, who was called Barbichon, was of the strength of a giant, despite his small stature. He was broader than he was high, and had long arms twisted and gnarled like the old shoots of the vine. But the most extraordinary thing about him was that he smelt out naughty little boys, and tracked them by their scent as a hound tracks a hare.

Barbichon ran to the kitchen, where Ravageot had been left, and following his scent from there without hesitating, he climbed to the loft and marched straight to the fagots, through which he caught a glimpse of the torn trowsers of the fugitive. Without saying a word, he seized him by the waistband, and carried him at arms'-length into the dining-room, where his entrance was greeted with shouts of laughter. Poor Ravageot was in a sad plight. His rumpled blue blouse was blackened on one side by the charcoal in the kitchen, and whitened on the other by the walls that he had been rubbing against ever since morning. From his matted and tangled hair hung twigs and dry leaves, gathered from among the fagots, to say nothing of a great



spider's web, through which Barbichon had dragged him on passing through the door of the loft, and half of which was clinging to his head. His face, purple with anger, was daubed with cream from the tip of the nose to the end of the chin. He wriggled and twisted, but in vain, in Barbichon's large hand. In short, as I just told you, he made a sorry figure, and those who laughed at him had good reason for laughing.

Three persons only did not laugh: his father, whose face showed great vexation, his mother, whose eyes were full of tears, and the old fairy, who cast on him a threatening glance.

"Where have you come from, Sir?" said she, "and why did I not see you on entering here?"

Instead of answering, he slipped from the hands of Barbichon, who had just set him on the floor, ran to his mother, and hid his head in her lap, stamping his foot with anger.

"Here is a child," said the fairy, "that likes to have his own way. Well, I will leave him a parting gift that will render him very happy. HE NEED NEVER DO ANY THING THAT HE DOES NOT WISH. Adieu, Madam," said she, addressing the poor mother, who was involuntarily smoothing the disordered hair of her naughty boy with her white hand; "adieu; I pity you for having such a child. If you take my advice, the first thing you will do will be to wash his face, for he is really too dirty." And, rising majestically, she went in search of her carriage, followed by Barbichon bearing the train of her dress.

This was an unhappy household. The fairy Good Heart had gone away displeased, after all the pains that had been taken to entertain her, and the guests disappeared one by one, in haste to tell what had happened through the whole city. The father took his hat and went out angry, saying aloud that this rascal would disgrace them all in the end. The mother wept without saying a word, and continued mechanically to stroke the tangled hair of her dear torment, reflecting on the singular gift that had been made him.

Finally she rose, and, taking Ravageot by the hand, "Come, my dear little boy," said she, "let us go and do what the fairy bid us."

She took him to her dressing-room, and, plunging her large sponge into the beautiful clear water, prepared to wash his face and hands. Ravageot, still sulky from the reproaches which he had just drawn upon himself, at first made no resistance, but when he felt the cold water in his nose and ears, he began to kick, and ran to the other end of the room, crying,

"Oh! it is too cold; I don't want my face washed."

His mother soon caught him, and passed the sponge over his face again, in spite of his struggles. But the fairy's fatal gift was already at work. The water obeyed Ravageot's orders. To avoid wetting him it splashed to the right and the left out of the basin, and ran from the sponge, which constantly remained dry, so that it was necessary to give up the undertaking.

The room was full of water, while Ravageot's face, half washed, had not received a drop since the imprudent words were spoken.

His poor mother, in despair, threw herself in a chair, and, shaking her wet dress, said, "Come, let me comb your hair, at least; you will not be quite so untidy." Saying this, she took him on her lap, and began to pass her beautiful gold comb through his hair. Before long the comb encountered a twig, around which five or six hairs were twisted.

"Oh! you hurt me," cried Ravageot. "Let me alone! I don't want my hair combed." And behold! the teeth of the comb bent backward and refused to enter the hair. His mother, frightened, seized another comb, which did the same. The servants of the house hastened thither at her cries, each bringing all his combs, but nothing would do. They even went to the stable in search of the curry-comb; but scarcely had its iron teeth touched the enchanted locks than they bent backward and passed over Ravageot's head without disturbing a single hair.

Ravageot opened his eyes wide, and began to repent of having been so hasty of speech. He was a little vain at heart, and did not dislike to be neat and clean, provided that it cost him neither pain nor trouble. To see himself condemned to remain thus, with his hair full of dirt and his face half washed, was not a pleasant prospect. To show his dissatisfaction, he began to cry with all his might—the usual resource of naughty boys when they know not what to say or to do.

"I want to be washed and to have my hair combed," sobbed he, but it was too late. The fairy had, indeed, exempted him from the necessity of doing what he did not like, but she had not told him that he could do what he pleased.

To comfort him, his mother wished to put on his beautiful new blouse and his pretty buckled shoes. He pushed them away. "I don't want them," he cried. "I want to have my face washed and my hair combed."

As the water would not wash his face, nor the comb enter his hair, after storming a long time he changed his mind, and asked for his new blouse and buckled shoes. It was the same story. The blouse and the shoes had heard his refusal, and, like well-bred people, refused in their turn to go where they were not wanted. The blouse rose in the air when he attempted to put it on; the higher he raised his hand, the higher it rose, until finally it fastened itself to the ceiling, whence it looked down on him with a mocking air. As to the shoes, the first one that he attempted to put on suddenly became so small that a cat could not have put her paw into it, while the other grew so large that Ravageot might have put both feet into it at once.

His mother, seeing this, sent away the servants, who stood wonder-struck, and whose astonishment added to the shame of the little boy; then, gathering her maternal strength to resist

the terror that seized her, she gently clasped her poor child to her breast.

"What will become of us, my poor boy," said she, "if you will not obey at once and without resistance? This is what the good fairy wished to teach you by her fatal parting gift. *When children are commanded to do any thing, it is for their good; and the worst thing that could happen to them would be to have the power to disobey.* You have this power now, and you see already what it has cost you. For Heaven's sake watch over yourself henceforth, if you would not kill me, for it would be impossible for me to live and see you as miserable as you will soon become if you continue to disobey your papa and me."

Ravageot was not a fool, and he perfectly understood the truth of what was said to him. He loved his mother besides (what child, however wicked, could do otherwise?), and the profound and gentle grief of this tender mother softened his little stony heart in spite of himself. He threw his arms around her neck, and laying his dirty face against her smooth cheeks, wiped away the large tears that fell silently on it. They alone had the power to break the enchantment, since he had declared that he would not have his face wet.

The reconciliation effected, they went down stairs to the room where they usually sat, and there, on a beautiful polished table, were the books and copy-books of the little boy.

"Study hard, my dear child," said his mother, kissing his forehead. "Learn the page which you are to recite to papa this evening like a studious little boy. Perhaps the good fairy will relent when she knows that you have learned it thoroughly, and will take back her vile gift."

If Ravageot had had the choice, he would have gone to play in the garden; but after the humiliating lessons which he had received, one after another, he dared not resist. He seated himself at the table, therefore, and, with a great effort, set to work to learn his page. Unhappily, in the fourth line came a long, hard word, to which he directly took an aversion. This hard word spoiled every thing; it was like a great stone in his path. After uselessly trying several times to spell it he angrily threw the book on the floor.

"I don't want to study," said he; "I am tired of it."

"Oh!" said his mother, with a look that pierced his heart, "is this what you promised me?"

"Forgive me, mamma," said he, ashamed; and he picked up the book to begin to study his lesson again. It was impossible to open it. His terrified mother used all her strength, but in vain. She called the coachman and the porter—two very strong men—each took hold of one of the covers, and pulled with all his might, but the book did not stir. She sent for the locksmith with his hammer, and the carpenter with his saw; both broke their tools on the book without opening it.

"I will take another," said Ravageot; and he stretched out his hand toward a fairy book that amused him greatly. Alas! it was so firmly glued to the table that he could not stir it. A third disappeared when the little boy attempted to take it, and insolently returned the moment he withdrew his hand. In short, Ravageot had declared that he did not want books; the books no longer wanted Ravageot.

"Ah! unhappy child, what have you done?" exclaimed his mother, in tears. "Now there are no more books for you. How will you ever learn any thing? You are condemned to remain in ignorance all your life." Her tears flowed in such abundance on the unfortunate book, the author of all the evil, that it was wet through, and already, under this all-powerful rain, was beginning to open, when suddenly it remembered its command in time, shook off the tears, and shut with a snap.

Except the book of fairy tales, which he sincerely regretted, Ravageot would have readily resigned himself to being rid of books, for he was not reasonable enough as yet to understand the use of them; but his mother's grief troubled him, and he wept bitterly with her, promising never more to disobey.

Meanwhile, his father returned to supper, worn out with fatigue, and still vexed from the scene at dinner. He had been walking since morning all about the town, avoiding every face that he knew, and fearing to be met, lest he might have to answer questions about the fairy's visit, which was talked of every where; consequently, he was not in the best humor toward the child that had caused him such an affront. I leave you to judge of his anger when he saw his son come to the table with his clothes torn, his hair in disorder, and his face still daubed with half of the morning's cream. Looking at his wife with an angry air, he said, in a loud voice,

"What does this mean, Madam? Do you think that we are not yet sufficiently the laughing-stock of the town, that you wait for more visitors to come here before you wash that little wretch?"

The poor woman, seeing her husband so angry, dared not tell him what had happened, and suffered herself to be unjustly accused in order to spare her little boy the punishment that his father might have inflicted upon him, happy that all the anger should fall on her. In this she was wrong again, for the child, full of gratitude to her, was indignant in his heart against his father's injustice, without reflecting that he was the true culprit, and that it was his place, if he had a heart, to justify his mother by telling the truth. The spirit of rebellion once aroused in him, with an appearance of reason, the child set up his will against that good father, whose displeasure was so natural, and he was left in ignorance of what had happened; and when the latter, softening a little, handed him a plate of soup, saying, "Here, eat your supper, child, and afterward we will see about

washing you," he answered, in a resolute tone, "I don't want any."

It must be confessed that it was a kind of soup of which he was not very fond, a circumstance which doubtless added something to his resolution. Scarcely had he spoken that unfortunate "I don't want any," when the soup sprang from the plate and fell back with one bound into the tureen, splashing every body around the table.

His father, who had received a large share of the soup on his waistcoat, thought that Ravageot had thrown it in his face. Nothing was too bad for such a child to do. He rose furious, and was about to punish him on the spot, when the mother rushed between them. "Stop, my dear," said she, "the poor child had nothing to do with it. He is unhappy enough without that; now he can eat no more soup." And upon this she was forced to tell Ravageot's father of the fatal power that the fairy had bestowed on him, and to explain the consequences which had already followed from it. As may be imagined, this did not calm him. More angry than ever, he broke into reproaches against his poor wife.

"This is a fine gift," said he; "I congratulate you on it. What is to be done now with this little wretch? The meanest rag-picker would not have him. I want nothing more to do with him, and to-morrow morning I mean to send him as cabin-boy on board a vessel, where he will have to endure more hardships than he will like. Until then take him away from my sight, and put him to bed; at least, he can do no more mischief in his sleep."

His mother wished to take him away herself for fear of a new accident, but her husband would not hear of it. "No, no," said he, "you will find means of coaxing him, and making him believe that he is an innocent victim. Stay here; Mary Ann shall put him to bed."

Mary Ann was a tall country girl, as fresh as a rose and as strong as a man; she had already received more than one kick from Ravageot, and was not one of his best friends. She took him in her arms without ceremony, and carried him off as if he had been a feather.

Left alone with her husband, the poor mother set to work to caress him and attempt to soften his heart. She at last persuaded him not to send Ravageot to sea as a cabin-boy; but, that it might not be believed that he had yielded to his wife, the father swore solemnly that he pardoned him for the last time, and that he would be merciless at the next offense.

Meanwhile the time passed; half an hour, an hour went by since Ravageot had been carried away, yet Mary Ann did not return. Unable to resist her anxiety, the mother hastened up stairs, when what did she see but Mary Ann clinging to the curtains, and trying with all her might to hold down the bed, which was capering about the room. Vexed at being obliged to go to bed without his supper (for he had not dined, you must remember), the little boy had

refused at first to go to bed, and the bed had taken him at his word. As soon as he attempted to approach it, the bedstead reared and plunged like a furious horse; the mattress rose in waves like a stormy sea; and the coverlet itself joined in the dance, and flapped in the face of the disobedient child till it brought tears in his eyes. It was evident that he would have to pass the night in a chair.

It was too much to bear at once. Exasperated by the remembrance of all the misfortunes that had been showered on him like hail ever since morning, he fell into a terrible fit of rage, and rolled on the floor, gnashing his teeth.

His mother approached him. "Come to my arms, my dear child," said she; "I will wrap my dress about you, and keep you warm all night."

In his fury he listened to nothing, and more than twenty times pushed away the loving arms that offered to shelter him. Worn out at last with crying and struggling he felt the need of a little rest, and as his good mother still opened her arms, smiling sadly, he sprang toward her to take refuge in them, when suddenly he felt himself held back by an invisible hand, and found it impossible to take a single step forward. It was the final blow. His last disobedience had deprived him forever of the pleasure of embracing his mother.

They passed the night six feet apart, looking at, without being able to touch each other. The poor child was in the greatest terror, and bitterly reproached himself for having scorned the dear refuge which was forever closed to him. But who can tell the despair of his mother? She neither wept nor spoke, but gazed with a haggard face at her child, banished from her arms, and felt that she was on the point of becoming mad.

II.

When morning had come she said to Ravageot, "Come with me. We will go to the fairy Good Heart, and I will beg her to forgive you."

She attempted to take his hand, but something held her back, and she left the house, followed by the little boy, who no longer had the right to walk by his mother's side.

The fairy Good Heart lived a league from the city, in a great castle surrounded by splendid gardens, which were open to every body. A simple hedge, the height of a man, separated the garden from the road, and the gate was always on the latch. Ravageot and his mother had no trouble, therefore, in making their way to the fairy. Before the door they found Barbichon taking the fresh air, and waiting for his mistress to rise. The good lady was not a very early riser; it was a little fault in which she indulged herself in return for doing harm to no one. But as soon as she learned that some one was waiting to see her she sprang from her bed, and was ready to receive the afflicted mother in the twinkling of an eye.

"Ah, Madam," said the latter, as soon as she

saw the fairy—"ah, Madam, save us! For pity's sake take back the terrible gift which you made yesterday to my child."

"I see what is the matter," said the fairy, glancing at Ravageot's dress. "This little boy wished to have his own way. He has been punished for it; so much the worse for him. I can not take back what I have given."

"What!" said the mother; "is there no means, then, of saving him from so frightful a punishment?"

"There is, but it is a hard one. It is necessary that some one should consent to be punished in his place."

"Ah! if that is all, it is easy. I am all ready. What do you ask for him to be able to have his face washed, and be neat and clean?"

"For him to have his face washed, and be neat and clean, you must give me your beautiful complexion."

"Take my complexion, Madam; what do I want of it, if my child must always remain untidy?"

Barbichon instantly stepped forward, holding in one hand a basin of rock crystal, and in the other a sponge as soft and fine as velvet. In the twinkling of an eye the fairy washed the face of Ravageot, who smiled to see himself in the glass, fresh and rosy. But all his joy vanished when he turned to look at his mother. Her beautiful cheeks were withered, and her smooth, satin-like skin was tanned and wrinkled like an old woman's. She did not seem to perceive it, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure on gazing at her dear child.

"What do you ask," she continued, "for him to be able to have his beautiful hair combed and curled?"

"For him to have his hair combed and curled, I must have your hair."

"Take my hair, Madam. What do I want of it, if my dear child's must always remain in disorder?"

And Barbichon stepped forward with a diamond comb, with which the fairy, with three turns of the hand, smoothed and curled the hair of Ravageot, who let her do it without daring to look at his mother. When he ventured to raise his eyes to her, his heart was wrung with pain. Her beautiful hair, as black and glossy as jet, had disappeared, and in its place a few gray locks strayed in disorder from her cap. But she paid no attention to it. "What do you ask," she continued, "for him to be able to put on his new clothes?"

"For him to put on his new clothes, I must have yours."

"Take my clothes, Madam. What do I want of them, if my dear child must always remain in rags?"

Barbichon instantly handed the fairy a little jacket of fine cloth, embroidered with gold, white silk trowsers, a blue velvet cap, trimmed with silver, and shoes ornamented with precious stones, which in two seconds replaced the old clothes of Ravageot. He had never been so

fine. He could not repress a cry of joy, which quickly turned to one of sorrow; for, on looking at his poor mother, he saw her dressed in rags like a beggar. But she saw nothing but the magnificent costume of her child, and laughed with pleasure, showing her magnificent pearly teeth, the last relic of her past beauty.

"What do you ask," she said, "for him to be able to eat soup? The doctor says that his health depends on it."

"For him to eat soup, I must have your teeth."

"Take my teeth, Madam. What do I want of them, if my dear child can not have proper nourishment?"

She had scarcely finished, when Barbichon held on an enameled plate a beautiful Japanese cup, in which was smoking the most appetizing soup that ever smoked under a little boy's nostrils. Ravageot, who had been fasting for twenty-four hours, did not wait for the spoon to be offered him twice; but his pleasure was of short duration. At each spoonful that he swallowed he heard a tooth fall on the ground. Despite his hunger, he would have gladly stopped; but his mother, delighted to see him eat with such an appetite, would not listen to it, and forced him to go on till not a tooth remained in her head.

"Now," said the fairy, "this is all, I hope."

"All! oh no, Madam, I have many more things to ask of you."

"But, unhappy woman, what more would you sacrifice for this naughty child?"

"They are not sacrifices. I am too happy to save him from the wretched fate that was in store for him. Come, what do you ask for him to be able to sleep in his bed?"

"For him to sleep in his bed, you must give me yours."

"Take my bed, Madam. What do I want of it, if my dear child must pass his nights on the hard floor?"

"Have you any thing more to ask?"

"Yes, indeed. What do you ask for him to be able to study?"

"For him to be able to study, you must yourself forget all that you know."

"Take all I know, Madam. What do I want of knowledge, if my dear child must wallow in ignorance?"

"Let this be your last demand, at least."

"For Heaven's sake, one more! This time it is for myself. What do you ask for me to be able to clasp him in my arms?"

"To have the happiness of clasping him in your arms, you must give me all your other happiness."

"Take it, Madam. What other happiness can there be for me, if I have not that of embracing my dear child?"

The fairy made a gesture, and Ravageot sprang tremblingly into his mother's arms. He shuddered in spite of himself as he came in contact with her coarse dress and yellow, flabby skin, and winced under the kisses of her

toothless mouth. But so many proofs of love had not been lost on him, and all that excited his repugnance filled him at the same time with gratitude and admiration for the good mother who had so completely devoted herself for him, to what point he did not yet know. As to her, wholly absorbed in the happiness which she had restored to him, she clasped him convulsively in her arms, and never tired of telling him how handsome he was, forgetting all that she herself had lost.

It was necessary at last to take leave. The happy mother could not sufficiently thank her whom she styled her benefactress. Barbichon wept with emotion, and the fairy herself, unable any longer to restrain her feelings, ran to her as she was descending the first step, and kissed her forehead, saying, "Take courage, noble woman, and rely on me."

Courage! she was too happy to need it. She walked with a light step, holding by the hand her treasure, well fed, neat and clean, and adorned like a little prince. What mattered any thing else to her? She thought that he would sleep that night in his comfortable little bed, and pictured to herself in advance how learned he would be one day, and how he would write a beautiful book, which the first publisher of the country would print on fine paper, with his name on the title-page in large letters.

Meanwhile the poor mother knew nothing herself, as she soon saw when they set out for home. She had forgotten the way; she did not even know the direction of the town, and had not the least recollection of the house. Ravageot then understood the full extent of her sacrifice. It was in vain that he attempted to guide her. He had been too much accustomed to have every thing done for him to take the trouble to see where he was going, and had paid no attention to any thing on his way. They wandered about all day in the fields; he growing more and more anxious as night came on, she thinking of nothing but the happiness of seeing her dear child delivered from all his ills.

At last, toward evening, they were met by the servants, whom his papa, terrified at their disappearance, had sent in search of them in all directions, and who did not recognize them at first, so much were they both changed, until Ravageot, who was looking anxiously on all sides, spied the coachman. He ran to him, and, calling him by name, soon made himself known; but he was greatly embarrassed when the servants asked who was the old beggar woman with him. "It is my mother!" he exclaimed. But they laughed in his face, and the policeman, who headed the search, scolded him severely for roaming over the country, clinging to the skirts of a wretched old woman, and calling her his mother—he whose mother was such a lady. They even talked of taking her to prison. She knew not how to defend herself, having forgotten every thing; she only clasped Ravageot in her arms, repeating, "He

is my son, my dear son, whom I have saved from misery. Nothing in the world can take him from me."

Happily they thought her insane, and, respecting her madness, permitted her at last to accompany Ravageot to his father. It was dark when they arrived. Mary Ann was standing at the door.

"Ah! here you are," she cried, as soon as she saw the little troop. "Here you are, naughty boy! Your father has been anxious enough about you, poor man! He has just gone to the great pond to look for you. This is the third horse he has tired out since morning, and if it had not been for your dear mother, whom we all love so well, I should have advised him to remain quiet, and thank God for being rid of you. What have you done with your mother?"

"Here she is!" cried Ravageot, trembling with terror at the turn affairs were taking. "Here she is; I have never left her."

"No more of your tricks! Aren't you ashamed of them at such a time? How can you make fun of your mother in this way, when you see us all in trouble on her account? Up stairs with you, quick, and to bed! You must be in need of it."

At the word bed the good mother remembered her bargain with the fairy, and put an end to the discussion by saying, "Go to bed, my dear; you know that the fairy permits it, and you must be very tired. Sleep sweetly, and I will wait for you here."

He wished to resist, but she raised a finger, and said, in her beautiful voice, which remained clear and sweet, "Obey!"

At this word a thousand terrible recollections rose before him. He hung his head and followed Mary Ann, who dragged him up stairs less gently than he would have liked.

Ravageot was in his comfortable little bed, wrapped in his warm blankets, but he slept little. He thought of his mother standing and waiting for him before the door—his mother disfigured on his account, whom no one would recognize, and who so cruelly expiated the faults which he had committed. He listened with terror to the sound of the rain and the roaring of the wind, which blew that night with extraordinary violence. The rattling of the windows, shaken by the tempest, seemed to him so many accusing words, crying, "Bad son!" At last, toward morning, worn out with fatigue and excitement, he fell into a heavy, painful sleep, and saw in a dream a squad of policemen driving before them a gray-haired woman, in a coarse patched gown, who turned her head as if looking for some one.

Meanwhile his father had returned late at night, worn out, with a heart full of anxiety. He received the news that his son was found with a cry of joy; but on learning that his wife was not with him, he groaned, and, throwing himself on the sofa, passed the night there, with his face buried in his hands. Scarcely



had day dawned when he entered the room where his son was sleeping, and, seeing the little curly head which he had thought never more to behold, he burst into tears like a child, and, rushing to the bed, covered the little sleeper with kisses.

Ravageot awakened with a start, and was at first terrified to see his father drowned in tears, but soon recovering himself, he threw his arms round his neck and cried, "Oh! papa, mamma is down stairs at the door. Come quickly; I am sure that she is very cold." And as his father looked at him wonder-struck, "They did not know her yesterday," cried he, "but you will know her, I am certain."

Hastily dressing himself, he dragged his father to the door, where they found the poor woman, her cheeks blue with cold, and her clothes dripping with rain. At the sight of her little boy her face brightened, and she clasped him in her arms with as complete a happiness as if she had been receiving the compliments of the fine gentlemen of the town in her great velvet

chair by the drawing-room fire.

"What does this mean?" said the father; "who is this good woman?"

"It is my mother," cried the child—"my good mother, who has become ugly and ragged for me."

"Can this be possible?" said he to his wife; "and are you really my dear wife, for whom I have been mourning ever since yesterday?"

She looked at him without recognizing him. She embraced her child again and said, "This is my son. What do you want of me?"

"But then I am your husband!" returned the father, stupefied.

"You!" said she. "I do not know."

"Oh! what am I to believe?" cried the unhappy man. "This is really my wife's voice, but I do not know her or she me."

At this moment Mary Ann, who had been awakened by hearing her master

walking about the house, arrived. She seized her mistress by the arm, and, shaking her rudely, exclaimed, "Are you here yet? Begone, child-stealer, and never let us see your face again."

She was attempting to drag her to the street, when Ravageot madly threw himself on her. His little heart swelled with anger, and he would have marched boldly at that moment against a battalion of soldiers.

"No!" he exclaimed, beside himself, "you shall not drive mamma away. I do not want what she has done for me. It is for me to be dirty, and to sleep on the ground; I am the one that has deserved it. Take me back to the fairy! I will give her back every thing, and she must give back every thing to mamma."

He had not done speaking when an enormous hand seized Mary Ann by the waist and sent her spinning in the middle of the street, and Barbichon exclaimed, "Make way for my mistress!" At the same instant the fairy Good

Heart rose from the ground, and, placing her hand on the shoulder of the tender mother, "Your trial is ended," she said. "She who did the evil has come to repair it."

Then she kissed Ravageot on both cheeks and disappeared with Barbichon, leaving after her a sweet odor that lasted for a week.

When the father, recovered from his surprise at this sudden apparition, raised his eyes to his wife, he saw her, with her beautiful black hair and her fresh complexion, in the silk dress which he had bought himself for her birthday. She looked at him, and they fell into each other's arms with unspeakable happiness.

She lived afterward happy and honored, respected like a saint by all the town; but when any one attempted to speak in her presence of her sublime devotion, she blushed and changed the subject.

As for Ravageot, he became from that day the best-behaved little boy that ever was seen. He obeyed without speaking, and gave up his wishes as soon as they displeased his father or mother. He was never more heard to complain when the water was cold, or to cry when his hair was combed, or to refuse soup when there was something else on the table that he liked better. However early his mother saw fit to put him to bed, he took care never to refuse to go for fear of the consequences. He attended to his studies, remembering at what a price his mother had thought it worth while to redeem them for him, and would have thought it a crime to run from her when she wished to take him in her arms. In this manner he soon lost the name of Ravageot and was called good little Ernest, the name that his parents had given him in baptism.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S LIFE OF PRINCE ALBERT.*



PRINCE ALBERT AT TWENTY.

ten by her, the letters and journal of the Prince and others could only have been furnished by her, and these have been translated from the German by her daughter the Princess Helena. There is indeed hardly a page which could have been written without the direct co-operation of the Queen. Royal writers are not so rare that the mere fact that a book has been put forth by one of them gives it any special value. This, however, has a special interest as setting forth some phases of life of which little has ever been written. Kings and queens are usually pictured in their robes of state, with crown and sceptre. Here we get clear glimpses of them as individuals in the ordinary routine of daily life. The Prince Consort was in all but name King of Great Britain, though his name is signed to no public document, and it was long before he had the slightest nominal place in affairs of State, and then he was merely appointed one of the Privy Council.

The perfect frankness of the book is its main merit. This frankness is owing to the peculiar object for which it was compiled.

THIS work, although purporting to have been merely "compiled under the direction" of the Queen, is fairly to be considered as the work of Her Majesty. A considerable portion, and that decidedly the most interesting, is writ-

It was designed solely for private circulation among the members of the royal family and a few other persons who stood in personal relations with them. But it was soon perceived that it would be impossible to insure this strict privacy. Any one of a hundred circumstances might any day place a copy in hands of some person who would publish it, quite likely in a garbled form. It was therefore determined to give it to the

* *The Early Years of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, compiled under the Direction of Her Majesty the Queen, by* LIEUT.-GENERAL THE HON. C. GREY.—Published by Harper and Brothers.

public substantially as it had been written for private circulation. The decision was a wise one; for while it contains many private and personal details which would hardly have found place had it been designed for the public eye, it contains nothing which will detract from the respect and esteem with which the Queen is held; it will also add largely to the admiration in which the memory of the Prince Consort is held.

This volume relates only to the first one-and-twenty years of the life of Prince Albert, closing with the first year after his marriage, when he had firmly marked out for himself that course of life which he pursued with unwavering constancy to its close; a way of life which gained for him the appellation of "Albert the Good." We are promised that this will be succeeded by other volumes which will set forth his after-career, and will show the great though unseen influence which he exerted upon the public affairs not merely of Great Britain but also of all Europe. It is promised that the compiler of the coming volumes "will have the same advantages as to information from authentic sources that have been enjoyed in the preparation of the present volume." We imagine that the whole work will justify the assertion which has been made that, "If the Prince had lived to attain what we now think a good old age, he would inevitably have become the most accomplished statesman and the most guiding personage in Europe: a man to whose arbitrament fierce national quarrels might have been submitted, and by whose influence calamitous wars might have been averted."

We trust that now, as the ice has fairly broken, no motives of misplaced delicacy will prevent the same freedom in the presentation of private and personal details which give to this volume its special value and interest. We could ill afford to spare even the minute details of his early childhood, the extracts from his boyish letters and journal, and the little scraps of letters of his grandmother and other relatives. It is interesting to see that royal and princely children are, after all, like other children; that they are troubled in teething, have croup, and measles, whooping-cough, and scarlet-fever; that they are just as fond of toys and picture-books; that they cry over their lessons, get locked up for misconduct; that they have their quarrels and reconciliations; that their aunts and grandmothers apply to them the same pet names as are given to those not born in the purple. The baby Victoria, having been born in May, is called the "little May Flower;" and, though it was sure that should she live her baby brow would wear the top and round of sovereignty of a dominion upon which the sun never sets, she is styled "the Little Monkey," while a cousin somewhat older is the "Big Monkey," and the like.

Let us string together a few sentences taken almost at random from the letters and journal of the little Albert, the latter written when he was barely six years old:

"When I got up this morning I was very happy. I washed myself, and then was dressed; after which I played for a little while, then the milk was brought, and afterward dear papa came to fetch us to breakfast.... We put on our boots and went to the Hofgarten. Then we went home to dinner. Now I am sleepy; I will pray and go to bed.".... "When I awoke this morning I was ill. My cough was worse. I was so frightened that I cried. I did a little drawing, then I built a castle, and arranged my arms; after that I did my lessons, and made a little picture and painted it. Then I played with Noah's Ark; then we dined, and I went to bed and prayed.".... "We recited, and I cried because I could not say my repetition, for I had not paid attention. I was not allowed to play after dinner because I had cried while I was repeating.".... "I was to recite something, but I did not wish to do so; that was not right, naughty!".... "I cried at my lesson to-day because I could not find a verb; and the Rath pinched me to show me what a verb was, and I cried about it.".... "I wrote a letter at home; but, because I had made so many mistakes in it, the Rath tore it up and threw it into the fire. I cried about it.".... "I got up well and happy; afterward I had a fight with my brother. Next day I had another fight with my brother. That was not right.".... "Dear Papa, our finches have such a fine house to live in! Think of me very often, and bring me a doll that nods its head.".... "There was a fair yesterday, and grandmamma gave me some money, and I bought myself some pretty things: a Turkish crescent, a whip, an eagle, and a cross-bow.".... "Dear Papa, I thank you for your letter. We were very merry yesterday. A great many children played with us. I wish you could have seen us. Think with love of your little Albert."

Francis-Charles-Augustus-Albert-Emanuel—for thus he was baptized, though he seems never to have used or been called by any of these names except Albert—was born on the 26th of August, 1819, his cousin Victoria having been born three months before. His father, Ernest, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, was brother to the Duchess of Kent, the mother of Victoria, and to Leopold, who became King of Belgium. The Coburgs had long been among the poorest of the reigning German princes. During the wars which followed the Reformation they had taken the Protestant side, and had been dispossessed by the Emperor Charles V. of the greater part of their possessions. His mother was a Princess of Mecklenburg. The marriage, contracted in 1817, was not a happy one. Two children were born within two years, Ernest, the elder, and Albert. In 1824 the Duchess left her husband and children, and though she lived seven years after, never again saw them. The Duke then married again, his second wife being his own niece, the daughter of his sister. This marriage, which to us seems criminal, appears to have been a very happy one, the new Duchess proving an admirable mother to her step-son-cousins.

Albert, by only fourteen months the younger of the two brothers, seems from infancy to have taken the lead in every thing. As a child he was decidedly pretty, though he seems not to have given promise of the remarkable personal beauty which distinguished him as a man. For the first twenty years of their lives the young princes were always together. They had the same tutor, went to the same schools, and when Ernest became of age Albert also was by spe-



ALBERT AT FOUR.

cial decree pronounced to have attained his majority.

The education of the lads was very carefully conducted. As far as we can learn, their boyhood and early manhood was every way most promising. We are assured that Albert ever manifested "the abhorrence of vice of every kind. Its presence grieved him, horrified him." At the age of eighteen he was a young man of very remarkable intelligence and accomplishments. Besides the ordinary studies and accomplishments, he was a clever artist, no mean proficient in music, and a skillful fencer.

For a poor young prince, whose family can give him only a meagre support, there appears to be only two possible careers open, unless he is content to sink into positive obscurity. He must either enter the civil or military service of some greater ruler or must marry a rich wife. The House of Coburg is one of the few Protestant houses with blood sufficiently pure to enable them to intermarry into the royal family of England; Leopold, a younger brother of the Duke, had, a couple of years before the birth of Albert, married the Princess Charlotte, the heir to the British crown. She had died, and now again the heir-presumptive was a girl. It is not strange that the possibility should suggest itself that a like brilliant fortune might be in store for one of the Coburg boys. Such a possibility seems to have been hinted at by Parson Gensler when Albert, three weeks old, was christened. "The good wishes," he said, "with which we welcome this infant as a Christian are the more earnest when we consider the high position in life in which he may one day be placed, and the sphere of action to which the will of God may call him." His grandmother, sister of the Duchess of Kent, early planned such a marriage. The Queen writes: "The Prince told the Queen that his grandmother had wished earnestly that he should marry the Queen, and as she died when the children (the Prince and the Queen) were only twelve years old, she could have little guessed what a blessing she was preparing not only for this country, but for the world at large." "When the Prince was only three years old,"

so writes the Queen in her journal, "his nurse used to tell him that he should marry the Queen; and Albert says that when he first thought of marrying at all he always thought of her." Uncle Leopold seems to have helped the matter on. He was always sounding the praises of his favorite nephew to his sister, the mother of Victoria.

Of course there was in England great anxiety as to who should be the husband of the future Queen; for it had come to be certain that King William IV. would never have any legitimate children. Before she was half-way out of her teens five matches had been proposed for her. The Prince and Princess had now reached the age of seventeen, the Prince looking some years older. They had never met; but it is evident that the affair had been pretty well talked over, for in 1836 the two young Princes were sent to England to pay a visit to the Duchess of Kent. On his way Albert confided in strict secrecy to a young friend that "he was going to England to make the acquaintance of the Princess Victoria, and if they liked each other they were to be engaged." King William was quite opposed to this match, favoring one with a Dutch Prince. The visit lasted a month. The Queen, writing eight-and-twenty years after, thus describes the impression which the visitors made upon her:

"The Prince was at that time much shorter than his brother, already very handsome, but very stout, which he entirely grew out of afterward. He was most amiable, natural, unaffected, and merry; full of interest in every thing—playing on the piano with the Princess, his cousin—drawing; in short, constantly occupied. He always paid the greatest attention to all he saw, and the Queen remembers well how intently he listened to the sermon preached in St. Paul's, when he and his father and brother accompanied the Duchess of Kent and the Princess there, on the occasion of the service attended by the children of the different charity schools. It is indeed rare to see a Prince, not yet seventeen years of age, bestowing such earnest attention on a sermon."

The Queen says, "Nothing had at this time passed between the Queen and the Prince themselves (nor, indeed, till after the arrival of the Princes in England in 1839)," when the match was, as we shall see, speedily concluded; yet people began to talk; and wise Leopold, seeing that the pear was not ripe, and most likely fearing the opposition of King William, sent the Princes off to the University of Bonn. King William died in 1837, and Victoria, then eighteen years of age, ascended the throne. Leopold soon began to urge the marriage upon the Queen. It was probably in the early part of 1838 that, in writing to the Queen, he first mentioned the idea of such a marriage; "and the proposal must have been favorably entertained; for Leopold, in March, writes to Baron Stockmar and gives an account of the manner in which Prince Albert had received the communication which, of course, with the Queen's sanction, had been made to him." The substance was that Leopold thought that, on account of the youth of the parties, the marriage

must be postponed for a few years. Albert replied: "I am ready to submit to this delay if I have only some certain assurance to go upon. But if, after waiting, perhaps, for three years, I should find that the Queen no longer desired the marriage, it would place me in a very ridiculous position, and would, to a certain extent, ruin all the prospects of my future life." Leopold finally came to assent to this view. He said: "Albert is now past eighteen. If he waits till he is in his twenty-first, twenty-second, or twenty-third year, it will be impossible for him to begin any new career, and his whole life would be marred if the Queen should change her mind."

Matters went on thus for a year and a half. Then the Queen, who seems to have come very near being spoiled by her elevation, declared to Uncle Leopold that she wished to break off the match. The Prince said he was tired of the affair. But wise Leopold looked a little more deeply into things. The young people had not seen each other for three years. Albert had grown up to be one of the handsomest young men of the day. So the uncle determined that his nephew should pay another visit to England. How matters stood is thus told by the Prince:

"The Queen declared to my uncle of Belgium that she wished the affair to be considered as broken off, and that for four years she could think of no marriage. I went therefore with the quiet but firm resolution to declare, on my part, that I also, tired of the delay, withdrew entirely from the affair."

The Queen, however, puts a little different face upon the matter. She writes:

"The Queen never entertained any idea of this, and she afterward repeatedly informed the Prince that she would never have married any one else. She feels, however, great regret that she had not, after her accession, kept up her correspondence with her cousin as she had done before it.

"Nor can the Queen now think, without indignation against herself, of her wish to keep the Prince waiting for probably three or four years, at the risk of ruining all his prospects for life, until she might feel inclined to marry! And the Prince has since told her that he came over in 1839 with the intention of telling her that, if she could not then make up her mind, she must understand that he could not now wait for a decision, as he had done at a former period when this marriage was first talked about.

"The only excuse the Queen can make for herself is in the fact that the sudden change from the secluded life at Kensington to the independence of her position as Queen Regnant at the age of eighteen put all ideas of marriage out of her mind, which she now most sincerely repents."

Leopold's prognostication of what would happen was well founded. The young Princes reached Windsor Castle on the evening of October 10, 1839. The handsome Albert came, saw, and conquered. When she saw him the Queen thought him not a day too young to be married. The second day she showed marked tokens of affection. The third day she summoned Lord Melbourne, her Prime Minister, and informed him that she had made up her mind to the marriage. The fourth day she summoned the Prince to her apartment. She

had a somewhat delicate task before her. "The Queen's position," we are told, "made it imperative that any proposal of marriage must come from her." We acknowledge that we do not quite appreciate the reasons for this necessity, but we suppose it to have existed. Having to "pop the question" Her Majesty did it like a man. We have two accounts of the way in which it was done, written by the only persons who could know any thing about it.

Prince Albert writes to his grandmother—not the one who had so longed for the marriage, for that good lady was dead half a dozen years.

"The Queen sent for me alone to her room a few days ago, and declared to me in a genuine outburst of love and affection (*Ergüsse von Herzlichkeit und Liebe*), that I had gained her whole heart, and would make her intensely happy (*überglücklich*) if I would make her the sacrifice of sharing her life with her, for she said she looked on it as a sacrifice; the only thing which troubled her was that she did not think she was worthy of me. The joyous openness of manner in which she told me this quite enchanted me, and I was quite carried away by it. She is really most good and amiable, and I am quite sure Heaven has not given me into evil hands, and that we shall be happy together.

"Since that moment Victoria does whatever she fancies I should wish or like, and we talk together a great deal about our future life, which she promises me to make as happy as possible."

The Queen writes to Uncle Leopold:

"My mind is quite made up, and I told Albert this morning of it. The warm affection he showed me on learning this gave me great pleasure. He seems perfection, and I think that I have the prospect of very great happiness before me. I love him more than I can say, and shall do every thing in my power to render this sacrifice (for such in my opinion it is) as small as I can. He seems to have great tact, a very necessary thing in his position. These last few days have passed like a dream to me, and I am so much bewildered by it all that I know hardly how to write: but I do feel very happy... I wish to keep the dear young gentleman here till the end of next month. Ernest's sincere pleasure gives me great delight. He does so adore dearest Albert."

In her Journal of that day, the Queen writes:

"How I will strive to make him feel as little as possible the great sacrifice he has made! I told him it was a great sacrifice on his part, but he would not allow it."

One rarely is able to get so close to a courtship as this. If the Queen had before worried poor Albert by insisting on delay, she now made ample amends. We are not told upon whom it devolved to "name the day;" but instead of four years' waiting, there was to be less than as many months. The Queen proposed on the 15th of October, the marriage was fixed for early in February, and did take place on the 10th. One can imagine the cutting and fitting, the basting and sewing that were required to get the "things" ready for bride and bridesmaids.

We believe that there was never a happier marriage than this. There were indeed at first a few drawbacks: Parliament seemed rather inclined to snub the Prince. When the intended marriage was announced, of course they expressed great delight; but grumbled because it

was not expressly stated that the Prince was a Protestant—an announcement about as necessary, considering his family, as to say that the Pope of Rome is a Catholic. Then they higgled about his allowance. It was proposed to make it £50,000 a year—the sum which had ever since the time of George II. been granted to Queen consorts. It was attempted to cut this down to £21,000; and the most that Parliament could be induced to grant was £30,000. Then they quarreled about the rank in precedence which he should hold; that is, how near the Queen he might stand or walk upon state occasions. There were several other vexatious questions, which annoyed the Prince and made the Queen angry. Moreover, it would seem, from a slight hint in one of the Prince's letters, that the Queen was at first a little inclined to be master of the family. Three months after his marriage he writes: "In my home life I am very happy and contented; but the difficulty in filling my place with the proper dignity is, that I am only the husband and not the master in the house." He early, says the compiler of this volume, "saw the necessity of his claiming and asserting the authority which properly belongs to the husband." Things soon righted themselves in this respect, "thanks to the firmness, but at the same time gentleness with which the Prince insisted on filling his proper position as head of the family—thanks also to the clear judgment and right feeling of the Queen." So that—

"To those who would urge upon the Queen that, as Sovereign, she must be the head of the house and the family, as well as of the State, and that her husband was, after all, but one of her subjects, her Majesty would reply that she had solemnly engaged at the altar to 'obey' as well as to 'love and honor;' and this sacred obligation she would consent neither to limit nor refine away."

Prince Albert early marked out the line of conduct to be pursued. It was, as he himself expressed it, long afterward:

"To sink his own individual existence in that of his wife; to aim at no power by himself, or for himself; to shun all ostentation; to assume no separate responsibility before the public; but, making his position entirely a part of the Queen's, continually and anxiously to watch every part of the public business, in order to be able to advise and assist her at any moment in any of the multifarious and difficult questions brought before her—sometimes political, or social, or personal; as the natural head of her family, superintendent of her household, manager of her private affairs; her sole confidential adviser in politics, and only assistant in her communications with the officers of the Government."

To this end he refused to be any way involved in party politics; taking care even that the officers of his household should be equally divided between Whigs and Tories. He would accept no title of nobility, but would be simply "Prince Albert." It was, indeed, finally determined that he should be styled "Prince Consort," and ultimately he accepted the post of one of the Privy Council. He was above all things aware that his personal character should be beyond all shadow not merely of blame but

even of suspicion. He denied himself what had always been one of his chief pleasures—that of walking or riding alone. Wherever he appeared in public he was accompanied by his equerry. He paid no visits in general society; kept aloof from all the dissipations of fashionable life; was a stranger even to the peculiar English institution, the race-course. No whisper of scandal was ever breathed against his morals. It is not too much to say that the personal respect and esteem in which the Queen and the Prince were held did much to preserve Great Britain from the violent convulsions which disturbed all the Continent of Europe during the years of revolution. If in addition to other causes of discontent had been added a dissolute court, the Chartist movement would have had a very different ending. The following passage from this book of the Queen is significant to those who know how widely the Prince of Wales has deviated from the example of his father:

"It is this which has been the glory and the strength of the throne in our day, and which has won for the English Court the love and veneration of the British people and the respect of the world. Above all, he has set an example for his children from which they may be sure they can never deviate without falling in public estimation, and running the risk of undoing the work which he has been so instrumental in accomplishing."

This last significant sentence, though not formally credited to the Queen, was, we can not doubt, written by her; for it is not to be supposed that so clear an intimation of censure against the heir to the crown would have been ventured, in such a place, by any one save the Queen herself.

We may safely say that the existence of the British monarchy was jeopardized. Two years before the birth of Victoria it was clear that neither the Prince Regent, the Duke of York, nor the Duke of Clarence, who stood in consecutive succession in the line of heirship, would have legitimate children. Next came the Duke of Kent, unmarried, and in feeble health. Then came the Duke of Cumberland, whose character was so notoriously infamous that it was thought the British people would not submit to have him mount the throne. It is said, upon good authority, that after the death of the Princess Charlotte the Duke of Kent resolved to marry, in order that if he should leave an heir the accession of his brother of Cumberland might be prevented. He died within a year after the birth of Victoria, his only child. George III. died soon after, blind and insane; the Duke of York followed; then George IV. in 1830; and William IV. in 1837. Victoria became Queen; but, should she die without an heir, the hated Duke of Cumberland stood next in succession. Hence the anxiety of the English people for the speedy marriage of the Queen, and their universal joy at its accomplishment. That she had made a wise and happy marriage they could not then know. That the British nation had gained not merely a father of future princes,

but a wise and able ruler, they did not know; for in effect, as we have already said, the Prince Consort was really King. "It is like the beginning of a new reign," said the Queen, when the Prince died.

This opening volume hints at rather than sets forth the actual part which the Prince bore in the real government of the kingdom. To set this forth will be the aim of the volumes which are to follow. In the last public act of the Prince we have a special interest. It is thus told:

"On the 1st of December, 1861, when suffering under the extreme prostration of his last fatal illness, the Prince roused himself to write a memorandum for the Queen, on the communication which the Government proposed to make to the United States on the affair of the *Trent*. This memorandum was adopted by the Queen, and influencing, as it did, the tone of the Government communication, had a material effect in preventing a rupture between the two countries."

Every one who knows of the history of the time, is aware that there was the most imminent peril of hostilities growing out of this affair. Had the British ministry acted as they were disposed to act, we can hardly see how war could have been avoided. What would have been the result no man can say. It is sure, we think, that British commerce would have suffered from our armed cruisers, as our commerce did from the *Alabama* and *Georgia*. But there can also be no doubt that the blockade of the Southern ports would have been effectually raised. With Great Britain for an ally, one can hardly see how the Confederacy should have failed to have secured its independence.

BOATING AT HARVARD.

"ONE thousand to five hundred the Harvard crew wins the race!"

"Put up your money."

The last speaker is a large, red-faced man, with a blue ribbon—the Yale color—in his button-hole. All eyes are turned to see who it is that stands thus ready virtually to throw away five hundred dollars.

It is a damp, cool afternoon, the 19th July, 1867. The rain, which has been falling for two or three hours, darkening the face of every body with a hue as gloomy as the clouds whence it comes, holds up about three in the afternoon. Trains of cars a mile long and vehicles of every description have been pouring out a throng of people, who scatter themselves along the shores of Lake Quinsigamond. A stiff northwest breeze has died away, and left the surface of the lake a perfect mirror. The wherry races—about which nobody cares, except perhaps the participants—are over, and the Yale Freshmen have won the silver cups and the colors from their Harvard competitors. And now the great event of the day—the great event of the year for twelve men at least—is at issue; and as the sunlight bursts through the clouds, and the clamor of ten thousand spectators is hushed as

still as the stillness of Nature herself, the Harvard and Yale University crews are off up the lake in hot haste, and putting to full proof the temper which has been wrought into them by weeks and months of vigilant and persistent training.

I invite you to occupy the fifteen minutes which must elapse before the boats can return in a consideration of the manner in which boating is carried on at Harvard College; and if you will spare me that much time I think I can convince you that just as great and important principles are involved in the winning of a champion boat-race as are brought into requisition in the successful conducting of a campaign.

Several years ago, on one of the examination papers which young gentlemen who apply for admission to Harvard College are expected to pass in a satisfactory manner, occurred the following question: "Which are the two largest rivers in the United States?" to which one exceedingly verdant youth replied, "The Merrimac and the Charles." If the question had been for the "most important" instead of the "largest" rivers, this aspirant for collegiate honors might almost have been pardoned for his high estimation of the Charles; for to a student of Harvard this certainly is a most important river, especially if he have a taste for aquatic sports and aspire to aquatic honors. And among the undergraduates this class of youth is growing larger and larger every year. This Charles River, which you would hardly find on any but a large map, flows hard by the College, and here it is that the class races take place, and here that the body of the work preparatory to the championship for university honors must be accomplished.

Four minutes' walk from the College grounds brings you to the boat-houses, which, rising on piles from the mud of the river, look like so many huge and unshapely animals. They are certainly devoid of architectural beauty; but it is the treasures they contain which render them the objects of almost universal interest. Look at these beautiful "shells," resting one above another on the brackets on either wall. What can be more exquisite than they, with their delicate curves, their sharp prows, perfect finish, and light, airy beauty? These shells cost nearly four hundred dollars apiece; and here you see eight of them, and in the next boat-house two more, besides three or four "laps."

"Yes, Sir," remarks one who knows, "we have a fine stock of boats on hand now. That boat is the *Harvard* of last year: fifty-seven feet long and nineteen inches wide; not much spare sitting room there! They *do* say you have to part your hair in the middle when you go out in that boat. And now I think of it, perhaps it is to avoid unpleasant consequences which might result from negligence in this particular that the crews always have their hair cropped close!"

Here come the crew: now you can see them

start. We frequently have half the College on the raft to see the *Harvard* go out or come in. They go up there to dress, or rather to undress, for they seldom wear much this warm weather except a pair of drawers or an old pair of trowsers. Now they are ready to take the boat down to the water. Every man stands opposite his place in the boat; as the "Bow" gives the order they lift her together, and, three on a side, take her to the water. That man, the smallest of the lot, is the "Bow Oar." You will see that the men will wait for his order before getting into the boat. That is the "Stroke" seating himself now. His is the most important position of all; for the other five copy him, and unless the pattern is good of course the imitation can't be worth much. He must know all about his men: what their habits are, what their weight and condition, what dependence can be placed on them. He himself must be a perfect oar—never pulling a false stroke, never committing the least fault, never quickening his stroke, and never flagging; but he must pull on like a machine, ten miles or more if need be. This year our Stroke is perfection. You will see presently how he reaches forward, and with straight back and head erect, moves his body as if it worked on a pivot at the hips.

Now they are ready. "Push her off, starboard!" "Give way, starboard!" "Hold her!" "Ready all!" "Give way!" Wasn't that a splendid start?

The man who gave the orders, as I said, is the Bow. Next to the Stroke he is the most important man in the boat. The Stroke chalks out the work, and the Bow keeps the men up to it. Without him the crew would be worth nothing. He must keep his eye on every man in the boat; must notice every fault, and bring the men into perfect harmony of action; must consolidate six men into one, so that they shall row animated by a single impulse. Given a good Stroke, if the crew is not a good one, it is the Bow's fault. In addition to this, he must steer the boat in a perfectly straight course for a mile and a half and return, so that when she comes stem on toward you you shall see nothing but her prow, sharp as a knife, and one magnified pair of oars.

How does he steer? Why, with his feet, to be sure. In addition to the work he does with his eyes, hands, arms, back, and legs, his feet must do good service too. He must learn to feel with them as an organist learns to find the right pedal with his eyes fixed on the music before him. Two wires run forward from the cross-piece on the rudder to the Bow's stretcher—that is, the board against which he braces his feet—and are fastened to either end of a crescent of wood or iron, which turns through the stretcher on a pivot, the concavity toward the bow. Turning the crescent turns the rudder, of course; and thus the Bow steers with his feet, which is a much better arrangement than carrying a cockswain, as the English boats

do, though it throws a good deal of work on one man, and gives the Bow a great deal of responsibility. He can hear the prow cut through the water with a *swish*, and feel that he controls this complex machine of wood and muscle more absolutely than a driver controls his horse. Besides, he is the only one who is allowed to look out of the boat or to speak. Not even the Stroke speaks, unless addressed by the Bow. This rule is one that is enforced in all well-regulated crews.

Of course the other places are important. *Number Two*, counting from the stern, sets the stroke for the starboard oars, and must imitate *Number One* perfectly; *Number Three* is usually the strongest and heaviest man in the boat; and *Number Four* must have muscle enough so that the Bow can call upon him in case of necessity; *Number Five* must be strong enough to keep *Number Six* busy, and this year that is no easy matter. We have a crew this year of which the College may well be proud.

In addition to the University crew, which is picked from the whole College, there are usually three or four class crews and a crew from the Scientific School; besides one or more Second and "Scrub" crews to each class; so that the boats are in constant use. The Class boats pull every year, in June, for the championship of the river, and also pull with the Class boats of Yale, when these last can be persuaded into going into such a contest, though the Yale men usually fight shy of any except a University race, unless they feel pretty sure of winning.

There must be some kind of organization to have so extensive an interest carried on successfully. The entire boating interest of the College assembles in September and chooses a man to be President of the Harvard Boat Club, of which all undergraduates are members. He has charge of the property, and, what is of more importance, of the debts of the Club; for I believe such an organization never yet existed but that it was in debt more or less. He calls meetings when any thing of importance is to come before the Club, and superintends the raising of funds by means of subscription lists, so that though the boating interest appeals to the generosity and enthusiasm of the men, no such thing as a tax or assessment is ever levied. A second choice is made for the office of Captain—a position of more immediate importance than the first, inasmuch as the Captain has intrusted to him the entire supervision and selection of the crew. He must be a man who thoroughly understands his business, and who is willing to enter into it heart and soul; and if he does not have a good crew and make a good show when the race comes off the next summer, having the whole material of the College at his disposal, it will be his own fault. If he succeeds he will be a bigger man than any in Cambridge; if he fails the fellows will "come down on him the worst kind," so that the position has its drawbacks as well as its desirable qualities.

Each class is organized on precisely the same

principle as the College. Now, if we follow the Harvard through the course of exercise which they pursue from October to July, we shall know exactly how all the other crews are managed, except that the University men are longer at it and do more work than any of the other crews, as would naturally be expected of them.

At the beginning of the year—the College year I mean, say about the first of October—the President and Captain are chosen, and the Captain invites those men from the different Classes who are desirous of pulling in the Harvard the next summer, to present themselves as candidates and enter upon the course of work which he has marked out. There are usually a dozen or fifteen who stand a good chance, and generally any man is willing to do all the work he can for the sake of so great a distinction. Once in a while a desirable man hangs back, and needs some coaxing, or positively refuses to run at all, pleading study, with which boating certainly interferes, or the reluctance of parents to his entering on such a course. But these are the exceptions. As a general thing, any boating man is willing to do all in his power to secure the opportunity. The work is hard and continuous. Perfect regularity of habit is indispensable, with the strictest attention to diet and plenty of sleep. Then a certain amount of work is required at the Gymnasium from October to May. Some ingenious man has contrived a piece of apparatus called a “rowing weight.” A handle exactly like that of an oar is attached by the middle to a strap which passes over a pulley. At the other end of the strap is a weight which moves up and down in a groove. The gymnast sits on a stool about four inches high, grasps the wooden handle with both hands, places his feet against the stretcher, as in a boat, and goes through the motion of rowing. It is harder work than pulling in a boat and more profitable exercise; for the “Stroke” can stand over each man and point out to him his faults, and explain matters to him as he could not do in a boat. Eight hundred strokes on the rowing weights are equivalent to a three-mile pull, and the competitors for the Harvard are expected to pull a thousand strokes a day. The result is a certainty; of course their backs and legs and arms grow to be very muscular.

It has been the custom also during the past year for the Captain to marshal his men three or four evenings a week, and take them out for a little run of from two to six miles. This was to make them sound of wind and increase their leg muscle. By spring the number of candidates is apt to be reduced to eight or ten, and from these the choice must be made. Now come innumerable trials in the boat, and a weak or doubtful man has to go through a severe ordeal if he would make good his claim to a place in the crew. By the middle of May the crew is formed and settles down to hard work. The distance pulled is at first short, and the stroke is slow, that the men may learn to pull together.

This is the first great point to be gained, and

it is a secret some crews never learn. Not only must the oars keep time, but the backs must move together, and the whole six row as one man. It requires hours of practice and discipline before this result is achieved; but some day they fall into it, and then the pulling grows more sharp, more distinct, better defined with every stroke. Then the stroke begins to be quickened, and occasionally a spurt is indulged in.

About three weeks before the race the crews go into *training*, as though training were something new. They pull on time four or five miles a day, and are more than usually careful in regard to their diet. Rare beef and mutton, potatoes and lettuce, bread-and-butter, and milk, and weak tea, and oat-meal are set before them, with as much variety as the ingenuity of the cook may devise. Time was when a man in training was allowed to drink only a very small quantity of water daily, but this refinement of cruelty is now done away, and the thirsty boating man can now drink as much water as he desires.

I would like to explain one circumstance in regard to which there seems to be a false impression. Our Harvard men have never employed the services of a professional trainer, nor has any other than some member of the crew, elected Captain thereof, ever had any thing to do with training it. Others, indeed, may and do take a deep interest in the welfare of the University crew, but to the Captain alone belongs the brain or.....

Our fifteen minutes have passed.

“Harvard!” “*Harvard!*” “HARVARD!”—The cry comes down the shores of the lake and is caught up and reiterated by thousands of excited men. Yes, the *Harvard* is ahead this time certainly, more than a sixth of a mile, to the surprise of every one except perhaps the six men in her, who are thus placing their College at the head of the boating interest of the country, professional as well as amateur.

Have I not fulfilled my promise and shown that great principles are involved in the winning of a champion boat-race? Are not indefatigable energy, and vigilance that allows no detail to pass unnoticed, and steady, grinding perseverance, principles which, if put into practice as they have been by these champion oarsmen, will carry a man or a nation to any point to which it may aspire?

LUCY TAVISH'S JOURNEY.

AT last the family united on the question of Lucy's taking a journey. Even her Aunt Debby Davis, who opposed her in every thing on orthodox principles, admitted that perhaps she would never see a better time to do a useless thing, and she might as well go and be done with it. No one knew how the suggestion had been started in Lucy's behalf; like an invention, probably the necessity for it gave its birth, and it rose in several minds, to be per-

fectured among those who could carry out the plan. Valid reasons were assigned for this journey—she was eighteen years old, and with the expectation of devoting the future to the happy profession of a village school-teacher had finished the necessary education—she had never been out of her native place, nor seen a railroad, steamboat, or canal. It would be an advantage certainly to add the experiences of travel to her education, and elevate her plane above that of her associates and scholars.

"But where can she go?" Mrs. Tavish, her mother, inquired, describing the circle of the globe with pudgy hands acquainted with the making of butter-balls.

"Our relations have all died out," added Aunt Debby, "old Moses Davis, second cousin to you and me, Sarah, went off suddenly a year ago, and his farm was sold. There's no mistake about my missing the quinces I used to get every fall from his place. He was the last of the Davises, you know, except myself and yourself, Sarah."

Mr. Tavish cogitated; his rough white eyebrows went up and down as if in search of some friend to quarter his Lucy upon. She must have an object, and a hospitable destination. As he could neither leave his farm nor afford the money it would cost to accompany her, it would not be proper otherwise for her to rush blindly over some railroad, and put up at some tavern or gimcrack hotel, and order what she pleased, paying her bill like a man. She was smart enough to do it, he argued, but was too pretty, and her "sarsy" way might come upon her at the wrong moment, and fetch her trouble.

Lucy sat demure in the family conclave, but felt secretly proud of the importance her eighteen years had so unexpectedly assumed, and pleased with the prospect of a variation upon her dull life. She turned over in her mind the pages of the Geography, whose wood-cuts represented remarkable objects in nature: Niagara, the Natural Bridge in Virginia—not capable of reconstruction—the Rocky Mountains, and Bunker Hill. A journey according to her ideas meant a pursuit of these famous objects, for the purpose of conveying information afterward to those of one's friends athirst for knowledge, and only able to receive it at second-hand, and of holding them in one's memory as the precious treasures of a past not to be repeated. Somehow this idea of a journey did not attract her, it lacked human interest—a Mountain could only be a large hill, and Falls mere water running swifter than a brook. Passing over these she saw with her mind's eye the pictures of cities, New York, Chicago, St. Louis; the latter stirred some vague association, striving to follow its clew she lost the thread of the conversation, but was recalled to it by the loud tones of her father, who was replying to some remark of his wife's.

"Yes," he said, "you know what I think of relations, and what I have done for yours and

mine. Blood is a great deal thicker than water; it is as thick as mud. We flounder about, our eyes and mouth so full of it that none of us can tell what's right and what's wrong with us till we are parted or dead."

"Father, where's my Uncle John?" inquired Lucy.

"He moved to St. Louis in 1848," he answered. Debby looked out of the window at the mention of Uncle John's name, and Mrs. Tavish gave a loud sigh.

"Mrs. Tavish," said Mr. Tavish, angrily, "what is the matter with you?"

"Why not let me go there?" asked Lucy.

"Because I think he is dead," her father replied, hanging his head.

"He is just as much alive as I am," said Debby.

"Why shouldn't he be?" cried Mrs. Tavish. "He is just your age."

"Lemuel Green, who went out West three years ago, told me he saw a sign over a store in St. Louis with 'JOHN TAVISH AND Co., *Leather Dealers*,' on it, and asked me if it was that brother of Seth's who disappeared so strangely some years since. I said I guessed not; that Tavish was a common name in that part of the country; but I am sure it was our John, it is just like him to be well off and happy somewhere else."

Seth Tavish gave a grim smile. "I reckon the 'Co.' has the worth of it," he said. "Lucy, you do not remember your uncle I am sure."

"She does," interrupted Debby; "she was four years old when he went away with that wife of his."

"Sho, Debby, you forget yourself!" cried Mrs. Tavish.

"Wish I could," muttered Debby.

"I recollect," said Lucy, obtaining an opportunity for speaking, "a tall man who used to dangle his legs from the window-seat, where Aunt Debby kept her work-basket, and her saying: 'Run away, Lucy, Uncle John does not want you here.' I suppose he was my uncle."

Mr. Tavish roared, and slapped his knee. "Good for you, Debby! Well, we'll send her to Uncle John, and find out by her great ears whether he wants her now. Lucy, Puss, remember the old saying about the pitcher's going to the well one time too many."

"No one knows better than Aunt Debby," replied Lucy, "the size of my ears, she has pulled them often enough."

This discussion ended, a new one opened, from which Mr. Tavish, after affirming that he would only allow the price of a ton of hay for Lucy's outfit, withdrew. The discussion on Lucy's side regarded what outfit she *must have*, on that of Mrs. Tavish and Aunt Debby what she *could do without* in the outfit.

"I should go respectably," said Lucy.

"You will come home in rags, whatever you may start with," said Aunt Debby.

"That is to be expected," added Mrs. Tavish.

"It's all the same," retorted Lucy, "provided the glass slipper comes round to me again—when I am sitting in my old ashes."

"Glass slipper!" cried Aunt Debby; "that comes from your novel-reading. You are not fit to be trusted to go alone from here to the barn."

"Mother, I must have a stone-colored traveling dress."

"And a bag," suggested Mrs. Tavish.

"Fiddle-stick! what kind of a bag?" asked Aunt Debby.

"A morocco traveling-bag, with a steel chain."

"Don't you mean to take a trunk, Lucy?"

"Certainly; but the bag, I mean, or satchel, or portmanteau, or valise is an article to be carried in the hand, containing sandwiches, a towel, cake, a dressing-comb, my journal, a bottle of salts, pamphlet novels, a sponge, and what-nots."

Aunt Debby was silenced on that point: the sponge was thrown up.

"Borrow Lucinda Brown's bag," said Mrs. Tavish. "She's sure to have one, if it is only to go from house to house to carry her duds in."

"I never borrow, mother. I also should have a silk dress, in case I should find Uncle John fashionable; I am told that any thing except silk is inadmissible at dinner and evening parties."

"Heavens and earth! Your Uncle John may be dead and buried, and the worms giving parties in his skeleton!" cried Aunt Debby, forgetting her late opinion as to his existence.

"You shall have my fawn-colored silk," said Mrs. Tavish; "Miss Lewis can make it over for you. I am quite willing for you to appear like other folks. Do, Debby, hush; recollect Lucy is a young girl."

Lucy held up three fingers, and enumerated distinctly—the traveling-dress, the traveling-bag, and the silk dress, which must be black. She would turn down her thumb, she said, for a few extras.

"The whole hay on the brook meadow wouldn't pay for what you want," said Aunt Debby.

"Well, then," said Mrs. Tavish, resolutely, "I'll sell my cheese the first of the week, up at the store; that will do it; she isn't going to take but one journey, Debby, and she shall go as Seth Tavish's daughter ought to go."

"Good soul!" exclaimed Lucy, dramatically, "Heaven has given thee a heart in the right place, though it hath bestowed upon thee a robust form. Let me kiss thee!"

As she embraced her mother, she made a wry face at Aunt Debby, who now appeared to be lost in thought.

"Now, I hope it is all settled," said Mrs. Tavish. "I'll go into the kitchen; it won't do to let your father's dinner get behindhand, journey or no journey."

"Stop!" called Aunt Debby, in a solemn voice—"it shall not be said that I did not do my

part. Lucy, I will give you my watch and chain!"

Lucy stared amazed, for this watch and chain she had looked upon as Aunt Debby's Baal, from childhood; and Mrs. Tavish exchanged an intelligent sympathetic glance with her sister.

"I never wear it," she continued, "and never shall. You are welcome to the gift. You will need the watch on your journey, and afterward, when you keep school."

Lucy felt so severe a pang of shame at this generosity that she did not know how to give thanks. She contrived to mutter a few words, at which Aunt Debby rather grandly waved her hand and left the room.

"I am astonished, Lucy," said Mrs. Tavish, "that she should part with that watch. Your Uncle John, I may as well tell you, gave it to her. They were once engaged."

"What broke it off?"

"He behaved badly. He was wild and extravagant. Your father had a bitter quarrel with him, partly on Debby's account. At last the farm was divided; John took all the ready money, and left for parts unknown, with his wife."

"Aunt Debby ever in love! Gracious!"

"Lucy, you are a foolish child. Love is not confined to the imagination of girls and boys. It is a sober, lasting fact. The poetry books omit a great deal in their descriptions because they are meant for the like of you—young, pretty, ignorant. Debby was, and is, cruelly disappointed; in fact, she had a brain-fever which turned her hair. She is barely forty, you goose, now, and you think her an old woman. Lucy, you never saw me out of patience with her. Will you let what I have said prevail with you, and make you more gracious and affectionate with her?"

"Never was so ashamed in my life. How much *did* she love him? Now I am curious about my uncle. I declare I'll take out the watch before his face and tell him the time of day."

"There, Lucy, you need not get into any tantrum on the subject. I guess your father has concluded he was not over-reasonable with John. I surmise that Seth wants to make up, for he is a tender-hearted man."

Mr. Tavish's reason told him that the better way would be to write to "John Tavish and Co." before sending Lucy on what might prove a wild-goose chase; but pride, and possibly—clod-turner that he was—a sentiment, prevented his doing so. He chose the experiment of sending a mutual tie as ambassador between himself and his brother. Several days afterward, dressed in his best, Mr. Tavish rode away from his door without giving his family any reason, and returned after an absence of a few hours. He produced what he called an "associated ticket" for Lucy, which he had purchased at Dropville—a railroad station twelve miles distant, where he had been for the purpose of conferring with the station-master.

"Now, Lucy," he said, "this combination thing will put you right through. You won't have to put your hand in your purse for a cent, unless to buy something to eat with. In three days and three nights you will be there. I've ciphered it all out. The Railroad Company is bound to take care of you, or it lies like thunder. Are you about ready?"

"No, father; the dresses I am to have are not yet bought, and my mind is not quite prepared."

"What has your mind to do with it?"

"Would you have her leave her wits at home, father?" said Mrs. Tavish. "I'll tell you what she means. She is waiting for me to sell my cheese."

"Oh, ho!"

"To piece out your generous providings."

"Oh, ho! ho!"

"Yes, she is going on the strength of my cheese."

"Well, Sally, your cheese is apt to be strong enough to take any body along. Plague take you! How much more do you want for furbelows?"

It is needless to say that Lucy's wishes were finally carried out. The morning arrived when she turned the key in her trunk, and stood before her mother dressed in a stone-colored suit, a stone-colored hat, trimmed with ivy-leaves, and holding a pretty leather bag, stuffed full of small stores.

"Good-by, mother! Eyes, look your last; arms, take your last embrace!"

Mrs. Tavish made no effort to wipe away the tears which slid off her round, shining cheeks. She hugged Lucy, begged her not to wet her feet, and told her that she must be sure to read a chapter every night in the little Testament which had been clapped into her trunk at the last moment. Lucy heroically suppressed every symptom of exultation and anticipation, kissed her mother, and patted her shoulders, and turned to Aunt Debby, who was tearless, and wore a critical expression.

"Good-by, Aunt Debby; I shall write."

"Be sure to tell us all the fashions; and if you come across any curiosities bring them home."

"Come now, Lucy," called her father from outside; "Bill's beginning to thrash."

She sprang forward, and into the wagon beside him; and as they left the village, striking the highway which led up a long hill, and from its summit showed the round of the purple autumn sky hovering over a hundred corn-fields, filled with sere stalks, dotted with elms and maples, whose leaves were amber, crimson, and green, and russet woods running like promontories into the valleys, and hills veiled in blue velvety mist, she felt as if she was riding up to Paradise; that vagary on the road before us which turns out to be nothing at all she felt to perfection. Her feelings were sustained by Bill's unvarying jog and her father's silence, which at last he broke.

"If there should be any difficulty, Lucy, after you get there, in finding your Uncle John, you must go to a private boarding-house. I made inquiries of a man who has been there, and he gave me this direction; put it in your pocket-book. I trust, however, you will have no difficulty; our information about John is to be relied on."

"How long shall I stay in case I do?"

"Till you have got an idee of the Western Country. I wish you would notice the soil, what sort of trees flourish best, and what effect the water has on your system. Who knows but that I may sell out here, and move Sally and Debby there!"

"What shall I say to Uncle John?"

"Tell him you've come to make him a short visit."

Nothing more was said till they came to the Dropville Station. Mr. Tavish then grew anxious and doubtful, but Lucy's spirits rose to a grand level with the sight of the railroad paraphernalia.

"I am not sure," he said, "that I haven't done the wrong thing to let you go. Be mighty careful of the folks you meet along your way. I hope I haven't made a mistake. What possessed me to let you go when you are all the treasure I have? Darn that John Tavish! he never was any thing but a pest to me."

"It is all right, father. I can take care of myself from here to Jericho. I shouldn't be worth naming as a New England girl if I couldn't. You have arranged every thing just as I like."

"Expect I did calculate on your grit. There's the whistle. Now you are going. Here, give me a kiss. Don't do any thing to be ashamed of to high nor low."

And Lucy was off! A tear bedimmed her eye as she caught sight of her father and Bill at a turn of the road, the former holding down his head thoughtfully, and the latter thrashing his long tail viciously; but, as they disappeared, the novelty and excitement of her position filled her mind afresh.

In the first isolation, and dread of the approach of strangers, she kept her stone-colored veil over her face, and assumed a haughty mien if any of the passengers made a movement in her direction; but the feeling soon wore off. On the second day the veil streamed from the back of her hat, her gloves were off, her hair had become a little regardless of the eyes of strangers, and her dress was crumpled; her whole air partook of that peculiar demoralization which travel effects with those who give themselves up to it. She had even accepted a piece of sponge-cake and a *Harper's Weekly* from a dapper middle-aged gentleman, who was subservient to a brown linen surtout, and who remarked that the cake might be free from specks, but that he didn't think so, and who pointed to the fact of the remarkable similarity between the portraits of malefactors and those of the good and great men. The absence of

that old lady who governs society, Mrs. Grundy, who is never able to leave her narrow locality, the sudden, inevitable, and unlooked-for relations, caused by the abnormal conditions of traveling, established a community of interests—lasting between town and town, or for the whole journey. It had been magnetically discovered who were the “through passengers”—and they felt themselves a battered, jolly crew—the soot, cinders, and dust, the terrifying behavior of the brakemen, watching from between the cars, and frantically pulling at cranks and cords or dancing lanterns about, together with the concise, impressive manners of the conductors, incapable of volunteering any information, answered to the perils and uncertainties of shipboard, and drew confiding souls together, whose bonds would fly asunder at the first glimpse of the destined station. The few short intervals in which the passengers were permitted to leave the train and skirmish for a meal, consisting mostly of lard and grit, apples and deleterious liquids, awoke Lucy to a bewildering sense of an outside world whose extremities were the home she had left, and St. Louis, each vague and remote, and alien to her present purpose. All she saw outside the railroad appeared automatic—the towns, with strings of puppets, whose motions would cease with the passing of the locomotive; the hill-ranges that rose and sank; the winding rivers, wide and silent, narrow and noisy, skimmed by birds, or dotted with boats; the belts of primeval woods, shady as the world of ghost; and but for the embrace of the iron rails, as impenetrable, and the lakes, the blue eyes of the landscape, opening sleepily at the noise and fume of the perturbations of men. It all counted afterward as a wild vision in her memory.

At Chicago there was more confusion, hurry, and change than at any time before; and on starting from thence Lucy perceived that the aspect of her particular car had changed entirely—she was alone in her corner. Two veiled statues in crinoline occupied seats at the opposite end, who were evidently prepared to remain immovable through all vicissitudes, and not admit their propinquity to any fellow-beings; the other occupants were men—sharp-jawed tobacco-chewers, with wrinkled foreheads, and eyes filled with speculation. Miles rolled away, the brakemen were napping or smoking, and the conductors' appetites for tickets for the present were appeased. Lucy gazed at the flying country till her eyes ached, and then thought she would empty her traveling-bag and sort its contents for amusement. She shook, folded, and replaced them. Opening her little journal for the first time, she began to write in it with the gold pencil-attached to Aunt Debby's chain, and was arrested by a voice close to her ear from the seat behind hers, which she had thought empty.

“You have traveled so far, Miss, that I reckon you have to keep that book posted up to keep run of yourself.”

She turned and brought her face unpleasantly near to that of a young man who rested his elbows on the back of her seat. There was a detestable expression of admiration in his good-natured countenance which made her angry; she grew very red and her eyes sparkled. He, not intimidated, moved his elbows to get a better view, and made another attempt.

“I have been observing you some time, Miss—thought you seemed dull, and that I'd better come over and introduce myself—might as well be neighborly! I am going to Alton. My name is Torch. I was all through the war—Lieutenant of Company A, Fourth Indiana—Silver Tails. We were the boys, I assure you. We didn't run away but once.”

“I wish, Sir, you would repeat the performance on this occasion,” said Lucy, fiercely.

He laughed.

“I didn't run. I never do under any circumstances. I couldn't *that* day. Look here!”

In spite of herself she looked, as he rolled up his loose coat-sleeve and exposed an ugly scar running down his arm to his right hand, from which two fingers were gone.

“I spent a lively evening after the fight, when my bunch of fives was sliced into *without* chloroform; the surgeon excused himself for mislaying the last bottle. I kicked him and I cursed him; and then a New England woman came along with a lemon—the New England women carried lemons always—and *she* was almighty good to me. She said, ‘Don't swear;’ and I haven't cursed since. I knew your stripe as soon as I set eyes on you. Should be happy, Miss, to show you any attention in my power.”

Ending with this bit of politeness he drew aside with an expression which denoted he had done all that could become a man and traveler. A broad smile passed over Lucy's face, which he perceived, and which encouraged him. He replaced his elbows and resumed:

“The war, Miss, has had the effect of making us feel free and easy every where. I am quite ready to go with our artillery to Mexico; the Mexicans need h— (beg your pardon!), and our cannon can give it to them. What is your opinion of the Mexicans? When you say *vermin*, *vomito*, and a want of *veracity*, they are described, in my estimation.”

Lucy looked down the row on her right, and up the row on her left, to see if any body was observing this persistent, shabby young man, who was using the most offensive language she ever heard. No one appeared at all regardful of him; but she omitted to glance into the little mirror inserted in the panel at the end of the car on her side.

“Where is Mexico?” she asked, with an indifferent air.

“It is the country where hasty plates of soup are made, and military officers use the politest of talk, when it is necessary for Captain Bragg to give 'em a little more grape.”

She raised her eyes to his, and met a sharp, intelligent, cool glance, which made her feel

slightly afraid of him. With oozing courage, she said, abruptly:

"Mr. Torch, were you ever extinguished?"

"Old!" he answered; "old as the Alleghenies that joke is! The Torch Family came in with that range. Before that party of self-sufficient gentlemen set sail for America in 1620."

In spite of his pert reply his sand-colored complexion took on a lively red, and matched his long hair, which fell straight beneath his jaunty felt-hat. Lucy had succeeded in annoying and discomposing him. He was really attracted toward her, and honest in his admiration. The legends of his regiment, as well as its experiences in passing over a large extent of country, went to prove there was such a truth as "love at first sight." Lucy turned squarely from him in the middle of her seat, and devoted a close attention to her window. She wished that the brim of her hat was wider, for she had an irritating perception that Mr. Torch was intently examining the shape of her ears, her waterfall, and the contour of her head. There was silence for a few miles, and then an avalanche of magazines and papers came sliding over beside her.

"Do look at them," begged Mr. Torch in a beseeching tone. "I meant no offense. Excuse me."

"Thank you," mumbled Lucy, and took up a Magazine.

"First-rate article there," he said, eagerly; "but, by jingo, there isn't a mite of common-sense in it. How are the writers paid your way for writing moonshine?"

"In finding critics like yourself, possibly."

"Very good again. The article is called, 'The Skull of the Negro before and after Freedom.' Now will you be good enough to tell me, Miss, whether the happy and enlightened colored brother, who never is allowed to come into the family with you, is different in the formation of his head from the miserable, ignorant nigger, the associate of the whites at the South? Recollect I am no secesh. No, Sir-ee."

What should she do? Be driven mad by this creature, who had sprung up like a mushroom in the atmosphere of the car! She felt powerless against his familiar, horrible good-humor. She laid the Magazine down, looked at her watch, and queried how much longer she could endure it before attempting "justifiable homicide!"

"My watch run down," he said, "just as we passed Marcus-Aureliusville. What time is it?" She felt compelled to inform him; but unwisely held up the watch for him to see the hour.

"Why, what an old-fashioned time-piece!" he exclaimed. "Left you by some relation, I think;" and he attempted to take it in his hand. She drew it away adroitly, and yielded to the temptation of another impertinence.

"It came in with the Torch, and, like them, it never runs down."

He roared and clapped his hands; and Lucy,

with a burning face, gave up the contest and concluded to accept the situation of victim till the cars should stop, and there she would run into the prairie if she saw one.

Shortly the train stopped.

"Hillo!" cried Mr. Torch, "what is all this? What are we stopping for at four o'clock to get our suppers? There is a long night before us!" Lucy shuddered. "It really *is* for refreshment. What shall I bring you—apple-pie? ham? cheese? coffee? Do now; I haven't seen you eat a mouthful to-day. Have you taken a bite since we left Chicago? Own up."

"Yes, yes," she replied, crossly, "I purchased rolls and buns this morning; I require nothing more."

"Rolls and buns! poor fodder those; there is no nourishment in them—saw-dust. The train will not stop till we get to Alton. If you would only stop *there* at my mother's and get a cup of her coffee! Why won't you stop and risk yourself? Your parents could not but approve of such an opportunity for you, and I should be the happiest—"

"Mr. Torch," said Lucy, in a stifled voice, "the time is passing, and you will lose your own refreshment."

"If you will take nothing, here goes!"

And he darted out. Lucy rose with a forlorn hope of changing her place to be beside some one who might keep Mr. Torch at bay. Mr. Torch, she was confident, would go from bad to worse and make loud, imperative offers of marriage, which she might in her misery be induced to accept to silence and confound him with happiness! She cast a helpless look toward the veiled crinoline statues; they were women, and should aid her to escape from the clutches of an admirer! But their veils were still down, a slight movement behind them betrayed that they were alive, and in the act of eating such fragments as could be concealed beneath them, and she felt repelled. Better find some old gentleman, she thought; but there was no old gentleman present; she had seen none since her dear father left her at Dropville. Why had he not accompanied her? no impudent warrior would have presumed to admire her then. It seemed to her that it was growing dark. Would Mr. Torch talk all night to her! It *was* dark, though the sun had not set; but the sky must be overclouded with a rising storm. Suppose a tempest. She was afraid of thunder and lightning; and what a companion to appeal to was Mr. Torch! It couldn't thunder, for it was October, and too late. Why didn't these troubles shadow forth in her mind while she was having her fine dreams of a journey and making fine plans? A journey, in fact, was tiresome, stupid, dirty. The romancers of the pen must be characters of the most mendacious and venial description. If on her arrival at St. Louis her disappointment should continue, and the city should prove a sham, she hoped she should not find her Uncle John, as her father said he had been, a trouble

always; and now he was the cause of her acquaintance with Mr. Torch!

With an air of desperate resignation she resumed her seat, thankful, at least, that no one had witnessed this humiliating acquaintance. As she leaned her head back wearily her eyes rested on the little mirror at the end of the car, a hat was rising in it, followed by a face, followed by shoulders—there was no room in it to reflect further, and she sought the reality. The reality, in the shape of a handsome, dignified young man, had already found her, and was looking at her with an expression which gave a relief as profound as it was sudden. Unconsciously she made an imploring gesture, and he moved toward her, feeling an intangible recognition, which he thought he must look into Kant, Fichte, and Spinoza and find a reason for it.

"Will you permit me?" he asked, pointing to the seat Mr. Torch had vacated.

"Certainly," she answered.

"The obtrusive looking-glass yonder would reflect the behavior of your enthusiastic friend," he continued, "and I could not avoid learning that you were annoyed. This sort of man is an unhappy feature of our civilization. I am almost sure I have before this attempted to spare some unprotected traveler from his tongue. If you will allow it, I will go on with my book in your neighborhood." He opened the volume in his hand, and bent his head to the studious perusal of a treatise upon "The Moral Use of Æsthetic Manners." The brim of Lucy's hat was too wide now; but she contrived to get a clear glimpse of his face from under it, and somehow felt as if she had been scolding unreasonably a few minutes since, on the subject of journeys. To him it appeared as if the language of the treatise was more obscure and complicated than the papers which he had read previously; besides, he could not help seeing that Lucy was very pale, that her hands trembled, and thinking there was a tremor in her sweet voice. She was indeed nervous and exhausted for several reasons, and was on the point of having a good crying fit.

"By-the-way," he said, shutting his book, "there is famous tea at this station. I am going to get a cup for you—there is time."

He was gone and back again, with a bowl of tea set in a plate, round which was a wreath of small biscuits.

"I am going back for a second one for myself," he said, disappearing again before she could thank him. She drank the tea and ate the biscuit with gratitude, and her inclination for weeping vanished.

"All aboard!" being cried, he hurried in before the crowd.

"The bowl and the plate, Sir?" said Lucy, interrogatively.

"I was in a dilemma," he answered, with a smile—"if the bowl went out, I feared our friend would come in before me. We must throw them both out of the window if they are too

troublesome. The bowl *not* being stronger his song won't be longer."

With the rush back of the passengers came Mr. Torch; he looked puzzled when he saw his place occupied. Lucy felt afraid he would push in beside her, and he was debating within himself whether he would do so when a heavy overcoat deposited itself in the desired spot. He cast an irate glance at the owner, and said to himself:

"One of those muscular college pups, crammed to the hilt with other men's ideas, which they report as their own. I'll do picket duty; if he gets over the line, I am no longer fit for Company A."

He threw out his chest and folded his arms with a military swagger, which proved the adaptability of the young American to any station, for the swagger was at least equal to that of a Brigadier-General, and said between his teeth:

"There's going to be a tornado, Miss."

"Where?" interposed Lucy's champion.

"Perhaps you have been too much engrossed with your lesson," said Mr. Torch, "to notice that the sky is like brass—isn't that a sign?"

"The appearance of brass sometimes is the sign of failure."

Lucy let the bowl and plate fall with a crash, to divert an impending quarrel, and looked a reproof. Mr. Torch thought she was afraid he was going to do mischief. His crest grew haughty as he spoke again.

"And, perhaps, Sir, you have not observed that we are in the last car."

"What of that?" asked Lucy.

Mr. Torch shrugged his shoulders alarmingly.

"Unless the train stops in time we may be blown into kingdom come."

"Pooh!" said the young man.

"Pooh! yourself!" replied Mr. Torch, "and Boo! if you are so inclined."

The young man rose up to an altitude of six feet and one or two inches, and whispered some mystery in the ear of Mr. Torch, and sat down again, and plunged into the depth of his treatise. Mr. Torch looked doubtfully at Lucy a moment, and retreated slowly to the single corner seat behind the one he had formerly occupied. There was no talking to Lucy over the tall head of the reader, and Mr. Torch grew uncomfortable and fidgety, muttering something to the effect that he guessed he could find friends in the smoking-car; got up, and, with an ominous grimace at Lucy, passed out. As soon as he was gone the book was closed and "that day he read no more."

"If the wind blows more than wind should blow under the circumstances, no doubt the train will stop," he remarked.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," she answered, referring to the absence of Mr. Torch.

"I recollected, at last, that I saw him in St. Louis," he said. "I told him so, and he did not appear to like it."

"I hope he will not be seen there again, for it is to St. Louis I am going."

"So am I. I live there."

A curious hope and longing sprang up in both hearts, which lent them a charmed forgetfulness of every thing outside for some moments. The train whirled on with its rhythmic motion, sounding an agreeable refrain (Staccato)—

"Begun-begun-to-be-as-one!
Not-to-part-and-be-undone!
Apart-apart-and-ever-miss
This-this-advancing-bliss!
No-no-no-begun-begun!"

The relentless brakeman, with his ignis-fatuus lantern, came round and lighted some ineffectual lamps.

"Night has come," said Lucy, "but not the tornado."

"Yes; but why is it thought necessary to expose the roof of the cars only with these lamps—is it from some occult astronomical feeling?"

But the semi-darkness was favorable for conversation, they conversed on abstruse, learned subjects, as young foolish persons are apt to converse, and every moment felt drawn nearer and nearer to each other. They continued talking, in a low tone, till every body had taken to nods, and the extraordinary contortions which sleep produces on the helpless frame when unsupported by a bed. It was suggested that one seat should be turned opposite the other, for Lucy to rest upon and sleep; though she protested against it, the matter was accomplished, and the young man retired to the corner seat to meditate, and watch for Mr. Torch. A period of silence ensued, long to him, for Lucy slept: it appeared the normal condition of man to be on an everlasting, straight, swift, banging journey! He pulled up the car-blind and tried to peer into the darkness, something hurtled in the air outside, then he heard a distant roar; it was coming nearer! Lucy heard it, and started to her feet—all heard it; the car was astir!

"A tornado sure!" was cried. "Are we in the woods? Stop her! Back her! Where is the conductor? It's nothing but a gust! Sit down, all hands!"

Lucy saw the door fly open, and Mr. Torch trying to get in; but it flew back, and shut him out. The roar increased, and mixed with it was a strange, sharp shriek close round them; the train staggered, then came a jerk, the car grated, tipped, was off the track, and went smashing against the stone sides of a culvert. Lucy was thrown forward, and caught in the strong arms of her watcher, who braced himself against the upper side of the slanted car.

"Keep still!" was now shrieked; "the danger is over; the car is detached; the train's ahead. The Company ought to be sued for

damages. It's well no trees fell on us; we are under a bridge."

Lucy was not as frightened as she should be; her attention was distracted by the beating of a strong heart her cheek was close to—as novel a sound to her as the roar of the tornado.

"Are you afraid?" he asked.

"Not now."

His arms tightened their clasp. It was pitch-dark, for the lights had been knocked out, and he could not see that she lifted her face toward him; but he knew it, and bent his head. As in any darkness and chaos lips will meet, unmindful of all except that which they seek, so theirs sought a meeting—they kissed each other with a kiss of surprised passion, and then they were full of an insane joy.

"I should have been so unhappy if you had not been here," she murmured.

"I never shall be happy if you are away from me again," he whispered.

They felt like indifferent spectators in the midst of the confusion. He was the first to rally from their natural, but, under the circumstances, idiotic happiness.

"My head is badly thumped," he said. "I think I must have made the tour of the roof."

Lucy reached her hand up to touch the wound, but merely succeeded in obtaining kisses on it.

"Oh!" she said, "my arm is hurt; I just feel it."

The tornado passing on, the passengers got out of the tilted car and took another; the locomotive got under way, and the train proceeded. Several persons, it was soon ascertained, were injured. A sprightly young man by the name of Torch had his arm broken—how, it was not known; but Lucy felt, with compunction, that it had been done in his effort to reach her.

"The ass was right after all about the tornado," said her friend. "I'll look him up, set his arm, and apologize."

"Are you a doctor?"

"I am Dr. John Tavish, at your service."

"I am Lucy Tavish," she said, in an agitated voice.

"By Jove! that accounts for it."

"Accounts for what?"

"Explain the Tavish pedigree to me, if you please."

"Seth and John Tavish are brothers."

"Just what I have been saying all along; and you are on your way to our house to make a visit. I am glad you did not meet my brother Seth first; he is a good deal handsomer than I am; he looks like you."

Lucy's mission was accomplished. She never performed a second journey like that, which ended with entering her uncle's house as his son John's cousin, and leaving it as his wife.

THE PRICE.

I.

THE velvet gloss of the purple chair
Deepened beneath her yellow hair;
Idly she folded and fluttered her fan,
Nor deigned a glance at the haughty man.

Soft was the robe she wore that night,
Softly her jewels shed their light;
In lace like the hoar-frost, fine and thin,
Rested the curve of her soft round chin.

Rich was the shadow of the room,
And warm the shifting fire-light's bloom
That lofty wall and ceiling sheathed,
Heavy the perfumed air she breathed.

The panel-picture, half descried,
Opened a summer country-side;
The statues in the ruddy gleam
Seemed happy spirits lost in dream.

From a tripod's crystal vase
Full-blown blossoms filled the place
With their fragrance and delight,
Floated forth in day's despite.

Sumptuous sense of costly cheer
Pervaded the bright atmosphere,
As if charmed walls had shut it in
From all the dark night's gusty din.

II.

The sad old year went out with rain,
The new year tapped upon the pane—
Tapped in a whirl of frozen snow,
And shrouded all the earth below.

Chill, as it silvered her casement o'er,
The pitiless wind blew over the moor,
Into the great black night o'erhead
The wild white storm forever fled.

Bitter, she knew, the stinging sleet
Far away on the moor-side beat—
Beat on a hillock hidden there,
And heaped on a broken heart's despair.

She shivered as though one touched the dead,
That grave-mound lay on her hope like lead;
Round her the light and the warmth of breath,
Round him the desolate dark of death.

Oh, if she lay in that silent tomb—
If she were wrapped in that rayless gloom—
If those dear arms but clasped her in
Out of the black night's storm and sin!

But here a creature bartered and sold,
Bound by the baseness of hard red gold,
Held by the master, whose gloating eyes
Hovered like hawks above their prize.

III.

He leaned his arm on the mantle there,
He looked at her with her shining hair,
With her drooping eyes and her rosy chin
And the dimples for smiles to gather in.

His from the dainty foot's slight tip
Up to the crimson of the lip—
His from the halo of the hair
To the white hand's magic in the air.

But never his the tender thought,
Not his the sigh with yearning fraught,
The conscious blush that flits and flies,
The lingering of impassioned eyes.

All her bearing seemed to say,
"I am yours. Bid me obey.
But the rebel in my soul
Spurns to answer your control!"

Of women she the peerless flower
So scornfully defied his power;
The smouldering anger burned his heart,
Then blazed and tore his lips apart.

IV.

"Madam," said he, "since you are mine,
Lift those eyes and let them shine.
Sometimes, when you hear me speak,
Let the smile impinge your cheek."

"When you bought me, Sir," said she,
"You bought and paid for simply me;
No one bargained for my smile—
'Twas not thought of all the while."

Said he, "Owe you naught beside—
Home, nor peace, where still hours glide?
Morn means sunshine, song, and dew—
Are not smiles a part of you?"

"Once, indeed, perhaps they were,"
She replied. "Now, should they stir,
Smiles would be, with all their blooms,
Like the funeral lamps in tombs."

"Though one shut you dungeon-deep
In his heart, awake, asleep—
Though he claim of you no more
Than the beggar at the door—"

But the lightnings of her eyes
More than swift and low replies,
Whose music hid the word they said
Sharper than an arrow-head,

Hushed and told him all was loss,
All his wealth but gilded dross;
Bars retain nor rubies buy
Love, whose light wings cleave the sky.

"Ah! 'tis well you stand away—
Fire and flint disturb my clay;
Else, although I am a slave,
Every day I dig your grave."

"Cruel words!" he answered her.
"Kinder eternal silence were.
Am I before you so unclean—
Easy to put a world between?"

"Nay," she said, "make no ado;
Be to me as I to you.
When I pass you mind no more
Than a shadow on the floor."

Ah! how fair th' unruffled face!
How complete the weary grace!
How remote the quiet tone—
She that should be all his own!

"See," he said, "I can not sue.
Never was I taught to woo.
Yet I love you, though you make
Heart and soul within me ache!"

She lifted both her snowy arms,
Loaded with his golden charms.
"If you love me, Sir," said she,
"Take your chains and set me free!"

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT was fortunate for all who personally knew and loved her, and associated her with the beautiful Berkshire country in which she was born and had so long lived, that Miss Sedgwick died in the summer and was buried from her old home at Stockbridge, the loveliest of all rural villages. Her family was identified with the region. Both at Stockbridge and Lenox for many a year no name had been more known, and honored, and beloved. Her brother Charles, who lived at Lenox, was one of those modest men whose exquisite nature and rare humanity endear him to an intimate circle beyond which he is a name only; but a name which, like his virtues,

"Smells sweet and blossoms in the dust."

The school, of which his wife was the head as well as the heart, is still fondly remembered by the pupils to whom her delicate volume of thoughtful counsel was afterward addressed.

The seat of the Sedgwick family, however, was at Stockbridge, in the valley of the Housatonic, six miles below Lenox. Judge Sedgwick, the father of the authoress, bought it from the Indians, and it was here that Miss Catherine Maria Sedgwick was born in 1789. Her "New England Tale" was published in 1822, and she was the first very noted female author in the United States. In the National Portrait Gallery her portrait appears with that of all the other famous personages; and her precedence was never seriously threatened until Mrs. Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom." In 1824 Miss Sedgwick's first success was followed by "Redwood," which was republished in several European languages. In 1827 came the best known and most popular of her earlier works, "Hope Leslie, or Early Times in America." She published three more novels, "Clarence," "Le Bossu," and "The Linwoods;" and after resting for three years, she issued one of the most popular series of works ever published, "The Poor Rich Man, and the Rich Poor Man," "Live and Let Live," etc. They were homely stories, of simple interest and of a plain moral, but they went straight home to the great national heart, and were unquestionably a distinct moral power. About 1840 Miss Sedgwick went to Europe, and upon her return she published an agreeable volume of travel. By this time, however, the more modern school of American writers were becoming known, and although Miss Sedgwick published, some ten years ago, a novel "Married or Single," not less excellent than her earlier works, it did not withdraw her from that comparative retirement into which her name and fame had fallen. Yet no name was better known to the great multitude of American readers, and the news of her death, although it could not be unexpected, will impress multitudes as that of a personal loss.

Miss Sedgwick's was a purely literary and benevolent life and quite uneventful. Her time was divided chiefly between Berkshire, Boston, and New York. The young stranger in Lenox, indeed, twenty years ago, will recall her among his most interesting remembrances. Her manners, not without a certain graceful stateliness of the old school, were gracious and urbane, and her sympathy and interest in all youthful and

generous plans and impulses were unflagging. To a visitor whom she peculiarly esteemed she offered the hospitable honors of the famous county in which she felt a kind of birth-right with charming warmth and efficiency. It was her pride to know the region well, and to defend its claims to the utmost admiration with the most intelligent zeal. If some lover of the coast, some devotee of the ocean, looked doubtfully upon the solemn, pine-sheeted hill-sides as too rigid and monotonous, she knew where to take him to silence his skepticism by one wide and sufficing glimpse of inland splendor. Nor were her pride and confidence misplaced. Returning, haply, after the lapse of years, the lover of the sea, who had been unjust in memory to the real charms of the superb Berkshire landscape, recanted wholly as he stood looking from the heights of Lenox southward over the lovely lake to Monument Mountain, and the soft, smooth outline of Taghantic in the delicate heaven further away. There was no sense of imprisonment in the hills, no feeling of oppression, and as his eye turned northward to the tranquil dignity of Greylock it was only to confess that neither Bryant, nor Hawthorne, nor Miss Sedgwick, nor Hermann Melville, all of whom had made their home in Berkshire, had too warmly praised the beauty or described the character of its landscape.

Yet not without sadness could that belated penitent, if it were within the last few years, reflect that he could not confess to Miss Sedgwick his fully awakened perception of her beautiful county. For some time illness had wholly withdrawn her from the society of all but a few intimate personal friends and relatives, and amidst their tender care she died in her seventy-ninth year. Stockbridge is a long, broad, grassy, silent, elm-embowered street, with a range of pleasant houses upon either side, standing separately, each retired in its lovely seclusion of foliage. The cliffs of Monument Mountain rise beyond the Housatonic, a placid little stream that loiters through the meadows. And so profound is the repose of the whole scene, so free even from the murmur of mill-wheels, that the stranger looks curiously to see if there is so much as a shop in the village; and as he climbs the hill toward Lenox, and looks down upon the romantic valley, he bears away only the soft image of pastoral peace. To this lovely tranquillity another interest is added, another pure and permanent association, in the grave of Miss Sedgwick.

ALL over the quiet country neighborhoods modest monuments are rising in memory of the soldiers of the war. The object is to perpetuate in honor the names of those of the town who fell. Sometimes the memorial is a simple shaft with a symbolic sword and flag, and the names of the recruits from the vicinity. Sometimes it is a more imposing structure, and one of the neatest and most interesting we have seen is a plain and graceful gray granite monument not more than six or seven feet high, with the names upon three sides, and at the base water from the hills flowing into neat little troughs for refreshing man or beast. This memorial stands at the parting of roads in the centre of a lovely village among the

hills; and when its purpose is known, it gives a kind of pathetic elegance to the scene which will not pass away.

The ceremonies, if there are any, at the consecration of these monuments are as simple as the works themselves. Upon some pleasant summer day toward sunset the neighbors assemble. There is a prayer and a hymn and a brief address, and all is over. Yet though the words are very few and very artless, the green hills hang over with intelligible sympathy; the serious shade of the ancient trees makes part of the solemnity; the wind that sighs and dies prolongs the sense of singing. How superior and more permanent at such times seem the great aspects of nature! The oldest man that leans upon his stick, with his thin white hair lifted by the breeze, is younger, how much younger, than the elm that shades him with its vigorous, multitudinous young leaves! The hills, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," that wall and guard the little village, looked much the same to the Indian and to the earliest settler. How evanescent in the contrast the little life that the monument commemorates, how transitory the men who build it!

Yet man alone, thinks the loiterer, wending homeward from the village streets, is the master of nature. He is the key and the interpreter. Except for him the healing secret of the shrub and the countless service of the tree slept forever unsuspected. Except for him the forest would only shade the panting beast, nor know another power or purpose; and all the sweet fruit of organizing human genius combined with the inert force of nature be forever unknown. It is the very tenderness of feeling which inspires him to build such monuments, to remember gratefully the dead who died in well-doing, to kindle with the contemplation of heroism, to glory in devotion and martyrdom in human welfare, which enchants the landscape into a living presence, and makes the whole world the conscious home of man.

If as he goes he asks himself whether it is wise to raise these crosses in the rural market-places to commemorate the steps in the pilgrimage of liberty upon the continent—if he asks himself whether it would not be better to allow the whole war to sink into as much forgetfulness as possible, and to obliterate any thing which may perpetuate the vivid consciousness of a civil contest so cruel—the reply is, that as no men can ever be more truly honored than those who seem to us to have given their lives for the most holy of causes, so, by an inevitable instinct, literature and art in every way will preserve them in fond remembrance. In a few years, when the personal and party rancor of the time has passed away, when liberty is an unquestioned law, and nationality a self-vindicating blessing, there will not be two remembrances of the war more than of the Revolution. The children of Tories do not delight to recall the opinions of their ancestors, however sincerely entertained; and the descendants of the soldiers of "the lost cause," however they may extol the honesty with which the political view was held, and the bravery with which the cause was defended, will never be proud that ancestors of theirs fought heroically to perpetuate human slavery.

We need not distrust the human heart, nor suppose that in a few years both sides of a great

struggle will seem to have been equally right. The longer the lapse of time the surer the moral judgment in all simple moral questions. The plain farmer-boys who went when Bunker Hill called, the sturdy citizens who stood fast upon Lexington Green, are figures as romantic and dear to the imagination as the Homeric heroes or the paladins of Charlemagne. And their younger brothers, whose incalculable devotion and sacrifice yonder memorial on the village green records, have made us all better, and have given a sweeter strain to the world's story. They have made it easier to do what America was plainly designed to effect. The thought of these brave boys, unmindful of glory, intent only upon duty, whose names we spell out as we stop on the weary way in the summer noon, refresh our hope and faith, and stimulate nobler endeavor, as the living water from the hills which we sip enlivens and comforts our frames.

THERE are very many public men in this country who would dislike very much to receive a challenge, because whatever their own opinion of the stupendous crime of dueling might be, they would be nervous as to the opinion which "the World" or Mrs. Grundy might express upon the subject. Soldiers, with what we must call their usually wholly erroneous views of true honor, are almost unanimous in declaring that there are many offenses which can be expiated only by the duello. Sir Lucius O'Trigger was not more positive upon the point than head-quarters.

But the feeling extends beyond drum-beat. One of the most comical little incidents we recall is the conduct of the late amiable Edward Lacquer in relating a personal experience. Mr. Lacquer was a genial, mild, polite, lady-killing young gentleman, of whom Mrs. Grundy was very fond, who danced neatly and dressed well, and was much sought in gay society. One evening in the punch-room at Mrs. Cræsus's Mr. Lacquer was telling a small group of an occurrence at Delmonico's. He was talking with a few friends, one of them being the late Major Trombone, and as Lacquer became very animated in his narration Trombone turned to him and said: "Lacquer, that's rather strong." But Lacquer smiled and proceeded until Major Trombone remarked, good-humoredly, "By George, Lacquer, if you pull the bow so tremendously I shall be obliged to pull your nose!" As Mr. Lacquer reached this point in his story he became very much excited, and kindling with the remembrance he walked rapidly up and down the punch-room exclaiming, "Yes, by Jove! My nose! Think of that! My nose, my nose: he said he would pull my nose!" and he held his head forward as if to be perfectly sure that there was nobody at that moment feeling for that member. "By Jupiter Ammon, Major Thomas Trombone threatened—to—pull—my—my—my—NOSE!" and he brought the word out with such a ludicrous effort, ending in a roar, that the whole group burst into a laugh. "Yes"—said Mr. Lacquer, looking round upon us indignantly—"yes—but think of it—a man's nose, you know. By —, he said he would pull my nose!"

"Well, but *did* he pull it?" asked Jack Gristle, thoughtlessly.

Mr. Edward Lacquer looked at him for a mo-

ment as if he were about to do to Mr. Gristle what Major Trombone had offered to do to him.

"No, Sir," said he, at length, and with dignity—"no, Sir; of course he did not. But," he added, and the same expression of absurd anguish stole over his face—"but, good God! suppose he had!"

Mr. Edward Lacquer, it is evident, was an extremely "high-toned gentleman."

The late Count Gurowski thought that under some circumstances the duello was indispensable. He was once telling the Easy Chair of an incident in his early life. It was in Paris, and he had a very dear friend. Somehow this extremely sensitive "honor" was touched, and there was no alternative but the pistol. Love, friendship, manliness, humanity, common-sense, all went by the board. "We met," said the Count, "in the early morning." Then looking fixedly at the Easy Chair, and lowering his voice to an impressive whisper: "*Et—enfin ce n'était pas moi qui tombait!*"

The latest lesson in the business of dueling—a lesson full of good sense and good-humor as well as of the highest humanity and the truest wisdom—is that of the famous French scholar and critic, Saint Beuve. M. Saint Beuve is more than sixty years old, and he is a Senator in Louis Napoleon's Legislature. The Legislature of that monarch, however, is not composed of Saint Beuves, but contains a great many military officers and "high-toned gentlemen." In a debate upon books for a public library the high-toned gentlemen objected to buying the works of such authors as Rénan, Pelletan, and George Sand. But Saint Beuve vindicated their claims to consideration in French literature, and being rudely interrupted by a M. Lacaze, retorted very pun-gently. Thereupon Sir Lucius Lacaze challenged Saint Beuve, not because he had insulted him but because "you showed an intention to insult me, and the design is equivalent to the act."

To this characteristically high-toned effusion Saint Beuve replied with cool and humorous good sense. He declined to accept "that summary jurisprudence which consists in strangling a question and suppressing an individual in forty-eight hours," and proposed, "according to my custom, to introduce a little reflection and delay into the settlement of the business." He adds that the difference is one which should be settled by free discussion, and doubts if among his friends there is a single one who understands properly the etiquette of the duel, "which does not mean that they are the less men of honor, but they have taken no degree of 'Doctor in arms.'" Sir Lucius Lacaze of course sent another challenge. To this Saint Beuve replied more sternly, and absolutely refused to fight.

Saint Beuve's manly conduct in despising the atrocious "code of honor" is a service to society. There is no tyranny so pitiful as that which compels men to commit unspeakable crimes for the sake of their noses and the tips of their coat-tails; nor is there any burlesque more horrible and ridiculous than that of calling men who defy others to a bout of private massacre "gentlemen" and "men of honor." Men like this Lacaze are bullies and bravos. It is Saint Beuve who is the gentleman. The public good-sense is coming, perhaps even rapidly, to perceive and acknowledge it. But the public want

of sense is still a very powerful social influence. There was poor Hyperion Moth, a friend and contemporary of Edward Lacquer. No better dancer ever slid upon Mrs. Grundy's canvas. He was as innocent as his own embroidered shirt-bosom, and as sweet and mild as a form of calves-foot jelly. But he was entangled in some confounded complication, like a butterfly in a spider's web, meaning no harm to any human soul, and the dire misfortune actually befell the harmless Hyperion, which Edward Lacquer so sensitively dreaded. From that moment he disappeared. Society broke the poor butterfly upon the wheel. Mrs. Grundy knew Hyperion Moth no more. Yet if he had only gone into the field, murdered his antagonist, and lost an arm or a leg himself, the worthy old lady would have received him with rapture.

Saint Beuve has chosen the better part. He defies Sir Lucius and Mrs. Grundy together, and he will win the victory.

THE thoughtful observer in the Paris Exhibition, when he comes to the wooden school-house, which Illinois has sent as its contribution, probably reflects that it is not the building, but what is done in it, which is the important thing. And certainly there is no more striking and interesting sight than the common-school in a remote country district. Let it be a summer afternoon, bright and not too warm. The school-house, cheerfully painted white, stands upon a pleasant green, where roads meet at the foot of a high green hill. There is nothing squalid or repulsive about the house, although it is very plain and the neighborhood is not rich. There is no "yard," for the green roads and the fields and hill-sides are sufficient play-ground. It is the last day of the summer term, and the parents of the children and the friends of the school are invited and expected to come. The door and windows are all open, and the summer air plays as it will through the room. There are twenty scholars, the largest part girls, and the oldest of all about fifteen, the youngest six years old. They sit at separate solid wooden desks, and against the wall in front of them sit fathers and mothers, and in the teacher's desk the "school-committee-man," with a winning smile and kind voice, which should be enough to take all the sting out of "school."

The teacher, a young woman not yet twenty, calls up the little classes. They respond promptly, each answering to his number, filing into the space back of the desks, and seating himself with folded arms upon the recitation-bench. Each in turn rises and recites. Through reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography they wind their way, staggering and tripping a little from bashfulness in the presence of strangers; but the smallest girls and boys pipe their replies in a ringing treble, and spell out the hard words in one syllable, and even two syllables, with a readiness and accuracy which are remarkable. The older children figure out really intricate sums upon the black-board, and one, the oldest, shows a ready knowledge of the elements of physiology. The school-committee-man, in his kind way, quietly asks questions not in the book, simple problems, although the little folks rather shiver at these questions "out of his head;" but they answer, so as to show that they have

not learned by rote merely, but do actually understand what they have studied. One of the visitors looks at a boy who is helpful at home, who can mow, and hoe, and milk, and do a hundred necessary chores, yet is a little fellow still, and will try to catch him. "What is the capital of Kentucky?" Certainly the boy will say Louisville. But he promptly answers, "Frankfort." "What is the capital of Louisiana?" "Baton Rouge." "What is the largest city in Ohio?" "Cincinnati." Here is a little shaver whose father came from Ireland some years since, and settled among the country hills. He is just six years old, and he spells so nimbly that even a school-committee-man might be surprised.

They are evidently hearty, merry children, who do not creep like snail unwillingly to school; who are not driven, but wisely led. They have picked in their gardens the bright flowers which are in the bowl upon the stove, and in the metal tumbler upon the teacher's desk. They have studied well, they have learned a great deal, yet school is a pleasant place. It is kept for six months in the year only, except when there may be a subscription-school, for the children are needed at home, and among these remote hills the farmer's family is his help as well as his pride and joy. This is the beginning of their citizenship. These are the roots of American civilization. This is the work which the reflective spectator of the frame school-house in the Paris Exhibition meditates.

Now if every child in the United States could be schooled in this way for six months of every year what havoc they would make of the kingdom of darkness! Yet the proud American must not suppose, as his heart beats and his mind expands upon seeing the model school-house, that it is his country alone which understands the value and superlative necessity of education. So profound is this conviction in Europe that education is generally compulsory. In Prussia, which is the chief seat of the obligatory system, the proportion of children at school is 1 in 6.27; in Holland, where it is not obligatory, the proportion is 1 in 8.11; in France, where it is not obligatory, it is 1 in 9; and in England and Wales, where public education is in a very wretched condition, it is 1 in 7.7. In Germany education was a religious duty before it was made obligatory by the state; and it has become so universal a popular habit that if the law were repealed the attendance would continue. In Wirtemberg, which is not an especially enterprising country, there is not, according to a late account, a peasant, nor a kitchen-maid, nor a bar-maid, who can not read, write, and cipher well. In Saxony there is said not to be one child who can be found who has had no schooling. And in Nassau, where education has been both compulsory and gratuitous since 1817, there is not one illiterate person in the Duchy. In Prussia only three per cent. of the recruits for the army—usually the poorest part of the population—are uneducated. In Sweden, Norway, and Denmark parents are fined if they leave their children untaught. In Italy, Spain, and Portugal the principle is admitted, and it has even reached the Danubian principalities and Turkey. In Holland the only compulsion is the withdrawal of relief to pauper families if the children are not sent to school. But in that country, to all the

arguments in favor of the compulsory system, the reply was that it was contrary to the free spirit and traditions of the Dutch people.

And what do we chiefly see in all the countries which so strenuously provide for education? We see a constant and rapid development of freedom, a profounder perception of human equality, and a more vital sense of human rights. As the schools multiply, and the scholars are taught, the reason of arbitrary and aristocratic governments becomes weaker, and the authority of kings and priests begins to totter. Louis Napoleon's own minister of public education pleads hard that it may be made compulsory. Yet if the Emperor in his progress through the Exhibition can stop long enough before the Illinois school-house to perceive the subtle and inevitable influences that radiate from it, he will see that they are rays so continuous and ardent that that school-house will consume the palace of the Tuileries.

LATELY at midsummer, and after the feast of St. John, the corresponding member for fields and woods announced his approach to the Sassafras Club, and a jubilee-meeting would have been held under the great tree but for the unlucky fact that all the brethren were over the hills and far away. Their arduous duties being ended for the season, the blossom of the sassafras being duly honored, and the leaf smelled, the Club had dispersed to pursue its researches in every department, and to acquire still further stores of knowledge.

So the rustic member, like the King of France, much desired, was heard of no nearer than the boscaiges of Westchester, in which he burrowed, charmed with the leafy seclusion, and astounded to find that so near New York there could be retirement so rural and a landscape so fair. Yet, like a siren, the city sang even to the friend of woodchucks and the confidant of pee-wees and the wood-thrush. As the nails in Sinbad's ship all felt the attraction of the magnetic mountain, so the fine human heart was drawn by the vast vortex of humanity—the city. Once or twice he left the Westchester woods, and strolled down Broadway into Wall Street, and through the baser parts of the town, and along the palace fronts of the Fifth Avenue. If Charles Lamb had met him he would not have suffered him to depart. So intense and sagacious a lover of the country, so versed in wood-craft, upon terms so friendly with bird and beast and insect, would have fascinated the true cockney or city lover, which Lamb loved to call himself. A man who did not "agnize" the city; for whom Fulton Market, with vegetables and greens, was not country enough; who could not be satisfied to peer through the railings at St. Paul's upon the grassy church-yard, or gaze contented at the portal under which George Washington passed to church; a man who did not like the jostling seclusion of hurrying crowds, and whom the wild humors of the street did not delight, but who loathed the awful whirlpool of busy and guilty life as if it were a Sodom doubly damned, would have been unspeakably fascinating to the small, serious book-keeper at the India House, who was never wholly at home except with the metropolitan murmur in his ear.

Yet the Easy Chair must not in the least im-

ply that the corresponding member for woods and waters of the Sassafras Club has not a relish for the quaint and poetic aspects of the city, which would have stimulated even Elia himself. But the moral, or, to speak more truly, the immoral oppression appalls him. Great cities not infrequently so affect sensitive natures. Can the Easy Chair ever forget—to borrow Elia's phrase—the “mild, childlike, pastoral” E.; how he came from Paris to the vineyards of the Rhine; from Paris, where he had passed but a fortnight—and seemed to feel as if his soul were smirched—as if the uncleanness of the morally foul city clung to him as a vile odor clings to garments? So did the huge city of the Manhattan affect this worthy scion of the Sassafras. He saw its double aspect, its merit, and its misery; and when he had purged himself a little in the renovating airs of Westchester he whispered to them, and they wafted the music to the sassafras-tree, under which the scribe was sitting:

“NEW YORK.

“O complication of all evil,
And complication of all good!
Where thousands worship but the devil,
And thousands also worship God.
O wretchedness beyond compare!
O filth and rags and stagnant air!
O glittering wealth and poverty,
And rosy health and misery!
The palace and the hovel vie
To take the palm of victory.
Centre of all that's good and bad,
Of all that's cheerful, all that's sad,
May God in mercy spare the best,
And in his wisdom purge the rest!”

But in the quiet of the avenues he heard the Dust-man's bells. Did any poet ever sing them before? “These bells,” says the corresponding member, “are strung upon a rope between two short poles across the cart, and consist of cow, sheep, sleigh, house, and other bells, forming a curious jangle indeed:”

“THE NEW YORK DUST-MAN'S BELLS.

“Of all comical sounds in heaven or earth,
A combination of sadness and mirth,
There's nothing to my imagining tells
More wonderful tales than the Dust-man's bells,
As wrangling, jangling to and fro,
Their notes are heard wherever you go.

“Witches and goblins fill the air,
Oaths and curses mingle with prayer,
From gutter to eaves and very house-top,
Such elfish people I fancy may pop,
As wrangling, jangling to and fro,
Their notes are heard wherever you go.

“The ghosts of old Dutchmen long gone appear,
With ‘Donder and blitzen!’ ‘Mein Gott and Mein-heer!’
And 'mid the strange bluster and jostle and jam
Our Gotham is lost in New Amsterdam,
As wrangling, jangling to and fro,
Their notes are heard wherever you go.

“For among these rags and dust so packed,
From many a garret and cellar ransacked,
Are bits of garments a century old,
With history hidden in every fold,
As wrangling, jangling to and fro,
Their notes are heard wherever you go.

“And weirdly musical are these bells,
Reminding the heart of pastoral dells,
Of scenes far away in the country dear,
Of the glory of many a vanished year,
As wrangling, jangling to and fro,
Their notes are heard wherever you go.

“Ring on! ring on! quaint Dust-man's bells,
And rouse every house with your noisy knells.
But seldom, I think, will a rustic like me
In your jarring notes find rare minstrelsy,
As wrangling, jangling to and fro,
Their notes are heard wherever you go.”

It was not long that he could keep himself from his sea-blown pastures, and the hermit of the Sassafras soon returned to his woodland walks and meditations upon the rising shores of the gentle stream—uplands that look toward the morning. There, with the shades of Cowper and John Woolman, he holds sweet converse, and they who sit with him in the shanty tapestried with manuscript scraps of various lore fancy that they have seen those wise and gentle souls.

THE Regents of the University of the State of New York—a University whose seat is in the famous city of Weissnichtwo, where Teufelsdröckh was formerly chief professor—among other of their good works summon an annual convocation of the teachers of the colleges and academies in the State, for the purpose of comparing views upon education and devising methods of raising the standard of scholarship in the State. At its late meeting this body of energetic and intelligent men denounced with great spirit the custom of awarding honorary degrees for other considerations than eminent merit, and we hope the convocation will persist in agitating the subject until the folly of the present practice is ended.

The most absurd and demoralizing precedent of this kind in the country was that of Harvard University when it made Andrew Jackson a Doctor of Laws. If there were one thing which General Jackson was not, it was a scholar. If there were one thing which could not be easily associated with him, it was knowledge of law of any kind, or indeed respect for it. He was an irascible, dogmatic soldier, and there are those who think that he was a great man and a great President. But it was impossible to think of him as gravely dubbed Doctor by the most ancient and reverend of our Universities without a sigh of consternation and a shout of laughter.

So in the good State of New York there is a habit of conferring these solemn degrees as the result of a bargain or of an intrigue. John Smith sells sugar so successfully that he becomes “one of our wealthiest citizens,” and in a moment of happy inspiration he gives fifty thousand dollars to found a chemical chair in the University of Horse-Radish. The grateful college smiles, and says to him with dignity upon Commencement Day: “Rise, Doctor John Smith.”

Or Joseph Jones renders some kind of political service to somebody in whom some college Don is interested. Certainly, thinks the Don, it would gratify this patron of political worth to be honored by the college, and he hints and suggests and stimulates the writing of letters urging the proper authorities to recognize the merits of Joseph Jones. It is done, and the astounded public reads in the papers that at the late Commencement of Little-Go College the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon Abdul Aziz, Sultan of Turkey, and our distinguished fellow-citizen, the Honorable Joseph Jones.

Carlyle says that a traveler relates that in the island of Sumatra there is a very brilliant kind of fire-fly which is stuck upon sticks to illuminate the night-journeys of people of quality. “Great honor to the fire-flies,” says Carlyle; “but—?” So say we. Great honor to the Sultan and the Honorable Joseph Jones—but! The result is, that Smith, Jones, and Co. usually conceal the fact of their Doctorate of Laws. They appre-

ciate and acknowledge the kindness of the intention and the expression of friendly regard; but they can not help seeing that such degrees have ceased to have any significance whatever. If a man is made Doctor of Laws, it means merely that the College authorities wish to testify their personal regard for him. If he is made Doctor of Divinity, it means merely that he is the most noted or the oldest clergyman of his denomination who has not yet been labeled.

Let us return to the reason and fact of the degree, or frankly confess that it does not mean scholarly eminence, or abolish the custom altogether. Let us no longer tolerate that a college degree shall be bought, or express only personal regard. The question has been now raised where it should be, in the assembly of the officers of colleges and the Board of Regents. If the present practice is resolutely stigmatized there, it will rapidly dwindle and disappear.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 31st of August. The main topic of domestic interest is the action of the President in regard to the Cabinet and Military Commanders. From the Continent of Europe we have accounts of the meeting between the Emperors of France and Austria, which is supposed to foreshadow an alliance between these Empires hostile to Prussia. From Great Britain we have the final passage of the Reform Bill, and the royal assent thereto, essentially as passed in the House of Commons.

For a considerable time it has been known that the President was dissatisfied with the course of Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, and with that of Generals Sheridan and Sickles, commanding in the Military Districts of Louisiana and Carolina. On the 5th of August the President addressed a note to Mr. Stanton, stating that "grave public considerations constrain me to request your resignation as Secretary of War." Mr. Stanton replied, "Grave public considerations constrain me to continue in the office of Secretary of War until the next meeting of Congress." On the 12th the President directed General Grant to take the position of Acting Secretary of War, and to at once assume the duties of that office. General Grant, in notifying Mr. Stanton of this assignment, wrote: "In notifying you of my acceptance, I can not let the opportunity pass without expressing to you my appreciation of the zeal, patriotism, firmness, and ability with which you have ever discharged the duty of Secretary of War." Mr. Stanton, in reply, said:

"Under a sense of public duty I am compelled to deny the President's right under the laws of the United States to suspend me from office as Secretary of War, or to authorize any person to enter upon the discharge of the duties of that office, or to require me to transfer to you or any other person the records, books, papers, and other public property in my official custody as Secretary of War; but inasmuch as the President has assumed to suspend me from office as Secretary of War, and you have notified me of your acceptance of the appointment of Secretary of War *ad interim*, I have no alternative but to submit, under protest, to the superior force of the President."

On the 17th of August the President drew up an order removing General Sheridan from the command of the Fifth Military District, and assigning to the place General Thomas, then in command of the Department of the Cumberland. General Hancock, commanding the Department of the Missouri, was to relieve Thomas, and General Sheridan was to take the place of Hancock in Missouri. Before carrying this order into effect General Grant was requested by the President to make any suggestions which

he deemed necessary respecting the assignments directed by the order. General Grant replied, protesting against the execution of the order. He wrote:

"I earnestly urge, in the name of a patriotic people who have sacrificed hundreds of thousands of loyal lives and thousands of millions of treasure to preserve the integrity and union of this country, that this order be not insisted on. It is unmistakably the expressed wish of the country that General Sheridan should not be removed from his present command. This is a republic where the will of the people is the law of the land. I beg that their voice may be heard. General Sheridan has performed his civil duties faithfully and intelligently. His removal will only be regarded as an effort to defeat the laws of Congress. It will be interpreted by the unconstructed element in the South—those who did all they could to break up this Government by arms, and now wish to be the only element consulted as to the method of restoring order—as a triumph. It will embolden them to renewed opposition to the will of the loyal masses, believing that they have the Executive with them."

General Grant objects also to the other assignments. General Thomas, he said, had repeatedly protested against being assigned to the command of any Military District, and especially to being assigned to take the place of Sheridan. General Hancock, moreover, ought not to be removed from the Department of Missouri. This Department was a complicated one, and it would take a new commander some time to become acquainted with it. "There are," says General Grant, "military reasons, pecuniary reasons, and, above all, patriotic reasons, why this order should not be insisted upon." He also refers to a letter marked "private" which he addressed to the President when he was first consulted upon the subject of a change in the War Department, which he hoped would have prevented the removal of Sheridan.

The President replied at considerable length. He was "cognizant of the efforts that had been made to retain General Sheridan in command of the Fifth Military District," but "was not aware that the question had ever been submitted to the people themselves for determination." It would be unjust, he said, to the army to assume that Sheridan was the only officer qualified to command in this District. Thomas, who had been assigned to succeed him, besides his services in the war, had exhibited great ability as commander of a Department. "He had not failed, under the most trying circumstances, to enforce the laws, to preserve peace and order, to encourage the restoration of civil authority, and to promote, as far as possible, a spirit of reconciliation. His administration of the Department of the Cumberland," continues the President, "will certain-

ly compare most favorably with that of General Sheridan in the Fifth Military District." The President goes on to describe the administration of General Sheridan as follows:

"A bitter spirit of antagonism seems to have resulted from General Sheridan's management. He has rendered himself exceedingly obnoxious by the manner in which he has exercised even the powers conferred by Congress, and still more so by a resort to authority not granted by law nor necessary to its faithful and efficient execution. His rule has, in fact, been one of absolute tyranny, without reference to the principles of our Government, or the nature of our free institutions. The state of affairs which has resulted from the course he has pursued has seriously interfered with a harmonious, satisfactory, and speedy execution of the Acts of Congress, and is alone sufficient to justify a change."

The President then proceeds to argue that the substitution of Thomas for Sheridan can not be construed as an effort to defeat the laws of Congress, since one as well as the other will be bound to execute the laws; and, moreover, the "unconstructed element" in the South will not be "emboldened to renewed opposition" in the belief that they "have the Executive with them," since they are "perfectly familiar with the antecedents of the President, and know that he has not obstructed the faithful execution of any Act of Congress." The President says that he is no way inclined to assign to General Thomas any command not entirely to his wishes; but he is sure that Thomas would not hesitate to obey any order "having in view a complete and speedy restoration of the Union." General Hancock, also, the President does not doubt, "will sustain his high reputation in any position to which he may be assigned." And although his Department of the Missouri, to which, by the order, Sheridan is assigned, is "a complicated one," yet the President

"Feels confident that, under the guidance and instructions of General Sherman, General Sheridan will soon become familiar with its necessities, and will avail himself of the opportunity afforded by the Indian troubles for the display of the energy, enterprise, and daring which gave him so enviable a reputation during our recent civil struggle."

The President goes on to affirm that as Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy it is his duty to see to it that the laws are faithfully executed; that believing this faithful execution to involve a change in the command of the Fifth Military District, he had issued the order superseding Sheridan. He could perceive no military, pecuniary, or patriotic reason why the order should not be carried into effect. At the very outset, indeed, he says,

"I did not consider General Sheridan the most suitable officer for the command of the Fifth Military District. Time has strengthened my convictions upon this point, and has led me to the conclusion that patriotic considerations demand that he should be superseded by an officer who, while he will faithfully execute the law, will at the same time give more general satisfaction to the whole people, white and black, North and South."

This matter remained in abeyance for ten days. Although no official announcement has been made, it is affirmed upon what appears to be good authority that the President and General Grant differed in opinion as to the authority belonging to them in this matter, Grant believing that the law of Congress placed in his hands the assignment of the several Military Commanders; the President, on the contrary, holding that this

was ultimately vested in him as Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy. Whatever may have been the difference of opinion, General Grant yielded to Mr. Johnson, and on the 26th of August the order of the President removing General Sheridan was issued by General Grant. The assignment of commands, however, was different from that originally proposed. A surgeon certified that the health of General Thomas would not permit him to assume the command in Louisiana and Texas. General Hancock was therefore assigned to this command. Sheridan was ordered to turn over the command at once to the officer next in rank (General Griffin), and to proceed to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and relieve Hancock, who, upon being thus relieved, was to go to New Orleans and assume the command temporarily held by Griffin. Thomas, in the mean while, was to continue in command of the Department of the Cumberland.

Almost simultaneously with the order for the removal of Sheridan from the command of the Military Division of Louisiana and Texas, an order was issued by the President, through General Grant, as Acting-Secretary of War, removing General Sickles from the command of the Military Division embracing the States of North and South Carolina. General Canby was assigned to succeed General Sickles. The essential point in the orders given to Hancock and Canby is that each of them,

"In assuming the command to which he is hereby assigned, will, when necessary to a faithful execution of the laws, exercise any and all powers conferred by Acts of Congress upon District Commanders, and any and all authority pertaining to officers in command of Military Departments."

In *Tennessee* the election for Governor, Members of Congress, and State Legislature took place on the 1st of August. Contrary to general apprehension the election passed off very quietly. The colored vote was very large, and appears to have been cast almost wholly for the Republican candidates. Governor Brownlow's majority was about 50,000. The eight Representatives in Congress elected are all Republicans. The State Legislature is Republican by a large majority. —In *Kentucky* the election for Governor and Members of the State Legislature took place August 5. Hon. John H. Helm, Democrat, was elected by a majority of some 50,000. The Legislature is largely Democratic. —The registration of voters in the unconstructed States is nearly complete. Altogether it is probable that the number of colored voters exceeds the whites. Thus in Alabama, there are registered 72,747 whites; and 88,248 blacks. In Louisiana, Mississippi, and Texas the colored preponderance is still greater. In Virginia and Georgia the registered whites outnumber the blacks. In South Carolina, where the registration is not completed, General Wade Hampton urges the people to register, and to vote against holding a Convention. While anxious for restoration, he prefers the existing military rule to the measures proposed by Congress. He denies the right of Congress to interfere with suffrage in the States.

The trial of John H. Surratt for complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln closed on the 11th of August, having lasted about sixty days. The jury failed to agree, eight being for acquittal and four for conviction. Of the four who were for conviction, none were born in the

South; of the eight for acquittal all except one were natives of Maryland, Virginia, or the District of Columbia.

The yellow-fever has made its appearance in the Gulf region. It has been very severe at Galveston, Texas, and local means for aiding the sufferers having been entirely exhausted aid has been asked from abroad. Contributions to a considerable amount have been forwarded from New York and other places at the North.

Mr. George Bancroft, the eminent historian, has been appointed Minister to Prussia, to take the place of Mr. Wright who died at this post. Mr. Bancroft reached Berlin on the 6th of August. Upon presenting his credentials, and subsequently, he was received with marks of unusual distinction by the King and Count Bismarck.

Admiral Farragut, in command of our European squadron, has received marked attention abroad. Near the close of July his flag-ship, the *Franklin*, accompanied by several other vessels, was at the port of Cherbourg, France. On the 28th the Empress Eugénie was to visit the port, when a grand reception was to be given to her, in which the American squadron was invited to participate. The Admiral cordially accepted the invitation. But it happened that he had been specially asked to dine with the Emperor on that day at Paris. The Empress visited the American flag-ship, and subsequently invited Captains Pennock, of the *Franklin*, and Le Roy, the Chief-of-Staff, to dine with her on board her yacht, *La Reine Hortense*. These wholly unusual marks of attention are to be regarded as evidence of the desire on the part of the French Government to maintain friendly relations with the United States.

Some months ago the American bark *Rover* was wrecked upon the island of Formosa, and the crew either massacred or made captives by the savage inhabitants. The British Consul sent messengers offering to ransom the survivors, if there should be any. The messengers were fired upon and returned. The American vessels *Hartford* and *Wyoming* were sent to the scene of outrage, arriving on the 13th of June. A body of 180 marines were landed and marched a little distance from the coast. They were fired upon by the savages, who thereupon crept back into the jungle, followed by the Americans. Commander Mackenzie, one of the leaders of the expedition was killed, and nearly a score of the marines were prostrated by sun-stroke. The expedition returned to the vessels, without inflicting any damage upon the savages.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In *Mexico* the Government of Juarez seems to be fairly established. Several prominent adherents of the Imperialist cause, among them General Vidaurri, have been executed. Not long ago General Santa Anna, who had been for a while in the United States endeavoring to organize an expedition against Juarez set out for Mexico. Reaching the port of Sisal, on board of an American vessel, he was seized by the Mexican authorities, and conveyed to the Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, at Vera Cruz. It is announced that he will be tried according to the law of 1862, under which Maximilian was exe-

cuted. This law prescribes the punishment of death for the following offenses: (1.) Armed invasion by foreigners, without declaration of war by the foreign Government, and complicity by Mexicans in such invasion. (2.) Voluntary services of Mexicans in such enterprises. (3.) Invitation by Mexicans or foreigners residing in Mexico, to subjects of any other Power, to invade the Republic or change its form of government. (4.) Any kind of complicity in aiding or encouraging the invasion, or favoring its realization.——A statement has been put forth showing the number of executions under the order of Maximilian, dated in October, 1865. According to this, in the sixteen months from October, 1865, to January, 1867, the execution of 650 persons was officially announced in the capital city by order of Maximilian. The additional number set down as known to have been executed by officers of Maximilian is placed at 9244, about 10,000 in all. This is said to be only a portion of the actual number of executions, the whole number being rather vaguely estimated at about 20,000.

EUROPE.

The British Reform bill passed the House of Lords on the 6th of August, with several important amendments. These related mainly to increasing the amount of the lodger, copyhold, and freehold franchises, allowing the use of voting papers, and bestowing the right of franchise upon undergraduates. All these amendments were rejected on the 9th, after an excited debate, by the House of Commons. The Commons, however, accepted one amendment proposed by the Peers providing for the representation of minorities. On the 12th the House of Peers receded from its amendments, and passed the bill essentially as sent from the House of Commons. On the 15th of August the bill received the royal assent. This bill, which will probably double the number of voters in Great Britain, and will transform the Government from a Monarchy or Aristocracy into a Democracy, does not go into effect until 1869.

The meeting between the Emperors of France and Austria took place at Salzburg on the 19th of August. The King of Bavaria was present at the meeting. That grave political matters were considered is beyond question, and that these measures had for object to oppose the present preponderance of Prussia is assumed on all hands. But the precise form of the understanding has not been announced. Each telegraphic report contradicts that of the previous day. Still the general feeling now is that upon some pretext or other a war is imminent, and that, the British Government having resolved to keep aloof from Continental disturbances, it is assumed that the parties will be France and Austria against Prussia. It is supposed, also, that Russia will be found as ally of Prussia. We give the foregoing not as facts, but merely as indications of the current speculation of the month. All that can be set down as certain is that all the great Powers of the European continent maintain an attitude of arms, and that no one of them has taken any steps to reduce to any considerable extent its military force.

Editor's Drawer.

DURING the last Presidential campaign the late John Van Buren made several eloquent speeches in favor of M'Clellan. Especially did he appeal to members of the Democratic party to stand by the organization and support the nominee; "for," said he, "bolting is something that is never tolerated by a true Democrat." A by-stander, who happened to remember the campaign of '48, and the dashing and brilliant part taken in it by the "Prince" in behalf of his father against General Cass, interrupted the speaker thus:

"Will the gentleman allow me to interrupt him a moment?"

"Certainly."

"I wish to ask the gentleman a question."

"I shall be happy to answer."

"How about Cass in '48? Will the gentleman enlighten us as to his 'bolt' in that campaign?"

"The gentleman wants to know about Cass?"

"Yes."

"Well," answered Mr. Van Buren, in his blandest manner, "*Cass isn't running now, and 'twould be a waste of time to go into that question!*"

The people laughed on J. V. B.'s side, and the interrogator evaded the premises.

THE following ingenious lines on the letter H have been attributed to various persons, but the real author is not known:

"'Twas whispered in Heaven, it was muttered in Hell,

And Echo caught faintly the sound as it fell:

On the confines of Earth 'twas permitted to rest,

And the depths of the ocean its presence confest.

'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven asunder:

Be found in the lightning and heard in the thunder,

'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,

It attends him at birth, it awaits him in death;

It presides o'er his happiness, honor, and health,

Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.

It begins every hope, every wish it doth bound;

It prays with the hermit, with monarchs is crowned;

In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,

But is sure to be lost in his prodigal heir.

Without it the soldier, the seaman may roam,

But woe to the wretch who expels it from home.

In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,

Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion be drowned.

'Twill not soften the heart, but though deaf to the ear,

It will make it acutely and constantly hear.

But in shade let it rest, like a delicate flower;

Oh! breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour!"

JOHN BROUGHAM tells a story of a brother actor, whose fate it was to represent the inferior personages in the drama, such as messengers, serving-men, etc. One night a certain great tragedian being engaged, the poor actor, enacting the character of a servant, had to repeat these words:

"My lord, the coach is waiting."

This was all he had to say; but, turning to the gallery part of the audience, he added, with stentorian voice: "And permit me further to observe, that the man who raises his hand against a woman, save in the way of kindness, is unworthy the name of an American!" Shouts of applause followed. After the play, on being re-

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monstrated with by the great tragedian for this innovation, he replied: "I regret to have annoyed you, but it's my benefit next week, and I must make myself popular with the audience!"

SOME one was speaking to Brougham one evening in the green-room of the theatre of the genius of Booth and of his fine features: "What an eye he has! it looks as if it could pierce through a board!" "Then," said Brougham, "it must be a *gimlet* eye!"

DURING the war Barney Williams dropped in at the Olympic with a friend to listen to an act or two of a new play. The friend noticed the thinness of the house, and remarked that it was probably owing to the war. "No," replied Mr. Williams, "I should judge it was owing to the *piece!*"

SOME years ago the region about Clyde, Ohio, suffered from an unprecedented drought. It seemed as though Providence had forgotten that section entirely. A total failure of the crops seemed inevitable. Every one was in despair. At length the ministers composing the Methodist Conference took the matter in hand, and set apart a day of fasting and prayer for rain. The meeting was held in Bellevue, and was largely attended. Among the preachers assembled was old Father B——, noted more for the bluntness of his expressions than for polished delivery, but withal a good man and faithful worker. The old gentleman had great faith in the means, and invoked relief "without further delay." He then prayed the Lord would bless them with abundant crops, especially of corn, saying: "And now, O Lord, give us a big crop of corn this year. None of your *little nubbins* now, O Lord, but great big ears, *as long as yer arm—ah!*" Whether the explicitness of the petition brought about the desired result or not, no one knows; but certain it is that it rained in torrents that very night. As for the corn crop, although the ears might not have been "*as long as yer arm—ah!*" the yield was heavy.

THE furious war that has been waged between the Steinway and Chickering forces since the announcement of the awards of the Paris Exposition reminds us of a recent musical advertisement that appeared in the *Herald*:

"TO PIANO-FORTE MAKERS.—A lady keeping a first-class School, requiring a good piano, is desirous of receiving a daughter of the above in exchange for the same."

DURING the last homeward trip of the *Henry Chauncey*, from Aspinwall, the steerage passengers were so numerous as to make them uncomfortable. As for sleeping accommodation it was aptly described by a Californian who approached the Captain, and said:

"I should like to have a sleeping berth, if you please."

"Why, where have you been sleeping these last two nights since we left?"

"Wa'al, I've been sleeping a-top of a sick man;

but he's got better now, and won't stand it no longer!"

With crowds like this who can wonder at the price of Pacific Mail?

It has been the custom of the members of the graduating class of the Connecticut Normal School, before Commencement, to hold a meeting to decide upon a class badge and motto. The class of '58 was small. At the meeting held for this purpose one of the members, in a speech of some length, informed the class that it was necessary to have a badge and motto that would convey the idea that "though our number is small, we are a centre from which shall radiate and expand a bright and ever-increasing influence for good, both in word and work." This brought out the class-poet, who, inspired by the eloquence of the speaker who had preceded, responded: "Mr. Chairman, the glowing language in which Mr. D—— has clothed his original and beautiful idea, has suggested to my mind the desired symbol and motto. Let the badge represent that glorious bird, the peacock, in full feather; and on its bright, radiating, and expansive plumage be engraven the motto, '*Spread yourselves!*'"

WE find in the Parkersburg (Virginia) Daily Times, of July 4, the following official document relating to a "brite sorowel" mare which had in an irregular way effected an entrance to the estate of Calip Barrett:

ESTRAY NOTICE.

THE STATE OF WEST VA.

To the Clerk of Wood County:

WE James Cooper, Ransom Rector and John Stephen, three freeholders of said county do hereby certify that by virtue of a warrant to us directed buy W. W. Taylor, a Justice of said county, we have this day on our oaths viewed and appraised a mare taken up by Calip Barrett on his lands as an estray and assest the value of said estray at forty dollars with a blase in the fase one white hind foot a lump on the left flank blind in left, age supposed to be sixteen years old Color Brite sorowel about 14 hands high.

Given under our hands this 29th day of June, 1867.

JAMES COOPER,
RANSOM RECTOR,
JOHN STEPHEN.

A copy teste.

EDW. M. HOIT, R. W. C.

SPEAKING of Virginia reminds us of a definition of a Virginia gentleman once given us by a native of "the Mother of States." "Sir," said he, "a Virginia gentleman is a man whom you meet at the cross-roads, who sits on the top-rail of a fence, whittles a stick, and talks Constitution!"

THE common notion of a schoolmaster is that he is "a bundle of bones and brains—both very dry." Such a pedagogue enlivens the town of Fall River, and sends the following professional incidents:

A short time since a boy of nine years appeared before my desk, bibias and fibulas strangely entwined, and asked to go out. I thought such a bright light ought not to go out too suddenly, and was weighing the circumstances of the case, when I was brought to a sudden and favorable decision by the exclamation, "I've got the *diceresis!*"

And my own little girl (what literary strides the age is making!), after a term's drilling in

the Primer class, astonished us the other night with the triumphant exclamation that she had got as far as the *bowels!*

SPEAKING of epitaphs, we have not seen in print the following, by a New Hampshire poet, copied and sent to us by a New Hampshire architect, for many years a resident of Boston, from which region he has recently escaped:

"RICHARD JENKINS here doth lay
(Lately removed from over ye way),
His body's here—his soul's in heaven.
1767."

This kind of thing is common enough in places long settled, but who would suppose that it had broken out in the Rocky Mountains? We have a communication dated at "Engineers' Camp, Fort Sanders, D. T., on the Pacific Railroad, June 16, 1867," containing a copy of an epitaph painted on a rough board at a pass through the Rocky Mountains known as the "Devil's Gate:"

"Here lies the body of CARRIE SODD,
Who has lately died and gone to God;
Which shows that redemption is never too late,
For she was saved at the Devil's Gate."

Reading this to a friend who had just returned from a trip on this great road that is soon to give us a daily train to San Francisco, he remarked that the best thing he had heard about epitaphs was of a wag who, strolling with a friend through a country church-yard, called attention to a grave, the stone on which had no name nor inscription on it. "This," said H——, "is the grave of the notorious gambler, Mr. R——. You observe that there is no name recorded on the tombstone, but I think I could suggest an appropriate epitaph." "What would you suggest?" inquired his friend. "'Waiting for the last trump!'" was the reply.

A CERTAIN Bishop, who was fond of shooting, in one of his excursions met with a laborer, whom he sharply reproved for inattention to his religious duties, exhorting him strenuously to "go to church and to read his Bible." The man, in an angry mood, responded: "Why, I do read my Bible, Sir; but I don't find any mention of the Apostles going a-shooting." "No, my good man, you are right," said the Bishop; "the shooting was very bad in Palestine, so they went fishing instead."

THE Hon. Grantley Berkeley has written a book, just published in England, entitled, "Anecdotes of the Upper Ten Thousand," which we have looked carefully through, in hopes of finding a few bits of humor worthy of reproduction in the Drawer. After diligent search we have discovered the following, which is the only amusing thing in the book. It is a very Western description of a hot day on the prairies, by a droll fellow whose habit of exaggeration seems to have been a source of delight to the nobby Britisher:

"It was in summer, Sir. Yas, Sir, *very hot*; hotter than you ever see it in your old country. The day I speak of was so in-ju-ri-ously briling that the breath of the little birds, as they sat to sing, set every bush on fire, as if the foliage had been steeped in rosin! Wa'al, Sir, I sat down on the ground to take off my shoes, for the soles on 'em were so red-hot that they scorched my stockings. Just as I had got 'em off, and was

a-blowing 'em cold, I see coming at me, with the speed of forty thousand telegrams, a bull, Sir!—yas, a great, monstrous bull, Sir!—a bull, he was of such preponderative size that he hid the horizon behind him! The bull roared like thunder! I ran like lightning! when, in jumping over a hedge, in my endeavor to escape, my breeches split!—yas, Sir, burst with such a crashing crack it seemed as if heaven and earth were rent asunder! A fact, Sir! yas, a fact!"

"Well, Sir, you interest me; but did you escape, or what became of the bull?"

"Escape, Sir! bull, Sir! Oh, bull! he dropped down dead! The noise of my rent breeches so concussioned the air that the animal nature couldn't stand it, and bull rolled over! Yas, Sir; and what is more, Sir, the sun was so hot, and the day so hot, with the earth so furiously blazing, that in three minutes from the time the bull fell I sat down on his head and ate from his hinder-parts as good a beef-steak as mortal man ever tasted!"

AN insurance man traveling in Iowa, writing from Des Moines, tells us that he recently had occasion to visit the village of M——, which is on the line between Iowa and Missouri, the village lying partly in each State. He approached a youth standing in the door of a neat little cottage, when the following conversation took place:

AGENT. "Is your house insured?"

YOUTH. "What?"

AGENT. "Is your house insured?"

YOUTH. "Yes, Sir."

AGENT. "In what Company?"

YOUTH. "*In the Twenty-fourth Missouri!*"

We understand that the owner had obtained a blanket-policy for three years, at short rates, the co-insurance clause not inserted, no provision whatever against the storing of volatile oils, permission to run nights, and consent for "other insurance without notice until required." Mr. M'Lean, the President of the Board of Underwriters, should promptly place this case before the Committee on Agencies and Rates. The Twenty-fourth Missouri is understood to be cutting under!

THE June Number of this Magazine contained an article on Tom Corwin, giving several interesting anecdotes of that famous humorist. We have another from a Virginia correspondent in relation to his complexion, which Mr. Corwin used to narrate with great zest. He said that once on a time he and Judge Wright—a Western jurist, not famous for his personal pulchritude—went to a mulatto ball in the city of Memphis. The semi-sable door-keepers allowed him to pass into the ball-room. But that when Judge W. came forward the janitor promptly refused him admission, saying, "*A shade too dark, Sir!*"

ONE of Judge Wright: Many years ago the famous Colonel Davy Crockett and Governor M'Arthur, one of the first governors of Ohio, were in a menagerie in Louisville, Kentucky. Colonel Crockett, looking at a large baboon, remarked to his companion that there was a wonderful likeness between the brute and their friend Judge W. Looking around at the moment he saw his Honor the Judge standing between M'Arthur and himself. Taking off his hat, and looking

first at Judge W. and then at the baboon, he said: "Gentlemen, I owe *one* of you an apology, but I do not know which."

ONE more of another Western judge: The Hon. Benjamin Tappan, once a Senator from Ohio, was on the Bench when the Buckeye State was admitted into the Union. He was famous in his time for being very ugly, very talented, and very cross-eyed, crabbed, and sarcastic. On one occasion he was holding court in the wilderness, where one log-cabin had to be used for court-house, tavern, and bar-room. The stable near by was used *pro tem.* for jail. The Judge had just given some malefactors a very severe sentence, when a rough backwoodsman, who had been practicing at the other bar, exclaimed:

"That's right: give um thunder, old gimlet-eyes."

"Who is that?" screamed the irate and indignant Judge.

"It's this old hoss," answered the pioneer, giving his breast an approving slap.

"Mr. Sheriff," retorted Tappan, "put that old hoss in the stable, and keep him a week on bread and water."

WE are enabled, through the courtesy of an eminent *artiste*, to announce in advance the following

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

Hair.—There is not much change in this article of dress. Red is perhaps not quite so general as last month, but it is still much worn. Blue-black is seen occasionally, but only where the complexion is swarthy. Auburn eyebrows are coming in. Long black eyelashes have nearly gone out in favor of short gold-colored eyelashes.

Mouth.—The lips are still worn cherry-colored.

Eyes.—The old-fashioned double black line, *à la Mabile*, worn under the eyelid, is again becoming the mode.

Complexion.—*Blanc de perle* and *Bloom of Albania* still keep their position in the market. It is to be regretted, however, that that vulgar pigment *rouge* (fit only for discharged servant-maids or governesses out of place) is now much patronized by the younger votaries of Terpsichore.

Bust.—Not quite so *prononcé* as last month.

Ears.—Worn very long indeed.

A MILITARY friend was lately traveling through a sparsely-settled region in Western Pennsylvania. On nearing a house of any thing but prepossessing appearance he heard issuing from it yells and shrieks, with occasional cries of murder, mixed with horrid oaths. Hurrying to the "front" as rapidly as possible he encountered a lad standing in the doorway very composedly, not seeming at all surprised or alarmed at the proceedings within. As he was dismounting the boy bawled out: "You kin go on, stranger; we've got a little hell here of our own, *and devils enough to tend it!*"

THE Hon. Mr. B——, an eminent lawyer, once Lieutenant-Governor of Connecticut, was accustomed to attend the weekly religious meetings of the church of which he was a devoted member. He was a man of keen wit, and woe to him who should attempt to jeer or joke him. On the evening in question the Rev. Mr. R—— read that passage of Scripture giving an account of the High Priest's sending Tertullus to plead against Paul. In commenting on the passage he took occasion to inveigh in sarcastic and pun-

gent terms against the wickedness of the legal profession, and, as if to make sure of his work, closed by asking Mr. B—— to pray. Mr. B——, arising very slowly, modestly begged the privilege of saying just one word. He admitted at least the partial justice of the criticisms upon his profession, and the difficulty of following it with a clear conscience. He claimed, however, even in the case under consideration, that there was at least one extenuating circumstance connected with it, viz., "this same Tertullus was certainly *employed*, and in all probability *feed*, by a priest!"

IF English travelers and satirists, from Basil Hall and Dickens down to Gustavus Adolphus Sala, had written of New England people with half the sauciness and incisiveness of Mr. J. W. De Forest, in his clever story of "Miss Ravenel's Conversion from Secession to Loyalty," recently published by the Harpers, our Yankee brethren would have poured out the vials of their gall upon them with forty-*North-American-Review*-power. For example, take the following neat little cabinet picture of a Down-East damsel:

"Thin-lipped, hollow-cheeked, narrow-chested, with only one lung and an intermittent digestion, without a single rounded outline or graceful movement, she was a sad example of what the New England east winds can do in enfeebling and distorting the human form divine.... Even her smile was a woeful phenomenon; it seemed to be rather a symptom of pain than an expression of pleasure; it was a kind of griping smile, like that of an infant with the colic."

IF there is any defect more striking than another in the American character it is bashfulness. Young America, in particular, is painfully affected by it. An incident is mentioned by a correspondent, who was desired by his aunt to go to neighbor Shaw's and see if he had for sale any straw suitable for filling beds. "Mr. Shaw," says our informant, "was blessed with a goodly number of Misses Shaw, and I therefore felt a little timid at encountering them. To make the matter worse, I arrived just as the family were seated for dinner. Stopping in the doorway, hat in hand, I stammered out: 'Mr. *Straw*, can you spare enough *Shaw* to fill a couple of beds?' 'Well,' replied the old gentleman, glancing around at his large family and enjoying my mistake, 'I don't know but I can; *how many* will you need?' Before I could recover those hateful Shaw girls burst into a chorus of laughter, and I returned to my excellent aunt."

OUR material for the forthcoming History of Meanness is accumulating. A place is requested for the following, from an Iowa contributor:

Not many miles from the village of Clear Lake, in Northern Iowa, lives Jim G——, who was considered to be about as hard as Western politics and associations can make some men, and who was always on hand when a fresh keg was tapped, or when a good show presented for a game of "draw." However, last winter, during the progress of an eight-weeks' revival, Jim came forward and made a clear confession of his past offenses, and promised to enlist on the Lord's side from that time forward; and in token of his sincerity joined the church. At the close of the "effort" Brother D——, who had labored as

only zealous ministers can labor, being ready to leave for his home, many miles distant, intimated that a small collection would be thankfully received, whereupon Brother A—— went round to see what could be raised for his benefit, and among others called on Jim, who patiently heard the request but declined "forking." "Why," said Brother A——, "have you not been converted through his agency?" "Yes, I suppose so," said Jim. "Then you must certainly feel grateful toward him for your deliverance, and surely will not withhold this small amount?" Jim scratched his head a moment and replied: "I'll tell you what it is, Brother A——, if I find my religion genuine I will pay Brother D—— a dollar the next time he comes; *but I'll be blowed if I like to spend money for an article till I know it's all right!*"

THERE is a town in Egypt, Illinois, not far from Grand Tower, where a man of medicine is stationed. He either was not appreciated, or else fell short of the professional standard; but as time rolled on he gradually acquired a respectable practice. A few days since a neighbor was recommending him to one who hardly had faith in his powers, and who pointed to his early reputation, knowing that formerly they had coincided in opinion. "Ah!" said the former, feeling that this must be conclusive, "Ah! but he has seed a heap of folks die since then!" *Experientia docet.*

A GENTLEMAN connected with the Internal Revenue Department at Buffalo is kind enough to send us the following copy of an indorsement made upon an income return sent in to one of the Assistant-Assessors of that district:

"No wife, no child, nor house, nor land,
No cash in mortgage, bond, or bank, or hand;
My daily bread by daily sweat I earn,
And here take oath this is a true return."

THE Drawer is not given to criticising current literature. Instead of being judicial it prefers to be jocular. Occasionally, however, the person who prepares these lighter things for the half-million clever people who believe that

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men,"

is struck with the beauty of a paragraph in the graver issues of the day, and yields to the impulse to reproduce it for the general delectation. We are quite sure that our lady-readers will thank us for quoting from Dr. Otis's new book, "The Isthmus of Panama," published by the Harpers, the following description of one of the most exquisite flowers of the tropics. It is found on the line of the Panama Railroad:

"Along this section is found that rare variety of the Orchid family, the *Peristara elata*, known as the 'Espiritu Santo.' Its blossom, of alabaster whiteness, approaches the tulip in form, and gives forth a powerful perfume, not unlike that of the magnolia; but it is neither for its beauty of shape, its purity of color, nor its fragrance, that it is chiefly esteemed. Resting within the cup of the flower, so marvelously formed that no human skill, be it never so cunning, could excel the resemblance, lies the prone image of a dove. Its exquisitely-moulded pinions hang lifeless from its sides; the head bends gently forward; the tiny bill, tipped with a delicate carmine, almost touches its snow-white breast; while the expression of the entire image (and it requires no stretch of the imagination to see the expression) seems the very incarnation of meekness and ethereal innocence. No one who has seen it

can wonder that the early Spanish Catholics, ever on the alert for some phenomenon upon which to fasten the idea of a miraculous origin, should have bowed down before this matchless flower, and named it 'Flor del Espiritu Santo,' or, 'The Flower of the Holy Ghost,' nor that the still more superstitious Indian should have accepted the imposing title, and ever after have gazed upon it with awe and devotional reverence, ascribing a peculiar sanctity even to the ground upon which it blossoms, and to the very air which it ladens with its delicious fragrance."

UNITED STATES Commissioner Hoyne, of Chicago, recently had arraigned before him a drunken fellow, charged with selling liquor without a license. The inebriated citizen was told he might take his choice—give bail or go to jail.

"Can't I just as well [hic!] go to h—ll?"

"That," replied the Commissioner, "is a place over which I have no jurisdiction. It is a matter that rests entirely with yourself."

The Court didn't even "take the papers."

THE young gentlemen connected with the Law School of the University of New York may find in the following a new definition of an important legal term:

Out in Illinois a Justice of the Peace was recently elected who is not particularly noted for legal attainments. Wishing to have a little fun, a friend asked him what he would do were a case of mayhem brought before him for trial? The "Square" looked a little puzzled at first, but soon began to look wise, and said: "I *had* a case of that kind when I was 'Square' before, so I just ordered the fellow to jail, and after staying there for a week *he was willing to marry the girl!*" That, we suppose, is about the view of it that would be taken by Judge Brady.

THE science of terminology, it is gratifying to know, is making creditable headway in Vermont. A septuagenarian correspondent at Bennington one morning entered the post-office in that town during the early part of the rebellion, and asked the postmaster if there was any news. "Bad, bad!" replied the postmaster; "General Price has surrounded Fremont's whole army, but Fremont is trying to make a re-trog-a-da movement to save a part of them!"

BISHOP C—— was traveling in a stage-coach, while visiting through his diocese, when a pert upstart of a fellow began to berate the Bible. The good Bishop was closely muffled up in the corner, with his hat drawn over his eyes, and apparently asleep. The young skeptic was dilating on the inconsistency of the Bible with the recent discoveries of science, when the Bishop roused himself, and asked him to specify some instance of such inconsistency. The ready response was, "The first chapter of Genesis." "Ah!" said the Bishop, who had discovered the shallowness of the young man, "have you ever read the explanation of that account of the creation in the twenty-fifth chapter of the book of Jaazaniah?" "Yes," said the man, "I have read it carefully; and, in my opinion, it utterly fails of meeting the real point!" The laugh that followed silenced the discomfited infidel, and the Bishop retired.

It is seldom that thy friend the Quaker man undertaketh to make thee cachinnate; but when he doth undertake it, verily he generally carrieth

his point. Not long since, "down on the Island," a Presbyterian clergyman had been catechising a "Friend," much to the latter's annoyance, who turned suddenly upon his interrogator, and said, "Let me ask thee a question: Where was Jacob going when he was turned ten years of age? Canst thou tell that?" "No, nor you either," said the clergyman. "Yes, I can," replied the Quaker; "*he was going into his eleventh year!*"

THE "season" at the watering-places is not looked forward to with greater anxiety by the fashionable world than by landlords and the great army of serving people, who hope to make much gain out of those unhappy persons who rush up and down the land in quest of pleasure. A proprietor at one of these resorts, his house then at the full, was on the alert keeping every thing orderly and attractive, and the servants under proper discipline. Coming upon a female helper of the colored sort, and not liking the bouquet that seemed to exhale from her person, he exclaimed, somewhat testily: "Why, Rose, what's the matter? You smell badly! Go and wash yourself!" "Well, Sah, it may be so; ordinarily I takes a bath *on de eve of de season*, but dis year I forgot 'em; I goes now and takes one, suah!" And though not on "*de eve of de season*," she soon "*emerged from the bath*" as sweet as though steeped in the "*Balm of a Thousand Flowers*."

A CORRESPONDENT who took some interest in the proceedings of the recent great Council of Bishops of the Catholic Church at Rome, mentions that the subject of schisms came up—as it always does at such Councils—for discussion. He thinks, also, that people make somewhat of a mistake who imagine that religious *schisms* can be put down by *witti-cisms*.

WHEN A. J. Smith was ordered, in 1864, to take charge of the loose ends of Sherman's troops along the Mississippi, and go to Canby's aid, he telegraphed on reaching Cairo to General Halleck as follows:

"I am here in command of the 'wandering tribes of Israel,' without number and without name. My corps badge is a comet."

Halleck answered:

"Continue in your exodus until you reach the land of Canby, where you will be given both a name and a number."

"Smith's Guerrillas" was the name, and the "Sixteenth Corps" was the number which they eventually got.

A CERTAIN maiden lady, who was remarkable for the quantity rather than the quality of her conversation, had a fashion common to great talkers, of throwing in certain superfluous expressions to fill up the gaps, one of which was, "If I'm spared," when detailing her plans for the future. She was also great on funerals; and when any of her kindred happened to be taken sick, she was very apt to call on the undertaker and the sexton, to make certain preliminary preparations for the approaching interment. Once, when somewhat unwell, meeting this latter functionary, she unburdened her mind thus: "Our ground, you know, is pretty well filled up—there

are thirty-nine of our family lying in it already ; but I want to tell you beforehand that I myself intend to be laid in my mother's grave—if I'm spared !"

THE REV. C—— D—— is the gifted and popular young rector of one of the most fashionable churches in the neighboring city of P——. At a certain Christmas season the devoted mammas and maidens of the congregation testified their admiration by the gift of fifty pairs of slippers. D—— had them arranged in variegated rank and file in one of his apartments, for exhibition to his friends. One of them, on viewing the embroidered trophies, exclaimed : "Why, D——, the ladies must think you are a centipede !"

EVERY one in Batavia knows "Old Fenton," or "The Governor," as the boys call him. He is the executive officer of the village pound. In the administration of matters pertaining to that branch of the public service he enjoys the confidence of his fellow-citizens, and is esteemed "intelligent, honest, and faithful to the Constitution." A decent regard for veracity compels us to say that his personal appearance would be inaccurately described if we were to call it engaging ; for his body is long, his face is long, and his nose is *very* long. The latter peculiarity, however, must not be spoken of too lightly, for Shakspeare, in "A Winter's Tale," makes Autolycus say : "A good nose is requisite to smell out work for the other senses." Besides its length, the general get-up of Fenton's nose is wonderful. A stranger on viewing it the first time is struck with it as something awful. And Fenton knows it, and laughs at it, and stutters jokes about it—as, for example : On one occasion, last winter, the day being very cold, he went into a bar-room where a number of strangers were seated. One of them seeing that his usually rose-colored proboscis was evidently touched with frost, mentioned that fact. The "Governor" drew his long face to its fullest extent and replied : "Wa'al, I ain't to b-b-blame if 'tis. *I r-r-rubbed it as fur'z I c-could reach !*"

At another time he was wheeling a barrow toward the railroad dépôt. Seeing a portly, well-dressed stranger, with satchel in hand, coming up town, he quietly sat down on his load and awaited his arrival. When the traveler came up the "Governor" said : "I s-say, friend, I wish you'd b-b-brush that fly off my nose, *I c-c-can't get to him !*"

MR. VANDERHEYDEN, of Flatbush, is more distinguished for his wealth than his learning, and is more felicitous in the selection of his investments than in the choice of his words. On one occasion he astonished a worthy dealer in musical instruments by informing him that he wished to purchase a *terrapin* for his daughter. It is perhaps unnecessary to state that he was *not* in quest of the species of tortoise named, but a construction for auricular torture, now happily extinct, then called a seraphin.

As an original expression of heavy grief we doubt if any thing more touching has been read than the following, of a crushed heart in Star City, Nevada. Mrs. E——, of that place, an

eccentric old lady, recently rushed into the room of a relative, and without waiting for the usual salutations, said :

"Well, John's dead !" [Her husband.]

"Dead ! Is it possible ?"

"Yes ; dead ! Died last night ! Want you all to come to the funeral. The Masons and Odd Fellows are going to turn out, and we shall have a *beautiful* time."

Deaths being of rare occurrence in the settlement, of course every body went to the funeral. Next day somebody remarked to the old lady that there was a large turn-out.

"Yes, indeed there was," she replied ; "but I didn't enjoy myself as well as I have at *some* funerals, *the hosses cut up so !*"

COMMODORE CHAUNCEY, during the war of 1812, commanded for a portion of the time the fleet on Lake Ontario, and had the extremely *good fortune* never during that period to exchange a hostile shot with the enemy. There were a great many uncharitable enough to blame the Commodore for this, as they believed he was rather anxious that such should be the case.

Several years after the war he was placed in charge of a navy-yard, and one day caught a youngster, with a basket, gathering chips. Walking up to him he snatched the basket from his hand, and in rough tones ordered him to leave the premises at once, while he confiscated his property for his presumption in entering on the forbidden ground. The little fellow backed away from him until assured that he was beyond danger, when he called out, "*Keep the basket, if you want it ! It is the only prize you ever took !*"

At a recent session of the Sunday-school in Ashley a good brother was called upon to address the pupils. He adopted the colloquial style, and succeeding in eliciting ready answers to questions on the character of Joseph, Daniel, and other Scripture personages. Having spoken of Samson's catching the foxes, he asked where he could have procured strings enough to tie so many tails together. A little sharp-faced fellow, with voice like a fife, replied : "*Skinned one !*" Obviously the proper mode.

EVERY body knows that a very high degree of culture is insisted upon by the ladies who are at the head of our fashionable female seminaries. An undergraduate of one of these institutions—we shall not say whether in New York or Brooklyn—was one evening in the parlor when the conversation of a small circle turned upon the drama. After mention had been made and criticism indulged in on several of Shakspeare's plays, our young lady was asked : "Have you ever seen Booth ?" "No," was the reply, "I have not yet seen Booth played, but have heard it very highly spoken of. I intend to hear it the very first opportunity !"

It is ever the case with the true Christian that as calamities fall upon him his faith and hope increase. Not many miles from "the natural sea-port of Maine" there lived a good brother of the Methodist persuasion, whose misfortunes only served to illustrate the truth of this statement. Speaking, one Sunday evening, of the mysteri-

ous but all-wise dispensations of Providence, he exhorted the brothers and sisters to have faith and trust under all circumstances. "My house and barn," said he, "have recently been destroyed by fire, together with two valuable horses. My dear wife has also just been called away, and now *another horse* has gone; yet, notwithstanding all this, I never felt more resigned in my life!" Blessed faith! Wife and horses all gone, yet resignation and confidence triumphant!

THE father of the late General Wadsworth was noted for his very dark complexion. Near his estate dwelt a distinguished Indian chief and his wife. The chief died, and his widow survived him. One day, when Wadsworth was passing, he jocosely remarked to her that as she was a widow and he a widower perhaps the best thing they could do would be to unite their fortunes. The old lady looked quietly at him a moment and said: "I had made up my mind that the next time I married it should be to a *white man*." Wadsworth laughed and passed on.

ONE of the beautiful resorts of Philadelphians is Laurel Hill Cemetery, to reach which you drive along the old Ridge Road turnpike. A few days since a Quakerian resident was taking a visiting friend out to see the romantic scenery and admire the beautiful monuments with which it is embellished. A funeral procession happening to be passing through the toll-gate, the visitor asked:

"Do the carriages pay toll?"

"No."

"On what ground?"

"*On the burial-ground!*" was the reply; which appeared to be so far satisfactory as to render further interrogatory not warranted by the exigencies of the occasion.

ONE of the most important events in our boy-life is when for the first time we "play horse." Mounted on the high-mettled lath, we cavorted around with "mingled feelings of pride and pleasure." Ah! the boldness with which we bestrode that lath! the confidence of our gallop! the stern resolution with which we reined in! We are reminded of the glorious past by being informed of an equestrian spectacle recently enacted at Elk Grove, Indiana: A bright boy of three summers was "playing horse" with some companions, one of whom found a horse-tail, which had been used for brushing off flies from the animal. Seeing this a brilliant idea struck Johnny, who stretched himself up and said:

"Now, Ralph, *hold it behind you and then kick!*"

NOR a thousand years ago, at a party given by one of our great bankers, who had made his millions on government securities—five-twenties and the like—a lady wit pointed out to her companion, also a banker, the wife of the host, remarking: "What a splendid creature! She ought to be a *countess!*" "Oh yes; beautiful enough and clever enough; but perhaps she prefers to be a *discountess!*"

DURING the rebellion many of the members of the Mariners' Church in Boston enlisted for

the war; among them young B——, who had endeared himself to all by bringing many within its walls. It was intended, one Sabbath evening, that some allusion should be made to his good works, as he was to leave next day; but nothing was said. At the close of the meeting some one inquired why this was thus; to which the clergyman replied: "I'll tell you what it is; I was going to have B—— prayed for *in good shape and clear up to the handle*, but that W—— was so long-winded I couldn't choke him off in time!" Young B——, although a very excellent young person, was rather proud, and thought the liturgy a little defective; but he came back "in good shape," even if he was not thus prayed for, and is now doing good service in the cause.

DURING the recent "season" at Saratoga a little knot of ladies, seated in the parlor of Leland's hotel, were discussing the subject of marriage. One of the party, a single young lady, said: "Matches are made in heaven." "Very likely," was the quiet rejoinder of a married lady, her friend, "and they are often *dipped* in the other place!"

MANY years ago, in the early settlement of a village in Old Cheshire, New Hampshire, a culprit was brought before Squire S——, a "Justice of the Peace and Quorum," and ordered to jail to await action of the Court.

"Why don't you take the prisoner off?" demanded the Squire of the sheriff.

"If the Court please, I can't take him to jail without a *mittimus*."

"Well, then," replied the Squire, "take mine from under the shed, but be sure and return it safely!"

This "mittimus" of the Squire's was a razeed, square-topped old chaise; and in that town and throughout all the region round about, even unto this day, that style of vehicle is called a "mittimus."

AN indefinite postponement of religious services was recently announced in a church at Saratoga Springs. The edifice was undergoing repairs, and the congregation met for worship in the basement. During the morning service the worthy pastor made this announcement: "Our usual afternoon services will be suspended until we can meet in the *sanctuary above!*"

THE rector of a rural parish not a thousand miles from Boston had a Brother to preach for him, with whom he had exchanged. The Brother neglected to tie his horse in the shed sufficiently strong, and he strayed. Most unfortunately the text of his sermon was that passage in Job: "O that I knew where I could find him," etc. No sooner had the text been announced than a good man arose, with great solemnity, and informed the minister that the horse had been found—when and where.

ON another occasion, when the bishop of the diocese made his annual visit to the church, there was an uncommonly large congregation. One good lady had come from a neighboring town in the daily stage, requesting the driver to call for her at the church. In the midst of the sermon the driver put his head into the door, exclaim-

ing, with a stentorian voice: "Is there a woman here who wants to go to ——?"

DURING the recent trial of Kane for arson, while the jury were out deliberating, Mr. James T. Brady, who had defended the prisoner with his accustomed ability and eloquence, sat quietly conversing with a friend. Pointing first to the prisoner, and then to the Judge (Ingraham), he said, *sotto voce*: "Kane and 'able!'"

His Honor, overhearing it, replied, in an under-tone: "I hope Kane won't kill 'able.'"

"Oh no," answered Mr. Brady; "and we don't mean that 'able' shall kill Kane!"

"He's incap-able of doing that," impertinently suggested a by-stander. And then a subdued smile—one of old Leatherstocking's "inward chuckles"—beamed over the phizes of the party.

A BAGGAGE-MAN on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railroad, known throughout that region as "Jim," occasionally indulges in remarks of a jocular sort. During the rebellion, when Western pulpits were too generally made political rostrums, Jim met some old friends traveling on the cars. After inquiring about old acquaintances and talking over old times, one of the party asked, "By-the-way, how's politics around here?" "Well," replied Jim, "I'll be darned if I know, for *I haven't been to church in more'n a month!*"

OF all the filthy habits in the world tobacco-chewing is one of the filthiest. Yet how promptly and cheerfully the chewers bring forth their little tin-foil packages, and minister to each other's cravings! And how the quid-chewers benevolently overlook their squirting practices, especially in places of amusement, railroad-cars, etc. On the New York Central travels a pleasant-mannered conductor—a neat, tidy man, in every thing excepting the weed. One morning, shortly after his train had started, he entered a car which was "bran-new" and gorgeous in its adornments. His attention was at once drawn to the zinc around the stove, the brightness of which had been sadly dimmed by the filthy expectoration of some tobacco-chewer. Looking around with a frown, he spoke loud enough to be heard by all in the car, demanding to know who had been guilty of so dirty a trick? No one replied. He repeated the question in more angry tones, when a meek and scared-looking young man tremblingly said: "I did it, but I—"

"All right!" said the Conductor, quietly, his face relaxing into a smile—"Give us a *chaw!*" And that deceitful conductor paid no more attention to the nasty performance, but went on "chawing" and calling out "Tick-ets!"

It is gratifying in this Protestant country to know that Puseyism, Ritualism, and the proposition to go generally into the clerical millinery-business is beginning to attract attention in the right quarter—from our mothers. Two clergymen who acknowledge the Episcopal jurisdiction of Bishop Eastburn, of Massachusetts, were conversing not long since on Church matters, when one of them asked:

"Does the wife of your junior warden come to church now?"

"Yes, she always makes her appearance just before the sermon."

"Have you ever talked with her about it?"

"Oh yes, but she says she can't come to church till the chores are over."

"What does she mean by 'chores?'"

"Oh, she means the prayers; for she has told me repeatedly that the prayers are 'chores.'"

It seems to be clear that this sister is sound on the Ritualistic dispute, being against forms of any sort; all she wants is the sermon.

IN a certain bailiwick in Michigan resides an individual who, on account of the smallness of his cranium, is called "Pin Head." He had been taken ill with a disease that indicated protracted confinement and the necessity of a constant attendant—a duty that should have been performed by his wife, but the relations of that excellent female to her liege being only those of "respectful tenderness," she was absent from home, and had no particular anxiety to rush back to it. Her style toward "P. H." was not gushing. After two weeks had expired without a visit from her he mentioned the fact to the doctor in a manner that indicated a certain degree of wrathiness, saying: "If Polly don't come pooty soon I'll get a *bill of devotion* from her!"

THE pastor who sends the foregoing informs us that Mrs. Prouty recently lost her husband, a very good man, to whom she was much attached. A few days after the funeral the sexton brought in his bill:

For Digging Grave.....\$2 00

"My gracious!" exclaimed the woman, "you don't charge two dollars for diggin' a grave in such a soft spot as that? Why, I'd a done it for a dollar myself!"

AMONG the many pleasing and picturesque sights along the shores of Lake Superior the eye of the tourist lingers at La Pointe. An old Jesuit mission-church is still standing amidst other marks of the early settlers. In the adjacent burial-ground may be seen a tombstone with the following inscription:

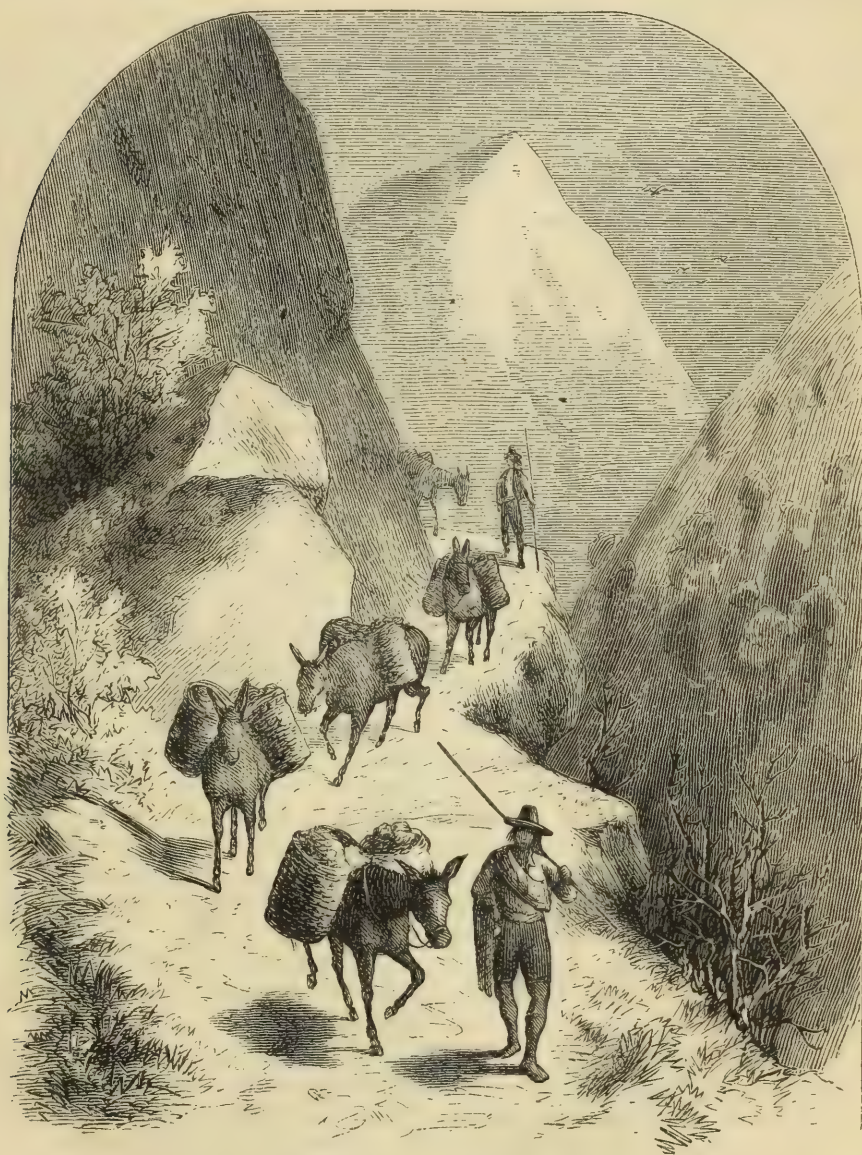
"This stone was erected to the memory of ——, who was shot as a mark of esteem by his surviving relatives."

THAT doctrines are "proved orthodox by apostolic blows and knocks," is as cordially assented to by the "muscular Christians" of our day as it was by the poet who originally versified that statement. We were not, however, prepared to admit that pugilism and piety were synonymous terms until we received information from a friend in the country that the pastor of his church—rather a "sensation" preacher—in one of his sermons made frequent allusion to those celebrated ex—"pounders" Heenan and Sayers. A lady of another denomination was speaking of this in the presence of Miss Jemima Brown, one of the sensation minister's flock, when Miss Jemima turned sharply and confronted the lady with—"I guess if your church-members read the Bible you'd know all about it; 'tain't likely Mr. —— would have said any thing about those *patriarchs*, Heenan and Sayers, if he hadn't read about 'em in the Bible!"

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCX.—NOVEMBER, 1867.—VOL. XXXV.

THE MINES OF SANTA EULALIA, CHIHUAHUA.



CARRYING ORE TO THE FURNACE.

IT requires no little philosophy to transfer one's self from the United States to Mexico with a view to the enjoyment of travel. The differences are past realization by those who have not tried the experiment. Mules take the place of horses; carts and carriages serve instead of cars; and, as a consequence, locomotion works impatience, discontent, ennui, and the whole family of like ills. To the above may be added a total absence of hotels, inns, travelers' rests, or places of entertainment of any kind for man and beast, such as delight

wayfarers in more favored lands. It would be dignifying the *mesons* and *posadas* of the cities too much to call them taverns. Altogether it may be doubted if the things to be seen in our sister republic, even the most interesting, are worth the discomforts of going to see them. Certainly she will not divide travel with her great European enemy until some more satisfactory arrangement for the health and happiness of sight-seers is devised and put in general operation.

To find such wisdom, if nothing more, with

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my friend C——, I issued from the famous city of Monterey for that of Chihuahua, more than a thousand miles distant. The journey would require twenty days. Our route was by way of Parras, Mapimi, Cerro Gordo, Parral, and Santa Rosalia. It is true—thanks to those most worthy gentlemen, Governor Andres S. Viesca and his brother—our outfit was unexceptionable; the mules were fast, the carriage commodious and easy; our passports seemed to contain the magic of the old “*open sesame*,” at sight of them *Jefe políticos* moved briskly, and *Administradores* placed their haciendas “at our service.” It is true, also, that the season was propitious, and the way through regions of wondrous novelty, if not rare beauty; in which the withered plains seemed bounded by horizons of purple deeper and richer than that in pictures; and looking above the cloud of dust that always accompanied us, a signal in the day to the look-outs, *ladrones* and Apaches, who make their covers in the chaparral and gorges, our half-blinded eyes found rest and cooling in the shadows of the mountains every where visible. Yet, after so many days of drouth, heat, and dust, and so many nights spent in unsuccessful struggles with fleas and vermin; after so many leagues, pistol or carbine in hand; after a watch so constant against robbers, seeking valuables, and Apaches, hungering for scalps; after a wearisome repetition of such incidents as dismounting to convert valises, trunks, “*paja*,” and boxes of bread into barricades, which, fortunately, were never attacked; passing whole nights in sleepless expectation of war-whoops and arrows; finding ranchos deserted; traversing passes which seemed formed for ambushes, and lined with crosses, significant of murders already committed—after all this I imagine there need be no hesitation in confessing that it was with relief and positive happiness we at last passed through the shadow of the Sierra Grande, and caught the first glimpse, leagues away, of the tall spires of the cathedral of Chihuahua. There, we thought, are rest and comfort; there we can sleep all night; there are meals duly cooked and regularly served; there are beds, with pillows and white sheets; there are baths and conveniences for washing, including towels, a luxury unknown in the ranchos, and not to be obtained in the stores of even pretentious towns; there is society, there is Paradise. We thanked Heaven as we alighted at the wide-arched door of the *meson* fronting on the great plaza; and the exclamation was quite as purely devout as any ever uttered by Moslem descending from his camel at the gate of Mecca.

I challenge any American to pass the Sierra Madre, going to the interior of Mexico, without catching the “silver fever.” Ask the natives who it is that take the most risks in the passages and galleries, and going up and down the almost bottomless shafts of the mines, and they say invariably, *Los Gringos*. My friend and I were not exceptions to the rule. There are

mines of some consequence near Monterey, yet the atmosphere of that city is singularly free from the mining malaria. The citizens chiefly talk cotton, merchandise, politics, and war. Nevertheless, a short stay there was sufficient; and when we found ourselves on the driver's seat of the diligence, going to Saltillo behind eight galloping mules, ere yet the sun was arisen over the Saddle Mountain, our programme was arranged so as to give us time to “do” the mining districts of Mapimi and Parral.

In the office of Governor Viesca, in Saltillo, mining talk abounded. So also in the *posadas* of the city. Listening to the conversation of officers over their wine at dinner, one might justly conclude that most of them were or had been miners, as in the United States most politicians are lawyers. These conversations generally took the form of arguments, in which the merits, yield, peculiarities, and excellences of the most famous mines were elaborately and, in some instances, scientifically discussed. If any reader marvels at this reference to science, or doubts the Mexican capacity for such pastime, let him remember that, prior to the French invasion, there was in the city of Mexico a flourishing college, founded and maintained by the Government, and devoted exclusively to mining instruction. In the cabinet of that institution was a collection of mineral specimens, the rarest in the world, and of the intrinsic value of millions. To-day nothing of it remains. A portion has fed the “imperial” mint, while the richest exemplars are said to be in Miramar, and in certain glass-cases in the Louvre. However, as a consequence of these conversations, my friend and I issued from Saltillo two desperate cases of the silver fever—a disease, I am happy to say, neither fatal nor unpleasant, nor difficult of understanding, especially to denizens of the gold-fields of California, or the no less celebrated oil regions of Pennsylvania. In fact, when one, who has not riches, but lives in the hope thereof, has before him a journey of a thousand miles, under a brassy sky, and over treeless plains, and through waterless *pasturas*, the fever is even desirable. It affects principally the imagination, vivifying it intensely. Its victim indulges in gorgeous visions. Under its powerful alchemy discolored stones by the way-side become boulders of ore; it seems the mountains with veins of gleaming metal; plants mines in impossible places; converts brown crags of vertical strata into mighty deposits; all the way along it silvers the dreams of night, and lengthens them far into the day; under its influence, one talks glibly of “bonanzas,” of “extracting” and “separating” processes, of running galleries and driving tunnels. Under its influence, also, the progress of visual education is so rapid that the victim has but to glance at a mountain range to know whether it is metalliferous; by the time he has passed Mapimi he has only to balance a lump of ore in his hand to tell its exact per cent. of silver or

copper; descending the honey-combed hill at Parral he fairly graduates, and, full of sublime confidence, does not hesitate to pronounce the old race of master-miners, out of whose traces it seems impossible for a modern operator to work, stupid dolts, so ignorant of every thing, and particularly engineering, that they spoiled whatever they touched.

Yet the most amusing result of the fever is the childish credulity that overtakes the diseased. While in the condition, if Sinbad should sit down with him and spin the old yarns, they would be accepted as Gospel truths. As a sample of the pleasing stories that hover over the road to Chihuahua, sure to delight the traveler, be he ever so sound, there is one of a mine indescribably rich, and formerly the property of an eccentric individual named —. The fortunate man is dead; but, what is more interesting, he is now represented by eight beautiful daughters in England, at school. The amount of silver taken from that mine is not precisely known. It was so prodigious, however, that its proprietor could certainly have bought the Count of Monte Christo, body, soul, and estate. The good man did not pretend to work it regularly. When he wanted "change," or the girls craved pin-money, it was his custom to go up and open the great iron doors of the mine. An hour or two after he would reappear with his retinue of *mineros*—the latter grimed and sooty, but loaded down with heaps of native silver, so pure that the only process it underwent in preparation for market was simple reduction to bars. In the gloom of this wonderful cavern stand eight massive columns, each one worth eight hundred thousand dollars, and all of them the result of a wise paternal forethought. When the eight heiresses were tender *muchachitas*, in anticipation of their marriageable days, it occurred to the Mexican Cæsus that possibly they might need dowries. Accordingly he ordered his operatives to leave in the mine a column for each child. This story, be it observed, is peculiarly charming to travelers whose demise would not be mourned by wives at home; all such manifest their interest by shrewd inquiries as to the parish in England blessed by the presence of the eight olive-colored fair ones; and that the narrator is not able to give the name of the locality with sufficient exactitude to justify an immediate departure in search of it, does not in the least detract from the credibility of the story—for skepticism is not possible to a victim of the silver fever.

As may be supposed, the result of such stories is, that the feverish traveler arrives at Santa Rosalia with an imagination stuffed to distension. In the unswept, unventilated, bedless den assigned to him as a chamber in the pseudo-hotel of that city, he will in all probability take out his wretched map—of that character are all the maps of Mexico—and spend half the night pondering dreamily the vast region comprehending the Laguna, the Great Bolson de Mapimi, and that portion of Coahuila which has

the abandoned Real de Santa Rosa for its centre; in which region, as settled conclusively by numberless narratives of intelligent explorers, *El Dorado* will be found at last. Ah! if so, why is it that *Terra incognita* is written over all the region?

The reader will be good enough to observe, I hope, that this is not a question that proceeds from the fever-smitten: it is too sensible; it smacks too much of the philosophy of ruthless cross-examination; it is rather an interrogatory that belongs to returning sanity—an indication of convalescence. No matter, however, when asked—the answer is invariable; and I will add, after careful investigation, true. The particular trouble of the beautiful Laguna is its population, consisting, it is said, of a conglomeration of runaway negroes, Indians of all the known tribes, and Mexicans who persist in worshipping the old Aztecan gods—wild elements assuredly, whose condition would be improved if, in the absence of Christian habits, they could only be prevailed upon to practice Hindoo quietism.

In this inventory of citizenship it would be a crime to omit mention of Gonzales Herrera, gambler, horse-racer, freebooter, brigadier-general by commission of Don Benito Juarez, and king of the *Laguneros*, who levies contributions at pleasure, and having in open war conquered Zuloaga—an ill-fated, hospitable gentleman—thinks nothing of a raid for plunder into the very streets of the delightful wine-growing city of Parras. With this answer at hand, he is a dull traveler who fails to understand why the Laguna is to-day a district sealed against exploration and development. And so it is with Northern Coahuila and the Great Bolson. They belong to the Apaches. Thus sealed, what better field of conjecture could be furnished the yarn-spinning gossips of the *patios*? How natural that a Texas captain should lead a band of followers, fearless like himself, through and through it, looking vainly for a fabled mountain of solid silver? What wonder that it should trouble a poor traveler struck with the inevitable fever? The marvel to me is that he does not worse than sit up o' nights pondering it over feeble maps. Putting *El Dorado* in one's pocket is, to say the least, a right royal dream.

These remarks, I beg it to be understood, are in the humanitarian spirit. To all Americans Mexico is a land of enchantments. How many are there who have not promised themselves some time to visit it? And perhaps they may; if so, it is well to forewarn them of what is in waiting; if they shiver in dread of the *vomito* it is well to know that the silver fever is, on the other hand, a blessing and an experience.

If common opinion may be relied on, Chihuahua is the great silver State of Northern Mexico, and Santa Eulalia the richest of all the silver districts of Chihuahua. Such, at least, was the character given it in mining circles as far down even as Saltillo. Standing by the mouth of an *adit* opened at the end of a street in Parral, I

expressed admiration of the works, now abandoned, but which will always endure a monument to the first generation of Spanish miners. A workman standing near smiled, and said: "Wait until you have seen Santa Eulalia." So, in Chihuahua, a few days after our arrival, Secretary Iglesias, whose office under the Cabinet organization of President Juarez is equivalent to our Secretaryships of the Treasury and Interior combined, suddenly changed the conversation from business by asking if we had been to Santa Eulalia. Receiving our negative answer, he added, warmly: "Do not leave without visiting that district. In my opinion its mines hold the grandest fortune in Mexico. All they need is to be possessed by a company which will work them with proper management and enough capital. I know of no other district as accessible and so compact, in which so many men can be worked to such advantage." We accepted the Secretary's advice, not a little excited by his commentary.

In the city of Chihuahua, as I am glad to be able to write, are three American gentlemen, wealthy, generous, hospitable; shrewd as Yankees ought to be when in foreign lands, and saviours, in the practical sense of the word, of many fellow-countrymen whom Fortune has lured to that far-off, desert-bound locality and then deserted. The three constitute the firm of M—— Brothers. Into their hands, by request, we placed the business of preparation for the visit, and we had no reason to regret the confidence.

At six o'clock one bright morning in November we moved out of the Alameda of the city. Our party consisted of five Americans and six Mexican *mozos*, or servants. It being the intention to cross to the far side of the mountains, and examine certain mines abandoned, because, in military phrase, they are within the lines of the Apaches—a work likely to occupy four days at least—we went well armed with rifles and revolvers. Besides their ordinary service, two ambulances held our bedding, provisions, and wine. The clatter of hoofs and the rattle of wheels over the stony streets did not fail to draw the population to the doors. Except on Sundays, when a bull goes careering down, bellowing and charging as only a Mexican bull can, followed by a regiment of mounted men and boys, all on the gallop, shouting and yelling, and periling life and limb in a fierce effort to get a twist at the bovine tail—only on such occasions are the good people of the city blessed with incidents more exciting than our cavalcade offered.

El Real de Santa Eulalia, whither we were immediately bound, is the town of the district, distant from the city of Chihuahua thirteen miles. Of the two roads thither, one by the *junta* and Tabalopa, the other past the Sierra Grande, our conductors chose the latter, although the first is the most interesting. I call it the most interesting because there are those yet living who remember the day when it was

lined with houses, and dotted with *fundiciones*, to a point far down the river. They speak in melancholy tones of the business that used to pass over it; of the coming and going of long trains of *burros*, laden with sacks of ore; of the shouting of drivers; of the column of dust which, like a yellow curtain, stretched perpetually across the valley from mountain to mountain; for it was the road established by the Spaniards in the glorious day of Santa Eulalia, when thousands of men found occupation in her "pockets," when the annual profits of the various owners summed up millions, when the *Real de S^{ta}. Eulalia* was a city of seven thousand souls, and Chihuahua, with her far-reaching suburbs, a mighty metropolis of seventy thousand. At the mention of such greatness strangers are generally astonished; looking over the capital as she now appears, her population reduced to fifteen thousand, and with not so much as a chimney of a furnace left standing to speak of mining operations present or past, he very naturally concludes the pleasant picture to be a baseless tradition. The ancient inhabitants solemnly repeat the history, and silence doubt by adding with equal gravity—"Not only was it all so, but it will be so again. Santa Eulalia is not exhausted. San José is only the initiative of operations yet to be. A man will come along some time with brains enough to appreciate the old mother mountain, and with capital; and then you will see."

One of the things most observable in connection with the subject of our visit is the faith in its future which permeates all classes; as difficult to understand, by-the-way, up to the time one stands in the mouth of the San José, as the history is incredible.

Our road by the Sierra Granda was not without evidences of the glories to which I have alluded. Off to our right runs the aqueduct which at present supplies the city with water. If a visitor will ride out to its point of connection with the river he will be amazed at the extent of the structure. It is of stone, several miles in length, and built massively, and for all time; and when, at one place, the stranger stands in its shadow, and follows the lines and curves of the great piers and arches by which it leaps across the bed of a broad *arroyo*, the engineer and masons engaged in its construction are certain of their meed of admiration. But how will the wonder grow when he is told that this aqueduct was not built by the city for its present use; that, on the contrary, it originated with the master-miners of Santa Eulalia, and was intended to be continued, in the same enduring style, so as to conduct water for mining purposes across the valley thirteen miles further? The mint of Chihuahua is full of statistics showing the wealth taken out and the wealth yet in the district; as evidence, they are convincing; a shrewd inquirer, however, will rather address himself to the proofs left by practical experimentalists, proofs not made for the purpose, and therefore the more reliable. Of this class



SILVER MOUNTAINS OF SANTA EULALIA.

is the unfinished work I am mentioning. Reports, figures, tables, ruined haciendas, and hills of "slag," enlighten one as to what used to be done at Santa Eulalia; but the aqueduct serves better, perhaps, to assure us of the confidence of the old Spanish proprietaries in the inexhaustibility of that wonderful deposit.

Having passed the Sierra Granda, the descent through the pass is gradual and by a smooth road. The double spires of the Cathedral slowly disappear from view behind us, and away to our front stretches a valley ten miles wide and fifty long, in which a railroad can be built to run in any direction almost without a fill or excavation. A glance to the northeast shows how easily and cheaply the river can be made to irrigate the whole plain—naturally so fertile that with half cultivation it could subsist a population equal to that of New York or Paris. At this time it was a wide *pastura*, dotted with grazing herds of cattle, horses, and sheep. Beyond the valley lies a range of high mountains, veiled beautifully with a purple atmosphere. The compass says the direction of the range is northeast and southwest. Near its centre, and opposite the point from which our first view of it is obtained, rises the object of our visitation, the Silver Mountains of Santa Eulalia.

And now, as we bowl merrily along the first-rate road, our "cattle" on the "lope," the gait so affected by the Mexicans, let us listen to what one of the M——'s relates of the history of Santa Eulalia.

"Like most visitors," he said, "you no doubt have the idea that Santa Eulalia is a mine which can be 'done' in a day, leaving plenty of time to eat, drink, and *siesta*. You will find that a mistake. In the first place, it is a *district*, as indicated by the Spanish *Real*. The district embraces an area of five or six leagues square. The number of mines it contains is unknown. I doubt if there is any where a record of them. It is safe to say, however, that there are a good many more of them than you will care to ride to.

"When the French were in Chihuahua, a short time ago, there was a scientific gentleman deputed to accompany the expedition, make reconnoissances of this district, and report. I accompanied him. When his force returned to Durango he went with it. I have not heard of the publication of his report. It is scarcely possible for a man to be more interested than he was. He infected me with some of the same feeling. To illustrate his style: Not far from the 'Guadalupe' there is a mine deserted now, but marked by a heap of stones thrown up by the blasting. As we were riding past it, going as rapidly as the broken surface would permit, 'Stop,' he said, pulling up, and looking at one of the stones. I did so, thinking he had found a specimen rattlesnake. 'My God! my God!' he cried, sliding out of the saddle. Running to a big block, he examined it acutely, passionately, as a mother would look for marks of identity in a long-lost child. 'Come here,' he said. I rode to him. 'Look! see

these shells!' Following the movement of his finger, I saw them distinctly imbedded in the rock. Then he flashed off into a speech so full of scientific terms, and so rapidly spoken, that he bewildered me. It was deeper French than I had practiced. Substantially, however, that the shells indicated one of the earliest periods known in geology, and that this was the oldest formation he had seen in Mexico, except something similar in Zacatecas. His manner is the point of my story; it was so enthusiastic, so Frenchy, that the thought of him amuses me yet.

"After a thorough examination of the district, including explorations of the interior of most of the mines, he expressed the opinion that Santa Eulalia consisted of silver strata in the nature of vast deposits of ore, not so rich as abundant and inexhaustible; that the oblong mountain in which we will find the San José, Parcionera, Negrita, and Santa Rita mines, was a kind of mother mountain, or silver core, from which the metal radiated in all directions, growing less rich according to its distance from the centre; that five thousand men might dig, and pick, and blast away at it for a hundred years, and at the end of that time the yield would be as rich, if not richer, than when they began; and that, if it were possible for an able and wealthy management to concentrate all the mines of the mother-mountain under its single control, there would be treasure enough taken out every year to pay the cost of the work and the cost of the army in Mexico.

"The discovery of the silver was romantic. As the story runs, in the year 1700, or thereabouts, three fugitives from justice, hunted out of the haciendas around Chihuahua, itself nothing better than a lively Catholic mission, took refuge in the fastnesses of what is known now as Santa Eulalia. You can form an idea of what precious scoundrels they must have been, and of how desperately they had sinned against civilization, to say nothing of laws, by asking yourselves what kind of men they were who chose to face Apaches rather than their fellow-Christians. In fact, they were compelled to hide from both. Shifting from mountain to mountain, they took up quarters finally in a tremendous ravine, in which there was a natural *estanque* of water, and where they could remain, with prudent conduct, perfectly safe. To-morrow I will show you the ravine. How they subsisted is not told. Without much violence to the truth, I suppose they came out and did their marketing of nights, leaving the settlers to charge the account to the Indians. Neither is it known how long they followed that way of life. One day the senior padre in the city, through a friendly Indian, received a message from the outlaws to the effect, that if he would absolve them, and obtain their pardon from the offended authorities, they would put him in the way of getting enough silver to build the grandest cathedral in New Spain. The offer was accepted. They were absolved and pardoned.

The mines were opened. Their fame went rapidly through the country. Miners flocked from all parts to Chihuahua. Traders followed of course. The mission became a city of seventy thousand inhabitants, a growth and prosperity attributable to Santa Eulalia alone.

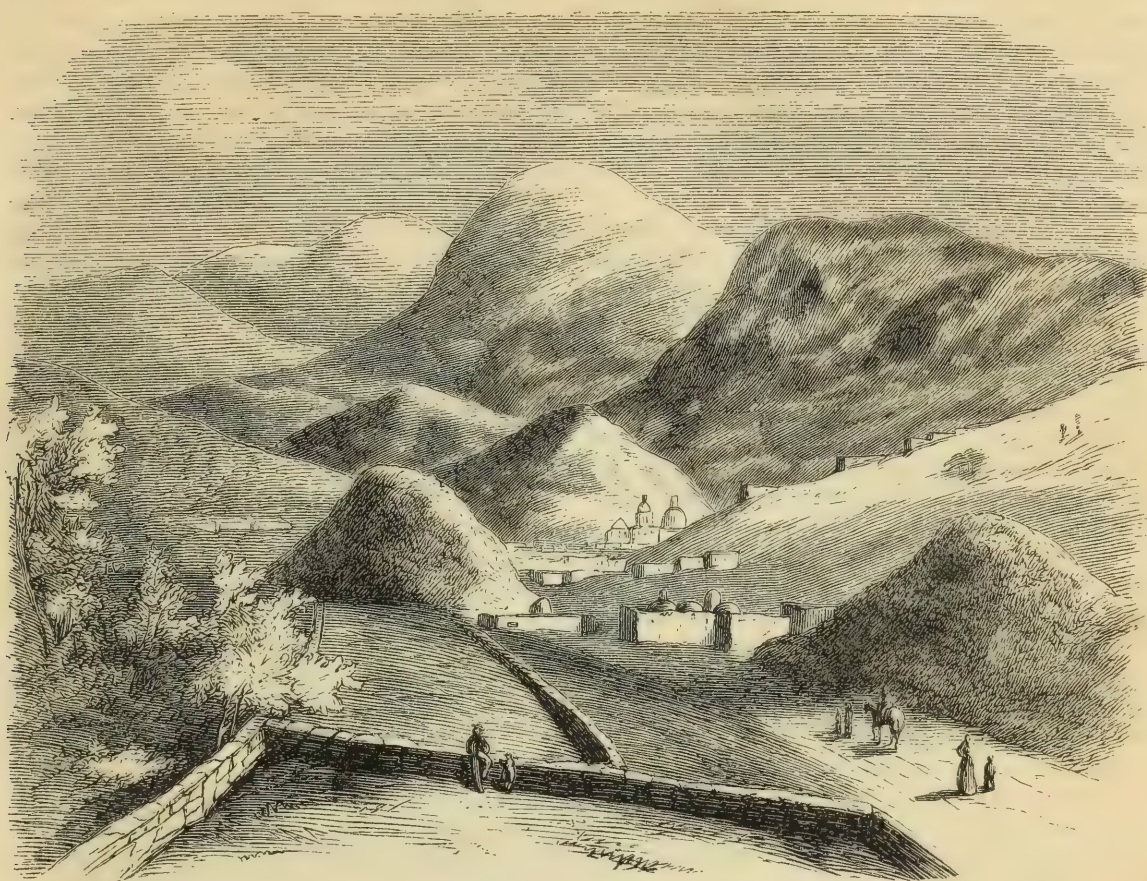
"That was the way the discovery was published; but as the story would be incomplete without a relation of how it was originally revealed to the outlaws, it proceeds: One day, for some purpose or other, they made a rousing fire down in the favorite ravine. Their fire-place, or oven, was built of the boulders lying around, some of which became intensely heated, and gave out a shining white metal. The fugitives recognized the silver, prospected, and—their fortunes were made.

"As to the yield of the mines," continued our friend, "it is impossible to determine the amount with even approximative certainty. The proprietors used to keep accounts based upon the product of their furnaces, but they are out of reach now. It is true, also, that besides the record of operations in the mint, there are, or used to be, in its archives whole volumes of reports, public and private, many of which were conscientiously made. The mint is probably the best place of reference on this point; there you can, at least, obtain the total of the coinage from the year of its establishment—a great part of which, you may be sure, came from Santa Eulalia. In a book written by the English Minister to Mexico, Mr. Ward, who appears to have been sent out for the purpose of examining and reporting the mines of this country, you will find a statement of the product from 1703; that statement is concise, and believed correct by all those best informed upon the subject. Should you, nevertheless, have curiosity to consult the mint—the very source of Ward's information—you must remember that, according to the received opinion, at least one-third of the raw silver extracted and turned into bars for commercial convenience never reaches the mint, but is exported in a thousand ways and forms—some lawful, others unlawful. Avoiding positive statements, the yield from Santa Eulalia has been incredible, amply sufficient to justify my French *savant* in his belief of what, granting his conditions, it is yet capable.

"Outside of records and reports, I recollect two well-authenticated stories worthy consideration in this connection. Suggested, it may have been, by the propositions of the fugitive discoverers, the Cathedral in the city really owes its existence to Santa Eulalia. It cost about a million of dollars, and was paid for by contributions at the rate of a *real* for every mark of silver extracted from the mines.*

* Speaking of Northern Mexico: "Only three districts in the North have been hitherto worked with any sort of regularity—Santa Eulalia, Batopilas, and Guarisawey.

"The first, Santa Eulalia, from its vicinity to the town of Chihuahua, was worked as early as 1705. Its regis-



EL REAL DE SANTA EULALIA.

"The other circumstance is also unquestionable. The B——s are yet an aristocratic family in Chihuahua, though not considered as rich as they used to be. Their former wealth was derived from one of the mines. Once they scarcely knew how wealthy they were. On occasion of a religious celebration, at which the Bishop in person officiated, one of the family concluded to do the patriarch extraordinary honor. Accordingly he entertained him at his house, and caused a path leading from his door to that of the church to be paved with bars of

silver, on which the reverend gentleman walked without once touching common earth. There is an addenda to this story," added our friend, naïvely. "They say the old patron was careful to have the precious bricks taken up as fast as the great man stepped from them."

In such style was the gallop across the valley made pleasant. Almost before we were aware of it we came to *El Real de Santa Eulalia*.

tered produce from that time to 1737 was \$55,959,750, or an average of \$1,748,742 per annum. From 1737 to 1791 it yielded something more than forty-four millions, making a total of one hundred millions of dollars during a period of eighty-six years.....In 1791 it possessed a population of six thousand inhabitants, with seventy-three haciendas for reducing metals, and one hundred and eighty smelting furnaces.....The possibility of restoring the mines to what they were is, in the opinion of the natives, undoubted."—*Ward's Mexico*, vol. ii. p. 28.

In Santa Eulalia "the ores were generally found in loose earth, filling immense caverns (*salones*), of which some are stated to be sufficiently large to contain the Cathedral of Mexico; the correctness of this assertion may require confirmation, but there can be but little doubt of their magnitude, since the last *bonanza* [great yield] extracted from one of them continued for nine years, and one real being laid aside for each marc [\$8 50] of silver produced, a fund was formed out of which the Cathedral of Chihuahua was built, and a fund of reserve formed of \$100,000. The ores of Santa Eulalia are generally mixed with a considerable quantity of galena, which renders them fit for smelting."—*Ibid*, p. 581.

Tucked away, as it were, between great mountains this *pueblito* has a truly strange appearance. So quaint, so irregular, so *outré*, so unlike any thing of the kind in the United States, it must be seen to be appreciated. A pencil can not begin to do it justice. It is made up of houses and haciendas, adobe, and of the uniform one-story, with flat roofs. Relatively to each other, in defiance of order, the whole collection of structures seem to have been shaken out from the nearest summit. The haciendas—places in which the ore from the mines is smelted—are low, but spacious, and surmounted with from one to three conical, smoke-blackened furnace chimneys. On a hill high enough to overlook the jammed-up realm below stands the inevitable church, its stuccoed cupola crowded with bells great and small. Heaven forfend that the ringers attempt a chime until we are gone! I fancy the howl of coming Whitworth shells would be preferable to the tintinnabulations fired back at us by the pandemoniac echoes which must people the rocky faces of the treeless crags around. If

there be those really in love with desolation let them take comfort; for here she dwells in matchless state; here is her tabernacle, and just there, over the bald peak, I fancy she keeps her Paradise, perfect even to the grim, painted savage, who, with scalping-knife in lieu of flaming sword, does the duty of the angel at the gate.

"Look at those black hills," said M——, as we stopped on a hill-side to make our feeble drawing. "They are 'slag' from the furnaces. When we inspect the haciendas to-morrow you can make a calculation of the number of square yards they each contain. In that way you can get an idea of the work done here in the hundred and fifty years past. And what is most singular the 'slag' can be re-smelted with profit. The experiment has been tried, with good result, in Chihuahua."

An *arroyo*, now dry, winds at will through the town, doing service in many places as a street. Descending into its bed we pass through a defile or cañon but little wider than an ordinary alley, and find ourselves in the "city limits." The sound of our cavalcade has produced an effect. A score of women and chil-

dren come suddenly to view; yet, deep-buried as we are, there is not a house, hut, or hovel in sight. Is not this a burlesque upon the hackneyed trick of Roderick Dhu? Directly the mystery explains itself. Out of a hole under the rock, which constitutes the left-hand wall of the cañon, roll half a dozen *peonitas*, darker, because dirtier, than Indians, and in a costumeless condition to satisfy us, without inquiry, that at last we have found a place unknown to Jews. Out of the same aperture protrude a number of greasy *rebozos*, which the wisdom of much experience teaches belong to the mothers of the nudities that stare at us so wickedly.

"I see it, I see it!" exclaims C——. "This is up town, and those are the brown-stone fronts."

A little further on we come to men at work.

"Halloo! What's here?"

"These," said M——, "are miners digging and washing for silver."

"What, have you such things as silver placers?"

"I hardly know whether we are warranted in using that term. You see in time the lumps of 'slag' crumble and rot, and give up globules and chunks of the mixed silver and lead which



SILVER WASHING AMONG THE SLAG.



ONE MODE OF WASHING FOR SILVER.

the imperfect processes in vogue here have failed to extract, and which, settling in the sand, are found by digging eight or ten feet down to the bed of the rock. They call this 'silver-washing.'

"Can it be profitable?"

"A great part of the inhabitants of the town live by it; and they say it is good enough for the present, and will do until the mines are worked regularly as they used to be. They take out from three to six dollars a day according to their industry and skill. Unfortunately for the poor people the owners of the furnaces make most of the profit."

The picture on the preceding page gives a view of a miner at work washing for silver. Back of him, at the base of the rock, is a door of one of the caverns, or "holes in the wall," used as residences by one-third the population.

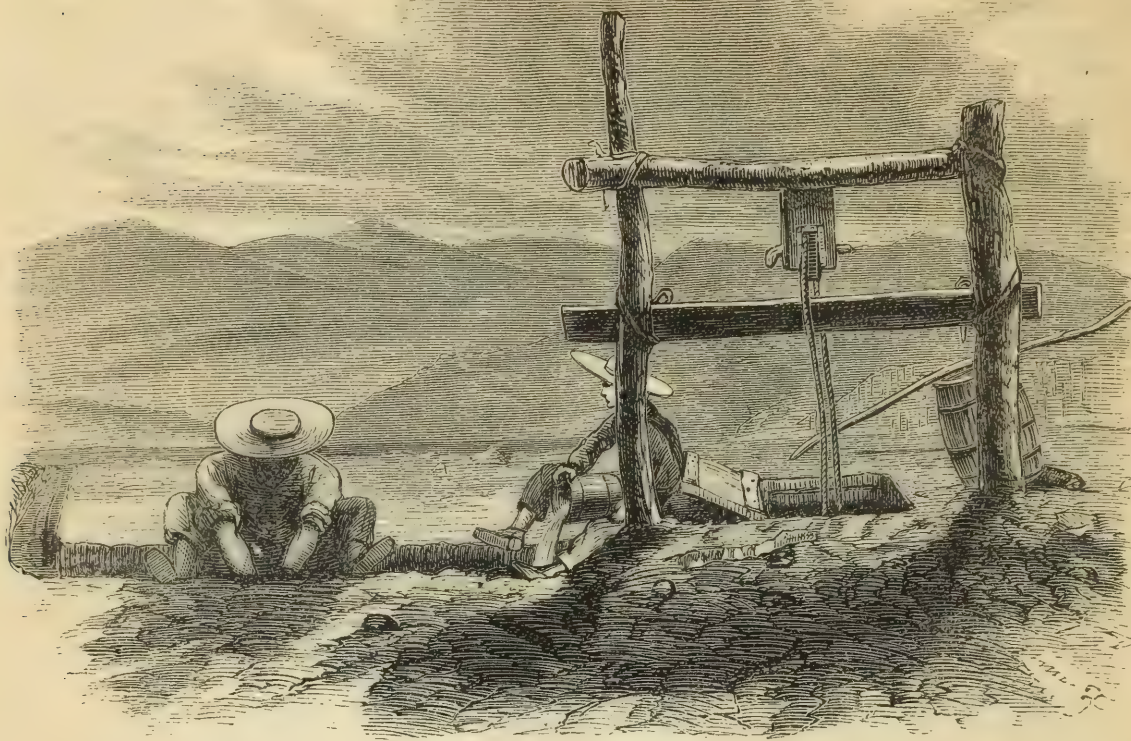
As this was the first time we had ever heard of "washing for silver," our curiosity was so greatly moved that we stopped to investigate the *modus operandi* of the novelty. Nothing could be simpler. The operator provides himself with a crow-bar, a shovel, and a cow-skin. This latter he fashions into a water-tight basin by stretching it upon a square frame. Filling it with water he stands over it, rocking a little tub containing sand and grit, from which, washed free of clay and earth, he separates the worthless pebbles and selects the valuable particles. This is the cheap process.

Another process requires credit, a commodity quite as scarce among the citizenhood as capital. The operator by this mode must first rent the use of a well; and close by it he must dig

a quadrangular ditch, about twelve feet square, with a reservoir in one corner. In operating, a boy bails water from the reservoir into the ditch, the bed of which is so constructed that a current is formed strong enough to wash the particles of ore, kept constantly stirred for the purpose. So the great object is well attained—namely, economy of water, precious in this parched locality as the silver itself. Completing the return by way of the ditch to the reservoir, not a drop is lost except in ordinary evaporation. At the end of day the "boss workman" puts his pile of metal into a bag and takes it to his patron, generally at the nearest hacienda. It is weighed, paid for, and the proceeds lost, after dark, in gambling.

Like all occupations this manner of mining has its drawbacks, chief among which are the laziness of the workmen and the scarcity of water. Well-privileges are high, and esteemed only a little less valuable than mill-privileges in the United States. Their owners, generally speaking, live in the capital. Jacob's well, I believe, was not a source of revenue to the patriarch—he had not been civilized.

In the absence of public accommodations we drove to the house of Señor Mateas —, the heaviest proprietary in the pueblo. C—, my *compadre*, was decidedly *feverish*, yet he not only enjoyed the good man's hospitality for the night, but plied him with an endless round of questions; and as he hastened to reduce the information thus gleaned to journalistic form, there is little doubt that he knows more about Santa Eulalia than any person in America.



ANOTHER MODE OF WASHING FOR SILVER.

The vale was still in mountain shadow next morning when our mules and horses were brought to the door. We bolted the coffee, strapped on revolvers, and climbed into our saddles. The guide, a thin-visaged Mexican, of the class *cloak*, which is about two degrees above that of *blanket*, *jacket* being intermediate—one of the many, by-the-way, who cling to the *Real*, because they are sure the right man will yet get hold of its silver domain—put himself at our head, and off we started. Whither away? Pedro smiled meaningly, and pointed upward.

Our road tended, in the first place, to the mine San Domingo, over a league distant—a league and more of continual ascent! The air of the November morning was crisp even in the town; but as we went up, step by step, it grew crisper; under its influence I was conscious of a rising spirit, and of a freshening of the flow of blood in my veins. Down the side of the opposite mountain came a song; I looked that way; doubtless the singer was following his train of donkeys across to old San José; I could not see him; he was not even a speck on the face of the solid immensity he was climbing; and yet I knew why he was singing. The wine of Parras is sweet; that of El Paso is even sweeter; but what is the sweetness and exhilaration of any wine in comparison with that of the air I was breathing? Then, in very fact, I knew the essential qualities of the old stand-by of the drinking gods, never imbibed in any of

the low places of the earth. Was I not drinking nectar? And how much superior could the Olympian brand have been to this of Santa Eulalia?

On the further side of the first summit we met a peon conducting half a dozen *burros* laden with raw ore from the mines. They were *en route* for the haciendas below. As the path was narrow and rough we reined in close to the inner side, and made room for the patient pack-bearers. They passed us in single file, stepping carefully, their noses close to the dust, and their ears thrown well forward. Evidently the universal “first law” had them in complete subjection. They never deigned to notice us.

The packing arrangement was simple. It consisted of a bag well stuffed with magney fibres, and girthed stoutly next to the back; on that, lashed by more ropes than are used to tie the Davenport, was mounted the cargo, in stout leathern sacks, swung in saddle-bag style, and balanced to an ounce. I watched the old-fashioned train, thinking of the millions which had thus gone to swell the currencies of the world.

“What a transportation company!” said C—, with a sneer.

“I understand these people have known no other since the day the three thieves melted their oven. Can you better it?” I asked.

In addition to being a Yankee, my friend is a professional engineer who has made his mark in both Americas. “It will be very strange

if I can't," he replied. "Wait till I look at my field-notes to-night."

"*Bien. Vamos á ver.*"

Higher and higher. Short way ahead is the second summit, and it seems that we are to go over it also. But no. Our path breaks off suddenly to the left, bringing us to a precipice to which I can see no bottom. The guide does not hesitate; he goes square at it, like a huntsman at a ditch; with its head clean over the abyss, his mule steps cautiously down, twists its body to the right, and moves on unconcernedly. The new path at this point does not exceed a yard in width. From wider terraces than it better riders have been tossed to death.

"Look to your saddles, gentlemen!" said the guide.

The warning was not ill bestowed. My "furniture" had been put on without a breast-strap. In the ascent the saddle had slipped, and I found myself riding where the "double" usually sits. Like a sensible fellow I dismounted. My friends had their laugh.

That *burros* pack each three hundred pounds of metal along such a mountain face looked incredible; yet such is the case; and for so many

years have they practiced it that the rocks up which they toil are worn into hoof-holes large as wash-bowls. What would a poor Mexican, whether of the uplands or the low, be without his faithful donkey? The steed of the Bedouin is more beautiful and lovable—he can not be more patient or useful—his adaptation can not be more perfect. Besides the recommendations to be found in its docility, its fitness for its service, its affinity to its master in the point of laziness, its powers of subsistence without food or care, it has, in this region, a peculiar virtue—the Indians will steal every other domestic animal but the donkey. Such power is there in the holy Christian symbol that so strangely stripes his back!

By paths too giddy to be remembered, and too devious for description, we at last reached "San Domingo."

We scan the place curiously—it is the first mine of the many we have come to see. On the terrace are two old *adobe* houses, and just beyond them a hole cut in the face of a solid rock, large enough to admit a man well doubled up. The rest of the scene is mountain and precipice. From Señor Mateas's lecture



ENTRANCE TO SAN DOMINGO.

last night we know that there is no yield of silver here. The processes of extraction in the district are those of fire. To precipitate the precious metal it requires to be beneficiated in the furnace with what is called "liga," a lead ore taken in great quantities from this and the mine "Dolores." But for this San Domingo would be without value.

Our first survey of the locality is yet in progress, when out of the black door of the mine comes a figure so unqualifiedly Tartarian that I despair of accomplishing his portrait. He steps out quickly, lightly, although weighted by a sack containing a hundred and fifty pounds of ore. A broad raw-hide band attaches the burden to his forehead. He is naked as when born. His neck and limbs are like Heenan's. The perspiration streams from his sooty face and body, and his breast heaves spasmodically. And why not? For two hours he has been down in the hydrogen of the mine—down two hundred yards perpendicularly. The path he has traveled in ascending winds hither and thither; now up, then down; now in a chamber of whose extent he has no conception; now through a gallery narrow as the cavity of a sugar hogshead, so narrow that, to bear his cargo through, he must double and crawl like a panther; now along a slippery ledge where the slightest error in the placement of a hand or foot is certain death, because on one side is an abyss which, for the matter of vision, might as well be fathomless; now it turns a sharp corner; now it traverses rough masses of rocks, which are not all débris from blasting, for some of them have tumbled from the roof, and may be followed by "companion pieces" at any moment. Woe to him whom they catch! Thus, for more than half an hour the poor wretch has come. To such a feat, performed regularly six times a day, what is crossing the rapids of Niagara on a wire? What wonder that the breast heaves and the sweat pours! Have you not heard a man, escaped from drowning, tell of the agony that thrilled him the instant the life-saving air rushed into the cells of his collapsed lungs? Something like that this poor miner and his comrades say they suffer every time they pass the door of the mine suddenly into the rarefied atmosphere of the upper world. Horrible life! And how wretchedly rewarded! Between mining and morals there is no connection; still this question comes: Was it for this God gave him a soul?

I watch the man with interest quickened by sympathy. His first act on stepping into daylight is to snatch the little tallow dip from its perch on his head and blow it out. It cost him a *claco* only; but it was such a friend down in Tartarus; without it, could he have ever risen to the light? As its glimmer came dancing up the laborious way, how the darkness parted before him, and the waiting gulfs revealed themselves! He proceeds next to the door of the roofless house. A man meets him at the threshold, helps unload him, takes the sack to

a rude contrivance and weighs it, giving a ticket of credit. Not a word is spoken. Resuming the now empty sack, the naked wretch turns, walks quickly to the entrance of the mine, lights the friendly taper, looks once to the sky, as if to bid the glad sunshine farewell, re-enters the rocky jaws, and wades back into the outer darkness. Yet he is not alone; he is a type; he has comrades whom he will meet on the way, comrades in the extremest pit wherein the sounds of rueful labor are blended with peals of laughter. What is there to which men can not accommodate themselves?

"So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are."

My friend with the silver fever has by this time dismounted, doffed his coat, and bought a candle. A challenge! *Muy bien*. The rest of us accept it, and, with similar preparation, follow him, preceded by the guide. We enter the mine boldly, meaning to go to its bottom. Only a very few yards and we become conscious of awkwardness. We do not know how to hold the candle—stuck, for facility of management, in the split end of a stick about a yard long—to project its light where we want it; our feet slip; a sharp nose in the face of the wall scalps our elbows; the adamantine roof has a propensity to stoop unexpectedly and hit us on the forehead. From the beginning the progress is slow; insensibly it grows slower; when we have felt, bumped, and slipped probably a hundred and fifty feet we feel admonitions that, at such rate, the goal will never be made. All this does not prevent us from stopping frequently to thrust our lights into crevices and look for veins of metal; for, be it confessionally noted, one of the weaknesses of every non-professional, making a first descent, like ours, is a delusion that the workmen who opened the very passage traversed, and who, with eyes sharpened by training and experience, must have a hundred times scrutinized every square inch of the surface, might have failed in observation, and at this point or that lost the traces of a vein or deposit, the discovery of which is, perhaps, reserved for him, happy child of destiny! Yet we progress—two—three hundred feet. The floor and even the walls are slippery; the friction of the coming and going of miners through generations has polished them to glassy smoothness. We begin to tire. Suddenly the procession halts for debate. Word is passed back that the guide has come, in swimming phrase, to a "step-off" of unknown depth. Shall we go on! A gust of wind, having no bones to break or life to lose, rushing recklessly to the interior, overwhelms debate; with a strategy so effective that the hero of the Peninsular campaign might have envied it, it leaps upon our feeble tapers, extinguishes them with a puff, and passes on, leaving us in darkness not many degrees removed from suffocation. We appeal to our Mexican "Lucifers." The dips are relighted; still we linger. Sight-seeing in this mine is playing out; shortened breaths, bumped



MOUTH OF MINE DOLORES.

heads, bruised arms and legs affirm the conclusion. As we ponder, sitting—to stand, the great mountain must be uncapped—other lights come up and mingle with ours; almost before a question can be asked half a dozen miners are upon us from “the lower regions.” What shall we do? Who shall give way for the others to pass? Politeness and courtesy need room and fitting circumstance. Suddenly we are made to acknowledge that even here there is a law imperious as in a palace; for we look at the black figures, comparable only to the gnomes which the Ravels have stereotyped for Niblo’s; we glance at the burdens which seem forcing them down, strong as they are, and, as they come nearer, into their corded, sweat-covered faces; we hear their lungs laboring fiercely to catch what little life there is in the mephitic air; then we do as our guide has already done; the passage being at that point very narrow, we lie flat down until the counter-procession passes, quickly, lightly, skillfully—we scarcely know how. That circumstance resolves us. We right about as best we can, and

make slow and painful haste to the door. Outside, how beautiful is the world and its sunlight!

“It is nothing,” said M——, enjoying our discomfiture. “San José is different from San Domingo. There you can go for miles, and find plenty of room, and see all that is here, and more.”

We were consoled. Tightening the girth, I improvised a breast-strap, and asked, “Which way now?”

“There,” said Pedro, pointing over the mountainous lump on San Domingo’s back.

Upward again, over huge rocks, down deep ravines, facing every enumerable point of the compass. About noon our guide announced, “*La Mina Dolores.*”

This mine, separated from San José by a deep gorge, is situated on the edge of what the French *savant* called the mother mountain. Standing in the shade of the ruin in the foreground of the picture, I catch a fine profile view of that famous eminence, and turning round, see, a short way off, the entrance of



PROFILE OF SAN JOSE.

"Dolores." Four columns of rough limestone, covered with a roof of earth and rocks, and overgrown with short, gray shrubs, mark its site. In front of it is a ravine; in the background, all over the ridge's side, are accumulated evidences of the departed prosperity of the district, in the shape of *adobe* ruins, once the abodes of a busy population.

The "liga" of Dolores, unlike that of San Domingo, yields a per cent. of silver of itself sufficient to pay working. As the interiors of the two mines are alike we thought it best not to interfere with the workmen who came up every little while and emptied their sacks within the four columns. In fact, much of the life of our curiosity was lost in the sepulchral shades of San Domingo. We preferred to look across the great gorge and study the profile of San José.

In the depths of the gorge, on the bank of an *arroyo* far below us, was a collection of ruins similar to those around Dolores. The guide says they are the remains of what used to be quite a village. The statement appears in-

credible until the visitor goes down, and standing among the falling walls, comes to understand that within the radius of a mile are the mines San José, Vieja, Santa Rita, and Pacionera, reputed the richest in the *Real*. There is no data to enable us to ascertain the number of miners they employed. Such immense works, however, could only have been accomplished by many thousands of men. This, it is known, was one of the centres of the faded industry; and tradition gives a lively picture of the communication between it and Chihuahua. From the same source we derive reminiscences of life and society in the rude, half-civilized community; among others we hear of the excitement that at times thrilled the entire district when, from mouth to mouth, passed the electrical news, "*Santa Rita is in bonanza!*" Holiday followed, of course; and in the *Real*, and all the settlements, there was singing, feasting, *bailes*, rockets, gambling, and general jubilation *en el modo de los Mexicanos*.

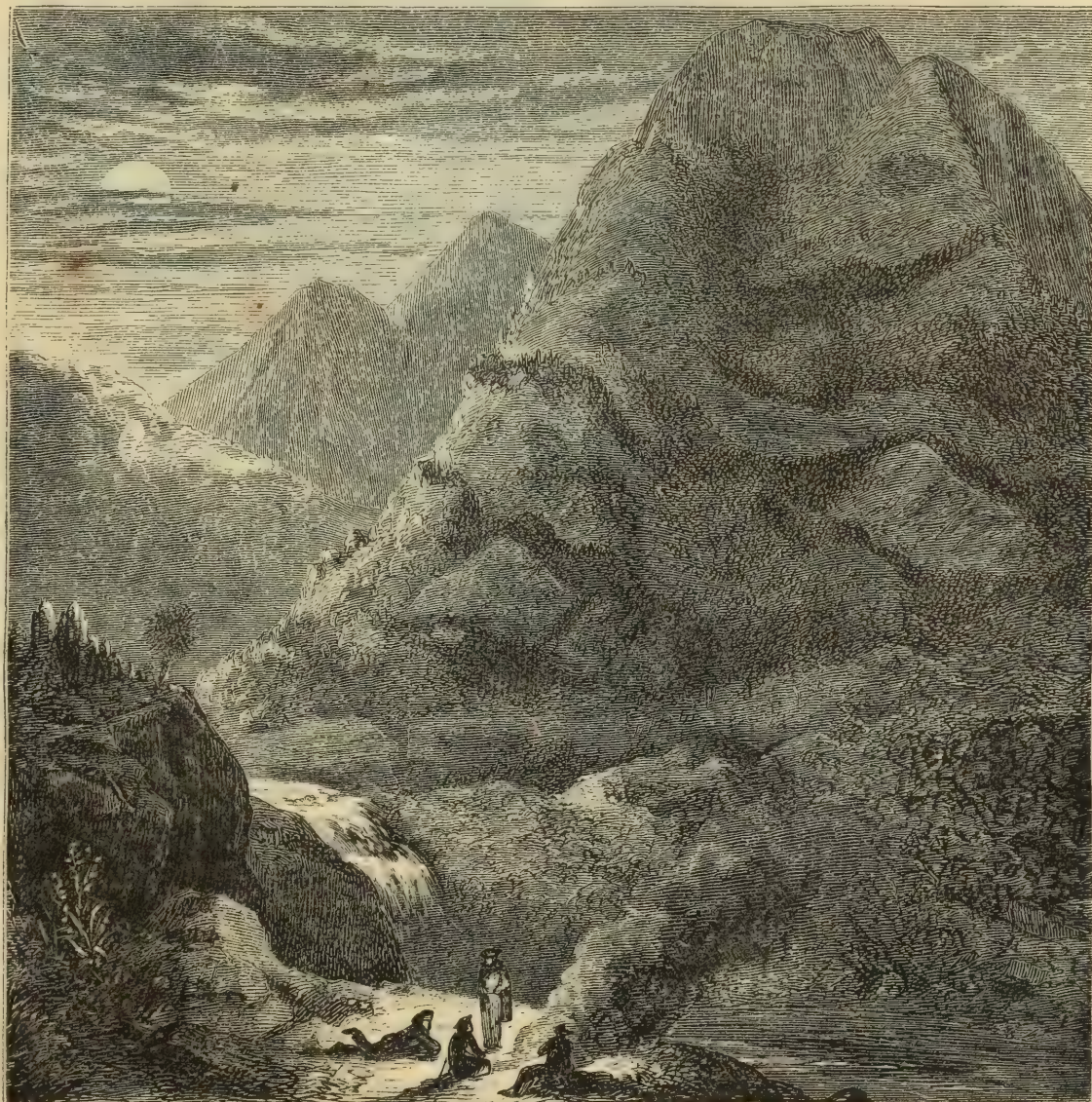
Descending to the *arroyo*, and following its windings, we turned a projecting rock, and were

rewarded for all our toil—the mouth of old San José was before us! Involuntarily we halted. I drew my pencil and paper. It is true I could not put down what most impressed me, but I could reduce the physical idea to be retained, and possibly convey to others what the simple effort to describe would, I know, make incredible. When my drawing was finished I looked at it, and then at the sitter, and felt that he was insulted.

The mountain, as seen in the drawing, is probably six hundred feet in height, and as many in width. Its ledges and crevices support a thin vegetation peculiar to the region, chiefly the chaparral bush, very stunted, and mixed with cacti, and a species of palm known familiarly as the “Spanish bayonet.” But for the most part the surface is bare, outcropping mountain limestone. As a building material nothing could surpass it. That every ton of it contains from forty to a hundred and fifty dollars of silver—never less than thirty-five, according to the Mexican assayers—would be no detraction. What an improvement a house front of silver ore would be! No fear of ex-

hausting the supply. Back of the face I have attempted to present the mountain rises to a peak twelve or fifteen hundred feet above the bed of the *arroyo*. When the great cone is leveled it may be truly said that the work is but begun; the richest metal lies below, and the deeper the richer.

But it was not the extent of the mountain, nor the fact that it was literally a mountain of silver ore, nor any special grandeur of effect lent it by nature, who abides here, in the general appearance is an indication, in a perpetually savage mood, that chiefly impressed me with San José. It was, however, that which makes real wonders of the pyramids, and palatial ruins, and sculptured tombs of Egypt—the signs of a mighty human labor, organized, working in achievement of ideas, and every where abounding. Beginning at the left, running slightly upward, and extending across almost the entire base, was a long, irregular cavity, forming the mouth of the mine; its upper lip, if I may so speak, was shaved into comparative smoothness; while the lower was buried under hills and acres of ore, cast off by external blast-



ENTRANCE TO THE MINE SAN JOSE.



MEXICAN ORE-CRUSHER.

ings, or carried, so laboriously, from the far chambers and galleries. I followed the line of the gaping aperture, and thought what bold fellows they were who slashed the giant's face with such a sabre cut! Outside, in broad daylight, the tawny workmen were engaged, some crushing the rocks, some bearing off the débris of ore, others drilling. The clink, clink of the latter was not unpleasant; though my engineering friend laughed at the plain, blunt points of the drills, saying, "What would our people in the old Hoosic tunnel say of them?"

Think of this, ye toilers in the lodes of Montana and Nevada! Here, in the open day, were miners picking away, when and where they pleased, with a mountain to choose from, and no fear of the result; no fear that the indications would disappear; nor that the vein would run out; nor that the day's work would be unpaid by the yield; nor that the machinery would fail, or the sluice break. The labor is conducted without machinery, or any of the modern appliances. The drill, the pick, the crow-bar are the only tools. There are no carts. A yard-square piece of untanned hide, stretched on two sticks, is the wheel-barrow.

Crushing-mills are unknown in Santa Eulalia. Sitting among the piles of ore in front of San José was a party of young fellows, naked, except of clouts and sandals; laughing and singing, they crushed the ore with little hammers, after the style of crushing on our pikes. The sun smote them with all its might; but what recked they? Here is a portrait of one of them. His sadness is not from want of a mill to do his wearisome work.

Crushed in this manner, how much would the ore of the Comstock, or of the best lodes on Reese River, even those of my friend Rosecrans, yield in dividends? Or, rather, if the appliances used there were adopted in Santa Eulalia, and operated with the same intelligence, ingenuity, and pluck, what limit would there be to the product of the latter?

"It is not rich, but it is certain," said one of the old miners, giving me a specimen freshly blasted.

"You are following a vein?" said I.

"No," he replied, "there are no veins here."

"You work then where you please?"

"Yes; the mountain is all alike."

I was standing at the time within the mouth.

Overhead was a mass of solid brown ore, every pound of which could be profitably reduced, so also the floor beneath me.

One more picture—that of a miner bringing ore out of the mine—and the party adjourned to lunch, an essential preparation for a survey of the interior.

It was thought best to enter the "Parcionera," as, by following its galleries, we could, if desirable, strike into those of the San José. Such a programme would require of us a walk of about two miles. Making our exit at the end of the round, through the wide mouth of the latter mine, we would be so tired that the ride back to the *Real* would be a rest. The elder M—declined the venture; experience had taught him it was no joke.

We found the entrance to the Parcionera fully one hundred feet above that of the San José. The first quarter of a mile was rough, but well enough. A little close air was compensated by ample room. The old miners, feeling doubtlessly like out-going tenants, seemed to have cared little about the condition in which they left things. In excavations system and science

had been utterly ignored. The débris from blasting was sometimes an impediment to the miners, particularly those who came and went burdened. The roofs were unsupported by columns. At places where the sensation of void forced itself upon my consciousness I tried to explore the space above and around; but the darkness defied our feeble lights, and I was left to wonder what stayed the mountain from tumbling in. When understood—and until then a nervous person has no business in the Parcionera—the reason is plain enough. In running these slopes and galleries, if such they may be called, the early miners set no value upon the common ore; in preference they sought the pockets of soft yellow clay, which could be scooped out rapidly with horn spoons. The clay pockets were sometimes of immense extent, requiring years to exhaust. Rich with silver, they were cleaned out carefully, and when cleaned left immense chambers with self-supporting arched roofs, like those of natural caverns. As observed, general description, like that of the Frenchman, makes this mountain a deposit of ore; but once within the Parcionera,



BRINGING ORE FROM THE MINES.

we perceive that this deposit is sandwiched with strata of limestone, seldom more than twelve or fifteen feet thick. Following no rule, governed by whim, or most frequently by dreams, the medium of communication preferable to the patron Saints, the old miners did sometimes energize enough to blast through a limestone layer. If a "pocket" rewarded the enterprise out went the stirring cry, "*La Parcionera está en bonanza!*" Picking up the clay by spoonfuls, little cared the lucky fellows for the debris. If there was room for the passage of a loaded miner, well enough. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Hence the obstructed galleries. Another result of the peculiar stratification is, that as yet the great mines, San José, Parcionera, and Negrita for instance, run horizontally into the mountain; in no place does the variation from the level exceed thirty feet. As a consequence, operations are troubled by a want of, not by, water. Even Dolores, though shafted hundreds of feet beneath the brook, was never known to admit a drop. The great man for whom the *Real* is waiting will find himself at liberty when he takes possession to convert the mines already opened into initial galleries, and operate from them upward, downward, or laterally, as he pleases.

In the first quarter of a mile we also discovered that one part of the mine was, in appearance, like all the rest, and that the novelties of the situation were not likely to compensate for the fatigues of two or three miles of travel over such a road. In the Pescaria Granda cave, near Monterey, I had spent a day with unflagging interest, because every step had been amidst subterranean wonders, each unlike the other, and all of indescribable grandeur. Very different was it here. Beyond our candle-light all was darkness; within its radius, instead of white and fluted stalactite or stalagmite, vast and weird, walls of brown limestone absorbed the faint illumination, often without giving back a gleam of reflection, and always reminding us of Bastiles and tombs. Besides, as we penetrated farther it became warmer; hardly a mile within the perspiration fairly rained from us; a little beyond that we stopped to recover wind. While C—, compass in hand, cast up his reckonings, the rest of us scourged the covetousness which had chosen to sacrifice Heaven only knows how many lives to sinking a short shaft for ventilating purposes perpendicularly from the summit above us. Our criticisms were both modest and scientific; several times, I fear, they degenerated into profanity.

But up and on. Forward now, if only to get out. Our second candles were burning low; hats, hands, and shirts were plastered with tallo-drippings; we were weakening in the knees; the *gastroknemia*, vulgarly called "calves," were becoming insubordinate.

"*Ya que distancia mas?*" ["How much further?"] became a frequent inquiry. The guide, far to the front and moving lightly, like one "to the manner born," affected not to hear.

We drank frequently of the tepid water in our canteens, and remembered the wine, the cool Bordeaux, so richly empurpling the table in Señor Mateas's parlor. A stumble, a fall, a wicked outcry, a bruised arm—incidents of quick succession—reminded me of the Epicurean, the "Aspirant of the Mysteries," seated so comfortably upon the magic car, and plunging up and down the grades of the labyrinthine railway. I rubbed my wounded arm, picked myself and my faithless taper up, and bethought me—Here is a labyrinth worse than the Egyptian, but where is the car? Happy Greek! Unhappy Gringo!

Now that we are deep into the interior we rarely meet a miner. Where are they all? Working in some of the out-way burrows; each one, it appears, has his favorite spot, where probably the ore is richer than common—a mine within a mine—accessible by paths unknown to others.

Quite far in we observed, off to our right, a light dimly reddening the rocky wall. Miners at work. Good!—just what we want to see. Slowly, carefully, painfully, we drew near the beacon. There was no sound of voices, no ring of hammers, or echo of blows. A solitary workman was plying the mystic art. He had not heard our approach, and we stopped to observe him before speaking. A little basket at his left contained two or three tallow dips and some tortillas. Close by, in position to illuminate brightly about two feet of the wall directly in front of him, was his lighted candle; a pile of fine-crushed ore, the result of his labor, covered the floor to his right, and on it lay an iron bar and a pick; above him extended a vault in the darkness without limit. He had come there about the break of day in the upper world; he came alone, and alone he had remained; not a word had he heard, not one spoken; the tapers had been his only companions; they not merely lighted his labor, but, since each one would burn about so long—a certain number exhausting by noon, another bringing the night—they also kept his time. The solitude was awful. And this was life in the mine! The moment we came upon him he was bending forward to examine closely the ore to be broken off. In the uncertain light his naked, crouching body seemed that of an animal. Looking at him, disgust struggled with pity. Is it possible *he* is one of the masters through whom all the silver is introduced into the world? And can *this* be a type of the original ceremony of introduction? We spoke to him; the voice was kindly, yet it sounded in his ears, so long attuned to silence, like a pistol-shot. He started up, and turned upon us in an attitude of defense. It will be long before I forget that poor solitary. He may be squatted at the base of the same wall now. Pity for him wherever he is! Pity for all his class!

Securing a specimen from the selected ore, we said *adios*, and pushed on. How long the reconnoissance occupied I do not know. When

we went in at the Parcionera the sun was flooding the great gorge with candescent glare; when we came out of the San José the whole was swathed in shadow. We stretched ourselves outside upon the rock, and rejoiced as the weary only can. Had we been paid? At the time I would have answered No. Now, I say Yes. We had seen what are unquestionably two of the most wonderful mines in the world. Our curiosity was allayed; our stock of information increased. We had gleaned a knowledge of the old Spanish modes, seen the bed from which untold millions had been dug, and satisfied ourselves that Secretary Iglesias was right—*here was the grandest fortune in Mexico*. My *compadre*, the engineer, was more infected than ever; his silver fever was a white heat of enthusiasm; if he talked little he figured much, and journalized for quantity. His eyes of Saxon blue glittered with speculation.

"Come," he said, "let us ride. I must see more of this mountain before night. I have an idea."

"Let us go up, then, across the pinnacle of the cone, and take the Guadalupe and Negrita on the way. They are convenient for the return to the *Real*."

This from M—— determined us. We shook off the lassitude and mounted. That ride was probably the most agreeable part of the visit. As our friend had said, it took us exactly over the back of the mountain. An adobe house, constructed a century since for a look-out against Indians, crowns the extreme summit. The view from its falling doorway is inexpressibly beautiful. Off to the southwest, white, yet clear, shines the city of Chihuahua; south and southwest are range upon range of mountains, apparently covering the whole earth.—Twined among the multitude of peaks, like tangled ribbons, we see streakings of blue and purple, beneath which, as we know by experience, are outspread valleys, broad, treeless, and scorched with endless drouth.—And the atmosphere, so pure, so transparent, admitting of such boundless horizon. Only a poet can do it justice.

"Stop here," said M——, as we were rapidly descending. "This is the Guadalupe."

We followed him over a heap, or rather a mound, of

limestone, and drew up around a shaft, which had opened in the superior slope of the mountain, without reference to any discernible object or advantage.

M—— proceeded: "The Guadalupe is now little worked. Its owner is said to have joined the Imperialists, and taken himself into exile. It has yielded richly. And strange to say, though not very deep, it is what the miners call suffocated."

This was enough for my friend with the fever. "Let us go in, by all means," he said.

By some rude steps we descended the shaft about thirty feet; there a passage led horizontally into the mountain. Deep within, and barely discoverable through the dense shade, was a gate or door of stout wooden cross-beams. The damps from the interior had covered the bars with blue mould, which dripped with rapid condensation. Within, we were almost immediately struck by a current of foul air, which, besides extinguishing some of our candles, drove one of the party hastily out. Such a reception literally staggered us all. The guide, more familiar with the debilitating gases, continued on. Summoning courage, we followed, nor stopped until we gathered a quantity of the silver-bearing clay in the extreme depth of the mine. When we turned to go out my hands were swollen, the veins of my neck distended, and my head seemed bound with a tightening cord. Reflecting upon the venture now, I would not repeat it for all the silver the cavern has produced.

"What do you think of it?" said the elder M——, laughing.

"Is it possible men go in there to work?"



ENTRANCE TO THE MINE GUADALUPE



ENTRANCE TO THE MINE NEGRITA.

"Pooh," he replied; "boys go into it; and they go in without lights. Feeling round in the dark, they snatch up lumps of ore and run out again. What they get in that way pays handsomely."

What we learned in the Guadalupe was, that interiorly San José epitomizes every thing the district contains in the way of the curious and instructive; although the most prejudiced observer can not walk through any of the mines without admiring the boldness and energy of the ancient proprietaries; at the same time, reflecting that the field is just as rich to-day as it was a hundred years ago, a glance at the feeble operations at present in vogue there results in a proportionate contempt for the degeneracy of the present owners.

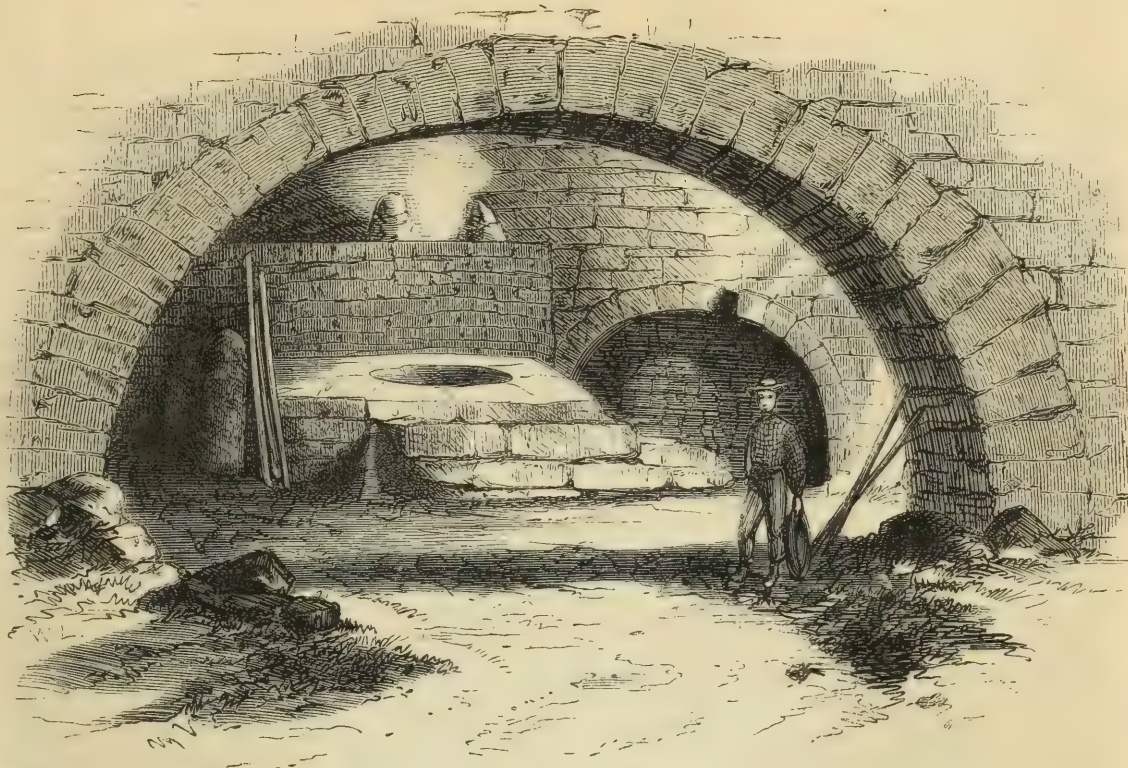
The sun was far down the western sky when we took to the saddle again, and entered the trail that leads from the Guadalupe to the *Real*. The approach of night, and the difficulty of traveling by starlight, hurried us. At the Negrita we delayed barely long enough to enable me to make a sketch of its entrance.

Without accident we arrived at the *Real*.

It was in the gray of twilight, yet the villagers, released from labor and care, were enjoying a bull-fight in the main street. The women and children looked on safely from the house-tops. To reach Señor Mateas's it was necessary for us to ride through the press directly past the tormented brute. We made the dash at full mule speed. The bull pursued us to the very door. Nobody was hurt. To the mob the fun was prodigious.

Next morning our engineer was a distressing case of the fever. At the San José, as will be remembered, he announced himself possessed of an idea: at the breakfast-table he explained. In profoundest silence we heard him declare his purpose to return immediately to Chihuahua, borrow from Governor Terrazas, a most accommodating gentleman, the necessary apparatus, and make a thorough survey, if possible, of the entire *Real*. On this he was determined. We gave in, of course.

Before returning, however, we inspected the haciendas, and gained further insight into the processes of reduction and separation, about which our host, Señor Mateas, was very in-



SMELTING FURNACE.

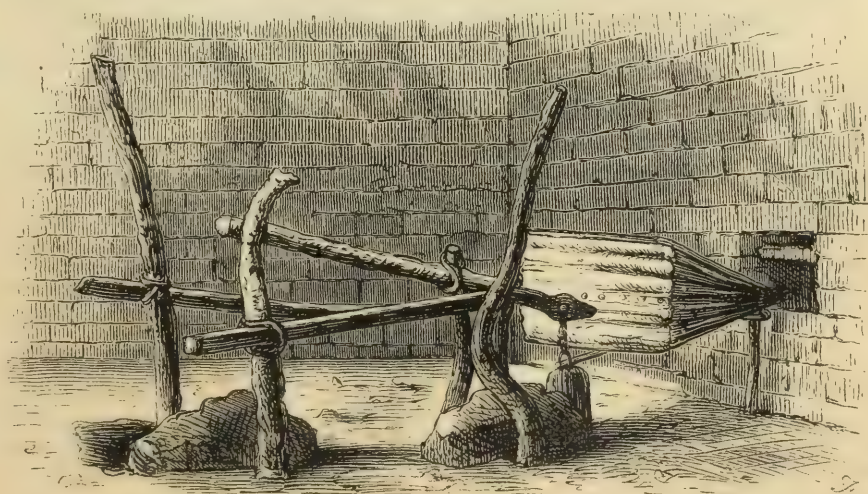
structive. The above drawing represents one of his furnaces.

The ore in the raw, but sufficiently crushed, is poured into the furnace, mixed about half-and-half with "liga," or flux, the beneficiating metal, from Dolores and San Domingo. A big fire is kindled under it. Several bellows—a little larger, but in no other respect different from those used in our blacksmiths' shops—are then put in motion, some by hand, some by the foot.

In the course of twenty hours this method of blowing accomplishes its result. Out from the glowing *horns* runs the liquefied metal of silver and lead. Conducted into little basins conveniently located in the earthen floor, it fashions itself into solid cakes. When cooled, these are carried off and put through the ordinary process for the separation of silver.

We were fortunate enough to find Señor Mateas's principal furnace in operation. The bellows were working with asthmatic wheezing; a muffled roar of fire proceeded from the massive pile, and the attendants darted here and there on special duty. Low down, at the base of the furnace, several jets of blue flame leaped hissing from the plastered wall, and from their midst flowed a sluggish but continuous stream of the molten metal. With the utmost gravity our host made his explanation; with equal gravity we listened. Out of his hearing, however, we laughed, not at him, but at his mode of smelting down the great old mother mountain—as if her treasure could ever be exhausted in that way! Our return was by the ancient Spanish road, *via* Tabalopa and the Junta.

There was much conversation about what we had seen, directed chiefly to the points:



MEXICAN BELLOWS.

Why the mines are not better worked?

What is the best plan to work them?

As to the first point: Santa Eulalia really ceased to be worked in any magnitude when the Spaniards were driven out of Mexico. In different ways the mines fell to owners who had little capital and still less energy.....As miners the Mexicans are, in some respects, without superiors; they can tell at a glance the quality of ore, and in the mere manipulation they excel; but when extensive management is required of them they utterly fail.....When his mine is in *bonanza* the Mexican owner loses his head; he takes no care of his money, is open-handed as a child, and acts as if the treasure was inexhaustible. Consequently, when the present "pocket" runs out he has nothing wherewith to renew operations.....As a rule, Mexicans, however intelligent and educated, have no genius for machinery. They blow, crush, and drill, as their fathers before them did. For transportation of ore they prefer a train of donkeys to a train of cars, and steam-engines are incomprehensible to them.....Moreover, unlike Yankees, Mexicans are not associative for purposes of business; in fact, they know absolutely nothing of *association* as an element in great en-

terprises.....As for individuals, there is but one gentleman in Chihuahua rich enough to work Santa Eulalia as it deserves, and he is a merchant, and, strange to say, bitterly opposed to mining, although his fortune came from that source.....If it depended upon the present owners, work in the mines would altogether cease. They derive aid, however, from others. Thus Señor Mateas has his backers in the city, who advance him limited sums of money, which he uses to pay his workmen and meet current expenses; when he brings the product of his labor to market and sells it, he not only returns the principal of the loan, but also pays his accommodating friend two-thirds of the profits. Such a system, together with the modes pursued, will keep that excellent gentleman poor though he owned all the mines in Mexico and lived a thousand years.....As to foreigners, Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Americans have often sought to obtain the control of the mines of Santa Eulalia, but in vain.

Finally, for information on the second point: How can the *Real* be best worked? I beg leave to refer the reader to my friend C——, who, according to his announcement, actually did survey and map the whole district.

THE FOREST FINE.

THERE stands the Cottage-Girl so poor,

Her thoughts the charge upon:—

"Oh, guilty is the wind alone

Which tore the branches down!

"The forest-ward is all your own,

And all its trees so high;

As far as eye can range they stand;

Their glory fills the sky.

"The young birch-wood down in the vale,

Its branches white and trim;

They glimmer as the moonbeams do

When the moon is down and dim.

"This tent of oaks, so grand and old,

Their arms outstretching far;

A world of song is cradled here,

The thousand-voiced choir.

"But ours alone are the sweet gales;

The violets on the ground;

Glad songs of birds, which from the breasts

Of thickets deep resound.

"I took but what the tempest's breath

For beggars scattered wide—

A charity from tree and shrub,

Their overgrowths provide."

The Keeper looked her in the face,

So sweet, so angel-pure;

Then, following duty, slowly wrote

Her name as "Trespass-Doer."

"Forbidden gatherings have you there

From out the forest-ward;

And, did I not wink at the offense,

It would with you go hard.

"And, though these eyes of mine do wink,

Forbidden gatherings yet

They gather up, which suddenly

My heart on fire have set.

"Go, go, poor maid, unfearing home,

Free pardon I impart;

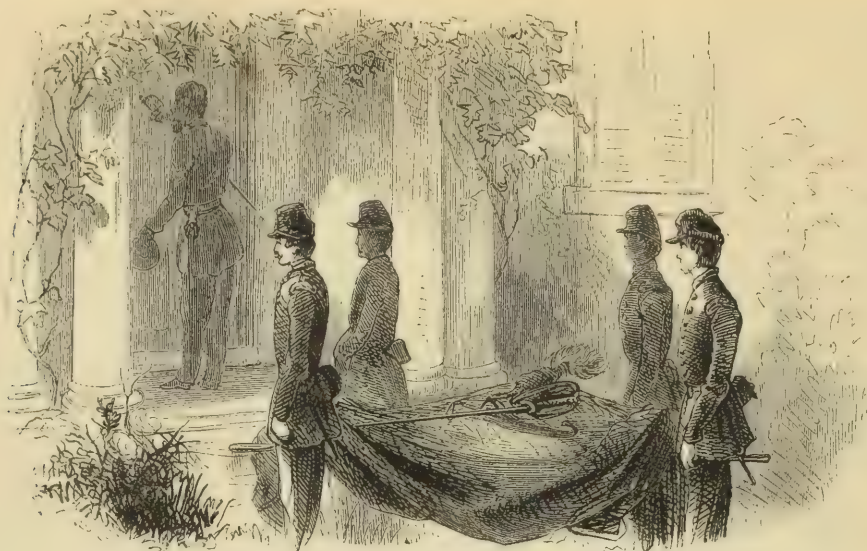
Here from the book I take your name,

And write it in my heart!"



THE FOREST FINE.

[THE "Forest Fine"—*Die Waldbusse*—is the penalty imposed in Germany for gathering wood in the forests without authority. The illustration is by Professor THON, of Wiemar; the Poem is translated from the German of RUDOLF GOTTSCHALL.]



HOME AT LAST.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.

BY A VIRGINIAN.

[Ninth Paper.]

GROVETON.

August 18, 1863, Monday.—Fair, and promises to be hot. With Captain Payne, of the Topographical Corps, I again visited Cedar Mountain, and this time explored it to the summit. The ascent is easy, but the look-out is interrupted on three sides by a dense growth of timber. We observed the encampments of the newly-arrived divisions lying toward the Rapidan. Returning to camp about noon, we found the tents struck, and the officers packing for a move. It was announced that Lee with the whole Army of Richmond was in front, and about crossing the Rapidan. We were to retire behind the Rappahannock. The baggage was all loaded up, and the trains hurried off, accompanied and followed by a portion of the troops. The Staff, huddled around their blazing fires, remained on the ground until midnight. The night air was excessively chilly, and the whole country was illuminated by the camp-fires left burning to deceive the enemy.

About half an hour after midnight came the welcome order to mount; for nothing is more irksome than waiting thus with bridle in hand, hour after hour, divided between listlessness and anxiety. We had a rough ride over the open fields and through the baggage-encumbered roads, and matters had a confused and ugly look; but the General rode here and there, infusing some of his Western energy into the caravan, and every thing began to move in accordance.

The old town of Culpepper as we rode through looked solemn as a cemetery. Its streets were indeed blocked up with wagons and artillery, but they were not in motion, and darkness and silence reigned. After we had cleared the town Lieutenant-Colonel Smith in-

structed several aids (myself among the number) to push forward and hurry up the enormous army trains which covered the roads all the way to the Rappahannock, eleven miles distant. I was glad to escape the dust and jostling of our cavalcade, bad enough in daylight, but doubly disagreeable by night. I found the whole distance covered with a continuous line of wagons, moving very slowly, and making long halts at intervals, owing to difficulties ahead, doubtless at the fords of the Rappahannock. I passed several that were broken, and one or two that had been overthrown and burnt. Seeing some open boxes of hard-bread near one of these, I dismounted and loaded myself with as much as I could conveniently carry. I had been feeling badly for twelve hours previous, and as day dawned on the 19th I was obliged to dismount and lie for half an hour or more under a tree.

When it got quite light I made my way for a mile further, and reaching the wide low grounds on the river fell exhausted in the wet grass, feeling as if I should never be able to rise again. The first sparkle of sunlight seemed to revive me, and mounting with some difficulty I made my way to the ford below the railroad crossing.

Crossing the stream I rode through Rappahannock Station, where a large number of train guards, teamsters, and army followers were encamped and cooking breakfast. A negro man at one of the fires saluted me by name, and I recognized George of Strasburg, a brother to my servant John. George offered me a cup of coffee, which I took, and found it grateful and refreshing.

About a mile hence I overtook the rear-guard of the head-quarters baggage train, which was

pushing on toward the Warrenton Junction. I tied my mare to the limb of a fallen tree, and finding a convenient couch upon its sturdy trunk I lay for five or six hours dozing in the most delicious repose imaginable. My sleep was not profound, however, and I was several times awakened by acquaintances passing, with whom I conversed, and then relapsed into my dreamy elysium. Finding that it was now half past two P.M., I resumed the road, much refreshed, and not at all hungry, although I had eaten nothing since the previous evening. I presently met Colonel Clarke riding with an escort. He informed me that General Banks was resting under a clump of trees just in sight. I found him in an ambulance with Doctor Antisell and Major Perkins. They welcomed me cordially, and the General handed me my commission as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Third Virginia Cavalry, sent by Governor Pierpont.

Hearing the General complain of hunger and exhaustion, I had the pleasure of returning his politeness by presenting a handful of hard-tack, which was most gratefully received. From hence I rode to Bealton Station, where I found the head-quarters camp pitched in a pleasant grove. John had my tent already prepared for me, and never was his thoughtful attention more truly appreciated.

August 20, Wednesday.—Fair and warm. Dr. M'Parlin gave me a box of pills, by which I hope to keep myself up during the present movements, which promise to be highly important and exciting. An order has been promulgated prohibiting all intercourse with the outside world by letter or otherwise. The whole power of the rebellion is said to be concentrated in our front, and the war envelops us like a dark storm-cloud, cutting us off for a time from all communication with family and friends, or even the encouraging sympathy of our loyal countrymen. I must confess that I enjoy the dramatic grandeur of the situation. It is better thus to suffer, and even to die, than live ignobly, to witness perhaps the triumph of iniquity and the ruin of my country. But if final success crowns our efforts, dying or living, the glory of these dark days will be a heritage forever.

By the hands of a newspaper reporter going North I sent a note in pencil informing my wife of my welfare and the order prohibiting letters.

Immediately after breakfast tents were struck and our baggage loaded up, it is said for the purpose of taking position nearer the Rappahannock. The Commander-in-Chief, with M'Dowell, has ridden forward to reconnoitre, while the Staff remains reposing under the trees and awaiting orders.

At two o'clock P.M. received a sudden summons to join the General at the Rappahannock Bridge. On our arrival there we found the troops posted in order of battle to dispute the crossing. The artillery crowned the high grounds, while the infantry, deployed in lines

and supported by regiments formed in masses, lay behind and under cover where practicable.

The troops were distributed along the stream by divisions and brigades, watching the different fords from Kelley's to the Warrenton Sulphur Springs. The Generals, Pope and M'Dowell, sat dismounted upon a hill overlooking our positions and the open country on the opposite shore, over which the enemy must advance. The scene was splendid and exciting, especially at the moment when a body of the enemy's cavalry was seen to issue from the bordering wood and advance rapidly toward the centre of the cleared fields. This, however, proved to be nothing more than a reconnoitring party, which, after a brief observation, returned as it came. We waited until after sunset, and no force appearing, we followed our chief to quarters, two and a half miles distant, in the yard of a Mr. Joseph Dollman, now absent in the rebel army.

As we rode to-day we met a tall, red-bearded rebel officer, riding to the rear under guard. This I ascertained was Major Fitzhugh, Adjutant of General J. E. B. Stuart, captured on the south side of the Rapidan by a scouting party of Buford's cavalry. It seems the General himself narrowly escaped capture on this occasion, having got off in his shirt and on a barebacked horse. Buford's men got his clothes, arms, and haversack, containing a very valuable map of the vicinity, which was turned over to me.

August 21, Thursday.—Cloudy and warm. I am ill again this morning, and can't get a drink of good water to suit my squeamish taste. This whole region seems to be insufficiently watered. The springs and wells are weak and of bad quality; the streams shallow and muddy, and I may add, at this season so infested with mules and bummers that they run about the color and consistency of chocolate. My mare suffers more than I, for by force of philosophy I frequently gulp a liquid which she can not be induced to touch. How my fevered visions are haunted by the cool, gushing fountains of the Shenandoah Valley!

While engaged in examining a negro in regard to the fords of the river I heard the opening cannon. The enemy's batteries are feeling our positions, and ours are replying. As the fire becomes more rapid an officer goes from tent to tent with the order to horse. Expecting the signal, I was already harnessed and ready. Just as I loosed my mare's rein from the gate-post one of the clerks handed me a letter. It was from my wife, and hastily tearing it open I read, with hand on my saddle-bow and the thunder of the guns and screams of flying shells in my ears. It told the usual story of peace at home and affectionate anxiety for those in the field:

"We have heard of Cedar Mountain through the newspapers and the narrow escape of the General and Staff—rejoicing and trembling."

Yes; but of to-day you have not heard, nor



BLACKBERRYING.

of to-morrow—who knows? The fight is thickening, and the roar of the batteries shakes the earth:

"Yesterday was a charming day, and we all went blackberrying; the children enjoyed it extravagantly, and returned with full baskets."

Two men hurried by, bearing the crushed body of an artilleryman on a stretcher; but I scarcely marked the ghastly object, so fully was my mind preoccupied with a pleasant picture far away; and as I rode forward, smiling, into the sulphurous cloud, "hell's rattle" was for the moment drowned in the sound of sweet and loving voices from home.

The enemy was attempting to force the passage of the river at various points, but his rather feeble attempts were invariably repulsed. The fighting was done principally with artillery, and the casualties were not numerous. From an eminence near Rappahannock Station we could see the adverse forces with their trains moving westward up the southern bank of the stream. There are so many practicable fords so near together that it will be an impossible task to guard them effectually; and at the same time the enemy seems to be working up toward our right, where the stream is so small that it can hardly be considered an obstacle to his movement.

The firing ceased at mid-day without any decisive results, and about 2 o'clock P.M. the Staff returned to head-quarters, where dinner and rest put us in condition to meet future demands upon our powers of endurance.

At dinner Surgeon M'Parlin and Colonel Myers took a glass of wine with us. They spoke in glowing terms of the scenic grandeur and sylvan majesty of California, Oregon, and Washington Territories. How pleasant will it be when these unlucky wars are over to retire to these magnificent temples of nature, where one might live and worship with the devotion of a Druid!

At night General Banks, accompanied by Doctor Antisell, came to head-quarters. He

seems much worn and suffering from his confusion and fatigue generally. Colonel Clarke, of Banks's Staff, also comes in with the report that the enemy's forces are moving up the river, with the evident intention of turning our position on the right. Meanwhile we retire to sleep, uncertain as to when and how we will be awakened.—Captain Abert called, seeking hospitality, so I shared my tent and blankets with him.—

During the night I was startled by unusual lights and noises, and stepped out to see what was the matter.

The signal-men occupied the roof of the Dollman House, lighting the martial surroundings with the red glare of their torches. In the kitchen a large number of negroes were congregated, making night hideous with their howls, groans, and prayers, alternated with dirge-like hymns, more calculated to inspire terror than courage.

Seeing an old fellow at the door, I endeavored to get some information respecting the condition of the river above. He assured me that he had had a revelation "that Jackson was going to sneak away in the night, as he had always done, and there would be no battle." This was consoling to those who had faith, but I don't think the old rogue was entirely convinced himself, for in the next breath he besought me to let him have a wagon to carry his goods and family northward.

Seeing a light in the commander's tent I pointed it out, and told him to make application to General Pope, and he would doubtless get a satisfactory answer. Whereupon I retired to a comfortable sleep without waiting the *dénouement*.

August 22, Friday.—Clouds and sultry. At two o'clock A.M. we were aroused by an officer with the order to pack, refresh, and be ready to move by the earliest dawn. Having washed my face and coffee'd I felt much better than I expected. Sigel holds our right near the Warrenton Springs, and will probably receive the first attack.

With the first streak of dawn we were stirred by the boom of a gun, which was presently followed up by a rapid cannonade from the direction of Beverly's Ford. The Staff took position on some high ground beside the Warrenton road, from whence I was presently dispatched with a message to General Williams (in command of Banks's Corps), ordering him to move his command from their position below Rappahannock Bridge, further to the right and up

the stream. At Williams's head-quarters I found Major Perkins, who informed me that the General had already ridden over to General Pope to solicit orders to the same effect.

Returning I found the Staff dismounted and resting under a clump of trees. Here we passed several hours, talking, sleeping, and carrying messages to the different positions. The enemy seems more disposed to manœuvre than attack; but the less he shows himself the more reason we have to apprehend his hidden movements.

Growing restless I took my field-glass and, seeking a commanding point, observed the adverse shore of the river. The road along the bank was visible for some distance, and at Freeman's Ford, three and a half miles distant, it turned westward into the woods, and is thereafter lost to view. For two hours at least we watched the enemy's column of all arms moving on this road, which leads through Jefferson village to the Upper Rappahannock. I reported from time to time to General Pope, who fully understood the movement and made his corresponding dispositions with promptness—division after division, and battery after battery, withdrawing from the lower fords and moving westward so as to confront and repel every effort of the enemy to force the crossings below Warrenton. He seemed to be on the alert to fall upon and crush any portion of their army which should cross in advance.

During these operations a thunder-cloud, black and menacing, came rolling rapidly up from the southward; but ere it reached us it was borne away toward the mountains, and then moving continuously northward all the region between us and the Blue Ridge was obscured by the storm. At the same time a detached cloud of smaller volume was seen in the northeast, hanging over and pouring its wrath upon our line of communication with Washington. We had gathered under our cloaks and blankets to avoid the impending shower, admiring the majestic volume of the clouds and speculating upon these meteorological vagaries, when I remarked to a comrade, "Those clouds have revealed to me the enemy's plan of operations as I am convinced it will shortly be developed. His power has been gathered against us, and, rolling northward, has menaced our front, then, swerving aside, will pass between us and the mountains on its way across the Potomac. That detached cloud which lowers so dark to the northeast is a raiding force upon our railroad communications. And I furthermore predict that our future fortunes will be indicated by the course of that storm-cloud. If it spends itself on the mountains we will not have a great battle; but if it returns upon us it means a bloody and decisive struggle." While I said this jestingly, as an habitual scorner of signs and superstitious dreams, auguries, and spiritual manifestations, I felt thoroughly convinced that, in this fanciful assimilation of earthly and heavenly movements, I had divined the true plan of

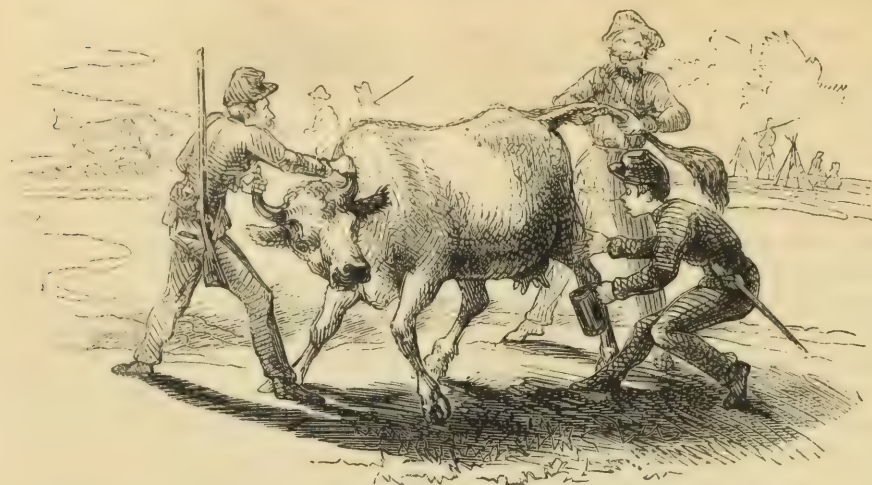
the enemy's campaign, nor could I suppress a superstitious thrill when, a few moments after, the clouds over our heads were rent with a crash of thunder, and the rain poured down in torrents. This was followed by the opening of Sigel's guns, and for an hour the batteries and the clouds roared in tremendous emulation. The Generals and their families rode back to the house of a Mr. Bowen, where they arrived late in the afternoon, half starved and thoroughly drenched and jaded.

It appears that the enemy had pushed some brigades over the river which were promptly driven back, but night and the storm put an end to the fighting before any decisive results were obtained.

There were sharp losses, however, on both sides, and we took some prisoners. At Bowen's I found a vacant sofa in the hall, and stretched myself upon it, pleased to have secured so great a luxury. After sinking into a partial slumber a messmate roused me with the information that by prompt action I might get some supper. I was pitifully hungry, and at this friendly hint started to rise. The effort convinced me that I was more in need of rest than food. Then, if I abandoned my sofa for a moment, what chance had I of getting it again? There were a dozen general officers in the house who had not where to lay their heads, and I was but a Captain, with a Lieutenant-Colonel's commission in my pocket. I stuck to my bed.

August 23, Saturday.—Cloudy and sultry. The batteries at the fords opened early this morning, and continued for several hours with a fury and pertinacity which suggests that the enemy is endeavoring to divert our attention from his flank movement now in progress. The continued movements of our troops up the stream show that we are not deceived by them. Nevertheless the practice is sharp, and I see the men with stretchers busy carrying away the wounded. General Bolen is reported killed. Meanwhile we ascertain that the heavy rains have raised the river six feet, carrying off the bridges and rendering the fords impracticable. Hartsuff's brigade, which occupied a position on the southern side at the railroad crossing, has been withdrawn with difficulty over the swollen stream. This relieves us from guarding so many crossing-places, and will enable us to concentrate upon a portion of the enemy's force reported to be already over the river near Waterloo Bridge. It also defeats a plan entertained by General Pope of recrossing at the lower fords, and falling with his whole force on the rear of the enemy's column. The last orders I heard given are to seek the enemy and attack whenever found.

In the midst of these excitements and anxieties I was half famished, and received a wink from a messmate with uncommon pleasure. Major Meline's wink always meant something comfortable; so I followed him into a vacant room, where he produced a large pitcher of milk and two glasses. This was a treat, in-



SHE WON'T GIVE DOWN.

deed, and we saturated ourselves with the soothing beverage. Campaigners who have been for a long time confined to the strong, harsh diet of the commissariat have an unspeakable longing for milk, sweet or sour, and will stop at nothing to procure it. Some days ago, after a hot, dusty ride, which had dried me to the consistency of a mummy, I passed some soldiers who had just plundered a cow of her treasure, one holding in his hand a half-gallon cup foaming over with delicious milk. I reined up and asked what he would take for it. He declined selling, saying they wanted to drink it themselves. I offered a dollar for the cup, and then five dollars, putting my hand in my pocket and drawing out the money to show that I was in earnest. The man stoutly refused to sell, saying the milk would do them good; and as for the money, they might be killed before he could get a chance to spend it. I acknowledged the justice of the reasoning, and turned to resume my way. Doubtless I looked, as I felt, exhausted and disappointed, for the soldier immediately called after me: "Captain, I won't sell the milk for any money; but stop, and we'll give you a share of it for nothing." There was a manly generosity in the offer that roused my nature too, and I declined it with many thanks and compliments, quenching my feverish longing for the moment with a draught of soldierly pride—the readiest panacea for all our ills, and oftentimes the soldier's only sustenance amidst privation, danger, and death.

Colonel Butler, of the Staff, who had gone back to Catlett's Station with the head-quarters baggage-train, returned this morning with the report that the enemy's cavalry, led by Fitzhugh Lee, had fallen upon our camp there, destroying a portion of the baggage, capturing all the extra horses of the Staff, several officers of the Quarter-master's Department, with clerks, attachés, servants, cooks, and mess-chests. This information filled our family with anxiety and dismay, and, as no particulars could be ascertained, every officer was left to speculate upon the probable fate of his own property, horses, and attendants. The proprietors of the Excel-

sior Mess-chest were among the chief mourners, as that distinguished chattel is named as one of the articles "gone up" certainly. The first shock over, people began to turn their own misfortunes into ridicule, and console themselves by poking fun at others. But for serious apprehensions of some evil to my faithful squire John I should have easily forgotten my losses

in the eminent satisfaction of finding my nebulous vaticination of yesterday literally fulfilled. It is astonishing how much a man bears with for the simple pleasure of being able to say, "I told you so."

After the mass of our force had passed up the river the Staff mounted and rode toward Warrenton, halting at Fayetteville between four and five o'clock in the afternoon. While resting here the cannonade commenced in front, and continued to increase in volume and rapidity. I was sent forward to ascertain the occasion of the firing, and after riding about a mile found General Sigel in an open field, surrounded by his Staff and escort. In answer to my inquiries he said simply that his advance, under Schenck, Stahl, Schurz, and Steinwehr, was engaged with the enemy. As I supposed this information was hardly specific enough to satisfy General Pope I rode forward a mile further until I came in sight of the field, and ascertained that the fighting was at Great Run, between Sigel's advance and a detachment of the enemy separated by a stream very much swollen, and for the time impassable.

Returning to Fayetteville I reported my observations, and we then mounted and pursued the road to Warrenton, the sounds and smoke of the combat with artillery and musketry being distinctly heard and seen on our left as we moved.

About ten o'clock at night we stopped at the house of a Mr. Shumate, three miles from Warrenton, and took quarters. The family consisted of an old man and his wife, with a flock of daughters, with several litters of grand-children. They had the usual complaints to make of robbery and abuses from the soldiers, but the girls were pretty and pleasant-mannered, and served us at table with the true grace of hospitality. The officers found beds upon the open porches, pillowed upon their saddles. I got into an out-building among some empty boxes and barrels, and, stretched upon a piece of India matting, enjoyed the much-needed night's rest.

August 24, Sunday.—Cloudy and cool. I

rose this morning much refreshed, and breakfasted on a cup of coffee and an ear of roasted corn, by the favor of Captain Menkin of the escort. We presently rode into Warrenton, and, passing through the village, took position on some adjoining hills looking toward the west, there resting and waiting for the sounds of battle. The enemy with whom Sigel was engaged last night has retreated toward Waterloo Bridge, and we have infantry and cavalry pressing in pursuit. About one o'clock we rode back to town and took dinner at the Warren Green Hotel. Finding the tavern crowded I called on Mr. Spillman, whose house we had occupied on the advance, and claiming hospitality was pleasantly entertained for the night.

August 25, Monday.—Clear and pleasant. It seems that the raid upon our baggage train on Friday night was conducted by Major-General Stuart in person with his whole cavalry, several thousand strong, and a battery. The force passed through Warrenton fairly mounted and equipped, and full of health and pluck. Owing to the high water the artillery was left midway between Warrenton and Catlett's, and the attack, which was made during the heaviest rain storm at night, was a complete surprise. Its completeness is best exhibited by an anecdote told by Colonel C—— of the Quarter-master's Department.

He occupied a tent with several brother officers, and, probably with a view of rendering the canvass impervious to water, had mixed himself a tumbler of punch. Just as he was raising the glass to his lips a rush as of a strong wind overthrew the tent and its inmates. The Colonel is uncertain to this day whether he tasted the punch or not, but remembers amidst the rush of winds and waters, and the reverberating peals of Heaven's artillery, the ear-piercing rebel yell. In the confusion and intensity of the darkness all distinctions of rank and color were forgotten, and white and black, high and low, each fled on his own hook, seeking such cover as he might find in adjacent thickets and grass-fields.

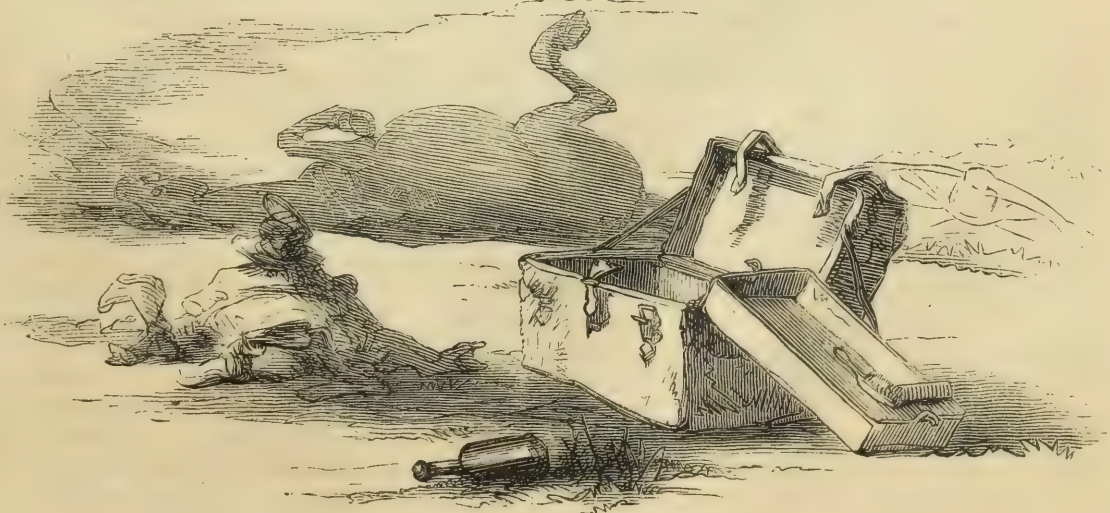
Fortunately, instead of devoting their ener-

gies entirely to destroying, the needy marauders commenced plundering, breaking open and examining the contents of trunks, desks, chests, boxes, etc. To enable them to do this intelligently they were obliged to build themselves fires which exposed them to their adversaries.

Several officers, among whom Lieutenant-Colonel Myers was conspicuously active, rallied a hundred men or more, who opened a galling fire upon the plunderers, and finally forced them to retire with loss. The main body of the raiders only remained about half an hour, but it is probable that numerous greedy stragglers remained longer, as our people who lay in the adjacent bushes say they heard hammering and breaking open boxes going on until daylight. We have satisfactory evidence, however, that a good deal of this pillaging was done by our own teamsters and camp followers. Few wagons were destroyed, but all the extra Staff horses were captured (my racking pony among them), about fifty in number. Of officers, assistants, teamsters, and servants about the same number are missing, among them Captain Golding, Assistant Quarter-master, and our excelsior cook Joe, who will now have an opportunity of advancing on Richmond in one column. Some papers containing important information are said to have been captured, but for all the rest as a military success the raid don't amount to any thing, and is said to have been undertaken to avenge the indignity put upon General Stuart by Buford's troopers, when they captured his clothes and his Adjutant south of the Rapidan. As the command returned through Warrenton they paraded a negro on horseback dressed in the captured regimentals of General Pope, much to the edification and delight of the good citizens of Warrenton, and, according to the code of chivalry, in full quittance of the aforementioned loss and indignity.

This much we learned in Warrenton from escaped officers and citizens, but still no positive news of John or the mess-chest.

In the afternoon we rode nine miles to the Junction, and thence to a country house handsomely located, within whose inclosures our



CATLETT'S STATION.

head-quarters camp was pitched. As we approached there was quite a flutter among the officers, anxiously balanced between hope and fear in regard to their personal effects, servants, and horses. Among the familiar tents some familiar faces were recognized with a burst of cheerful greeting. My heart bounded with pleasure at seeing my faithful John smiling in front of a tent already prepared for me. For the last four days I had suffered from his absence more than I cared to acknowledge. In the tent was my bedding and trunk. "All right, Captain—I stuck to it and it is safe." "Good! and the pony?" John rolled up his eyes with a deprecatory gesture. "Ah, he is gone, Sir, with the rest—new halter and all. I tried to get him loose in time, but the rebels nearly rode over me, and I was obliged to hide in the pines to save my own bacon."

"And they got Joe?" "They captured Joe, but he got away from them again." John pointed across the yard, and there stood Joe cooking in front of the great mess-chest itself, my friend the Major looking on with a radiant countenance. There were other faces not so cheerful bending over broken and rifled trunks, boxes, and desks, or hopelessly cursing and cross-questioning confused and dejected-looking servants. The General Commanding, Adjutant-General Ruggles, Aid-de-Camps Piat and Hayt had been the chief sufferers. The Topographical Department had been thoroughly cleaned out, its ambulances, with instruments, baggage, and eight thousand dollars in money, having been burned.

But the great game which we were playing was rapidly approaching its crisis, and these personal vexations were soon lost sight of in the absorbing interest of the military situation.

After I had retired to rest I was aroused by Colonel J. S. Clarke, who came in with important information. From a hill-top he had observed a large force of the enemy, composed of all arms, moving rapidly around our right by way of Gaines's cross roads, Amissville on the Chester's Gap road. This flying detachment showed thirty-six regiments of infantry, accompanied by a large body of cavalry and numerous batteries, and it is supposed they are pushing for Rectortown to get possession of the railroads between us and Washington. This news was no soporific; but after studying over it a while I mentally referred it to the consideration of the Major-General Commanding, and quietly went to sleep.

August 26, Tuesday.—Bright and warm. Colonel Clarke called in again this morning to make his toilet, and informed me that our commander had been anticipating an attack upon his quarters all night. I was glad I had not heard it earlier. "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

After breakfast I received a visit from Major M'Gee of my battalion, Third Virginia Cavalry. The Major is a young man of prepossessing manners and appearance, and reports that he has

only two short companies under his command, at present guarding Sigel's pontoon-train. Other companies belonging to the battalion are doing local duty in various parts of ultramontane Virginia. When we get out of this *melée* we will endeavor to concentrate the battalion and take command. For the present the Major feels quite competent to manage his squadron.

Our interview was brought to a close by the sound of cannon apparently near at hand. Last night's news gave these sounds more significance than usual, and started me to packing my baggage and buckling on my equipments. Going toward the General's tent I perceived all quiet, and, subsiding myself, I worked all day improving some maps. In the afternoon I went out to see the dress-parade and drill of Colonel Crooks's regiment of infantry, Thirty-sixth Ohio, now on duty as head-quarters guard. This regiment, nearly a thousand strong, went through its exercises with a precision that I have never seen equaled.

Sigel has been pounding away all day with his artillery, apparently to little purpose. As a Prussian, educated expressly in that arm, he relies too much on it, and wastes time in this broken and wooded country through which we are campaigning.

Troops are coming in rapidly by the trains from Washington. If we can get up M'Clellan's veterans in time, Lee may scatter his flanking detachments whenever he pleases, and we will take him in detail.

August 27, Wednesday.—Fair and pleasant. Rose early, and got my coffee. I heard cannon sounding to the northeastward, evidently on the line of our communications with Washington. The General Commanding was also out pacing to and fro in front of his tent. Espying me he requested me to have my horse saddled. I promptly reported ready, and was sent with a message to Major-General Heintzelman, ordering him to send two brigades back toward Manassas Junction to check the enemy's attack on the road. We are informed that they had a force of cavalry, with a battery, on the line last night, and fired into the trains, destroying some, and burning the bridge at Bristoe Station.

Seeking for Heintzelman's quarters, as I was directed, near the Warrenton Junction, I came upon General Hooker. He was just about visiting Heintzelman, and I rode with him. Hooker is a fine-looking soldier, tall, florid, and beardless, altogether very English in appearance. Arrived, I delivered my message to General Heintzelman—a grim, grizzled veteran, who looks as if he had mettle in him. He said that his corps had been hurried out on board the railway trains without horses, ambulances, baggage, or artillery. It was his opinion that his corps should have marched out with all its equipment, and its very movement would have guarded the road completely. As it was, they were here with only their clothes and their muskets, scantily supplied with ammunition, only twelve rounds in their boxes, and even the field

and staff officers without horses. He mentioned these things not by way of complaint, but that General Pope might understand their deficiencies and have them supplied if possible.

At the same time the brigades were promptly put in motion. Returning to head-quarters I met a Staff officer who informed me that General Pope had gone down to the telegraph office at the Junction, thus passing me on the way. I found them breaking camp, and managed to get another insight into the mess-chest before it closed.

The cannonading toward Manassas has been repeated at intervals, but now seems to have ceased entirely. At 11 A.M. we again hear guns in the direction of Warrenton. The troops, *en masse*, are moving toward Manassas Junction. At 2 P.M. the Staff mounted and moved in the same direction. Passing a long line of cars loaded with stores I was hailed by Colonel Beckwith, Chief Commissary, who requested me to ask the General "What was to be done with these trains?" The reply was, "They should be moved back with the troops as far as they could go, and there await further orders."

The news of the destruction of the railroad at Bristoe is confirmed, with details. An officer brings a message from General Hooker, to the effect that the enemy in force are lying across the railroad, disputing his advance, and that he is short of ammunition. He was hotly engaged, and had been fighting for some time.

As we drew near the scene of action we observed the charred ruins of the bridges over Kettle and Broad runs, and met numerous stragglers from the battle-field, a few of whom were wounded. Further on we found an abandoned residence, occupied as an hospital, with about a hundred wounded in and around it, attended by our surgeons. Parties with stretchers and ambulances were collecting other wounded lying in the fields adjacent to the railroad track. We next rode through open fields dotted over with dead bodies of both parties, sixty or eighty in number. The Federal dead were stretched and covered with their blankets.—Those of the enemy lay as they had fallen. As we reached the bluff overlooking Broad Run the batteries located on the heights beyond opened anew. Captain Piat and myself were ordered to ride to the front and inform General Hooker of General Pope's arrival.

I chose the right-hand road, leading toward the battery

we saw firing on the hill. Piat rode to the left. Approaching the artillery I met General Grover, who pointed out Hooker on the opposite side of the field, easily recognizable by his tall white horse.

Joining General Hooker, I perceived that Piat had anticipated me and was just leaving. The General said the enemy under Ewell had opposed him with four brigades, showing about six thousand men. They were strongly posted, and made a stubborn fight. He had succeeded in dislodging them, losing about three hundred men in killed and wounded, and expending nearly all his ammunition. His own force in hand did not exceed four thousand men, having been greatly reduced by straggling. With this force, having not over three cartridges per man, he occupied the ground gained, refusing to fall back, as prudence might have suggested, lest the enemy would reoccupy their position and give us the same trouble in the morning. The enemy still showed a line of battle over a mile long, between us and Manassas, and if they recommenced the fight he could not defend himself for lack of ammunition.

Returning to head-quarters I saw some rebel prisoners under guard, and from information elicited I became convinced that Jackson was at Manassas Junction, with twenty-five thousand men, and that this was the column observed and reported by Colonel Clarke, on night before last. Stuart was there with all the cavalry, including Ashby's old command, now led by General Beverly Robinson.

The head-quarter baggage arrived after dark and was parked on the battle-field, but not unloaded. We got a scanty meal, and went into bivouac among the mules and teamsters, making our couches where we could find a convenient spot on the bare ground. The whole northern horizon was red with the burning warehouses and railroad trains at the Junction. Our position was critical. Within three miles of us lay an enemy overwhelming in numbers, flushed with temporary success and spoils, with an act-



HEAD-QUARTERS "EN BIVOUAC."

ive and enterprising cavalry, thoroughly acquainted with the country. Between us and them there was nothing but Hooker's show of force, weak in numbers and without ammunition; yet I never felt better in mind or body. With due credit to the friendly assistance of the doctors I had actually ridden off my illness, and I retired to rest on my gum-blanket and log-pillow with that contemptuous indifference to perils, remote or imminent, which is the highest luxury of the campaigner's existence.

● Harassed with uncertainties and responsibilities the Commanding General had not so quiet a night. Messengers had been dispatched to hasten the march of General Fitz John Porter, who was behind with his fresh and veteran corps. These troops are expected to reach us by daylight, to replace Hooker, in case the enemy attack in that direction. M'Dowell, with his own and Sigel's command, over thirty thousand men, are to move from Warrenton in the morning and fall upon Jackson, before Lee, with the main body of the rebel army, can support him. These orders carried out, and we will make Jackson pay dearly for his dinner and night's frolic at Manassas. To-morrow will perhaps be a memorable day.

I was aroused from my first doze by a voice exclaiming: "Was not that artillery?" The anxious questioner was General Pope, who sat smoking beside the decaying embers of the bivouac fire.

August 28, Thursday.—Cloudy and warm. At the earliest dawn I was aroused from a deep sleep by the same voice: "Come, wake up, get breakfast, and make ready." We were all promptly upon our feet; blankets and over-coats rolled and strapped upon our saddles. Coffee, beef-steak, and hard-tack served, and the Staff was ready. I felt in better condition than I had done since Cedar Mountain.

Anxious and moody the General sat smoking his cigar, listening for the opening sounds of battle, and occasionally ripping into delinquents of all grades, white and black. At length the boom of a single gun broke the silence of the morning. All was attention and expectancy. The sound was not repeated. Scouts came in with the report that the enemy's forces at Manassas were falling back westward; this should throw them on M'Dowell. Presently the long-expected cannonade commenced, to the westward or northwestward of our position. It was feebly maintained, and at the end of an hour ceased entirely. I fancied I could hear musketry, but was not sure. General Porter, who was expected to be up during the night, did not arrive until 10 o'clock A.M. There is much indignant comment among the Staff officers on this dangerous delay, and he will probably hear some sharp words from the Commander-in-Chief.

About mid-day the General and Staff took the road for Manassas. As we passed the burned bridges at Kettle and Broad runs, Captain Merrill, of the Engineers, was ordered to

repair them, if possible, sufficiently to admit the passage of the trains loaded with army stores.

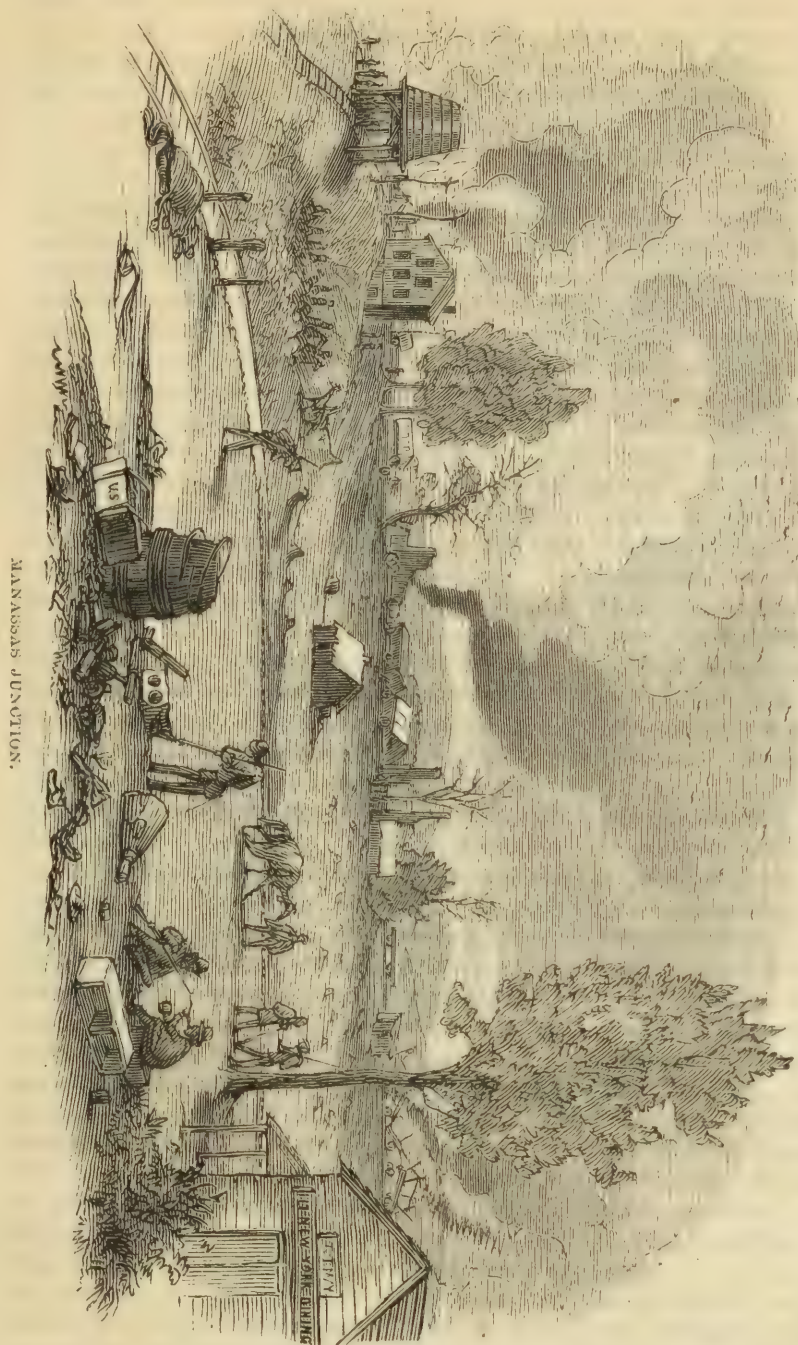
Just as we reached the smoking ruins of the Junction I was sent back with a message to Generals Porter, Hooker, and Heintzelman, ordering them to move their commands on Manassas without delay.

I found Porter at Bristoe, and delivered the message. I afterward found Generals Heintzelman and Hooker, with their officers, seeking shelter from the intense heat in a leafy thicket, the party gathered around a tub of lemonade. Having delivered my message, I was invited to partake, and one of the aids dipped out half a tin cupful of the acidulated beverage. I was burning with thirst, yet hesitated to drink, as the Doctors had cautioned me against acids. General Hooker proposed to amend it from a flask at hand; the amendment was accepted, and I swallowed a tinfule of delicious and invigorating punch.

I returned to the Junction by a road running parallel and to the left of the railroad, and found the General and Staff dismounted, and resting under the shadow of one of the old redoubts of Beauregard's engineering. While here I amused myself strolling about observing the debris of the recent rebel carnival. On the railroad track and sidelings stood the hot and smoking remains of what had recently been trains of cars laden with ordnance and commissary stores intended for our army. As far as the eye could reach the plain was covered with boxes, barrels, cans, cooking-utensils, saddles, sabres, muskets, and military equipments generally; hard-bread and corn-pones, meat, salt and fresh, beans, blankets, clothes, shoes, and hats, from bran-new articles, just from the original packages, to the scarcely recognizable exuviae of the rebels, who had made use of the opportunity to refresh their toilets.

Here were scattered quantities of our fine army groceries, salt, sugar, coffee, dessicated vegetables, and the sutler's less genuine supplies of canned fruits, meats, cheese, and ginger-bread. Immediately around the Junction, where the shops and shanties of the storekeepers, sutlers, negro refugee boarding-houses, ambrotypists, Jew clothiers, tract distributors, gamblers, eating and drinking saloons were most congregated, these remains were thickest strewn and most ludicrously commingled. Most of the buildings were burned, and many tents shared the same fate. Other encampments still stood flapping in the breeze, the tents slit into ribbons with sabre strokes. Over this field of wide-spread waste and destruction numerous skulkers and stragglers of our own army were wandering, stuffing their knapsacks or loading their horses with whatever pleased their fancies.

Looking over all this detailed confusion, the grim outlines of the grass-grown earth-works, the solitary chimneys, the broken engines and overthrown gun-carriages, the mouldering graves of former occupants, presented a pic-



ture of the waste of war most solemn and impressive.

About the middle of the afternoon we again were called to horse, and directed our course across the plain toward a large brick house, said to have been formerly the head-quarters of Beauregard, and destined to be occupied by us. The General rode rapidly, while I lingered to study the picturesque points of the scene. While thus engaged I was surprised by a thunder-storm, which burst upon us with great fury. Seeing no shelter near, I took refuge in one of the abandoned camps, and, dismounting, led my mare into an officer's tent. Here I found a supply of oats, and hoped to quiet the frightened animal by a good feed; but the fracas was so stunning, and the tent rocked so violently, that she would touch nothing, and lest we should both become dangerously entangled in the falling canvas I was obliged to abandon

my poor shelter and ride through the drenching rain to the stables adjoining the brick house where I supposed the Staff was sojourning. I remained here an hour, until the rain was over, and then, on going to the house, was surprised and disgusted to find it empty and no clue to the direction the Staff had taken.

In the inclosure I accidentally encountered my man John, with a broken-down cavalry-horse which he had caught, equipped and loaded with plunder from the plains. From him I learned the direction General Pope and Staff had taken, and started after them at an easy pace, which was quickened as the sounds of cannon struck my ears. On the low grounds at Bull's Run I found the baggage train halted, and preparations making to pitch the camp. The sounds of battle increasing, I pushed on, crossing Bull's Run at Blackburn's Ford, and re-joining General Pope, who was halted on the Centreville road, overlooking an engagement going on in the vicinity of Groveton, three or four miles distant. It was a sharply contested fight, as the rapid reports of cannon and musketry, and the continually rising volumes of white smoke attested. When darkness closed we could still see the

blaze of the guns and the course of the shells over the tree-tops. In time these died away, and we rode back to camp. But few tents were pitched, and I should have been crowded out but for the courtesy of Major Meline. I went to bed supperless, but about ten o'clock was aroused by John holding a dish of fried meat under my nose. I ate the mess mechanically, and dropped to sleep again.

August 29, Friday.—Clear and warm. At three o'clock this morning I was aroused by Colonel Ruggles in person to carry written orders to General Fitz-John Porter, supposed to be lying at Manassas Junction, or alternatively at Bristoe. The combat we had witnessed last evening was between King's Division of M'Dowell's Corps and a portion of Jackson's command. The fight was sharp and sanguinary, but without decisive results. Kearney, having driven out the enemy's rear-guard, oc-

cupied Centreville. It was understood that M'Dowell's command occupied a position which cut Jackson off from the main body of the rebel army. There will doubtless be a sanguinary battle to-day. Porter's orders are to move his Corps on Centreville without delay.

I started with an orderly. It was pitchy dark—so dark that I couldn't see my horse's ears—and I presently found I had wandered from the road. The orderly knew nothing, or was stupid from sleepiness, so that in endeavoring to retrieve I found myself entangled in thickets, and then wandering through the half-decayed villages of log-huts built by the rebels during their first occupation. As I got out of one of these desolate encampments I fell into another, and began to suspect I was wandering in circles, which frequently happens to people bewildered or benighted. I at length dismounted, and feeling the road got out into the open plain, where the still smouldering fires of the recent destruction served to guide me. I found no troops here, and it was broad daylight when I reached Porter's quarters at Bristoe. Entering his tent I found the handsome General lying on his cot, covered with a blanket of imitation leopard skin.

At his request I lit a candle and read the message, then handed it to him. While he coolly read it over I noted the time by his watch, which marked five o'clock and twenty minutes precisely. He then proceeded to dress himself, and continued to question me in regard to the location of the different commands and the general situation. As I was but imperfectly informed myself I could only give vague and general replies to his queries. We believed Jackson separated from the main army of Lee by a day's march at least; and General Pope desired to throw all his disposable force upon him and crush him before Lee came up. The troops were immediately ordered to cook breakfast and prepare for the march.

Meanwhile the head-quarters breakfast had been served, and I sat down with the Staff officers to partake. The General, who was busy writing dispatches on the corner of the same table, looked up and asked, How do you spell "chaos?" I spelled the word letter by letter c-h-a-o-s. He thanked me, and observed, smiling, that, by a singular lapse of memory, he often forgot the spelling of the most familiar words. Completing his dispatch he folded it, and asked if any of us had letters we wished to send to Washington. I gladly embraced the opportunity to hand in a letter to my wife, written in pencil and kept ready. The General then remarked that he had daily communication with Washington, and they made frequent and anxious inquiries after General Pope there, having heard nothing from him lately. He said further that he would inform General Banks of the condition of affairs. Banks I understood was still behind him toward Warrenton Junction, guarding the railroad trains of stores, which were cut off by the destruction

of the bridges. The conversation was closed by the boom of a distant gun.

I immediately took leave and started back to general head-quarters. The road was now lined with wagons, stragglers, and droves of cattle, all moving northward. From time to time at long intervals the cannon sounded, but no heavy firing yet. Arrived at Bull Run I found our camp broken up; but meeting with Lieutenant-Colonel Myers I was informed that the enemy had developed in great force near Centreville, and I must seek the General in that direction. Riding rapidly forward I found the General and Staff grouped around a house on the heights of Centreville, observing a fight which was going on some five or six miles distant in the direction of the old Bull Run battlefield. The fight was evidently thickening and extending, as could be seen by the white cumulus clouds hanging over the batteries, and the long lines of thinner smoke rising above the tree-tops.

We could furthermore see the moving dust-clouds, indicating the march of supporting columns all converging toward the centre of action. The line of the Bull Run Mountains was visible beyond and from Thoroughfare Gap, which appeared to the right of the battle-cloud. We could see the dust and reciprocal artillery-fire of our retreating and the enemy's advancing forces. Between eleven and twelve o'clock I was standing with Colonel Beckwith and commenting on these movements, when I learned that this was probably Longstreet's command forcing back Ricketts's Division from the Gap, which he had attempted to hold. I was afterward informed it was an artillery duel between the cavalry forces of Stuart and Buford.

The anxiously-expected order to mount was at length given, and we rode rapidly by the Warrenton turnpike toward the field of battle. Hundreds of stragglers were toiling along the hot and dusty road, apparently actuated by the desire of rejoining their regiments in the engagement, while hundreds of others were shamelessly skulking, plundering, cooking, or sleeping by the way-side. At every house and under every convenient shade parties of these *tricotears* were picking chickens, roasting corn, and making themselves comfortable generally—neither orders, threats, nor scorn had the slightest effect on these recreant hogs. We at length saw quite a large body of men approaching us unarmed and marching in a disorderly manner. I was quite shocked at this apparition, and perceived by their countenances that others were equally bewildered. General Pope halted the column, and in a stern voice demanded what this meant? He was answered that they were prisoners taken by Jackson at Manassas Junction, now liberated on parole, and returning home. There were between five and six hundred, chiefly made up of officers having had charge of the supplies at Manassas, with their train of clerks, assistants, sutlers, invalids, and bummers. There were mutual recognitions be-

tween them and individuals of our cavalcade, and in passing they cheered, hoping that we would make a finish of Jackson this time.

As we approached the field the pounding of the guns was tremendous, but as we were ascending the last hill that rose between us and the magnificent drama, and just beginning to snuff the sulphurous breath of battle, a Staff officer from Sigel (I think) rode up to General Pope and reported that the ammunition was failing. Immediately the General turned to me: "Captain, ride back to Centreville and hurry up all the ammunition you can find there!" I felt for a moment disgusted and mutinous, but I could not dispute the importance of my mission, so I sullenly drew rein and galloped back over the hot and dusty road. Amidst the vast accumulation of vehicles and baggage-trains at Centreville I should have had great difficulty in finding the wagons I was in search of, had I not fortunately fallen in with Lieutenant-Colonel Myers, of M'Dowell's Corps, who seemed to be always on hand in an emergency. With his assistance in a marvelously short time I got between twenty-five and thirty wagons started in the proper direction: and then, by his invitation, stopped to swallow a cup of coffee and a hasty lunch. Observing a considerable body of well-equipped troops lying here apparently idle, I expressed astonishment, and inquired the cause of it. The answer was expressed evasively, but with some bitterness: "There are officers here to-day who would be doing themselves far more credit by marching to the battle-field than by lying idle and exciting disaffection by doubts, sneering criticism, and open abuse of the Commander-in-Chief."

I followed my wagons until I had got them clear of Centreville and in a full trot down the turnpike; I then dug spurs into my mare's flanks, and in the shortest time possible returned to the great centre of interest. I found the General and Staff grouped around a large pine-tree which stood solitary on the crest of an open hill, overlooking our whole line of battle. The summit immediately in our front was occupied by a line of batteries, some thirty or forty pieces, blazing and fuming like furnaces. Behind these a fine brigade of Reno's command lay resting on their arms. To their right stood Heintzelman, with the divisions of Hooker and Kearney, whose musketry kept up a continuous roar. Supporting the left of this line of guns was Sigel, also sharply engaged with small-arms. On an open bluff still further to the left, and on the opposite side of the valley traversed by the Warrenton turnpike, lay Schenck's Division, which had been a good deal cut up, and was not actively engaged at this moment. The dry grass which covered the hill he occupied had taken fire, and was burning rapidly, occasionally obscuring that portion of the field with its smoke. Beyond him, on the extreme left of our line, General Reynolds, with the Pennsylvania Reserves, lay masked from the enemy by a wood. The enemy's position can only be

known by the smoke of his guns, for all his troops and batteries are concealed by the wood. He occupies strong lines on a plateau and along an unfinished railroad embankment, which is equal to a regularly intrenched line. He fights stubbornly, and has thus far resisted all our efforts to dislodge him. The General relies on the advance of M'Dowell and Porter to crush him, and we are in momentary expectation of hearing their guns. The shot and shells of the enemy directed at the batteries in our front render this position rather uncomfortable, as they are continually screeching over our heads, or plowing the gravelly surface with an ugly rasping whir, that makes one's flesh creep.

I remarked two of the battery horses on the left performing some singular gymnastics. A shell struck the span and burst between them. They then commenced hopping around and bowing at each other, like two over-polite Frenchmen, and having made several circles in this way, they fell plunging and rolling over each other, then rose again to perform the same tour of gymnastics. This continued for ten minutes, and I was glad at last to see the poor creatures lying quiet. Going up to them I found them both stone-dead, the shell having carried away the fore-leg of one and the hind-leg of the other close to the body.

Our efforts to carry the wood in front having thus far failed, I was sent to General Reno with orders that he should throw forward the division lying in reserve to support the attack of Heintzelman's troops. The order was promptly and gallantly executed, the troops moving in beautiful order and with admirable spirit. I accompanied the advance until they passed our guns beyond the summit, and remained there admiring until the troops, moving down a fine open slope, reached the edge of the wood. The enemy was pelting away industriously from his wooded strong-hold, and the air was lively with singing bullets. For half an hour or more the roar of musketry was unceasing. At length Reno in person reported to the General, and stated that he had failed to carry the wood. Simultaneously with his return our position was so sharply raked with shot and shell that the General withdrew a short distance to the right, establishing himself on the verge of a wood.

At this crisis there seemed to be a giving way of Sigel's troops on the centre, they breaking and running down the hill by twos and threes at first, and presently by tens and dozens. An officer was dispatched to check this movement, and succeeded in doing so. At the same time large bodies of troops were seen moving forward out of a wood and across some open ground on our extreme left. I was ordered to ride over and ascertain what troops these were—the General evidently supposing or hoping it might be Porter's command, as it was looked for in that direction. I rode to the point, probably a mile and a half distant, and found it was Reynolds with the Pennsylvania Reserves, changing his position for one nearer the enemy,



NO SKULKING.

but still masked by a forest. I delivered General Pope's order, which was "not to show his men yet." He explained to me that they were still concealed, but in a better position to strike when needed. Returning I was guided by some stragglers to a spring to the rear of Reynolds, and stopped to get a drink of water. While here I observed three shells consecutively falling and bursting in the field, coming from the direction of our left and rear. One of them fell within a hundred yards of me. I reported this circumstance to General Pope on my return, who did not vouchsafe reply or comment upon it, but one of the Staff officers said, "It is Porter feeling his way into position. He has been tardy, but may be still in time."

It was now about four o'clock when General Phil Kearney came in and received orders to attack and carry the disputed position at all hazards. He rode off promising to do so. While he was forming his troops for the advance it was thought necessary to pound the position with artillery. Reno, who was riding beside the Commanding General, remarked, "The wood is filled with the wounded of both armies." The Commander replied, "And yet the safety of this army and the nation demands their sacrifice, and the lives of thousands yet unwounded." After a moment's hesitation the necessity of the order was acquiesced in, and forty guns were opened upon the fatal wood. The artillerymen worked with a fiendish activity, and the sulphurous clouds which hung over the field were tinged with a hot coppery hue by the rays of the declining sun. Meanwhile Kearney had gone in, and the incessant roar of musketry resembled the noise of a cataract.

An hour later Kearney again appeared, and informed the General that the coveted position was carried. I stood beside him as he gave in his report, and while elated with the tidings he communicated admired the man as the finest specimen of the fighting soldier I had ever seen. With his small head surmounted by the regulation forage-cap, his thin face with its energetic

beck, his colorless eyes, glaring as it were with a white heat, his erect figure with the empty coat-sleeve pinned across his breast, down to the very point of his sabre, whose ragged leathern scabbard stuck out like a gaff, he looked the game-cock all over. His very voice had the resolute guttural cluck which characterizes that gallant fowl. His report was in substance, and very nearly in language, as follows: "General, I have at length carried the enemy's position. It was gallantly defended, and my loss has been awful, but that of the enemy has been at least three to one of mine. He made the most persistent and desperate efforts to dislodge me, rushing forward in columns ten or fifteen deep; but the steady fire of my lines, delivered at short range, mowed down these masses like grass. The ground we occupy and that in front of us is literally covered with their dead bodies; and now, General, I may state to you that my men have eaten little or nothing for two days, and I beg of you that supplies be sent to them, and that they may be relieved, at least temporarily, to enable them to take some refreshment." To which General Pope curtly answered that it was not in his power to grant either request.

Meanwhile M'Dowell in person arrived on the field, and reported the approach of his command. It is a relief to see him here, although it is too late for him to accomplish any thing decisive. While exchanging greetings with me M'Dowell looked toward the west, where the radiance of a rich golden sunset was breaking through the grim battle-clouds, illuminating the mingled glories and horrors of the hard-fought field. "Look," said he, "what a dramatic and magnificent picture! How tame are all Vernet's boasted battle-pieces in comparison with such a scene as this! Indeed, if an artist could successfully represent that effect it would be criticised as unreal and extravagant."

I warmed toward a man who amidst the dangers and responsibilities of the occasion could mark its passing beauties and sublimities. At

this point the two Generals, with their aids and escort, rode to the front to inspect the situation. On rising the hill occupied by the line of batteries we were exposed to a sharp fire both of artillery and musketry. Several cannon-shot plowed up the earth beneath our horses' feet, and we saw the musket-balls rapping upon the guns as we rode along. This showed the enemy still untamed, and became so annoying that the escort and most of the aids were ordered to retire behind the crest. Arriving on the ground, occupied by a battery of 20-pounder Parrotts which had been working very industriously and effectively all day, the Generals Pope and M'Dowell (with Sigel and Kearney, I believe), with their chief officers, formed a line on the right of the guns, and stood for some time reconnoitring the enemy's position. The battery was still working rapidly, and the enemy fighting back with equal spirit, when one of the guns burst, throwing off a heavy fragment of the muzzle, which described an arc immediately over the heads of the line of officers and fell with a thud, just clearing the last man and horse; two feet lower and it would have swept off the whole party. I had remarked since we came over that the ammunition used seemed miserably and dangerously defective; nearly all the shells bursting prematurely, and several so close to the muzzles of the pieces as to endanger the artillerymen. I am told one of the battery officers was thus wounded.

We remained on this hill until after sunset, when the firing gradually ceased. When it became quite dark there was a beautiful pyrotechnical display about a mile distant on our left, and near the Warrenton turnpike, occasioned by a collision of King's Division of M'Dowell's Corps with the enemy's right. The sparkling lines of musketry shone in the darkness like fire-flies in a meadow, while the more brilliant flashes of artillery might have been mistaken for swamp meteors. This show continued for an hour, the advancing and receding fires indicating distinctly the surging of the battle tide; and all this time not the slightest sound either of small-arms or artillery was perceptible. It seemed at length that the fire of the enemy's line began to extend and thicken, while ours wavered and fell back, but still continued the contest. Between eight and nine o'clock it ceased entirely, and we returned to our head-quarters station, where we picketed our horses and prepared to pass the night beside a camp-fire.

In discussing the events of the day with the officers I am enabled to make up a summary of our operations more satisfactory and complete than obtained from my own necessarily partial observations.

The force of thirty-five thousand men under M'Dowell, which should have marched between Jackson's and Lee's main army, instead of coming into action in a body seems to have been scattered all over the country, divisions and brigades engaged here and there, as if by acci-

dent; but the main body not getting on to the decisive field until after dark, too late to accomplish any thing. We had, therefore, fought the action with the Corps of Sigel, Heintzelman, Reno, and the Pennsylvania Reserves, aggregating less than twenty-five thousand men, about equal to the force of the enemy. We have pounded Jackson severely indeed, but have not destroyed him—a result hoped for, and essential to our ultimate success. But for the failure of M'Dowell and Porter to reach the field we should certainly have destroyed Jackson. We don't know the reason of M'Dowell's delay, as no one doubts either his zeal or his courage, and his relations with the Commander-in-Chief are as usual friendly and confidential. Porter, who received the order carried by myself (this morning at sunrise) to move on Centreville, and a second order at Manassas, turning his course toward Groveton, has showed no disposition to assist in the fight at all, but has lain quietly in sight and hearing of the battle all the afternoon. His conduct is indignantly denounced, and there is some talk of a summary arrest.

Some are of opinion that we have gained a decisive victory as it is, and that Jackson will retreat under cover of the darkness, or if he remains we will easily demolish him in the morning. Others insist that we have suffered quite as severely as the enemy in the day's operations, and that by to-morrow morning he will be reinforced by the whole Southern army. This is Colonel Lewis Marshall's opinion, and notwithstanding my sanguine temper, when I remember that significant dust-cloud retrograding from Thoroughfare Gap toward this field, observed this morning from the heights of Centreville, I don't see how it can be otherwise. Nevertheless, let those that are jubilant enjoy themselves till morning, while I, who have been in the saddle since three o'clock A.M., will enjoy my damp flinty couch as sweetly as if it were a spring mattress.

August 30, Saturday.—Fair and warm. Rose feeling fresh and vigorous, and begged a breakfast from some troopers of the escort, who seemed to have abundance. They have established a hospital in a house at the foot of the hill, and we can hear distinctly the outcries of the wounded in the hands of the surgeons. I heard them all night, but supposed it was only our mules and horses making a disturbance.

The enemy holds his ground in front of us with as much tenacity as ever. Whether Kearney fell back to ration his troops and was driven back I don't know, but we no longer hold the position carried at such cost yesterday afternoon. We have repeated information that there are bodies of cavalry, and even batteries, menacing our rear by both flanks, but the General takes little note of the reports, and still believes, or affects to believe, that the enemy is retreating.

There is nevertheless sharp practice going on in front both with small-arms and artillery. I was sent forward with a message to General

Ricketts (who, falling back from Thoroughfare Gap, was now in position on our extreme right), ordering him to advance his division and feel the enemy cautiously. I crossed a field where there was some heavy shelling from the enemy's batteries, and found General Ricketts and Staff dismounted standing in the edge of a wood on the farther side. As I approached them I heard the angry "zip" of bullets whistling by my ears, and when about a hundred yards off the General called to me to dismount or I would be picked off by the rebel sharp-shooters, who lined the wood in front. I dismounted, and leading my horse up to the group delivered my message. General Ricketts seemed both surprised and annoyed, and asked if I could explain to him the motive of the order, and if it was imperative? I replied, that General Pope was under the impression the enemy was retreating. Ricketts then asked, "Upon what information General Pope relied for this opinion?" I was unable to inform him. He then told me that he had already felt the enemy, and had been repulsed by infantry *en masse* and three batteries of heavy guns posted so as to command the further verge of the wood. That, so far from retreating, the enemy had been strongly reinforced, and was pressing him so heavily that he was not even sure of being able to maintain himself. He requested me to tell General Pope that, under these circumstances, he did not deem it advisable to advance unless the order was peremptory—in that case he would go in, with a certainty, however, of having his division cut to pieces.

I rode off, putting my mare to her mettle to balk the sharp-shooters, who were spitefully spitting at every thing that showed itself; but before I had cleared the open ground I was recalled by an orderly of General Ricketts. Returning to the position, I found General Duryea, just in from the skirmish line, with a severe wound in the hand. His statement fully confirmed Ricketts's views, and I immediately reported what I had seen and heard to General Pope. As he received it in silence, I asked if I should return to General Ricketts with further orders? He hesitated a moment, and then said: "No! let it go so." For some time after the General walked to and fro, smoking and anxiously engaged in solving the difficult problem involved in the contradictory evidence he was continually receiving.

After a while M'Dowell came in, and they spent the morning together under a tree apparently waiting for the enemy to retreat. Meanwhile Porter, in answer to a peremptory order, had reported at head-quarters, and was posted with his command on the front and centre to lead the proposed attack. It was now about three in the afternoon, and the day had thus far been spent in indecisive skirmishes with small-arms, occasional bursts of artillery, and the disposal and manœuvring of our forces.

Suddenly there was an order to horse, and the Staff moved rapidly across the valley, trav-

ersed by the Warrenton turnpike, and halted on an eminence behind our left, and overlooking the road for some distance with the positions occupied by our troops on that wing. As we moved the thunder of a dozen batteries announced that the battle had commenced in a new direction. The mass of our troops, now visible, seemed to be formed in the hollow along Young's Branch and the turnpike toward Groveton, while our artillery, with supports, occupied the high ground on either side. On a ridge fronting us we could see the enemy's artillery busily engaged. The old line, formed by Sigel, Reno, Heintzelman, and Ricketts, was still held, but was only partially visible to us. Porter's Corps, supported by M'Dowell's, was leading the assault, and it was expected that his complete failure to do any thing yesterday would stimulate him to extraordinary efforts to-day.

As the fight progressed it seemed as if the enemy's fire prevailed, and was approaching on our left and turning our position. Observing the enemy's line of guns on the ridge described I saw an officer riding rapidly from gun to gun, apparently delivering orders, for as he passed along the guns were consecutively withdrawn. I called General Pope's attention to this manœuvre, and suggested that the enemy seemed to be retiring in that direction. He exclaimed quickly, "They are taking away their guns, at any rate; but we will not let them escape." A few moments after, the General's attention being engaged in another direction, I saw the enemy in two strong lines of battle moving over the ridge lately occupied by the guns, and advancing rapidly down the slope toward us; at the same time a battery of light artillery appeared moving at full speed to support their attack. This I immediately pointed out to the General, who seemed surprised, and, for the first time during the campaign, showed strong excitement. It was evident that these lines were marked by our artillery, for we could see the shell striking, bursting, and rending them continually, but in no way checking their advance or disturbing their steady order. Reaching the base of the hill they seemed to halt for a time, while the storm of musketry continued to advance rapidly on our left. During this period we were standing near the ruins of a farm-house, and for a time I was the only officer with the General, all the rest being engaged in carrying orders and messages to different parts of the field.

At length some of the troops composing Sigel's left, under General Schenck, began to give way, and a regiment breaking in panic ran down the hill in full view. The stragglers to the rear from all the centre of our line became momentarily more numerous, and on the main turnpike formed a continuous stream, mixed with ambulances, artillery-wagons, and horsemen. At this crisis I was ordered to ride with all speed to General Heintzelman on our extreme right, and bring over Ricketts's Division at a double-quick to support our left, which

seemed to be rapidly crumbling under the enemy's attacks. I found Heintzelman, who said that Ricketts already occupied a most important position, and could not be safely withdrawn; adding that the Pennsylvania Reserves were disengaged, and I should take them. I had last seen these troops on our extreme left, but found General Reynolds behind our centre, where Reno lay yesterday morning. I delivered the order to him, pointing out the ground he was to occupy, and started back to advise General Pope of the change.

As I recrossed the field the view was awfully discouraging. Not only did the mob of fugitives cover the Centreville road, but organized regiments of infantry, full batteries, and troops of cavalry, in full retreat, impeded my progress, while the hill-sides and by-roads were filled with parties carrying off wounded men in their arms, in blankets, on stretchers, and in every devisable manner. We had been fighting with our line of battle formed like a V, with the advanced angle on the Warrenton road. It seemed for the time that this projecting angle had been entirely crushed, and the débris was streaming back toward Centreville. The right wing, however, I had just left cool and intact, while our left was still maintaining itself with heroic efforts. The enemy seemed to be directing his whole power against us there, attack following attack with ceaseless rapidity, each renewal bringing him nearer and nearer to the extreme left of our line, now resting on Bull Run. When I got back to the position where I had left the Commander he was gone. The whole hill was under a storm of fire, and there was nothing in sight but one or two dead horses, several solitary fugitives, and a cavalry horse whose fore-foot had been carried away by a cannon-shot, and who was bleeding from a bullet wound in the face, probably inflicted by his late rider in a humane attempt to kill him. This wretched beast probably belonged to the Staff escort, as he saluted me with an agonized groan, and hobbled after me for some distance.

I rode to and fro for some time without being able to find the Commander or our line of battle. During this time I met Colonel Clarke, of Banks's Staff, who told me he thought General Pope had ridden back toward the Warrenton road; but as the accumulating roar of battle seemed approaching from the opposite direction I preferred to seek him there. Riding toward the left I found our line of infantry falling back under a heavy fire, and showing a tendency to disorganize. A line of Staff officers, with the escort cavalry, was formed behind with drawn sabres, driving back skulkers, among whom I observed about as many officers as privates. Among the most active in this service I recognized Major Meline, and feeling relieved that I had at length found my place I joined him with a will. Among others we halted a battery which was trotting off. The officer said his ammunition was spent, and he moved off

to save his guns. I ordered him to put his battery in position and fire blank cartridges, if he had nothing more, for the moral effect. For the rest, the battle was not lost, and his guns were as safe here as at Centreville. He unlimbered, admitting that he had powder and half a dozen rounds of canister. Good! that half a dozen rounds may secure us the victory. On my way over I had met an officer sent by General Sumner, seeking General Pope to report the arrival of Sumner's and Franklin's Corps at Centreville. When I met the General I repeated this message to him, to which he replied, with scornful tone and gesture, "Why at Centreville?"

At the same time there was a magnificent combat going on in sight of the whole army, where a portion of Schenck's Division, the Pennsylvania Reserves, and Towers's Brigade, met the enemy's attack on the ground which yesterday was occupied by the extreme left of our line. The enemy's advance was checked, and our left wing, although forced back some distance, still showed an unbroken and menacing front, covering the main road to Centreville and the retreat of all our vehicles, spent batteries, and wounded. The brilliant conduct of the troops mentioned was cheered by all who witnessed it, and from that period the tremor ceased, and I observed no more wavering in our lines.

A division under Reno had been withdrawn from the centre and lay in reserve behind us. The fine appearance and firm attitude of these troops, with the smiling countenance of their splendid leader, served to dispel all remaining apprehension of a disgraceful rout, which for a time seemed imminent. The Staff was again grouped around the Commander, and we took position with Reno's Division, still under a bitter fire of artillery, the air shuddering with all the varied pandemoniac notes of shell, round shot, grape, rusty spikes, and segments of railroad bars. This continued until about sunset, when the signal was given for Reno to advance. His troops, which had been massed in squares, now deployed, and advanced beautifully in two lines of battle. When they reached the edge of the wood in front the roll of musketry commenced swelling higher and higher, until it resembled the stunning roar of Niagara. Our line, with the smoke of its fire, covered the enemy from our view, but his advance could be understood by the musket-balls, which struck upon the open ground in front, throwing up little clouds of dust, first striking just behind our men, and then advancing toward us like the big rain-drops pattering on a dusty street, until we perceived ourselves enveloped in the shower, the leaden drops striking among and beyond us. We could not hear their singing for the stunning noise in front, but an occasional hit showed the quality of their metal. I saw a ball strike the shoe of the horse standing next to mine, glancing without inflicting a hurt, but causing the animal to snort and stamp violent-

ly. I saw General Elliot, during one of these showers, suddenly turn and ride to the rear. It was reported that he was wounded, and he returned presently with his wrist bound up, covering a slight wound, which did not withdraw him from the ground.

As the enemy's infantry would fall back repulsed these insidiously fatal showers would cease, and the more appalling but really less dangerous storm of artillery would recommence, while Reno took advantage of the lull to change the position of his lines—the first line retiring, and the second advancing by right of companies, threading through and re-forming each on the ground just occupied by the other. This pretty manœuvre was repeated a number of times, with a coolness and accuracy that would have been applauded on a parade-ground; and as often as the enemy hurled his columns upon our position he met a bloody repulse from the steady fire of these veterans. I do not remember how many attacks were thus repulsed, but am under the impression there were four or five, and perhaps more. The enemy must have suffered severely here. Our loss was trifling, as I saw very few men fall and very few wounded carried to the rear.

The sun set in a sea of fiery-red clouds, and with the approaching darkness the sounds of musketry ceased, and the enemy fell back, leaving Reno in possession of the hotly-contested point. The enemy's artillery still kept up its fire, and as it grew darker their aim seemed to grow better, for half a dozen consecutive shots struck among the Staff and escort, throwing dirt over horses and riders. A message was sent to the commanders on the right and centre ordering them to fall back and form a new line conforming with the position of the left.

Colonel Ruggles, chief of Staff, was called on to write an order for one of the commanders, but it was so dark that it was found necessary to strike a light. The matches and the candle were produced, and several attempts were made to light it, but no sooner was a match struck and encircled in the hand to nurse the blue, budding flame than a cannon-shot (with a whirl like an old-fashioned spinning-wheel) would strike the ground within a few feet of the bearer, and down would go match, candle, and all. After changing position and failing in half a dozen attempts, the writing was abandoned and a verbal order sent.

I was called on to find General Sigel and conduct him in person to the Commander. It was pitch dark, and no one knew where Sigel was, and I started off to wander God knows where, in a country totally unknown to me, and on as hopeless a service as could be well imagined. I moved to the right, passing a deserted farm-house and through an orchard, and presently heard some jabbering which I thought sounded like a foreign language. Following the sound I rode up to a group of men, and to my great relief and satisfaction recognized the German tongue. I inquired for General Sigel,

and a soldier, answering in broken English, offered to conduct me to him.

I found Sigel and Schurz, with their Staffs, in the centre of what seemed to me an unorganized crowd of a hundred and fifty or two hundred men. Whether there were other troops in line I could not see on account of the darkness. I delivered my message to General Sigel, who seemed very reluctant to obey, declaring that if he left the ground his command would be mismanaged, or perhaps take advantage of his absence to retreat. General Carl Schurz also protested, saying it was impossible for General Sigel to leave. I told him the order was important and peremptory, and that General Pope was only a few hundred yards distant, and I would speedily conduct him to the spot. He at length agreed to go, leaving Schurz in command, ordering him to stand his ground, and addressing some encouraging words to the troops to the same purpose—all of which being in good German I understood imperfectly. At the conclusion the men cheered, and within a few feet of me there was an explosion which threw my mare on her haunches, nearly causing her to throw a back somersault in her fright. I thought an immense shell from the enemy had burst in our midst, killing and wounding God knows how many, until I perceived them reloading a twenty-pound Parrott gun around which the party had been congregated.

With some difficulty I led Sigel over to Pope's position; as he followed through the darkness he would lose sight of me, and I would hear him calling, "Where are you, Captain? Where is General Pope?" Meanwhile I was reconnoitring to assure myself of the locality, and would lose Sigel. Pope had changed his position; but after half an hour's searching, and some good luck, I brought them together. On this ride I came upon the battery which Major Meline and myself had halted about 4 P.M. The Captain was still sullenly holding his position. I complimented him, and told him to withdraw to Centreville; but General Sigel countermanded the order, and told him to stand firm until he received orders from him to fall back.

When the Generals met Sigel proposed to hold his position, and seemed unwilling to leave the field; but the Commander issued his brief and peremptory order—"General Sigel will fall back on Centreville with his command, seeing that the movement is executed smoothly and with deliberation." Sigel bowed acquiescence and retired. General Reno was instructed to hold his position until every thing had left the field; then, acting as rear-guard, to retire slowly toward Centreville. General Pope then said to those about him, "If we could be of any further service I would remain, but as every thing is now arranged we will ride back to Centreville."

We rode in silence and darkness, the spiteful cannon-shot of the enemy still hurtling over our heads, following us for a mile or more. The

turnpike was crowded with the retiring army, moving in silence and in perfect order. Crossing Bull's Run near the site of the ruined bridge by a most difficult and tangled road, I became separated from the body of the Staff, and rode alone for several miles with Captain Drake Dekay. As we passed a ravine his horse fell heavily and rolled over him. I dismounted myself and halted two cavalry-men, who assisted me in dragging the horse from off the Captain's body. I thought for a moment he was dead, or fatally hurt; but he was only stunned, and with a little stimulus was soon sufficiently recovered to continue his ride.

We reached Centreville about ten o'clock, and after wandering about for an hour longer found head-quarters in a house near the main road. Pope, M'Dowell, and several other Generals, were there discussing the situation, while numerous junior officers were sleeping on the floors and porches, pillowed on saddles or upturned chairs, belted, booted, and spurred, deliciously unconscious of present, past, or future. I tethered my mare to a tree in the yard, stole an armful of hay from the horse of a cavalryman hard by (soothing my conscience with the reflection that he had probably stolen it from some one else), and then joined my comrades on the floor.

August 31, Sunday.—Raining. My sleep last night was broken by the continual coming and going of officers and orderlies with reports and messages, with occasional discussions of recent events, which exhibited excitement and a good deal of bad feeling. General Pope stated that he had available in the late battles but fifty-seven thousand men, of which he had lost eight or nine thousand killed and wounded, with about as many more stragglers, seven thousand of whom had been arrested and held at Centreville. This left him not over forty thousand men for the final struggle at Groveton. Reno held his position until ten o'clock last night, and until every thing had retired. He then fell back undisturbed. Our dead, with several thousand of our wounded, are left upon the field, and we have lost about twenty pieces of cannon.

Personally I was dispirited, disgusted, and fatigued. A runaway Zouave had stolen my mare during the night, but John, with the assistance of Colonel Smith's man George, had recognized and rescued her. This piece of good luck, with a cup of coffee furnished by John, and two biscuits I purchased from the housewife for a silver quarter, so revived my spirits that I heard the opening cannon with a glow of vindictive pleasure. With our concentrated forces, and the fresh troops under Sumner and Franklin which joined us here, in all between sixty and seventy thousand men (officially 63,000), I felt assured we could maintain ourselves against any attempt of the enemy to follow up his successes, and perhaps retrieve gloriously the disasters of yesterday. After a few shots these sounds died away, and with them the hopeful excitement of a renewal of the

struggle. The enemy's cavalry had simply showed itself in front, without making any demonstration toward an attack.

Centreville is an insignificant village on the highest point of a ridge which commands an extensive view over the plain country in every direction. The height is strongly fortified with earth-works in detached redoubts, redans, and lines of rifle-pits, commanding all approaches. From all the slopes for a mile or two around the forest had been cleared, and the ground is now clothed with thickets of a year's growth. Our army lay massed upon the summit and eastern slope of this ridge—battered and foiled, but still in unbroken power and spirits. The stern desolation of war was visible in every living face or inanimate object that met the eye. There were the weed-grown battlements and the decayed huts of its former occupants furnishing shelter and fuel for present needs. Dead animals, swelled with recent corruption, lay among the whitening bones that marked the scene of many a feast of buzzards during the past year; while the dead soldiers of the hour, scarcely cold in their gory vestments, were hastily hidden in shallow graves beside the mouldy sepulchres. Thus the hopes and fears, the glories and sufferings, of each passing generation wax and perish, and the next sweeps over them, treading careless and unconscious on the forgotten dust which was once their living counterpart, and which they will soon resemble, to be trodden over and forgotten by the next comers. But few were mindful of these things, for all were intent on relieving the little necessities of the hour, and thought for food and rest took precedence of philosophy and sentiment.

There was a little by-play in the great drama which I could not witness without a smile. About two hundred carriages came out from Washington freighted with Government employés and citizen volunteers to assist in taking care of the wounded. The effect of this dapper procession of shining city hacks, with its lading of clean-washed, neatly-dressed, unsunned, and innocent-faced civilians wedged in among the mud-clogged, powder-blackened, blood-stained vehicles of war, and the grim, sun-browned, rugged, and ragged campaigners, was strange at first, and then the appalled countenances and unspeakable helplessness of these kind-hearted volunteers became entirely ludicrous—unable to find a convenient dining-saloon most of them returned to the city the same day. Guards had been stationed on the main roads to Washington with orders to arrest all who attempted to pass toward the city without permits. Fearing that some martinet might be in command, I was ordered to ride back to Fairfax Court House to instruct all such guards to allow free passage to ambulances and other vehicles carrying sick and wounded.

I started on my way attended by my man John on his steed lately captured at the Junction.

As I rode I heard guns from that direction which indicated that Banks's Corps was attacked; but from the peculiar intonations and mushroom-shaped clouds of white smoke I concluded they were destroying ammunition and stores for which they had not sufficient transportation. This surmise turned out to be correct.

I was also warned that parties of rebel cavalry were on the road between us and Washington; but the continuous stream of stragglers afoot and on horseback, the numerous vehicles (among which were many of the hacks alluded to), all tending in that direction, convinced me that there could be no foundation for the rumor. Within two miles of the Court House I stopped to question some soldiers in regard to an encampment near the road, and ascertained it was that of the Fourth New Jersey of the Alexandria Seminary memory, now commanded by Colonel Hatch. I called and was hospitably treated by the Colonel and the regimental surgeon Osborne, who gave me claret and sugar cakes.

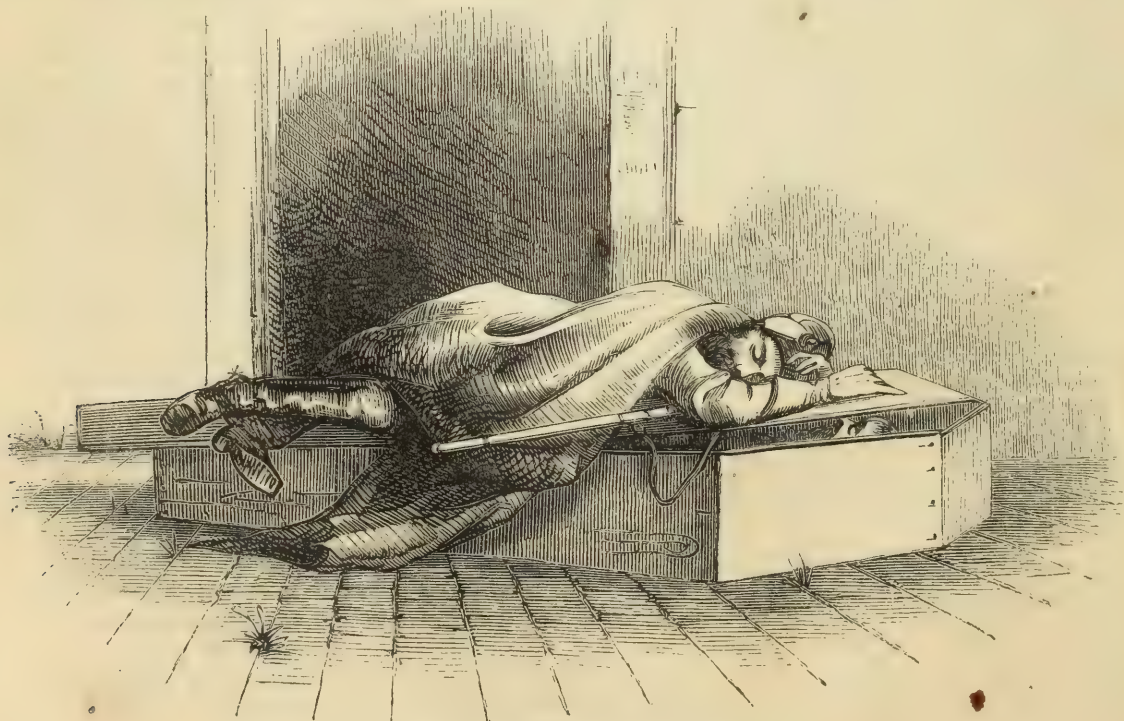
At Fairfax I found a Major with six companies of infantry doing guard duty. I delivered the instructions and found the Major a very intelligent soldier. He suggested that the line of ambulances should be turned to Burke's Station, when the wounded could be conveyed to Alexandria by the cars, and then the ambulances could return immediately for a fresh freight; whereas, by driving all the way to Alexandria, as they were now doing, a day's travel was added to their labors, and many of them would probably not return. I approved the suggestion, and did not hesitate to order it on my own responsibility. The Major then referred to the rumors of rebel cavalry in the neighborhood, and suggested that a cavalry

force should be sent there to protect the station.

At the moment Major M'Gee, with his squadron of the Third Virginia, rode up and informed us he had been ordered to the point in question. I advised the Major, in case this post was attacked, to throw his men into the houses and defend it to the last extremity. He promised to do so. Having attended to my duties I left John to watch the horses grazing in the Court House yard, and went myself into the vestibule of the building to sleep. Seeing a long pine box there I stretched myself upon it. A sentinel stepped up and informed me that the box contained the body of a Colonel. Looking through an opening I saw the ghastly features of the dead officer. I felt no loathing, but rather a sentiment of friendly respect—a glow of pride in our brotherhood; so I told the sentinel we would not disturb each other, and returned to my sleep.

After an hour's rest I rode back to Centreville, finding every thing there muddy, damp, and dejected. General Pope had sent a flag asking permission to remove our wounded from the field. The request had been granted, and parties were now over the lines fulfilling that duty, which I heard with a feeling of relief.

The head-quarters camp was located near the Fairfax road, and about two miles east of Centreville. But a portion of the tents were pitched, and these were all crowded by the chiefs and juniors, who showed no disposition to share their accommodations with such as got in late. To increase my vexation I had a guest in Captain Devin, Assistant Quartermaster, who called to ask hospitality. It was raining, and I had no shelter to offer him. We tied our horses to a post, and spreading a blanket over the side-ropes of a tent, made a



DEATH AND HIS BROTHER SLEEP.

common bed, and crept into our sloppy and mouldy lair, on my part in so bitter a humor that I felt neither hunger nor cold.

While endeavoring to compose myself to sleep I was disturbed by Major Meline. A frequent interchange of little courtesies had made the Major's voice pleasant to me. This time he handed me a letter from my wife, and to read it I entered one of the tents where a light was burning. Some of the junior aids were lunching on hard bread and sardines. One, having just mixed a tinfal of toddy, handed it, requesting me to take a drink. I put it to my lips, and presently returned the empty cup. I think I detected rather a blank expression in some of the attendant faces at the persistent continuity of my swig; but their hospitality was not dishonored—the cup refilled, and I invited to dip into the sardine-box. The letter, the toddy, and the supper had cleared the damp humors that beclouded my spirits; we talked merrily for an hour, and I returned to my lair in a happier mood than when I left it. Sleeping under the tent-ropes is not so hard after all.

September 1, Monday.—Clear and warm. I was aroused at 3 o'clock this morning to carry a message to General Sumner, ordering him to make a reconnoissance in force toward Chantilly, on the Little River turnpike, it being apprehended that the enemy was moving on that road to turn our right flank.

I started with an orderly, and having very imperfect directions, wandered for two hours through the camps around Centreville without being able to find the General. Inquiries were in vain, as all the world was asleep except the sentinels, and I never had the fortune to find one of these camp-guards who knew any thing about any thing or any body. Some time after daylight I found the quarters of General David Birney, and from him received directions which enabled me to find Sumner, who lay but a short distance off. I flushed his Staff in a tent, and by one of his aids was conducted to a closed ambulance, which I had passed and repassed a dozen times within the hour. This was the sleeping-apartment of the veteran commander, to whom I delivered the message with which I was charged, and then returning to head-quarters, got some breakfast with Devin. He informs me that all the railroad trains behind Bristoe, with their lading (including a hundred and fifty thousand rations) had been destroyed, it being impossible to get them over the burned bridges. Banks's Corps had been withdrawn from Manassas Junction, and lay beside Bull Run. We heard some cannonading in the direction of the Little River road, which means, doubtless, that Sumner's reconnoitring force has found the enemy. Our camp was soon broken up, and the General with his Staff rode over to Sumner's quarters. While he tarried there in conversation I took the opportunity of visiting General Birney, with whom I had an interesting conversation on the military

and political situation. Birney had a brigade in Kearney's Division, was of course lately from the Peninsula, and on Friday took part in the splendid attack by which Kearney carried the enemy's position.

I expressed the opinion to Birney that we would not remain at Centreville for twelve hours longer. Half an hour after, on ascending the summit to reconnoitre the country toward Groveton, I saw, not the army of Lee, but a vast storm-cloud rolling rapidly toward us. I remembered my former vaticination, and accepted the omen as a certainty.

Where a man is living in peace and security, and can count with reasonable certainty on dining at a named hour and on prearranged dishes every day for a fortnight ahead, he is prone to imagine that he controls his own destinies, becomes conceited, and despises signs and omens.

But the poor soldier, whose life is a series of hazards and changes, who never knows what a day or an hour may bring forth, engulfed in a maelstrom of events and accidents, must naturally seek support and direction in his acknowledged helplessness. So the mighty Cæsar planned wars and campaigns by observing the flight of crows and the color of chicken gizzards. Napoleon the Great was always harping on destiny, and pointing at a star which others could not see. When of yore I sat under my own vine and fig-tree, the rising thunder-clouds suggested nothing but an umbrella; to-day I can read on the shadowy scroll the movements and destinies of armies.

We fled to General Smith's head-quarters to seek shelter from the swashing hurricane which burst over us. Throwing my rein to an orderly in a gum coat I took refuge in a tent, upon a half permission of its inmates. The rain poured down with extraordinary fury, accompanied with claps of thunder that put our 20-pounders to shame. In the midst of it I perceived the General Staff mount and take the road to Fairfax. Reluctantly enough I was forced to follow. We were going to camp at Fairfax Court House, while the General remained at Centreville. I was soon drenched to the skin, despite of my gum cape, while my shoes and leather leggings were filled with water.

When about two miles from our starting-point we overtook General Heintzelman and Staff, and all together stopped to listen to the rapid fire of musketry and artillery on our left, and apparently not very distant. While here a Staff officer rode up, reporting the death of General Stevens, and ordering Heintzelman to send Grover's Brigade across to support Reno, who was sharply engaged with the enemy on the Little River road. Heintzelman said that Grover's Brigade had got too far ahead to be recalled, and, moreover, it would be impossible for him to get his artillery back, as the only practicable road was blocked up for an indefinite distance with wagons in triple lines, and for the most part abandoned by their drivers,



TEAMSTERS.

who, as usual, had fled on the first suggestion of danger. An officer was called for to return to General Pope with this message. As no one answered I volunteered, and rode back to Centreville through the mud and darkness, which were intense.

I found the General where we had left him, at General Smith's quarters, and at supper. This was a lucky chance which I did not fail to take advantage of. A short time afterward the General, followed by several officers and his escort, rode toward Fairfax Court House. The way was wearisome in the extreme; and I must have fallen asleep in my saddle but for the continual broils with parties of bummers and teamsters who were encamped and making good cheer all along the road.

Instead of pushing on with their trains these miserable creatures had blocked up the whole line between Centreville and Fairfax Court House with their teams, and then abandoned them for the purpose of resting and refreshing themselves—thus jeopardizing not only the property in their charge but the safety of the army. The General, followed by his officers and escort with drawn sabres, dashed over these untimely bivouacs, trampling out the fires, upsetting the half-cooked mess, and lathering right and left with the flat of their swords, not caring for an occasional scrape with the edge. I took no part in these onslaughts; for, while I recognized the necessity of peremptory and extreme measures,

I had not the heart to spoil the suppers which the poor devils doubtless needed. But the teamster is the standing butt of the army—not belonging to the fighting organizations, he is out of range of their sympathy, and is abused as a coward, a thief, a drunkard, and universal miscreant. Men are too apt to acquiesce in the positions assigned them by their fellows; yet I have known some worthy and faithful men among them, and have always had a lurking sympathy for army mules and teamsters as the most abused and oppressed of men and beasts.

As we approached Fairfax overtaxed nature claimed her dues, and there is an hiatus in my memory of uncertain duration. When I recovered my consciousness I was sitting on my horse alone in the streets of the village. Near me was a blazing fire, around which several wretched negroes were huddled, while others were tearing the boards off a wooden house to feed the flames. Utterly exhausted with fatigue and hunger, and chilled to the bones, I envied the negroes, and was strongly tempted to dismount and join them. Yet, as I observed men passing to and fro, I was restrained by the hope of presently seeing some one who could give me information in regard to the missing Staff and the locality of head-quarters.

After a long time, as it seemed to me, I recognized a lieutenant of the escort, and followed him to camp. I here found every thing sloppy and crowded. Wandering among the wagons

I could find no one that I knew, and no place to lay my wearied head. Seeing a single tent with a light burning I approached it, and found it crowded with general officers. I looked in, and civilly saluted the company, but no man said welcome. I returned to the wagons with the hope of finding shelter in one of them, but found them crowded to the bows with unofficial company as gruff and selfish as their superiors. I could not wrangle with these hogs for a place, but lowered my pride sufficiently to look under a wagon to see if I could not find a shelter from the pelting rain, and dry straw enough to secure my chilled and jaded body. A jimber-jawed bull-dog jumped at me with a vicious snarl, and I withdrew exclaiming, "Et tu Brute"—*translated*, Thou damned Brute.

Fortunately the next voice I heard was that of a man and a friend. John came creeping out of the wagon. "Why, Captain, is that you? I have been looking out for you since dark." John took my mare and cared for her, meanwhile pointing out a group of tents where the younger officers were sheltered.

I entered one of these and found it occupied by four aids, whose pallets nearly covered the whole interior. Along the front was a space, eight feet by two, of trampled grass and sloppy mud—a bed roomy and dry enough for the comrade I had seen at the court-house in a box, but for one still warm with the weaknesses and miseries of life it seemed a narrow and cheerless resting-place. I placed my saddle for a pillow, and sinking down felt the water oozing through my single blanket at all points, in spite of which I was speedily gliding into chilly unconsciousness, when I heard the rattle of a trooper's sabre and a rough voice call, "Captain Payne, General Pope wishes to see you." This was responded to by a sigh within the tent and the friendly voice of Captain Payne: "Captain, occupy my bed and enjoy it. I shall be out all night." I muttered brief thanks, crawled from my mud-hole to the dry, warm pallet, and my troubles for the day were ended.

September 2, Tuesday.—The storm had cleared off, with a cool wind, and the day was quite pleasant. Leaving the camp General Pope went into the village and occupied the house of a Mr. Ford, where he remained until the middle of the afternoon, receiving and consulting with his subaltern commanders. We here received news of the death of our one-armed hero Phil Kearney, whose body had just been sent in by the enemy under a flag of truce. He had fallen in the action of the previous night near Chantilly. We understand the result of this fight has been favorable to us, and Jackson's flank march has been rudely checked.

I was sent out with some orders for General Sigel, with instructions to find him on the Armandale road. After riding some time I ascertained that he had not yet passed Fairfax; so I bought a *Philadelphia Inquirer* of a newspaper-boy, and sat down by the road-side to read some pleasant accounts of our recent victories.

Returning to the village I saw some soldiers gathered around a wagon, and found there was a distribution of fresh bread by some agent of the Sanitary Commission or other humane association. I received my loaf, and calling Captain Merrill of the Engineers we shared and devoured it.

About four o'clock P.M. the Staff was called to horse, and, escorted by a regiment of cavalry, we rode toward Washington, through Armandale, and thence by a quiet by-road until we came in sight of the Federal forts and camps on Munson's and Upton's hills. The first sight of the National flag and the troops which thronged the ramparts excited pleasurable emotions; but when from the summits I saw the well-remembered steeple of the Seminary near Alexandria, and the pretentious and still unfinished dome of the National Capitol, and heard behind the boom of the rebel cannon, I was covered with unutterable humiliation.



HUMILIATION.

At this point there occurred a little personal by-play which, amidst the gloomy grandeur of the national drama, I had almost forgotten to note. Near Fort Buffalo we observed a general officer and suite drawn up in line as if waiting to pay their respects to our advancing cavalcade. Generals Pope and M'Dowell, who headed our column, had already passed them some distance when they were informed that General M'Clellan was on the ground. They immediately wheeled about, and, followed by their attendants, rode directly toward the late Commander-in-Chief, who advanced to meet them and exchanged formal greetings. The bands played, the troops cheered, and we passed on some miles further, halting upon an open grass-field surrounded by piny thickets. The baggage train had not yet arrived, and withdrawing from the crowd I seated myself near a half-spent fire, and drawing my blanket over my head, sunk into a sort of stupor, the result of physical and mental exhaustion.

I was aroused by my man John, who had been searching for me to let me know my tent was ready. He hurried back to camp, and I followed slowly. On arriving I found him disputing with an officer in regard to the right of possession in the tent. The officer was highly indignant at finding his claim questioned and opposed by a nigger. John had selected the

tent and stood up for his right respectfully but firmly. My presence settled the question. I hoped my servant had not been rude in tone or language, but I could not rebuke him for defending my interests.

September 3, Wednesday.—Fair and warm. I rose from a long, deep, and refreshing sleep to eat and drink and renew my toilet. Then dispatched a hasty letter to assure friends at home of my welfare. Then slept and ate and slept again for the greater part of the day. I received a visit from Dr. Johnson, Surgeon of the First Michigan Cavalry, who tells me he is just from the field of the late battles. He informed me of the death of Colonel Brodhead, whose body he had seen, and also tells me that he leaves on the field between two and three thousand of our wounded, who are perishing from hunger. He has called to see General Pope in regard to the means of obtaining present relief and transportation for them.

The news from the West is scarcely less discouraging than our situation in Virginia. The National troops are falling back every where, while Louisville, Newport, and Cincinnati are under martial law. We already begin to snuff the odor of politics, and our camp is filled with rumors of changes in the Cabinet and army commanders. Hearing of one of General Buford's aids, who was going to Carlisle, I wrote a letter to send by him, and walked over the fields to find the cavalry head-quarters. I found the General and Staff located under a tree with cloaks and blankets spread upon the grass, their only beds and shelter.

In discussing the battle of Saturday Buford says he held the ground between Reno's left and Bull Run. The repulse of the enemy here was complete and bloody. Graham's Battery, directed, I believe, by Lieutenant Elder, posted also on Reno's left, used grape and canister on their attacking columns at seventy-five yards, driving them back with terrible slaughter. Stuart's cavalry, which was seeking to make its way around our flank, was overthrown by Buford in a decisive charge. The fighting, he says, was vindictive in the extreme, several men and officers having been slain after they surrendered. This was done by both parties, and it was thus that Colonel Brodhead fell. He was wounded and surrendered, and was shot down immediately afterward.

Buford thinks the retreat should not have been ordered, and that if we had maintained our ground we would have gained a victory next day. I have heard several general officers express the same opinion, and blaming General Pope for yielding the field before he was beaten. These opinions result from the gallant dogmatism of men heated by the contest and elated by partial successes, but without comprehensive information in regard to our situation at sunset on Saturday. Our left, temporarily forced back, had indeed succeeded in giving Longstreet a bloody check, and held its ground firmly; but at the same hour our right and centre, under

Heintzelman and Ricketts, had been overwhelmed by the advance of Lee's whole power, and driven back to a point which rendered our position untenable. The retreat was, therefore, unavoidable as a tactical measure, and its necessity further justified by the fact that the troops were utterly exhausted by want of food and rest, while at the same time the events of the last week had rudely shaken General Pope's reliance on the loyal support and co-operation of the reinforcing army.

September 4, Thursday.—Fair and pleasant. I lay in camp all day apparently in a state of collapse, dozing continually and only remaining awake long enough to take the meals which John brings to my tent. The General and a portion of his Staff are gone to the city, and our mess is dissolved, Smith, Meline, and Pratt having gone with him.

September 5, Friday.—Fair and pleasant. I don't know from what source I am fed, and judge that John is on his own hook propping for me. My breakfast this morning was coffee and hard tack with green corn and fried apples.

I received permission to visit the city from Colonel M'Comb, Chief of Topographical Engineers, who also gave me a letter to General Cullum, recommending me for a short leave of absence. I rode over to the city with Colonel Ruggles, passing by the site of Averill's old cavalry camp and crossing on the Georgetown aqueduct. I was the same day mustered in as Lieutenant-Colonel of Cavalry. Thus ends my month's campaign with General John Pope, in which brief term has been concentrated more of hardship and hard fighting than I have seen in a whole year's previous experience.

Our losses in men and material have been heavy, although every thing has been grossly exaggerated by current rumor. An agent of the Sanitary Commission, who assisted in burying our dead on the fields around Groveton, informs me that they found seventeen hundred dead of the National troops on the ground. Assuming the usual average of wounded and our list of casualties would be swelled to between nine and ten thousand men, about the number estimated by General Pope. Our killed and wounded during the whole campaign will probably amount to fifteen thousand. The number of stragglers has been disgracefully large; but I have no means of approximating our loss in that way. From all accounts and what we have seen the enemy's losses are fully equal to ours. We have lost the field in the last great encounter; but the campaign is still in progress and results undetermined.

In reviewing the conduct of this campaign it seems to me to have been planned with ability, and executed with a degree of energy and boldness which have not heretofore characterized our operations in Virginia. There was a mistake at Cedar Mountain, where we allowed a single corps, and that a weak one, to fight a battle with Jackson's whole army, when we had an ample force lying idle almost within sight.

Jackson's conduct there—a singular combination of rashness and caution—showed that he was even more in the dark than General Pope, and our mistake saved him from the consequences of his greater mistake; for instead of being allowed to escape behind the Rapidan, he might have been crushed in the first encounter if all our disposable troops had been in position.

From this point until we reached the banks of the Potomac in front of Washington the campaign presents a series of dashing and audacious manœuvres and sanguinary combats, in which the National army lost neither honor nor advantage, until it closed with its powerful adversary in the culminating fight at Groveton. Up to this point our affairs wore an encouraging aspect, and it seemed as if General Pope's intelligent and energetic measures were about to be crowned with success. Jackson had made a rash adventure, and was caught in it. We had brought him to a stand with not over twenty-five thousand men, while we had sixty thousand in position to fall upon and crush him before his supports could possibly arrive. Thus, on the morning of Friday, the 29th, Lee, with the main body of the Southern army, was separated from Jackson by a full day's march, while the National troops all lay within two or three hours, at most, of the decisive field, with direct and open roads to move upon, and it must be conceded that in the contest of manœuvres the Union Commander had fairly out-generated his adversary. Without hesitation or delay all the troops immediately under General Pope's eye were thrown upon the enemy. All day long the roar of musketry and cannon, like the sounding of a mighty gong, invited the absent to share in the feast of death and glory; all day long the white battle-cloud, visible from hill and plain for twenty miles around, beckoned to laggard and skulker, to the exhausted soldier who had dropped behind his regiment, to the starred chieftain who may have mistaken his way or misunderstood his orders; all day long the anxious Commander counted the minutes, and urged his faithful legions to a succession of brilliant but exhausting attacks, vainly listening for the burst upon the enemy's right and rear which was to give us the victory.

Thus passed the day, and the hour, and the decisive opportunity. Sunset on the 29th still found us with the light columns of Sigel, Heintzelman, and Reno dashing against the strong and stubbornly-defended position of the enemy. Some of these indeed we had carried, doubling back Jackson's left, and holding a great portion of the contested field, with the enemy's dead and wounded in our hands; but the combatants were too equally matched in numbers, pluck, and condition to admit of our pushing this advantage to a decisive conclusion. Then, long expected but too late, M'Dowell appeared, and reported his column coming into position on our left. Then came darkness, followed by a sharp but indecisive bickering of musketry between King's Division of M'Dowell's and

Hood's command of Longstreet's Corps, the leading division of the enemy's reinforcing column at the same hour coming into position on Jackson's right.

Porter, with his splendid Corps, had never appeared on the field at all. Thus it was that the hopes of victory and the prestige of successful generalship passed from the Union Commander to his adversaries. To complete the view of this day's operations I make a note of the enemy's movements, obtained from the most authentic sources. My principal informant, the Chief Engineer of Lee's Staff, says: "On the morning of the 29th General Lee took breakfast at a house west of Thoroughfare Gap. Riding forward rapidly they passed Longstreet moving through the Gap, the head of the column some short distance on the eastern side. They marched left in front, Hood's Division leading. This division reached the field and formed on Jackson's right after sunset on the 29th, and immediately thereafter became engaged with a portion of M'Dowell's Command, as before stated. Other portions of Longstreet's Command arrived and took position during the night. On the morning of the 30th (Saturday), Longstreet's Command was all up except Anderson's Division, which had not yet reached the field. The absence of this division, and a feeling of uncertainty as to Porter's forces and intentions, induced General Lee to remain on the defensive during the forenoon of Saturday. About one o'clock P.M. Anderson arrived, and the rebel Commander immediately commenced his preparations for an aggressive movement. He was anticipated by Porter's attack, which, being but feebly urged, soon failed, and afforded the golden opportunity for the grand counter-attack, whose progress and results have been detailed."

This statement fully confirms my own observations, and sustains General Pope's theory of the situation on Friday, the 29th. Although the subject of the reinforcement was known and discussed at head-quarters, General Pope seems to have still indulged in the hope that the enemy was endeavoring to withdraw on Saturday morning. Whether his persistence in this error is attributable to an over-sanguine temper, or to some shifting of troops from one part of the rebel line to another, I can not tell, but there was certainly no sufficient foundation for such a belief. After my interview with General Ricketts in the morning I had become thoroughly convinced that the theory was fallacious.

Our attack on the afternoon of Saturday was therefore a mistake, and it is fortunate perhaps that it was not persisted in to extremities. Had we remained on the defensive entirely Lee would have attacked about the same hour, and we might have obtained better results, with less loss, and on the following day, reinforced by Sumner and Franklin, have turned on the enemy and beaten him.

But these hypothetical propositions after the

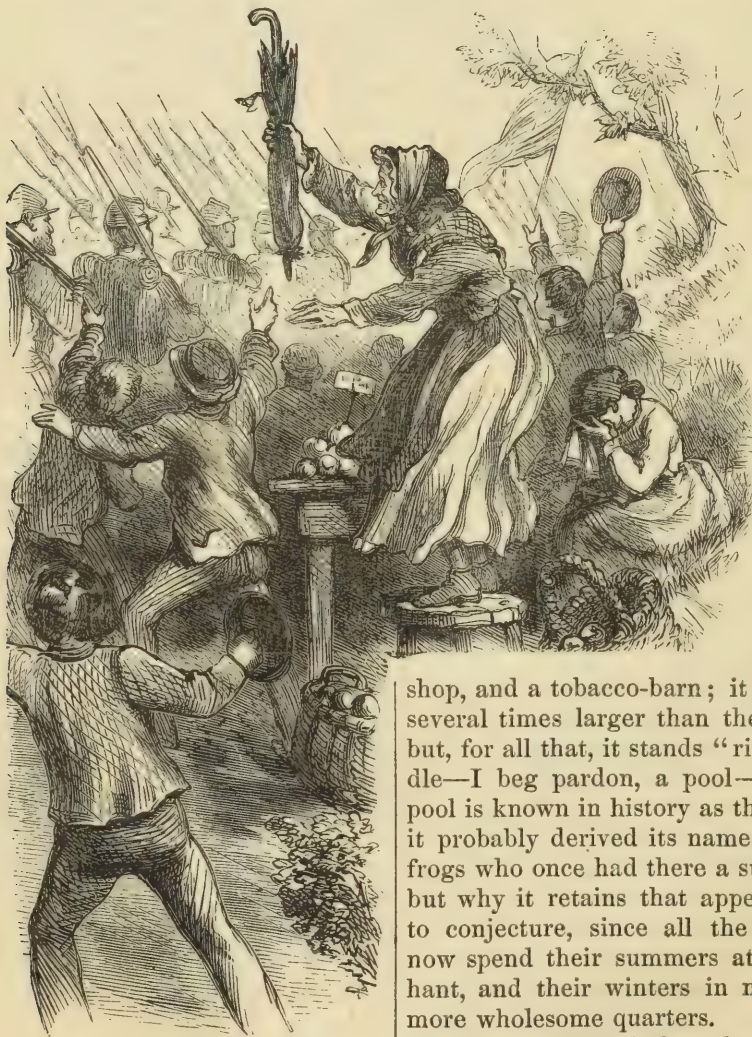
fact are about as satisfactory as the usual wrangle which follows the conclusion of a hand at "Whist."

A master of the art of war has said that campaigns are but a succession of blunders on both sides, and that General wins who makes the fewest. Now whatever mistakes General Pope may have made in his plans or suppositions, I see none that might not have been retrieved by zealous co-operation and hard fighting; and I am but little disposed to indulge in unkind or unnecessary criticism on an officer who, in conducting a most difficult and hazardous campaign, has exhibited in so high a degree the intelligence, energy, and fighting "animus" which characterize a first-class soldier, and who (as I strongly suspect) has been the victim of person-

al jealousy and political party-spirit. Indeed, if I had my doubts on this subject on returning from the field, they were entirely resolved after a short sojourn in the city. From the tone and temper there manifested in certain circles one might have imagined himself in Richmond instead of the National Capital. Satisfaction at the defeat of the National armies was shamelessly expressed, and I was told by public men and military officers of high rank that "the success of such a man as John Pope would be a misfortune to the country."

It is evident enough that while the slavery is at open war with the Government and the nation its subtle and malignant influences are still felt in our councils, our camps, and throughout Northern society.

AN OLD APPLE-WOMAN.



I NEVER think of the geography of Boston without being reminded of a village to which I was once directed by a planter whom I met by the road-side in the backwoods of Georgia. "Go stret on," he said, "till ye come to a shingled house, a blacksmith-shop, and a tobacco-barn, standin' right round a puddle of water—thet's the village." Boston, to be sure, is something more than a shingled house, a blacksmith-

shop, and a tobacco-barn; it is, in fact, a town several times larger than the Georgia village; but, for all that, it stands "right round" a puddle—I beg pardon, a pool—of water. This pool is known in history as the Frog Pond, and it probably derived its name from a family of frogs who once had there a summer residence; but why it retains that appellation is difficult to conjecture, since all the Boston croakers now spend their summers at Newport or Nahant, and their winters in much drier, if not more wholesome quarters.

But a pool of wit has already been shed on this pool of water, and it is not my intention to swell a small pond into an ocean. Abler pens than mine have tried to do that. So I shall content myself with emptying my ink-stand upon a little old woman who, in rain and shine, week in and week out, for many a long year, kept an apple-stand near the margin of that famous puddle of water.

She was little, and she was old, and I do

think about as ugly as any woman who has lived since the birth of Eve—that first of apple-women; but she loved, and served her country, and so, in spite of her ugliness, I feel bound to give her “half a dozen pages of general history.”*

At first she served it by vending green apples and striped sticks of stomach-ache to the hungry lawyers and ragged urchins who congregate about Court Square; and at this time was sole mistress of a peripatetic shop—a huge willow basket, going about on two legs and open at the top, except in rainy weather, when it was roofed in by a big cotton umbrella.

She was a meagre anatomy, with a sharp nose, a sunken chin, and a hatchet face, covered all over by a shriveled skin of the precise complexion of a peeled potato. In winter she wore a faded hood, a blanket shawl, and a woolen gown—short enough to show a pair of corrugated stockings, far whiter than the snow in the streets of Boston. In summer she was clad in a dimity cap, a calico frock, and a cotton bandana, pinned closely over her bosom; but, summer and winter, she was always elongated by a pair of stout brogans, with high heels and thick soles—thick enough, one would say, to be impervious to all the moisture that human feet are heir to. But they were not impervious to the rheumatism. That, one day, got into the legs of the old woman’s apple-basket, and forced her to shut up her peripatetic shop, and to open one of a less roving character.

Then she pitched her tent upon the Common—or, more literally, she planted there a three-legged stool, the big umbrella, and a rough pine table, heaped high with russets, pippins, and gillyflowers, which she was ready to dispense to all comers, at the rate of one cent for one, and half a dime for half a dozen—so several paper placards, floating, like flags of truce, from as many golden pippins, told all and singular who frequented the Common.

Business here thrived with the old woman; for, in pleasant weather, the Common is a great resort for young couples, who bill and coo under the spreading elms, or on the iron-clad benches; and billing and cooing is a decided sharpener of the appetite, as is proved by the lamentable case of the young maiden who died of love and green apples.

There is no telling the quantity of stomach-ache and cholera-morbus that the old woman daily dispensed to hungry lovers; but it must have been large, since it was often noticed that however high her table was heaped in the morning it was always low down at night, when, with her basket on her arm, she ambled homeward.

One evening a gentleman passing that way just at dark found the table almost untouched and the old woman in a great deal of trouble. It had rained all day, and few lovers had come

upon the Common; so, with apples a weeping in sympathy with her sorrow there, with no one to help her home with her basket.

It is said that evil loves the dark; but it is quite as true that many good things avoid the daylight. Others’ eyes are then open, and the fear of what “men may say” often sends us sneaking by on the other side, like the Priest and the Levite, in the parable. But now it was dark; so the gentleman shouldered the apple-basket and went home with the old woman. She lived in a small room, on the top-floor of an old rickety house at the North End; and as he went up the stairs, the gentleman was in mortal fear of their tumbling down, and spilling both him and the apples. At last, however, he reached the room, and setting down the basket, sat himself down to rest his tired legs and shoulders. It was a narrow, mean apartment, and so low that, when he stood upright, his head almost hit the ceiling. Two young children, a boy and a girl, who were spreading the table for the evening meal, and a thin, emaciated woman, with sunken eyes and pallid features, who was lying on a bed in the corner, were its occupants. The floor was bare, the furniture plain and poor, and every thing indicated that its tenants lived on the very verge of starvation; but on all their faces was a cheerful look, that showed that somehow they had imbibed of that divine elixir which gives to the most wretched comfort and contentment. Curious to get at the secret of their happiness, the stranger asked the old woman about her history.

Twenty years before, she said, her two sons and her husband had died, leaving her destitute and alone with one remaining child—a little daughter. Too weak to work and unwilling to beg she then resorted to street vending, and, by twelve hours of daily toil, managed to support herself and bring up her daughter. At twenty the latter married a worthless fellow, who broke her heart, and then cast her penniless upon the world with a young son, the little boy who was then setting the table. The old woman took them in, and about this time also adopted the little girl, who was the orphan child of a poor neighbor.

“And were you able to support them all by vending apples?” asked the gentleman.

“No, Sir,” she answered. “I tried to; but I couldn’t. My darter was sick, and couldn’t do nothing, and we soon got into debt, twenty dollars. Then, as if to make bad worse, I was took down with the rheumatics. I was down with them for a fortnight; and when I got up, couldn’t get round like I could afore; so, not knowin’ what to do, I went with my basket onto a bench nigh the Frog Pond. Folks come to me amazin’ that day, and at night I had two dollars clean profit. Then I saw the Lord’s hand; he know’d I couldn’t make a living going round, so he gave me the rheumatics, to show me it was best to open a stand on the Common.”

* The clause in inverted commas is not original. It is quoted from a Mr. Bonaparte, who now goes by the title of Nap. No. 1; and this is all he expected to get, after sleeping for ten centuries.

"And since then have you made both ends meet?"

"Yes, Sir; since then I've been prospered wonderful. I've paid off the debt, and now when I want to I can lay in a stock of ten dollars, and that, you know, brings apples cheaper."

"But have you no fear for the winter?"

"No, Sir. It's two months off; I can make thirty dollars afore it come, and that, with what sewing and washing I can do, will take us round to warm weather."

"And how old are you?" asked the gentleman, looking at her furrowed face and white hairs, which seemed to say a century.

"Seventy next Christmas. But ye wouldn't think it to look at me. I feel a'most as peart as when I was thirty."

"And at your age, and in such poverty, can you always look hopefully at the future?"

"Yes, Sir. 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters.'"

The stranger looked at her with wonder. He had heard those words before, but now they had to him a new sound and a new meaning. All at once it dawned upon him that "the poor are blessed," because of their faith; which, of itself, is the "Kingdom of Heaven." Drawing a roll of bank-notes from his pocket, he handed one of them to the old woman. She took it, held it up curiously to the candle, and then said, with a smile that made her ugly features absolutely handsome:

"It's more money than I ever saw at once afore; 'twould take us clean through the winter. Ye is a good gentleman, and I thank ye; but we can get along, and while we can I don't like to take money from nobody."

This she said in a gentle way, as if she feared to wound his feelings. He made no reply, but putting the note back in his pocket, rose and bade her "good-evening." When he reached the door he turned, and saying, "I forgot the children," took both of them up in his arms, and kissed them. Then he went down the long stairs, and walked slowly homeward. He had groped in the dark for thirty years, and this old woman had given him his first living revelation.

After that he kept his eye upon her. Every morning and evening he passed her stand on the Common, and he never went by without saying a cheerful word, or pausing to ask after her sick daughter and the children.

"The children is well, thank you, Sir, and Eliza is as well as could be expected," was her almost invariable answer. But one sultry day in August she said: "She seems to be sinking fast, Sir. Way up where we live we don't get none but hot air, and the sun don't come in till into the afternoon. 'Pears to me we need sunshine as much as the plants and the flowers."

The next day the gentleman went home earlier than usual, and as he came near the old woman's stand he caught sight of the invalid

daughter, seated in a hand-wagon, propped up by a pillow, and shaded by the big umbrella. The attention of the old woman was engrossed by a juvenile customer; but the daughter noticed his approach, and called to him as he made as if he would go by without speaking.

"Sir, Sir," she said, "please to stop, I want you to see! I shall soon be well; for now I can go out every day in fine weather!"

"And who got you down the stairs, and upon the Common?"

"The man that lives on the lower floor—he carried me down; and Tommy drew me here before school time."

"And *who* sent us the wagon?" asked the old woman, her ugly face lighting up with the smile that, to this man, always made it handsome.

"The Lord, I suppose. All good things come from him; and this seems to be a good wagon," answered the gentleman, taking the vehicle by the wheel and shaking it as if to test its quality.

The old woman looked at him for a moment, without a word. Then she said, "The Lord will say to them on his right hand, 'Ye did it unto me, insomuch as ye did it unto one of these, my poor children.'"

The man turned and walked away, in his eye a tear, and in his soul another revelation. He had learned the whole of religion—faith and good works—at the cost of carrying an old woman's basket, and buying for her daughter a cheap hand-wagon.

Every pleasant day for a month after this he found the sick woman seated there in the wagon under the old umbrella. She always had a smile for him, and he always lingered a while to get that smile and a little of the old woman's sunshine. But one morning he went by, and found there neither the apple-stand nor the hand-wagon. It was so too when he again went by at evening; and then, without going home, he made his way to the home of the old woman. Softly opening the door, he entered the dingy apartment. A few rays from the setting sun came through the open window, and by the dim light he saw the old woman and the two children kneeling by the low bed in the corner. She was holding the hand of the young woman, who lay with her eyes upturned to the fading sky, as if looking in clouds for some one coming. He had come, the Great Angel, and he had already taken her to the bosom of the All-Father.

For several years after this the old woman's life rippled along as smoothly as a gentle stream flowing on over a sandy bed to the great ocean. The old umbrella got many a patch, the new bonnet grew old, and the black silk gown that she first wore at her daughter's funeral was turned and re-turned to fit it to appear on Sundays; but she never begged, and never borrowed, and the winter was never so hard but she had enough ready-money at command to buy her small wares "by wholesale."

Little by little the young lads and hungry lovers who frequented the Common came to know her; and though many a rival apple-stand from time to time disputed her right to monopolize the trade, in stomach-ache they soon had to eat their own candy, and to "fold their tents like the Arabs, and silently steal away."

One day the gentleman who had learned of her his first lessons in Christianity, passing her stand, noticed some new flags of truce floating from her pippins. "Who wrote these, Aunt Betsey?" he asked, pausing to look at the placards.

"Oh, Tommy did them, Sir. He's amazin' smart at such things. He can write like any schoolmaster."

"And how old is he now?"

"Going on fifteen; and I'm thinking, Sir, it's about time he was doing something. I might support him some longer, but he's larned all he can larn out of college."

"What does he take to?"

"Well, he wants to be a merchant. I suppose he gets a-hankerin' arter it from my bein' in the business; but there's a world of wickedness between buyin' and sellin'. Don't ye think he'd better be a lawyer?"

"A lawyer! There's not an honest lawyer living. Let him be a merchant. Send him down to my counting-room to-morrow."

Tommy went, and so became under-clerk in a large commercial house on Central Wharf. When he drew his first month's pay he brought it home, and pouring it all into his grandmother's lap, threw his arms about her neck, and said:

"Now, grandmother, you shall shut up shop. I won't have no more of your selling apples."

But the old woman was not so easily lured from the "walks of commerce." She did not "Shut up shop." She still kept her stand on the Common; but in summer she staid at home on rainy days, and in winter laid by, like the frogs, doing neither washing nor sewing.

So three years went away, and then Fort Sumter fell, and President Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand volunteers to suppress the Rebellion. When Tommy went home that night with the news his grandmother was thoughtful for a time; then, looking in his face, she said: "Tommy, the country has done every thing for you; hadn't you ought to do something for the country?"

"You mean I ought to volunteer?" said Tommy.

"Yes; if Mr. Speegle is willing."

Mr. Speegle was willing; and so, soon afterward, a queer scene was witnessed on the Common. The whole parade-ground was in commotion. A regiment, which had been under review, was marching out of one of the gate-

ways, and the old woman, perched on her three-legged stool, was wildly waving her umbrella, and, at the top of her lungs, cheering the departing soldiers. At her back sat a little maiden holding her head in her hands, and trying to hide her tears in her handkerchief. This was Rose; and Tommy was going away with the regiment. He was the only stay of his grandmother, the only hope of her eighty years; but cheerfully, and at her own prompting, she had given him up to the country. "The country had done every thing for him; he ought to do something for the country."

He was away several months, and then came back, re-enlisted, and went away again, leaving his bounty with his grandmother. After this he was often heard from, and always with honor; and the old woman seemed to grow young again, in recounting his daring deeds to some patient listener at her apple-stand. "Just to think," she would say, with tears in her eyes, "that a poor woman like me should rear such a brave boy for the country!"

At last news came of a great battle. Thousands, it was said, had fallen on both sides; and every morning, with a beating heart, the old woman went to the mail for a letter from Tommy. But no letter came, and a few days later she found his name among the list of those who, in the great struggle, had given up their lives for their country.

She went home that night, and the next morning did not go as usual upon the Common. Noticing her absence, Mr. Speegle went to her humble home at nightfall. The curtains were down; but in the dim light he saw her stretched upon her bed, and Rose kneeling by her side weeping. He took her hand, but something in her face kept back the words he would have spoken. After a moment she said: "Mr. Speegle, I'm glad you're come. I owe *you*, and you owe *me*; but, I guess, the balance is in my favor. Pay it to Rosy."

"I will," said the man, his voice husky.

She made no reply, but lay for many minutes without speaking. Then, clutching the young girl's hand, she said: "Rosy, I'm going; but love the Lord, and some day you will be together again forever."

Then her head sank back, and she went—went to live in a home even higher above the earth than the top-floor of that dingy old house at the North End of Boston.

And now, all of her that was ugly, and all that was old, is at rest in a narrow grave not a hundred rods from where I am writing. At its head stands a simple stone, and on it is this inscription:

BETSEY SANDERS,

AGED 82.

SHE WAS POOR AND FRIENDLESS; BUT SHE LOVED
GOD AND HER COUNTRY.

A DAUGHTER TO SPARE.

IT is a strange, sad, true story which I have to tell. A few of my readers will recognize it—a few saintly souls, who, for the dear Lord's sake, tend those whose other friends have forsaken, in the "Home for the Friendless," in a distant Western city. But the great world knew nothing of the young English girl who came to this country quite alone, and broke her heart here in homesick longing.

The Burtons were a well-to-do family of the old English yeomanry—a race of strong, stalwart, fearless men, and innocent, unambitious, domestic women, such as, unhappily, are growing rarer year by year even in England. There were nine children in the family, four sons and five daughters—"a daughter to spare," as old Farmer Burton used to say, laughing his great hearty laugh, as his children walked two and two before him to church, a brother and a sister together, leaving always one girl to walk by her father's or mother's side. This girl was nearly always Lily. She seemed like an exotic in the family.

The rest of them were all ruddy, Saxon-looking young folks, hearty and healthy. Lily was almost of that peculiar style called albino. She had neither pink eyes nor curling hair, characteristics which Mr. Barnum has led us to believe universal with that race. But she fully answered to the second meaning given to the word *albino* in Worcester's Dictionary—she was "a person unnaturally white." What unknown cause had bleached her alone of all her brothers and sisters to this alabaster hue, no one ever conjectured; but, even in her cradle, when she lay like a white snow-drop upon the pillows, it was so apparent that it led to her being called Lily. She had purely classical features, eyes of a soft light brown, and her face, white as marble, was framed in by flossy, waving hair as white as the silk of the Indian corn. She looked like a statue into which some new Pygmalion had breathed life. An eye, trained by the contemplation of higher styles of beauty, would have singled her out as a diamond of the first water. But with these simple English folk her singularity was her condemnation. Not that they did not love her—I think she was the very darling of the flock; but there was something unconsciously compassionate in every manifestation of their affection that struck to the core of her sensitive heart. As she grew up she became painfully shy, shrinking from notice always, and, whenever she saw a stranger's eyes fixed on her, trembling with embarrassment. She was of a singularly impressible and emotional nature, fond of music, and delighting keenly in all natural beauty. She had the long, slender hand of an artist, and it wanted only opportunity for the genius which now and then fairly illuminated her pale face to have developed into some splendid manifestation. As it was she led a dreamy, idle life. The rest were so much stronger, and there were so many

of them, that there was not much for her to do; and she was happiest out in the world of birds and breezes, blue sky, and free winds.

When she was sixteen a letter came to her father from a brother settled in America—not an altogether unusual event, for letters passed back and forth between the Burton family and their far-away relatives at intervals of two or three years. But this epistle was of different purport from any of its predecessors. Solomon Burton wrote that he and his wife were getting old. Heaven had blessed them with no children, while his brother in England had nine. Was it too much to ask that of this large family one daughter should come to cheer the old age of her aunt and uncle for a few years? It was a specious, plausible letter. Let us hope, for the sake of human nature, that it was fairly meant at the time—that not even Solomon Burton would have been bad enough to lure one of his brother's children from her comfortable home with the set purpose of making her life a burden to her.

The letter was read out loud in full family conclave, Farmer Burton giving more effect to the words by his slow, hesitating enunciation than a readier reader would have done. When he had finished he wiped his spectacles and put them away, folded the letter, and then looked round on his group of sons and daughters.

"I be main sorry for Solomon, that's a fact," he said, slowly; "but there ben't one of ye that I can see my way clear to part with."

Then a silence fell on the group, which was broken at last by Lily.

"Father, let me go. You know how often you have called me the daughter to spare."

"That was just my joke, because there was no brother to go with you. Your mate died in his cradle—the only child we ever lost, thank God! But I ben't any more ready to part with you than the rest. Solomon must look out for an orphan to bring up. When the Lord makes some folks without children, and some children without fathers and mothers, I take it He means 'em to be put together."

"But I want to go, father. I want to go across the sea—to see suns rise and set with nothing in sight but water—and then the strange new country, and the strange new life! Oh, father, let me go!"

They all looked at Lily. Her parted lips were trembling with eagerness. A faint color had stained the marble whiteness of her cheek. A paper she held in her hands fluttered and trembled.

"I didn't think ye'd be so over-ready to leave the old home, lass," her mother said. "It wur always a good home to thee."

But Lily was determined to go, and now the fact came out that underneath her shy, retiring ways purpose and energy such as they had never guessed were hidden. She had not known herself, until this prospect of a wider life opened before her, how painfully she had felt the limitations of her commonplace existence.

The subtle something stirring within her, which under favoring circumstances would have been called genius, stung her to feverish excitement. It was a spirit those simple home folks could not exorcise, so they determined at last to let her go. Solomon Burton had promised, if one of his nieces would come, either to meet her himself in New York or send some competent person to do so. So a letter was dispatched to tell him in what ship she would embark, and then, one sunny spring day, the home folks kissed her and cried over her, and her father took her to Liverpool and put her on board the *Andalusia*.

The voyage was something to her which it never could have been to a different temperament—a long dream, a revelation rather. All day she sat watching the leaping, wonderfully tinted waves, the changing hues of sky and wrinkled sea. The sunset thrilled her, the moonrise stirred her soul with its ghostly splendor. She forgot to eat or to sleep. Her face grew thin, and her brown eyes grew luminous. She awoke from her dreaming when she reached New York.

A man came on board, an agent for the "Emigrant's Forwarding Society," I think they call it. He inquired her out, and told her he had been written to by her uncle to see her sent forward. So she was packed off, toward the sunset, in a second-class car, surrounded by rude men and women such as she had never encountered before; and her very soul began to sicken for her English home and its homely comforts.

Meantime a change had taken place in her uncle's household. His wife, the kindly, elderly woman who had been living when his letter was written to England, had died suddenly; and he had hastily married again, a bride much younger than himself, showy and heartless. To this woman he communicated, with some secret discomfort, the fact that his niece was on her way. He was held in curious thrall by his new wife. She was a black-haired, black-eyed woman, with a singular fire in her eyes, which warned one not to trust or try her too far. She was considered a beauty by the commonplace people among whom she lived—people with whom handsome features and brilliant coloring go for every thing; and the subtler shades of expression pass quite disregarded. To old Burton's delight the prospect of the new arrival seemed agreeable to her. He was surprised at first at her easy acceptance of the situation; but he began to understand it better when, a day or two after his announcement, she remarked, carelessly,

"I wish Lily, or whatever that girl's name is, would hurry along. I'm tired of doing without a servant. It was not what I expected when I came here."

"You know I've tried hard to get you one—been into town three times in the last ten days," he expostulated, mildly.

"And that is why I wished your niece would

hurry," she answered, in cold, clear tones. "I found no fault with your endeavors, Mr. Burton, only their want of success makes some other arrangement necessary. I am glad you sent out for this young woman. She will answer our purpose nicely, since the girls in C—are too fond of city life to be willing to come out on this dull old farm. Not that I blame them," she added, with an ominous glitter in the scornful eyes she turned on the solitary landscape outside the window.

"But my brother's daughter isn't used to much work," he said, meekly; "they are very comfortable livers at home."

"Is she not?" Mrs. Burton answered, carelessly. "It will come harder on her then. But of course it is what she must have understood and expected when she came. She must have food and clothes, and she must earn them."

Solomon Burton had a guilty consciousness of the very different expectations he had held out when he wrote for his niece to come; but the look in his wife's eyes warned him not to oppose her. It was the last stand he made for Lily. "After all," he thought to himself, "why shouldn't she help her aunt till I can get some one? The Burtons in England were never an idle set."

The next day Lily came. Tired with her journey, every sensitive nerve jarred and out of tune through contact with strange, rude people, and their stares and comments, she had looked forward to a haven of refuge in her uncle's house. She thought she should find there the wide, genial hospitality of her own home, and be welcomed by her childless relatives as a beloved and only daughter.

Her uncle met her under his wife's eye, and his cold, indifferent greeting struck a pang to her heart sudden and sharp as the thrust of a weapon. Then her aunt shook hands with her carelessly, and showed her the way to a little chamber under the roof.

It would make my tale too long to tell, and too sad, were I to enter into the details of her life on that farm in the outskirts of C—. Her days hitherto had been passed, as I have said, in an idle, dreamy way, while her mother and her four stronger sisters bore all the burdens. But now an unsparing hand laid them upon her own shoulders. From early morn until late at night there was for her no interval of repose. Her constitution broke down presently. Her white face grew pinched and thin, her step heavy, and from her eyes a brooding, passionate despair looked out. But nothing in her aspect softened the heart of her uncle's wife. The woman had the instincts of a slave-driver. So long as her work was done, her own ease secured, she cared not at what cost.

It is possible that Lily could have borne it all if they had loved her a little. But a heartsick, homesick longing took possession of her, and made her nights sleepless after her days of toil. She had never written home since the first letter announcing her arrival. She had not cour-

age enough; besides, she was too sensitive. She had come away against their remonstrances, lured by the proffer of the untried life, the unknown land. A pride which was dominant in her nature withheld her from confessing that all had been a delusion. She knew, moreover, that they could ill afford to send her the money wherewith to return, and that it would be useless to ask it of her uncle. So she toiled on, and bore her sufferings meekly, until at last a pause came in her daily routine. Carrying one day a heavy burden across the frozen ground, her feet slipped from under her, and she went down upon her back, hurting herself so severely that she lay there motionless until her uncle came that way, lifted her up, a helpless weight, in his arms, and carried her into the house.

For several days no physician was sent for; but, as the poor girl grew worse, one was called at last—not the family doctor, whose comments they possibly dreaded, but a stranger from C—. Dr. Sinclair started back in surprise when, conducted by Mrs. Burton to the door of the sitting-room, he saw what looked to him like a piece of marble. He looked at the fair, smooth face, so evidently young, and yet so strangely white, with the soft hair, silver-white as that of extreme old age, floating round it, with its purely classical features, and its luminous eyes of softest brown. For the first time a man of cultivated artistic perceptions saw Lily, and realized the full power of her singular beauty.

"Who—what—is she?" he asked involuntarily, turning to Mrs. Burton.

"She is my husband's niece. She looks like one of those white niggers Barnum makes a show of," the woman answered, sneeringly. She had conceived from the first a violent and deep-seated antipathy to Lily's peculiarities, and, misunderstanding the doctor's surprise, she fancied him ready to share in it.

"Why, Madam," he answered, "she is unique. One never sees such a face outside of a gallery of sculpture."

Mrs. Burton's aspect darkened. She bit her lip savagely as she motioned him to go in. She kept close at hand while he examined Lily. He pronounced her hurt an injury of the spine; not absolutely incurable—indeed he thought it could be cured readily enough if she had sufficient recuperative power, but she looked so frail it made him doubtful. Then he gave his directions, left his remedies, and went away.

He came daily for a while until Lily learned to look forward to his coming as the one drop of comfort in her miserable day. She suffered physical torture; but that was little compared to the misery of lying there helpless, listening to her aunt's stinging taunts and innuendoes. Why had she never heard from home? she asked herself. Even the letter she had written remained unanswered. Had God and man alike forsaken her? It would have comforted her sad heart a little could she have known the truth—known that letter after letter had come for her,

full of tenderest love, offering over and over to send for her if she were not happy and contented, saying *they*, none of them, were contented without her; for they had found out now that they never had had a daughter to spare. These letters had been suppressed, one after another, by her aunt, unwilling to lose her faithful, uncomplaining servant. Of course none of them were answered, and the tender hearts at home were tortured alternately by the thought that she had forgotten or ceased to love them, and the fear lest she had fallen into some distress or adversity which they could not know. So they sorrowed for her in the far-away land, while she lay there feeling as if earth and Heaven had alike forsaken her.

One day Dr. Sinclair found the door open and came in unperceived. He had been suspecting Mrs. Burton of unkindness toward his patient, and as he came in he heard enough to confirm his worst suspicions. She was taunting the poor girl with her helplessness and dependence, so cruelly that all the manly sympathy of his nature was aroused. He walked straight into the room and up to Lily's couch. The tears were flowing silently down her white cheeks, and her breath was choking with sobs which she tried hard to suppress as she saw him.

"Lily, my child," he said, without the slightest motion of greeting to Mrs. Burton, "how old are you?"

"Eighteen, Sir, last month."

"Then, according to the laws of this State, you are free to choose whether you will remain with your uncle or not. I offer you another home. My wife will receive you willingly. We will care for you till you are cured, and then put you in a way of caring for yourself. Will you go?"

A gleam of light broke across the poor white face that gave it the radiance of an angel's, and she said exultantly, yet humbly:

"God sent you, Sir. I am not too proud to be helped by you. I will go."

Then he turned for the first time to Mrs. Burton, who stood by pale with rage.

"Madam," he said, with quiet firmness, "I shall come back in one hour with a suitable carriage in which to take away this girl. In the mean time I expect you to have her trunk packed. See that you interpose no hindrance to her going; it will be the worse for you if you do. I am convinced that your treatment of her would illy bear a legal investigation."

He drove home rapidly and told his wife what he had done. Mrs. Sinclair was a gentle, kindly-natured woman, but her charity was acquiescent rather than spontaneous. She never thwarted her husband's plans of benevolence, which lay, as she knew, very near his heart; but she never would have thought of originating them herself. On this occasion she listened with sympathizing interest, and promised cheerfully to have a room prepared by the time the Doctor should arrive with his patient.

When he returned to the farm he found Lily ready, but he saw nothing of Mrs. Burton. He took the girl tenderly in his arms and placed her comfortably in the carriage, sent the driver back for her trunk, and they drove off.

On their way the Doctor drew from Lily all her sad story, even to the neglect by her home friends which rankled so bitterly in her heart. This utter silence, of which she spoke, aroused at once in his mind suspicions of unfair dealing on the part of Mrs. Burton; and while he forbore to agitate Lily by uttering them, he resolved secretly to write at once to her father and solve the mystery for himself.

Mrs. Sinclair received the suffering girl with that gracious gentleness which was part of her nature; and now, in spite of the physical pain which tortured her, came to Lily a few weeks more complete and satisfying than any others in her life, unless possibly her voyage across the Atlantic. For the first time her artistic perceptions were fed and ministered unto. Pictures, which seemed to her like the visible embodiment of her long dreams, hung on Dr. Sinclair's walls. Flowers in graceful vases made the rooms fragrant. Books were every where; and when the Doctor himself was at home he found real and rare delight in sitting beside her couch and reading to her from Keats, and Shelley, and Coleridge, watching the reflection of every thought on her face, the light flowing sea-like into her luminous eyes, the soft sea-shell tint, like the ghost of a flush, staining her cheek. She scarcely realized that she grew no better, this cup of new delights held to her lips was so entrancingly sweet.

And now came one of those mysterious providences which made me call my story strange as well as sad.

Dr. Sinclair was sent for, late in the season as it was, to attend a patient ill of cholera. He had attended to many such calls before without a thrill of fear. He answered this one as readily as usual, but with a singular and oppressive conviction that he was going to his doom. It proved to be a fatal case. He staid with the patient until all was over; and then had just strength enough to go to his own home and die in his own bed. No one took it from him, though all his household, who loved him as faithfully as they served him, aided his half-frenzied wife in her ministrations about his dying pillow—all but Lily, whose helplessness never came, never could come, half so bitterly to her in that hour.

A week after the funeral the house was fresh and sweet again, flowers in the vases, winter sunlight streaming in through the uncurtained windows, and Mrs. Sinclair, gentle and gracious as ever in her pale sadness, received a visit of condolence from an intimate friend. Her plans were discussed. The Doctor had lived generously up to his income. There would be little left for his widow beyond a life insurance for a few thousands. The house must be given up almost immediately, and Mrs. Sinclair would go to her father's in Buffalo.

Then Lily's fate came up for consideration. It chanced, if any thing ever chances in this world of God's, that the lady was one of the managers of the Home for the Friendless, and she proposed to remove Lily there, and interest herself personally in her case until either she was better or her friends in England could be communicated with.

"The Doctor had written to them, I know," Mrs. Sinclair said. "It was almost time for his letter to be answered. But I don't like to speak of it to her. The Doctor didn't let her know. He thought not knowing would spare her a pang of disappointment if no letter came."

It was arranged at last that the visitor should propose to Lily her removal to the Home. Mrs. Sinclair, as is natural to persons of her peculiar type, shrank from giving even necessary pain; and she feared this proposition would be very grievous to Lily. She was thankful to learn afterward how gladly it was received. The poor girl had understood the necessity which constrained Mrs. Sinclair, and her great fear had been lest she should be abandoned again to the untender mercies of her uncle and aunt. When she heard the name of her refuge she repeated it over to herself—

"The Home for the Friendless—that sounds like heaven. How good God is! May I go there to-morrow?"

The next day the quiet house opened its doors to her. She was laid upon a little white bed, in a little white room, and Mrs. Van Ostrand, the lady who had especially interested herself in her, felt as she saw the marble-like face, with its wistful, luminous eyes, nestling to the scarcely white pillow, that the tired child had come to her last home on earth—the next remove would be to the home in heaven.

But just then, grateful and satisfied as Lily was, an intensity of homesick longing took possession of her which it was pitiful to see. When she had been there a day or two Mrs. Van Ostrand called to see her.

"Do you find yourself comfortable?" she asked, kindly.

"So comfortable that the very comfort makes me think of home, and long for it. I believe I am getting better, Mrs. Van Ostrand, and that makes me think again of something which came into my mind before I was hurt. You know I do not look like other people"—her breath came fast as she spoke. It was the first time any one in this country had ever heard her allude to her physical peculiarity. "My Aunt Burton said there was a great showman who carried round such people as I am for a show. Do you think he would take me, as soon as I am well, and let me be exhibited till I had earned money enough to take me home?"

"I think he would," Mrs. Van Ostrand answered, cheerfully.

"And will you, oh will you, write the letter to ask him now? I know I should get better so much faster if I were only sure that there would be some means, when I got well, of going

home. I'm sick to see my mother's smile, and hear my father's voice?"

So the letter was written, and great content settled down on Lily's heart. Her talk was all of English sights and sounds—larks in the hedge-rows, hawthorn scenting the air, heath on the hills. And yet, during these days of waiting, unconsciously to herself, buoyed up by hope as she was, she was failing fast. At every visit Mrs. Van Ostrand saw more clearly to what home she must surely go.

At last the answer came. There would be an opening for her whenever she was able to come to New York. She seized it, after it was read to her, and pressed it passionately to her heart.

"Oh, I shall go home, I shall go home!" she cried, and then suddenly fell back upon her bed in a deathlike swoon.

It was an hour before she opened her eyes again, and the first object they rested on was Mrs. Van Ostrand's face all wet with tears.

"Do not cry for me," she said. "Do not be sorry for me. You think I shall not go home; but I shall go, instead, to the Father's home in heaven. I think I had a glimpse of it just now, and it is lovelier than England. When the brothers and sisters used to walk to church together father always said that my mate among them died, and I was a daughter to spare. When I am gone you'll write to them, won't you, and tell them I am with my mate, and there isn't a daughter to spare any more?"

Oh, if she had but known who was on his way to her, even then, chiding every delay of wind and tide, longing only to hold his daughter to spare in his arms! Could she have fought death back a few days longer?

She died early one morning. Mrs. Van Ostrand had noticed a change in her the night before, and staid with her, for she had grown to love the girl with a most tender affection. Just at the dawning she heard her name called softly, and sprang to Lily's side. She heard her say:

"Thank you all."

Only those words, and then a smile, the best, the last, curved the sweet mouth, and rested on the sculptured face. The daughter to spare had gone to the true Home for the Friendless.

Three days later Mrs. Van Ostrand was laying a wreath of white lilies round the white dead Lily, on her coffin pillow. The bearers were waiting to carry her out to the little chapel, whence she was to be buried, when a step rang across the silent threshold, and Mrs. Van looked up startled to meet an honest, hearty English face, full of a despairing woe, which told her who her visitor was at once.

"So I be too late?" he said, trying hard for calmness, in the stranger lady's presence. Dr. Sinclair wrote to me, and as quick as I could I made ready and come. But I ought to have left all and started the first day I got the let-

ter. Only, you see, I didn't gather from what he wrote that there was any danger o' this. And now I'd give all the land in Lancashire just to see my lass alive one hour."

Mrs. Van Ostrand answered him with what of comfort she could, telling him specially of Lily's willingness to die. And then she glided out of the still chamber, and left him alone with his dead.

Half an hour after the little procession left the house, and close to the coffin walked that solitary mourner, on whom, in that one hour, old age seemed to have fallen. He stood by silently till the sad rites were over, and earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes, the grave was covered. The rest moved away and left him there. Mrs. Sinclair, to whom he had been on his first arrival, had asked him to come back to her house. Mrs. Van Ostrand had also, with kindly urgency, begged him to come to hers; but there was no rest for him away from that grave. Late at night he was seen there; but at early morning the grave was alone.

With the first daylight William Burton made his way to his brother's house. Solomon opened the door himself. His face grew pale and his teeth chattered when he saw who his guest was—for he knew that face, though he had not seen it for thirty years.

"Come in, brother," he made out to say, with what courage he could summon.

"No, I ben't coming under your roof," came the answer, with a slow wrath and scorn that frightened him. "I ben't going to curse ye, neither—I'll leave that for God. I'm only going to tell ye that the child ye got over here on false promises is dead. I've been all night beside her grave. She died in the 'Home for the Friendless'—she that ye said should be like your own. And God knows it, and He knows you killed her, just as much as if you'd shot her down like a hunted fox. It may be He'll prosper you, in wife and children, in lands and goods, but *I don't believe it.*"

Then, waiting for no further parley, he went away, and sat for an hour with Mrs. Van Ostrand, hearing all there was to hear, and thanking her from his full soul. Afterward, heavy-hearted, bereft old man, he started to carry his evil tidings home, and neither his daughter's friends nor her oppressors will ever see him again in this world.

Was it any thing more than a coincidence that from that day Solomon Burton's star began to set? His crops failed, his cattle sickened, his infant boy died in his arms, and, lastly, his wife—for whom he would have defied Heaven and dared Hell—left him, in his fallen fortunes, and went away with a gayer lover. Is any one in this sad, strange story so much in need of pity, so little worthy of it?

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT.

THE wife of William Godwin, the mother of Mrs. Percy Bysshe Shelley, once universally known, is now almost universally forgotten. Few know her name, few are familiar with her life, still fewer are acquainted with the productions of her pen. Yet her history has its lesson. It is full of pain, but full, also, of interest and instruction.

She was born in 1759, and died in her thirty-ninth year, in 1797. Her precise place of birth is matter of uncertainty. It might have been London, or Epping Forest, or Loddon in Norfolk. Neither she nor her father knew, and no record has been found. Her birth-day is also uncertain. She always claimed it to be April 27. She was very beautiful. Opie's picture so represents her; and so does Harvey's engraving from that picture. Ingenuous sweetness is the expression of both. Few of her works now survive, and of those none but her "Letters from Norway" would lead us to expect such a style of beauty. We should look rather for a strongly marked and masculine face; a face answering somewhat to the asperity of her attack on Burke, or to her scorn of those courtesies which men of refinement are wont to bestow upon woman as more delicate and fragile than man; or to her open and avowed disregard of social laws and customs.

Her birth, education, training, and experience were all unfortunate. Her father was Edward John Wollstonecraft, an Englishman, passionate, unstable, unthrifty, indiscreet. He never had a regular business, or a permanent home. He ill-treated his wife, mismanaged his business, and left his six misgoverned children to grow up without education or religion. Her Irish mother, Elizabeth Dixon, was weak, shiftless, and unfit for any of the duties of wife or mother. Both father and mother were partial, capricious, and unjust toward their children. Mary's brothers and sisters were either her enemies or were encumbrances to her. The mother died in 1780. The father, a pensioner on Mary's bounty, outlived his wife as well as her, as did also her brothers and sisters. When Mary died her two sisters were governesses in Ireland. Of her brothers, Edward was a lawyer in London, Charles a farmer in America, James an officer in the British navy. Her oldest sister she educated in England, the youngest in Paris. It was Mary who obtained his commission for James, and his settlement for Charles. Edward seems to have been regarded by her as dishonest and undutiful to his father. We know nothing about any of them after her death. Facts like those enable us to understand the full and mournful meaning of her many declarations to her kind publisher, Johnson, that she had never found brother or father except in him: "You are my only friend, the only person I am intimate with. I never had a father or a brother. You have been both to me." "When I involuntarily lament that I

have not a father or brother I thankfully recollect that I have received unexpected kindness from you and a few others."

Mary had no moral or religious training at home, and she grew up substantially a pagan. Her god was not the God, nor her creed the creed of any Christian church. Yet there was in her composition a strong religious element. Until the age of sixteen she had no mental culture, except snatches of instruction in the day-schools of the many and various places in which her family happened to reside. Godwin describes her at that age as "a wild and aspiring girl of sixteen." It was then that she had free range in the library of Rev. Mr. Clare, an eccentric old clergyman with a taste for literature and art, and a house full of books. Among those books she spent days and weeks together. There she met Frances Blood—older than herself—a young lady of much culture and many accomplishments, between whom and herself there sprang up an active friendship and correspondence.

At the age of nineteen Mary, wearying of the neglects, disorders, and discomforts of home, entered the family of a crotchety old woman at Bath, and there remained for two years. During the next three years she lived with Fanny Blood, but in what capacity or employment is unknown. In 1783 Fanny and Mary and Mary's two sisters opened a school—first at Islington, and afterward at Newington Green, and continued thus employed till 1785. It was at this time that Mary formed the acquaintance and secured the friendship of Rev. Dr. Richard Price, one of the staunchest friends of America in England. From him she learned little that was likely to confirm her orthodoxy in religious matters, but much that was sure to increase her dislike for all established political institutions, and to make her more and more a revolutionist, political and social. This was another of the misfortunes that beset her path in early life, all of them calculated to encourage her in that wayward career of act and opinion which closed so suddenly and sadly at last.

Fanny Blood's health failed in 1785, and she went over to Lisbon in search of health, but only to find there an early grave. Mary joined her there, and was present at her death, returning to England in December to discover that her school was broken up, and Fanny's parents anxious to return to Ireland, but without money enough to pay their passage. It was to relieve their distress that Mary first became an author. For this generous purpose she wrote a pamphlet of a hundred and sixty pages, entitled "Thoughts on the Education of Daughters, with Reflections on Female Conduct in the more important Duties of Life," and offered it for sale to the bookseller Johnson, who gave her ten guineas for the copyright, and became her fast friend and generous patron. Those ten guineas carried Mr. and Mrs. Blood to Dublin. That pamphlet was the beginning of a brilliant literary career for Mary. She resolved to give up

school-keeping and become an author. In order to begin her new career with some small pecuniary capital on hand she accepted an engagement for a year as governess in the family of Lord Kingsborough. She discharged her duty very faithfully, and won the hearts of her pupils, so that they parted from her with painful regret in 1787. Many years afterward one of those pupils, who was but eleven years old at this parting, was guilty of some terrible misconduct, and the enemies of Mary betrayed their malignity by attributing this lapse from virtue to Mary's unfortunate teaching. It was a cowardly and cruel calumny.

Soon after she ceased to be a governess she came to London, and was for a time a member of Mr. Johnson's family. Her little novel, entitled "*Mary, a Fiction*," of which Mr. Godwin thought so highly as proving "the eminence of her genius," but which seems to me a very commonplace story, was published by Johnson; and Mary embarked successfully on her voyage as author. From this date up to 1790 she wrote much, and with very encouraging success; earning her own livelihood, and obtaining the means of providing, as already mentioned, for her brothers and sisters. "*Original Stories from Real Life*;" numerous translations from the French, German, and Italian; and frequent contributions to the *Analytical Review*, were the productions of this period. She was soon enabled to establish herself in convenient lodgings of her own, and to become the friend and associate of many persons distinguished in literature and art.

In 1790 appeared Burke's famous "*Reflections on the French Revolution*." This work had been expected with impatient curiosity. It was widely circulated and eagerly read. The friends of liberty—Burke's old admirers—were woefully disappointed by what seemed to them his apostasy from his and their old political faith. The advocates of despotism, of prerogative, of prescription, of the divine right of kings, nobles, and antiquated establishments, were delighted. Intense excitement universally prevailed. While this excitement was at its height the public mind was startled by an answer to Mr. Burke, coming from an unexpected quarter, written with great vigor and spirit, entitled a "*Vindication of the Rights of Man*," and bearing on its title-page the name of Mary Wollstonecraft as author. Its violence of tone and temper can now scarcely be praised even by the warmest advocate of its doctrines. But it was heartily welcomed and commended at the time by the lovers of liberty in England and on the Continent. It introduced Mary Wollstonecraft to fame, and placed her among the celebrities of that exciting period; nor was the impression thus produced very much weakened by the subsequent and more elaborate answers of Paine and Macintosh to Mr. Burke's "*Reflections*." Indeed it now forms a valuable portion of the political literature of that period.

It is manifestly written in haste, and with a

fervid pen and mind. One half of it was written and printed when its author appeared at Johnson's one evening, and, to his dismay, announced that her courage was failing; that she could not write any more at present; and described with comical ingenuousness her helpless indolence and obstinate disinclination to go on with the work. Her publisher answered her with quiet kindness, begged her to put no constraint on her inclinations, and to give herself no uneasiness about the sheets already printed, which he would cheerfully throw aside if it would contribute to her happiness. It was now her turn to be astonished. She sprang to her feet with an earnest "No, thank you, Mr. Johnson; I shall go home and finish it at once!" And she did.

Her first meeting with Mr. Godwin, her future husband, occurred soon after this startling publication. They met at a dinner-party, and were mutually displeased. Godwin had read her book, and, although he was an earnest republican, his quiet temper was offended by the "occasional harshness and ruggedness of character exhibited in her '*Vindication*,'" as well as in her conversation. She, in turn, was annoyed by his philosophical calmness and gentle equanimity; and so they separated, little dreaming that hereafter they would become man and wife.

At that time she was far better pleased with the roughness and sarcastic severity of the artist Fuseli, who was one of the Johnson coterie, and for whom her attachment became so strong as to frighten her into remembering that he was married, and seeking safety in avoiding his society.

In 1792 she published her still more celebrated "*Vindication of the Rights of Woman*"—a work of several hundred octavo pages, yet written by her in the incredibly short period of six weeks. This new publication placed her at once among the boldest and most original thinkers of that era of audacious thinking and writing. It is crude in composition, almost insolent in its defiance of hostile criticism, and in its attack on existing abuses, laws, customs, and institutions, both political and social. It contains little upon the subject of woman's rights which has not now become familiar to every mind. But then it was new, startling, alarming; especially as the doctrines were broached in a fierce and fiery style, and mingled with numerous offenses against good taste and good sense. That a woman should assert that there is no sex to mind, or to manners, to the human soul or reason, to duty or virtue—that a woman should declare that the law ought to know no difference between male and female, and that education should be the same for all—for a female to spurn all courtesies predicated on her feebleness, and ridicule the gallantry that hastens to pick up her glove or open for her a door—censure Milton's description of Eve, repel the opinions of Rousseau, and Gregory, and Fordyce, and in the same breath rail at monarchy, nobility, hierarchy, and

every form of aristocratic institution and endowment—all this was regarded with general fright and horror—it was treason, heresy, blasphemy, indelicacy—and the common mind of England rose, in a general panic, to denounce and condemn it and its author.

While, therefore, the book was purchased and read with universal avidity, it injured its author, and damaged the cause which she so injudiciously advocated. Hardly any of its suggestions have failed, in process of time, to be adopted into the legal and social codes of England, of Europe, of America, to a greater or less extent; yet the book itself was, for a long time, an obstacle in the way of reform—its writer has never been forgiven, and all her subsequent faults and follies of conduct have been charged upon the doctrines advanced in her unfortunate book. Nor can we wonder at this result, or blame those who connect, however illogically, the subsequent misconduct of the writer with the character of her book, although such a volume, if republished to-day, would fail to disturb the fears of the most timid and sensitive minds. “Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver;” but the same words unfitly spoken—unfitly in time, place, circumstance, and style—are like the apples of Sodom and the poison of serpents.

Near the close of 1792 various circumstances induced Mary to remove for a while from London to Paris, where she remained until April, 1795. This was another fatal step in her unfortunate career, and involved her in a long series of folly, crime, and misery.

She went to France partly to escape from her dangerous attachment for Fuseli. In this commendable attempt she succeeded. She also wished to escape from importunate creditors, to whom she had become indebted in the kind but foolish endeavor to arrange the business affairs of her improvident and shiftless father. It would have been far wiser to have remained in London, and sought relief by legal methods. In Paris she was received with open arms by all that was brilliant and distinguished in that gay capital; and there can be little doubt that her notions, already at variance with many of the most cherished opinions of English society, were yet further disturbed and demoralized.

Adhering to her literary habits, she wrote and published in 1794 an “*Historical and Moral View of the French Revolution*”—an octavo of more than five hundred pages. But it is a heavy and uninteresting work, and failed to obtain the popularity of her former publications. In Paris she formed her disastrous attachment to a young American named Gilbert Imlay. He would have married her according to the forms of law; but she objected—not considering those forms important—not wishing to make him liable for her debts—not willing to submit to legal servitude, and find a master in the person of a law-made husband, not anticipating that he would ever desert her and her child. She was justly, though severely, pun-

ished for her disregard of those legal requirements which the experience and wisdom of all the world have found indispensable to the purity and good order of social life. Imlay took base advantage of her weakness, and proved faithless to all his vows of affection. He deserted her, and went to London. She followed him in May, 1795, and finding him obstinately unfaithful twice attempted to destroy herself. He defeated her attempts—patched up a transient reconciliation, and then sent her, as his agent, to settle his business affairs in Sweden and Norway. She went with her little girl of fourteen months old and a nurse, and from June to October, 1792, was engaged in this most extraordinary enterprise, whose record, in the form of her “*Letters from Sweden, Norway, and Denmark*,” was published by Johnson in 1796, and forms by far the most pleasing and delightful of all her works. It should also be mentioned that in this strange year, 1795-’96, she composed a comedy, and offered it to the managers of one of the London theatres for representation.

Near the end of January, 1796, Mr. Godwin saw and read her “*Norway Letters*,” and was deeply affected by them—as, indeed, were many others. Mrs. Siddons was among those who admired them. “No one,” said Mrs. Siddons, “could read them with more reciprocity of feeling, or be more deeply impressed than I am with admiration of the writer’s extraordinary powers.” Godwin was still more emphatic in his praise. “No other book of travels,” said he, “so irresistibly seizes on the heart.”—“It speaks of her sorrows in a way that fills us with melancholy, and dissolves us in tenderness at the same time that her genius commands admiration, and we are constrained to love the writer.”

Affected thus by her book, moved by the sad story of her life, coinciding with her in her half-crazy and all-silly notions as to the uselessness of legal formalities in marriage, Godwin was ready to fall in love with the author of those letters and seek to unite her fate with his. It is disgusting and maddening to think that two persons of mature age—for Godwin was forty-one years old and Mary thirty-eight—that two persons of unquestionable genius—one of whom at least had experienced the folly and wretchedness of an illegal union—should or could have been such fools—I will not say as to love and respect each other, but loving and respecting each other, as to defy the law, the opinions of all good citizens, and the bitter lessons of experience by entering into illegitimate marriage relations with each other. But so it was.

After Mary’s return from Norway she found that Imlay persisted in his infidelity to her, and at last abandoned all further efforts to reclaim him. She gave him up, and by every method in her power endeavored to banish his image from her memory, and devote her heart exclusively to her little girl. Then it was that,

after some months, she met Mr. Godwin, renewed the acquaintance so inauspiciously begun soon after her reply to Burke, and learned to enjoy his society. A short period of intimacy resulted in their determining to conform to the law; though even then, as Godwin has seen fit to record, it was the welfare of their unborn child, not any change of opinion, which induced them to marry conformably to the laws of the land. We have his assurance that they acted, first and last, conscientiously—that they had absolute confidence in each other—that no shadow darkened, and no suspicion or distrust sullied the brightness of their mutual affection and respect. But though we may not doubt his word, we can not help pitying their folly and censuring their disregard of the plainest dictates of social duty. Their married life was brief, though happy. It ended a few days after the birth of that daughter who subsequently became the wife of the poet Shelley, and earned for herself a brilliant reputation in the world of letters.

Mrs. Godwin died September 10, 1797. Her husband long survived her, and became greatly distinguished as a writer. Soon after her death he published her posthumous works, in three little volumes, and a biography of her in one volume of similar size. The posthumous works were unworthy of their author's literary reputation; and the biography, though well intended, would have been regarded as a libel on Mrs. Godwin had it been written by any other man. These publications provoked the bitterest criticism and the severest censure, as well they might, and the world rang with noisy condemnation of Mary Wollstonecraft and William Godwin. It is not likely that Mary's name or life or works will ever find favor with the public. But they may at least serve "to point a moral and adorn a tale;" if not fitted to allure and guide, they may, nevertheless—and, if well considered, they must—serve as a beacon and a warning to direct the thoughtful student in the path of duty and safety.

THE HUNGRY HEART.

A COLD, white moonlight filled the hollow of the hills with lonely lustre, and little Gillian sat upon a knoll at the foot of the long field, daring to stir neither one way nor another; for to go home was to face rebuke and her pillow, and the first step forward took one into the grave-yard—the old family grave-yard, a place where melancholy toppled over into terror.

Gillian had run away—run away for an evening's pleasure, and trusting that her absence would not be felt in the great kitchen of the farm-house, with the bustle of its field-hands now idling there and flirting with the dairy-maids, and with all the cheerful family commotion of the evening. Gillian remembered, as well as one needed to remember, that she was forbidden to go alone at night to the other farm in the valley, to Uncle Arad's—bidden part-

ly because she was better at that hour in bed, partly because there was always junketing and fiddle-scraping going on at Uncle Arad's, whereas in the soberer spaces of Mr. Humphrey Storace's house things were managed in more decorous ways, and while the help made merry in the kitchen, class-meeting was held and the solemn voice of psalms arose in the great keeping-room: and though this last was not entirely to the taste of Mrs. Storace, whose religion was of a quieter kind, and who often gently closed the door between her own room and that where the elders ruled triumphant, yet she submitted to the habit of the country-side, and ordered the supper fit for a corporation, that was always smoking in the kitchen at the close of the uproarious but hearty exercises in the keeping-room.

Now, if little Gillian remained at home on these evenings she would be ignominiously tucked away into bed, both for sanitary considerations and that she might not be round "under folks' heels;" but if she contrived, at the proper hour, noiselessly to insinuate herself among the warm and busy groups, ten to one she would be unnoticed, further than a good allowance of roast goose, with potato-dressing and nightmare sauce might imply. Her mother would pass through the room to see that these frequent and remorseless guests—who must be treated with respect, but never made intimate—were all well-seated and smiling, and at the foot of the table, carving and jesting, would stand Mr. Storace, and the child was sure of a merry thought, at least, if she only got under the arm of her step-father—her step-father, for Gillian's own father had gone away to the wars in the sad days of 1812, and being one of those who never returned, there had been left to her mother the bitter lot of bringing into the world a child that never saw its father's face. Yet time, healing all wounds but the deadly, leaving only the scars, brought her its benumbing relief, and in the course of a few years the unfortunate woman married again—married a good and kind man, with children of his own, a man well-to-do in the world, who easily allowed vagrant clergy and rodent elders to eat into his income, but who made a tender husband to herself and a loving father to little Gillian and to the brothers and sisters that sprung up around her like butter-cups in June.

To-night, before little Gillian had stolen away, she had heard her father say—as he looked out of the window and saw the singular and deathly glazing that overlay the long, low landscape and the high sky bleached of its stars in the radiance of the frosty moonlight—that it looked as if there were going to be an earthquake; then she had seen him go to consult the almanac hanging by the chimney-side, out of which oracle he was accustomed always to judge and sentence offenders, discovering by its awful cabalisms whether Geordie or Allen broke the great apple-boughs in the orchard; whether Rufe

or Archie rode Elder Savins's horse to such a white heat during morning meeting; whether Gillian or Alice stole the raisins from the pantry.

Now, as little Gillian sat on the knoll and looked and longed across the grave-yard and dared not venture, she took heed of the unearthly whiteness all about her, and remembered the earthquake and the almanac, and quaked herself.

This grave-yard was all the worse for being filled only with the familiar dead. One or two white slabs there shone with glaring ghostliness—they belonged to old Granther Storace, who killed Indians, and was by all tradition more fierce and terrible himself than any Iroquois or Mohawk of them all, and to others as mighty as he: some ancient, lichen-covered slates leaned forlornly, like mourners over various else-forgotten mounds; and there were still other and recent graves, where no stones stood at all and long grass grew and rustled, that were of every one the most awesome, since at the others one was, as it were, forewarned and armed, but out of these unseen ones, nameless and spotless, a spirit might start at any moment. Gillian knew very well that she had not once nor twice only seen Aunt Bessy, who died last Christmas, rise like a wreath of mist from one of the later hill-locks, and, with her baby in her arms, steal gently to and fro among the graves: Gillian knew it was a ghost, because when she went down again to be reassured about it, after having entered her complaint at home, clutching her father's hand tightly the while, there was nothing there at all—which manner of disappearance was the way with ghosts. So, at the present moment, she sat wishing and fearing and trembling on the little knoll, silvered over till she was like a ghost herself in the white moonlight.

And all at once the ground quivered under her feet, and the great black hills around shook and shivered in the ghastly moonshine—a hollow rumble filled her ears as if some fearful groan were echoing through multitudes of empty graves, and all was still again. Only the child had somehow been shaken off the knoll and upon her knees.

So this was the earthquake. Gillian looked about her still without rising. The graves had not opened then, it seemed; it was not the end of the world after all; the heavens had not rolled together like a scroll; but through their now deep and purple fields the great white wheel of the moon rolled calmly as a pendulum swings; the farm-house remained undisturbed on the hill; and the window-panes that she had seen shaking in the sashes a moment since now sparkled to the night as quietly as ever.

Gillian knew the earthquake had come because she ran away. She rose penitent, by force of miracle, to go home again. Something else rose with her—not a dead man but a living one—a strange, wild-looking creature with such long gray hair like the white ash of

an ember—such an unreadable face, scarified like some old burn, and with battered features as though one had trodden there, and eyes that blinked almost lost in depths and wrinkles—a thing no mother would have known, no wife caressed, no child delighted in.

Gillian surveyed him in a silence of amazement; this man had risen out of the ground, the earthquake had spit him forth—he was made of dry salt and crusted atoms down there—he—he stole children; oh, if she had never ran away! And she started to run back. But fast as her small feet fled his long strides followed; she saw his shadow falling beside her own all the way up the never-ending hill; and when she stumbled on the kitchen door-stone he opened for her the door.

When Gillian, vainly hoping to escape observation, ventured to obtrude herself again after her first entrance into the gay hubbub of the kitchen-people, her late companion had already ensconced himself in a corner of the great chimney-side as much at home as if it belonged to him. She stared at him still open-eyed, but only for a moment before a fell hand swooped down upon her and bore her off to the eyrie of her trundle-bed in the attic. Meanwhile, the cloth being laid and the table spread, when the other help gathered round the savory supper and broke their bread in the broth, some one chancing to glance in his direction the stranger drew up his chair and broke his bread there too.

After this every one supposed some one else was responsible for him; the mistress, when she happened to come across him, presumed that the master had engaged him; the master took it for granted that the harvester had; nothing definite was inquired of him until he had established as much a right of dwelling as any old moss-covered stone in the field. He occupied himself to-day in chopping boughs and twigs for kindlings at the door, to-morrow in bringing a yoke of unruly cattle into subjection. He tinkered the kettles, cobbled the shoes, did a job of masonry, a bit of carpentry, turned his hand with something like wizard adaptiveness to whatever awaited it. He asked for no wages, slept in the hay, if sleeping at all, and cost hardly so much to keep as a familiar Brownie. He gave his name as Blither—somehow Tom seemed the natural handle to this; and before long, the appellation undergoing an innocent kind of corruption, he was known every where upon the farm as old Tom Perliter. He never objected to this sea-change—indeed, could he have corrupted his name off the face of the earth, one might conjecture, he would have been only too well pleased. No one ever knew where he came from any more than they did on the first night of his appearance; he had the air in this one's eyes of a sea-faring man, and his habit of whistling old time-out-of-mind sea-tunes when at his work gave some confirmation to this supposition; but then, too, there was a certain machine-drill in

his ways that spoke to another of army-life; while a third was rendered sure by his outlandish manner of speech, and by an indistinct letter badly branded in the palm of his hand, that he was a Jerseyman who had served out a term in the French galleys. Of one thing all were satisfied, that old Tom Perliter was some sort of a criminal—and by degrees a little story was made out for him since he declined making any out for himself; this biography assumed that he had committed some heinous and unspeakable offense—else why would he never look any one in the face; he had been imprisoned in Dendeven jail on the other side of the line (for only a line separated this valley from a valley of New Brunswick), and while awaiting his trial for life the jail had been burned to the ground. Perhaps he fired it—who knew?—at any rate with what toil and trouble he escaped from the burning ruins his face bore frightful testimony. There had been just sufficient time since the conflagration of Dendeven jail and its outbuildings for one to wander thence into the present vicinity; and were any further corroboration of all these suspicions wanting, it was given to the framers of the suspicions at least in the fact that neither pretext, command, nor threat ever availed to fetch old Tom Perliter across the line and within the long reach of the British dominion.

Little Gillian, of course, knew nothing of any such conversation as this. She remained firmly of her own mind, that old Tom was a being concocted out of the brown earth's crust, in the part where potatoes were made, and where dead men's bones were put away. She regarded him with both awe and pity, and meanwhile watched him with but seldom intermission. One day she found herself so bold as to address him, having first planted herself at a safe distance.

"Did you come out of the earth?" said she.

"I am going back into the earth one day," he answered her; "but I came out of the fire," as if he must say so much as that to some one.

A salamander then! Better yet, in Gillian's superstitions; salamanders knew all the secrets of the caves and mines, and their jewels.

"But you've been in prison, Tom," cried the matter-of-fact Archie, who listened sometimes when his elders spoke, and had thereby picked up this scrap of knowledge.

"I lay long years a captive of war in Dartmoor prison-walls," he said.

Archie said no more, for he had heard his father speak of the horrors of that English prison across the ocean.

"I'll tell you what, Gill!" whispered Rufe, "he sings, oh! such songs—Tom Bowline and those, you know. I heard him after father went out to-day. I heard him singing:

"You go home and tell your King,
And tell your King from me,
Though he may rule upon dry land,
I will reign King at sea!"

Just then Gillian's mother passed through the kitchen, a step she did not very often take.

She held her domestic establishment so well in hand that she needed to descend upon it only at long intervals. Perhaps she had not crossed that floor before since old Tom Perliter had been there. Now through the twilight, only illumined by the glow of the back-log, in her white gown, with its ruffles laid like white dahlia petals, and all her brown hair undulating down and backward till knotted large and loosely on her neck behind, she seemed like some vision, such as those vouchsafed to lonely creatures in the condemned cells. Old Tom Perliter was humming softly to himself:

"Oh! are you Cleopateray,
Or Helen, the most fair?
Come tell me, my charming dear one,
How came you wandering there?"

but, looking up, perhaps he took her for something supernatural, for when they chanced to glance at him again he was still staring at the spot where she had vanished, staring with pallid face and fallen jaw.

"Well, what are you gaping at?" asked one of the maids, pertly, as the door gently closed behind the retreating vision; "that's the mistress."

"Mrs. Storace?" he asked, after an interval, picking up his wits.

"The same."

"The mother of these children?"

"She? mother of all these? No; nor the half of them. Mother to some. Geordie was the first wife's child, and Archie and those. Gillian was hers when she came. Little Rufe there and the baby's been born since."

"That's my mother!" said Gillian, proudly, taking a step nearer in her pride.

Old Tom stretched out his arm and drew her toward himself, and gazed for a while in her face—the only eyes, the only face, into which he had looked since he came. He saw the child tremble and shrink while he gazed. Then he placed his hand on her head, and only held her with the large flat palm, as if one gave a blessing. Some influence descended, it may be, through that palm, for from that hour little Gillian lost all avoidance of poor old Tom, and if she did not love him at least she did not any longer fear. But in spite of that she was glad when the hand was lifted, and he had let her go. It was like a weight lifted from a floating feather.

That being done at last, old Tom Perliter hummed no more to himself that night, nor for many a night to come; but, sitting with his elbows on his knees, and his face buried in his hands, only blinked back at the hot and blinking ashes on the hearth.

After old Tom Perliter had thus become domiciled at the Valley Farm it would have been doubtful, if any one had taken the pains to observe, whether the safe shelter, easy work, and immunity from question were altogether so delightful to him with the passing days as at first they had promised to be. Perhaps he missed the liberty of roving gipsydom. The

color of his face got more and more like that of the sodden ashes into which he so constantly gazed at night, while his eyes retreated farther among their depths and wrinkles, and all the remnant of his bruised and battered features acquired such a fixity and woefulness that he looked as possibly one might look who had been already for some time dead.

For the rest, although, as might be supposed, not any too cheerful company, yet in one or two respects he had already proven himself invaluable. With the withered countenance of an aged man, but with the broad back and stalwart shoulders of a youth, he possessed an unexpected and prodigious strength, so that a piece of work which once required the united power of four or five laborers was quietly done by Tom without a quickening of his breath; and he had a strange and almost wicked control of the dumb brutes about the place, breaking in vicious colts with little more than a word, and getting twice the work out of the young yokes of unmanageable steers that another could obtain. It seemed as though there were some subtle sympathy between him and the nature of the beasts. It is true that the effects thus reached ended with himself; the colt that had even allowed Tom to set little Gillian on his back showed the former fire in his eye, and the sharp, white gnash of his teeth when any other than his tamer approached with bridle and bit; the oxen locked their horns and presented a front of battle; the cow that poured down cream to his coaxing fingers refused any thing but kicks and whisks to other milk-pails. His very success in these trifles diminished what comfort or pleasure he had found in the family, for these regarded such notable deeds with envy, those such uncanny deeds with awe, and all gave the doer his distance. The men mistrusted and disliked, the maids feared, the master himself felt an instinct of antipathy which he could ill account for toward one who did him such service.

They were plowing the great south field for the winter rye one day. Mr. Storace, as was his wont, had gone out to walk over the ground and see that all went to his mind. While he surveyed the shining share turning up its fringes of rich brown loam, well satisfied at the prospect of finishing the field that day, the off ox suddenly planted his heavy feet in the furrow, put down his head and pulled down his companion's, and refused to budge an inch.

In vain the cries and stick of the teamster, the strong hand upon the yoke, the creature no more changed his position than if he had been a mummied ox of Egyptian temples. He had seen Tom coming down the long slope opposite, and it had entered his dull brain to be driven by old Tom or else to have no driver at all.

Mr. Storace, who was always carried away by a troublesome idea that what another person could not do he himself certainly could do, stepped forward and took the goad-stick and brandished it in the air and indiscriminately

plunged its brad deep into the first substance it found. Before he knew what had happened he found himself down in the furrow among the great trampling hoofs, and at the mercy of the white fierce horns that were goring air and earth about him.

Old Tom had reached the foot of the slope, and was within fifty yards of the place. He saw it all. And just as suddenly as the off ox had been he himself was struck stock-still. He heard Mr. Storace's anguished halloo for help, he heard the teamster's wild shouts, he saw the men rushing from adjacent fields, he knew that before the first one could cross the bars Mr. Storace would be trodden and torn stone-dead. A savage grimace writhed across his mouth, distorting all his features, if that were still possible, so that whereas they had been brutish they became devilish. He saw Satan standing bodily before him. He saw, too, something like little Gillian, who might have caught a glimpse of danger from her attic window, and now came racing down the farmyard and garden hopelessly. She cared then. Her mother cared too. Old Tom shuddered. His heart stood still, his face grew white. Satan got behind him. And he shouted with a voice like a trumpeter's to the raging off ox. In an instant the creature lifted his head, gave a low bellow, and held the yoke straight with a strong neck so that his maddened companion's efforts were vain, till Tom came up and seized his horns with one hand, and with the other dragged Mr. Storace out of death and destruction.

"I owe you my life, Tom," said the master, as soon as he had well shaken himself together and made sure that he was all there. "That is a debt that words can not pay."

Tom set his hard teeth, but made no reply.

"My wife will thank you the best," continued Mr. Storace. "You must come into the keeping-room to-night, and let her thank you in a glass of old white Curaçoa."

Curaçoa was sweet and rich to old Tom Perliter's palate; but he neither went into the keeping-room nor into the house at all that night. Yet no one knew where he bestowed himself that same night, further than they could conjecture of his whereabouts at any other time after the ashes had been raked up from the broad hearth. Some said that he roved abroad, learning from the wild beasts of the forest those dark arts by which he tamed the creatures of the field; others thought that he merely buried himself, like the life-everlasting and the wild raspberry vines, in the hay; but one or two swore that they had seen him at gray dawn lying down in the mangers within reach of the vicious horns under which he had slept peacefully all night, if indeed, as it was said, he ever slept at all.

After the lumberers returned from the logging camp in March they told strange stories concerning this sleeplessness of old Tom's; for wake, they said, at what hour you would, there

sat old Tom Perliter on the deacon-seat, staring into the fire, and whistling under his breath, now and then rocking himself to and fro till he seemed like some unblessed being making its moan.

Mr. Storace had sent old Tom with the loggers as teamster, for many a frosty morning when all the strength of the steaming oxen failed to stir the frozen timber, at a word from Tom, a click of his tongue, or the stroke of his large hand down their faces, they sprang forward as if lightning had urged them, and the creaking log spun over the singing snow as if the imps of swiftness were seated upon it. Around their camp the loggers heard the panther's shriek at night, they saw the outlines of the gaunt gray wolves upon the cliffs of the lake shore at twilight; they knew the wilderness about them teemed full of howling horrors, yet half the time, after the dark nightfall, when they cheered the dismal hours with all the devices that they knew, they saw old Tom prowling out into the shadows, wandering back only to feed his cattle at midnight and be off again till sunrise broke blushing over the snow, as if he held some charmed secret of safety, or as if his life were of no more worth to the Great Destroyer than it seemed to be to himself. And so entirely beyond the comprehension of these men—brave enough themselves in an extremity—was this behavior of old Tom Perliter's, that the camp became full of mutterings about ill-luck and the evil-eye; and, lest it should ripen into mutinous discontent, Mr. Storace took Tom home to the Valley Farm again when returning from his last superintending visit to his loggers.

This was nowise to the disturbance of the children, who had now become sufficiently familiar to cluster round old Tom and beseech his songs and stories; and the maids themselves loved a mournful ditty now and then, since the men were all gone to the woods. Tom knew how to please them, and oftentimes the pausing flat-iron hissed to its fallen tear while the preposterous tune and words of his "Heart's Delight" echoed up the chimney and into the outside stars.

"Oh then I resolved to the army I would go,
To see if I could forget my love or no;
But when I got there with my armor shining bright
I couldn't take any comfort for my dear Heart's Delight.

"So then I resolved to her father's house I'd go,
To see if my love were yet alive or no:
But when I got there both her parents up and cried,
'Oh, our daughter loved you dearly, Sir, and for your sake she died!'

"So dig me a grave. Dig it long, wide, and deep,
And plant a marble slab at my head and at my feet,
Just over my heart there place a turtle-dove,
And let the whole creation know that I died of love!"

Little Gillian was made the spokeswoman usually when any special song was wanted; for Rufe and Archie pleaded to a deaf ear when they asked. Sometimes Tom had tried to take her on his knee, but she always just evaded him; and then she and Rufe drew up their small blocks of wood before him in the big chimney-

place and listened open-mouthed. Once or twice Gillian, in an access of pleasure had stood and put an arm over old Tom's shoulder while he sang; but if he so much as testified that he knew of the little pressure, she was off like dandelion-down. Thus, many a time, when the old hymns that had such a fleshly spice in them were going up from the deep-mouthed elders in the keeping-room:

"From house to house I went to pray,
And if I met one on the way
I always had something to say
About the Blessed Union.
I wonder that all saints don't sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring
With loud hosannas to the King
Who died himself that he might bring
About the Blessed Union!"

Or yet the more galliard-like one of—

"The Lord loves the beggar that loves to beg and pray,
The Lord loves the beggar that begs both night and day:

Then a-begging we'll all go.
For the richest man I ever knew was he that begged the most,
The richest man I ever knew was filled with the Holy Ghost:

Then a-begging we'll all go—"

While these hymns, full of fervor and a rich earthy streak of poetry, ascended in the one room, old Tom in the other was probably trolling the disasters of the good ship *Nightingale*, which little Gillian had wheedled from him for the sake of Rufe, who loved to shiver when the forlorn singer declares:

"I lifted my head from the pillow high,
All over me the dreadful ghost did fly,
He'd a sailor's cap and a visage pale
As he died on board of the *Nightingale*.

"Oh, Nancy dear, don't be surprised,
In the Bay of Biscay my body lies,
I became the prey to some shark or whale
(apparently no matter which)
With my drowned mates of the *Nightingale*."

Or, sometimes, when not in his gruffest mood—for he had a phantom of a fancy for the boy that after all was not Gillian's brother, and that loved to ride the horses of the elders, who came to forage on his father till they reeked, and in whose mind the song made a procession of wonderful mysteries—he gave Archie's particular ballad, that had filtered through the tradition and the hiatus of many a memory before ever it reached old Tom's:

"Songs of shepherds and rustical roundelays,
Formed in fancy and whistled on reeds,
Sung to solace young nymphs upon holidays,
Are too unworthy for wonderful deeds.
Sottish Silenus to Phœbus the genius,
Was sent by Dame Venus a song to prepare,
In words nicely coined and phrase quite refined,
How states divine have—hunted the hare.

* * * * *

"Little god Cupid was mounted on Pegasus,
Borrowed of the Muses with kisses and prayers,
And stern Alcides upon cloudy Caucasus,
Bridled a centaur which proudly him bears.
Light-heeled Sir Mercury, postillion of the sky,
Made his swift courser fly fleet through the air,
While tuneful Apollo the pastime did follow,
To hoot and to holloo—Boys, after the hare!"

* * * * *

"There was lame, clump-footed Mulciber booted,
And Pan, too, promoted on Corydon's mare,
Æolus flouted, with mirth Momus shouted,
Wise Pallas pouted, but—hunted the hare!"

So in the evenings, when the children wrapped eggs in wet brown paper and roasted them in the hot ashes, and flung their chestnut-shells about the broad-tiled hearth, old Tom Perliter sung his ravishing songs, and recounted his hair-breadth adventures. He had fashioned for himself a violin out of old deal, cherry, and willow wood, shaping it in and out with his jack-knife and enriching it with wonderful in-laying of other woods along the edges, while the children watched him breathlessly, and added their mite by bringing him for the bow the long, smooth hairs plucked surreptitiously from the tail of old Greyback. But when, at last, it was all well mounted, and varnished, and rosined, with the first delicious scraping of the long magical bow across the strings, Mr. Storace strode out of the keeping-room and prohibited forever in his kitchen all such profane strains and murmurs as a fiddle could accomplish. Great was the disaffection that followed this ukase; and one day Mrs. Storace sent word that she would like to look at the machine that had aroused these anathemas and maranathas. Her object was to praise Tom for his skill and handicraft, and so in some degree to soften the effect of her husband's asperity on the subject; for, though born and reared in poverty, she was one of those in whom the instincts of a lady are innate.

It was a long time before any heed was paid to the request that little Gillian brought. But at last old Tom took the thing in his burned and blistered hands, and went in to Mrs. Storace.

The good woman, hardly sharing the prejudices of her husband, who believed its bow to be nothing less than the sceptre of the King of Evil, looked admiringly at the cunning instrument out of which it seemed as if nothing but sweet involuted sounds could ever issue, winding themselves into melody by mere force of impulsion from their curved and lovely source. She sat with one hand upon her cradle, while Gillian, who had taken the fiddle in her own fingers, explained its mechanism and made daring little pizzicatos on the strings, and old Tom stood there with folded hands looking down on them out of his blurred and bleary eyes, with a face as motionless as a mask, and one that seemed as if the bitter north wind of the morning had stiffened it into that mould of inscrutable despair. Mrs. Storace glanced up at it, as Gillian volubly proceeded; something there seemed to trouble her, she knew not what; for she glanced as instantly away, and only rocked her cradle a little more rapidly, but without giving speech to her thought.

It was a sharp day out of doors; and within they were mending the kitchen chimney-place, so that the fire had been extinguished upon the hearth for a little while, and old Tom who had

been at work in the yard was blue with cold. Mrs. Storace bade Gillian place him a seat by their own fire till that strange half-palsied tremulousness, with which she fancied he quivered, should have ceased.

Old Tom took the seat without a word, or indeed some fascination took it for him; and directly afterward he was gazing as fixedly into the dropping coals and glowing embers as he was wont to do at night by the broad kitchen blaze. It was some time before the voice of Gillian roused him from this abstraction, urging her claims, as long as he was there, upon the ballad of Tam-a-line. At length her persistent little tones gained their point, for old Tom started, and stared at the child, smiling a strange smile the while; he placed his hand upon her hair, bending back her head a moment, then in a low husky voice, very different from that with which he jöddled his sea-songs by night up the great chimney-flues and out into the freedom of the wild air and the tingling heavens, he repeated to her the tale of the noble lady rescuing her lord from the captivity of the fairy-folk who every seven years paid their tithe to hell, and had this year chosen him.

Sometimes Tom hummed the stanzas, when they seemed to break out with an irrepressible music of their own, sometimes recited them; but all along between the lines he kept up a running ritual of remark. The mother could not chose but listen:

"First let pass the black, Janet,
And syne let pass the brown;
But grip ye to the milk-white steed,
And pu' the rider down."

Gillian was all attention, her eyes glistening as she saw the pictures that the ballad made, and every now and then she was calling to her mother to hearken or heed.

"And so," said Tom, "Janet went down to Carterhaugh, the dish of holy water in her hand, and waited with the dark falling round her. Doubtless it was not pleasant in a lonely hill-country like that:

"Betwixt the hours of twelve and one
A north wind tore the bent,
And straight she heard strange elritch sounds
Upon that wind which went.

"About the dead hour o' the night
She heard the bridles ring,
And Janet was as glad o' that
As any earthly thing.

"Will o' Wisp before them went,
Sent forth a twinkling light,
And soon she saw the fairy bands
All riding in her sight.

"And fast gaed by the black black steed,
And then gaed by the brown,
But fast she gript the milk-white steed,
And pu'd the rider down."

Tom paused a moment, whether having lost the thread of the ballad or preferring his own words. "And when the fairy people saw this done, Gillian," said he, "and that the lady had her husband safely, they bent all their bewitch-

ments to get him back again. Let her only leave her hold—and woe for young Tam-line. They changed him first into a snake, ‘an esk but and an adder;’ but if her soul revolted, or her heart shook and shuddered, her arms never let go. They changed him then, within her grasp, into all manner of dreary shapes—into a ravening panther of the woods, a red-hot iron, a roaring flame—she never loosed the hands that held him fast. She knew it was her husband that she held—the one she loved in youth—she never lost her faith in him—she was sure he would come out of all this teen—she saw through the cruel disguises and wicked transformations—she felt that he would return to her, her own lord, the father of her child. She was not like the false, false wives of these days; her husband’s die was stamped upon her heart—her blood was his! When the horrid things that she held glowered up in her face she said to herself: ‘Heaven save us both!—Heaven keep our trust! What though I should never know this scarred and fearsome terror for my own love—yet hold him fast! hold him fast! and I shall have him back again at last—faith and endeavor are the stronger spell—I will not lose him now a tithe to hell—and I shall have him back again at last, the fondest heart and true!’”

Tom was not talking to little Gillian any longer—his gaze was fixed and centred on her mother; the mother that had snatched her baby from the cradle and was fleeing out of the room, turning back the while a horror-stricken, death-stricken stare on that face that, losing its bruised and battered shapelessness, wore for an instant the semblance of a heart-broken man’s.

The door opened for her trembling hand, and Mr. Storace entered and caught her as she hid her face in his breast.

“How is this?” said he, in an amazement. “How is this?”

But old Tom Perliter was looking into the fire again—the flesh had been too strong for him during that one moment—but now his countenance was as blank of any meaning as a sponge.

Mr. Storace closed the door, and leading his wife forward seated her again in her low chair by the empty cradle-side.

“I do not understand you, my love,” said he, gently. “Tell me what has alarmed you—what has happened.”

But, far from replying, Mrs. Storace’s eyes, full of a terrified illumination, were only chained in silence to that motionless figure there before the fire. For old Tom had perhaps an indistinct hope, half-formed in his mind, that she would invent some excuse, some lie, that should cover the mischief he had never meant to do, and so, for his own part, became immobile as a statue beneath the woman’s gaze.

Yet, while Mr. Storace followed with piercing eyes the direction of this glance of hers, slowly the same illumination crept into his own; his heart began to beat, a ball of pain, his lungs were filled with flame.

“Do you mean,” he stammered, “that this brute has ever been—is now—? Wretch!” he cried, “what is this you have said to my wife?”

Old Tom turned—so slowly and heavily that he seemed to creak—and rose to a height that his stooping guise had never assumed before in that house. The devil in him clamored and conquered; he faced his foe and defied him.

“She is no wife of yours!” said he.

“Oh, it is true!” moaned the woman with the child in her arms, and after that sat like one stunned and stupefied.

Mr. Storace bowed a moment beneath the blow so strong and so sure that it took his breath away.

But surrender her—never! He took courage to himself again. The blood filled all his pulses. “You lie!” said he.

Tom sprang upon him like a wild beast. “I lie?” growled he, rather than cried, as Mr. Storace nimbly evaded his stroke; “I who carried her memory in my heart like a shield against bullet and bayonet? I who wearied for her long, long years in Dartmoor prison-yard? I who counted at last the days between us, and the steps, till I found her gone—gone, given away, stolen! and with that madly dived into the first brutish sin that came to hand!”

He cowered then—cowered, it would seem, with the mere memory that his words brought up.

“I never meant to claim her,” muttered he, half to himself, “for I had fallen then. I had fallen too low to touch the hem of her white garment. Yet once she was mine—once she was! I happened here, led on by my ill fortunes and evil stars. I never came to wreck what happiness she had found; nothing told her I was near; the secret should have died with me; I never meant to claim her.”

“That you did not!” sneered Mr. Storace, grasping his stick more tightly. “And how could you claim her? A woman is no longer a wife when deserted for seven years!”

“A captive of war in Dartmoor prison-yard,” pleaded Tom, almost below his breath.

“It makes small odds where you have been,” was the reply. “The only thing left now for you to do is to put latitude and longitude between us!”

The taunting tone was too much. It seemed to Tom that he deserved a different method—a different manner. He raised his head and looked at the woman before him. She might have given him a word. Then he fancied he had been too self-abasing. Suppose he had a right?

“At least,” said he, “you will restore what actually belongs to me—what none can question but belongs to me. The child is mine. I shall take Gillian where I go!” In spite of himself, with the quavering of his voice this assertion of his purpose became a beggary and request. What a hope! He meant to brazen it out valiantly. But, do what he would, there came

that trembling in his tones with all that depended for him on the demand and the moment.

Gillian, comprehending nothing of all this but that old Tom Perliter was about to lay violent hands on her and her liberty, raised a fearful howl that shortly multiplied itself by concert with the awakened baby, and hid her head in the lap of her mother, who mechanically strove to hush them both.

But Mr. Storace laughed. It came near being his last laugh. "Come," said he, rolling the end of his pendent stick to and fro between his palms, "say how much it is! What is the figure you want, in order that we may never see or hear of you again? The round sum? How much money?"

Money! It was the one outrage too much! Tom's face became purple-black—one swollen welt of rage! With a stroke he caught Mr. Storace by the throat, and shook him as a mastiff shakes a teasing terrier till the breath gurgled at the good man's lips like a death-rattle. He had very likely killed him, then and there, if another object had not blurred itself indistinctly across his blood-shot vision—if he had not seen the woman kneeling there at his feet; if he had not heard a groan, a prayer for mercy; if he had not seen Gillian—Gillian—fling her arms about his adversary's knee, throwing her little self between the man and his doom.

Tom's grasp relaxed; his fingers, leaving their mark like branding-irons, opened and let their prey loose again.

"At least one word," said he, "before I go." But mother nor child heard him nor heeded, busy over the prostrate one between them. Long and bitter was the look they never saw—long and bitter; but he said no more.

Some time after the door had softly closed behind old Tom Perliter, and after his stealthy footfall had died out of the house, the blood stole back into Mr. Storace's cheek; he heaved a sigh, and raising his head laid it on the shoulder of little Gillian's mother. "My wife!" said he, smiling faintly, as if to reassure her.

"No, no, no!" she dryly sobbed. "Not yours, nor any man's. There is only one way to end it all. I will die!"

Thenceforth, day after day, as if with the ebbing sunlight of each, ebbd too her strength; when Mr. Storace looked at her, rebelliously choking down conviction for himself, he saw that she would keep her word. The wild roses of pleasant June wove their coverlet above her grave.

When a dozen years from that biting March day, and something more, had passed, and Gillian was the happy wife of Uncle Arad's youngest son, an old, old man, upright still, but white and wrinkled as a snow-drift that the chopping wind has whipped, staid at the door-stone where she sat watching a chubby child half-buried in the grass and clover that grew unshaven there, and asked her for a drink of milk.

That seared and dreadful face, however pow-

dered over with the frosts of age, was not to be forgotten. Its remembrance had always lingered with her like a nightmare, she knew not why; for Gillian had never solved the mystery of her mother's unhappiness—never, perhaps, noted it as any thing but the sad approach of death; and all its incidents, as well as that scene of young Tam-line, and that struggle between the two men, had gradually grown more and more indistinct in her mind, so occupied with other thoughts. But now Gillian knew him, and shivered as if the shadow of that morning, so long gone, so dimly understood, had dropped its pall over her. She hastened to be rid of him, and to bring out a bowl enriched with cream, into which the wayfarer might crumb her crimson strawberry-cake, and be gone. Then she would have let him go, had not a vague and unwelcome idea come to her that to suffer an old retainer of the house to go by in that way was a churlish inhospitality new to the Valley Farms and unworthy of them. She noticed that his breath came thick, that his feet faltered, that his hand trembled as he used the spoon. Yet she could not greet him with recognition, or she would not; and if she asked him to stay the night, who knew when he would go?

"That is your child?" asked he, looking hard at Gillian, who had the same smooth brown skin, clear eyes, and ruddy cheeks as in old days. And he filiped his fingers and held out his arms to coax the boy; but, half frightened in his turn, the child hung down a grieved lip, and ran, trembling as he went, to hide his head in his mother's gown.

"All alike," muttered he; "all alike. Nor kiss, nor caress, nor kindly word."

Gillian's heart melted a little.

"Are you walking far?" asked she.

"Only to my resting-place," he replied.

"There is an inn just behind the hill," said she, hesitatingly.

"Ay, ay, I can pay my way," he retorted quickly, taking a handful of gold coins from his pocket, and tossing them in the air to brighten the tiny toddler's eyes, regardless where they fell. "I have been following the sea this many a year."

"We do not take pay from passers-by," said Gillian, something proudly. And then she added, full tardily enough, "But if you would like to pass the night with us here—"

He looked at her wistfully a moment. "No, no," he answered her. "I have a better lodging."

"I am glad of that," said Gillian, tossing her head saucily.

"Yonder is Squire Storace's, on the hill-side, is it not?" he asked, without giving any observation to her airs. "And the grave-yard lies in the glen between? And beyond that is the great highway? Ah, thank you! A pleasant sunset! God be with you!"

Then he toiled on his way; but before he had gone many paces—as if, instead of being any

expression either of joy or sorrow, it had grown to be merely a habit with him, and how cracked and rusty a habit withal!—Gillian heard the burden of the old ballad that just now she remembered only too well, with all the vivid scene, which its recital called up afresh, of the windy and sunshiny morning whereon she first heard it, when, sitting aloft on a pile of logs, old Tom Perliter with his axe scattered the chips about them, and his sonorous voice rung out the heart-rending sorrows of King William and the Fair Ladye. And now as the stooping figure crept—but still so sturdily—down the glen, there came back to her on the wind the old familiar words:

"My body lies in yon church-yard,
Away behind the sea;
'Tis nothing but my spirit, Margret,
Now speaking unto thee."

Gillian was ill-pleased with herself that night. Hard to say the reason why, but so it was. She was restless in her sleep, and strange dreams visited her—dreams which were haunted full by old faces and by the music of the countless songs that years ago she and Rufe and Archie had learned together, listening with delighted ears, on the winter evenings as they sat in the great chimney-place of the farm-house kitchen, and now and then sent a glance up the great tunnel of darkness above them, till it caught a star struggling with the curling smoke; and that single night, moreover, all glazed by the spectral white moonlight, in which the earthquake had overtaken her, and, to the best of her childish belief at the time, the grave had given up its dead to accompany her home, rose again with its cold, deathly stillness reduplicated in a horror of nightmare, and inwove itself with such a vision of the last dread day of all that she awoke quaking, and stirred the heavy-breathing form beside her, and put out her hand to her child's little crib, that she might be sure of warm and living people in the world.

After that she slumbered peacefully; but something possessed her in the early dawn, before the cheerful breakfast was quite laid or the foaming milk-pails brought in, to run down the slope to the glen and cross the little grave-yard till she reached the mound long heaped above her mother. Once the place had been such a terror to her; but of late years she had gone there often, and at one time had even taken her little child with her to pull apart the blossoms and brambles, and make the spot enticing with his golden-haired, flower-faced beauty. Nowhere else did the birds sing so sweetly as in the white lilac bushes there; nowhere else did the ripe grass grow so rankly rich and tall. And now, on this morning, it seemed to her in some blind way that here she might find answered her doubts concerning this old vagabond and wayfarer who so haunted her path in life—might find her vague mystery solved. But as she sped on her way her feet found that the long grass had been trodden down before them, and still lay bent and wet as it had lain all night;

and then, standing yet far off, she saw that the coverlet of wild roses, with their long wreaths pleached together, had been lifted on one side, and there, under all its morning meshes of blossoms and dew, stretched stiff and stark from head to foot beside the sunken mound, with one arm thrown across it, lay old Tom Perliter.

OUR MAN BARNABAS.

IT was toward the close of a December day—dull and sleety weather, but with more tendency to snow than rain—that myself and my brother Hadley were surprised at our play (we always played out of doors, summer and winter) by the sight of a strange man turning in toward our "bars." He did not even belong to our part of the country, as was shown by the peculiar *backwoodsness*, so to speak, of his costume and accoutrements. He wore a cap of raccoon skin, and evidently of home manufacture; carried a pair of old saddle-bags upon one shoulder, and a long rusty rifle upon the other. He was tall, narrow in the shoulders, crooked almost as a rainbow, and with a surprising length of leg. The door-yard bars, four or five feet high, I suppose, offered scarcely an impediment to his progress, and he stepped over them just as Hadley or I would have stepped over the broomstick if it had happened to lie across our path.

We stood abashed, awe-struck almost, for a stranger was a stranger in those times, and only when the circuit preacher, some clock peddler, or stray hunter came along did we ever see a face that was not familiar to us.

He grinned at us by way of recognition, showing a set of teeth that were wonderfully white and strong; and then he said, in a tone as wild and uncultured as the wind, "I reckon the man o' the house is about?"

I shied away, as much afraid of him as of the rusty gun on his shoulder; but Hadley, who was never afraid of any thing, made a bold and direct answer; and the stranger, sliding the rifle from his shoulder, shook the collar of sleet from his coat of scanty linsey-woolsey, stamped the mud from his cowhide boots, pulled up the cotton collar of his red flannel shirt, and with another grin crossed the porch, and entered the house without knocking.

"Bet a dollar he wants to stay all night!" cried Hadley. "Hope they won't keep him! He sha'n't sleep in my room any how!" and with a defiant shake of his head he ran before me into the house.

The stranger was already seated in the chimney-corner, his saddle-bags and rifle between his long legs, his coonskin cap still on his head, and a cloud of steam rising all around him, for he had been plodding through the sleet all day.

In answer to the inquiry whether she could entertain a stranger all night, my mother asked him whether he had not passed a tavern within half an hour.

"Reckon how's I did," he said; "but I'm

free to own I can't pay no such powerful prices as your stuck-up tavern-keepers in this section ask a feller." And then he said, shifting his rifle to conceal his shamefacedness, "I mought as well own up, I reckon. I'm clar run ashore. I had seven dollars when I started; but money goes like water when a feller's puttin up at taverns two or three nights hand-runnin." He seemed to muse for a moment, and then added, "I mought a-parted with my singin-book, I spose, though that's been a heap o' comfort to me along back; or with one o' my hyppocrites; but though I reckon I'm done with such vanities I couldn't bar to part with it."

He sighed heavily, and looked into the ashes as though he were looking into the grave of some dead hope.

"Hyppocrites!" whispered Hadley, loud enough to be heard across the room; but on receiving from my mother a reproving look, became all at once seriously interested in the brier-bush at the window.

Bridget, the house-maid, who was setting the table for supper, encouraged Hadley with a wink; and to my mother made every protest she could make, without the use of spoken words, against the entertaining of the stranger. She settled down every dish with a negation, as it were; frowned till her red cheeks grew fairly purple; and flounced against the stranger as she went in and out, as though there were not possibly room for her to pass. Indeed she was a clumsy creature, and required a good deal of space for her ordinary evolutions. But what availed her frowning and her flouncing? Her stars were against her, and so was the weather.

Directly after sunset the wind whistled round, and the sleet changed to snow. There was no turning a stranger out in such a night as this, if indeed it would have been done at any time, which is doubtful; for most people were glad in those times to exchange hospitality for the entertainment of a stranger's personal presence, to say nothing of his conversation.

"There's no bed, and it isn't meself that'll make it, nuther!" says Bridget, when it had been settled that the stranger was to stay all night with us.

"I don't lay out to make ye no trouble, Miss," says the young man, wiping his blue-black chin on an old handana that was—begging the reader's pardon—about the color of dry blood. "What's a feather-bed, Miss, when the heart's broke?"

And he cast upon her a look of such sorrowful appeal as caused Bridget to remark to the air, for she held her head aloft the while, that it was not herself she was sure that was afraid of throuble—it was on account o' the mistress she spake! But if the truth had been told she herself was mistress in reality—she had lived with us so long, and received so many favors, that she had naturally trodden upon them and advanced herself to a very high position.

"She's a powerful nice figger!" says the

young man, watching the receding form of Bridget; "a leetle stout, maybe, but where's perfection?"

It was pretty difficult for Hadley and myself to conduct ourselves with any thing like propriety. The presence of any stranger would have produced an exhilaration like wine; but such a stranger! There was no resisting his appeals to our sense of the ludicrous, and when he came to tell his name we giggled outright, and were both of us sent from the room. Barnabas Stackhouse; it was upon that innocent name that we and discipline collided, we, of course, coming to the worse.

We went, as I remember, hand in hand, as Adam and Eve are supposed to have gone out of Paradise—from the cheerful warmth into the cold and gloom of the kitchen, where we were told we might laugh at our leisure. But be sure our gay humor speedily subsided when we found ourselves alone; and with the perverseness of human nature we charged the penalty of our own act all to the account of the harmless stranger.

The kitchen was never an inviting place at that time of day; but now, owing to the ill-humor of Bridget, who was solacing herself among her boxes and budgets in the garret, it was especially cheerless and forbidding. She had scattered the embers from side to side, and they lay among the ashes dead or dying. The great iron tea-kettle, as it swung from the crane, instead of singing as all well-bred tea-kettles are bound to do at all times, looked solemn, and the gaping snout seemed curled at us derisively. Tennyson might perhaps have got some poetry out of the mice as they scampered among the meal-bags and across the high hard knots of the old pine-wood floor; but lacking Tennyson's genius we could not get any thing like poetry out of our situation, we could not even get any comfort except what we got from our abuse of the poor stranger; and it is wonderful how much we did really get in that way.

We ridiculed his name—Barnabas Stackhouse! "Barn," he had said he was generally called—Barn Stackhouse! That was a disgraceful name for any man to have, to be sure! And then we said a "barn" was a "stackhouse," or a place for hay, which was all one; so the fellow had only part of a name after all. It was enough to make any body laugh, and we didn't blame ourselves—not we; he had no right to have such a name! Then the old saddle-bags: we unpacked them in our imaginations, and laughed over each separate article, beginning with the "hyppocrites," and ending with the "hyppocrites." Every thing he had was wrong; every thing he said was wrong; the very way he looked was wrong: his feet were too big, and his head was too little; his shoulders were too round, and his legs were too long. And then we compared him to the tongs, and that was so happy a hit that it seemed we would never get over it. He had not been born in our State, and on that account alone we rat-

ed him a good deal below ourselves. His bad grammar and bad pronunciation were barbarous; while ours were respectable, and indeed almost elegant. Then he had no money—he had owned that. We should think he would be ashamed of himself—if he was not, he ought to be—that was all. His trowsers were too short; his eyes were too big; his face was too narrow; and, in fact, we had never seen so outlandish and unlikable a creature in all our lives. He was not, to be sure, a person to commend himself to one's good graces—ill-dressed, ill-mannered, and alas! not clean nor shaven, nor in any way comely to look upon; but we certainly made the most of our first unfavorable impression, and wrought ourselves up to a state bordering on positive aversion. So much the worse for ourselves.

We were seated together on the hearth-stone drowning the cries of the crickets with our murmurs against the unfortunate stranger whom we delighted to call Barn-stack, when all at once he made his appearance before us.

"I reckoned, youngsters," he said, "that maybe you'd be lonesome, shet out like from the company, so I come in to shar whatsomever you mought have to bar."

I looked at Hadley, and Hadley looked at me, for we did not know exactly how we ought to feel, or what feeling to manifest, and thus sought, each of the other, to get some help.

Meantime Barnabas took off his old cap, and began fanning the dying embers, so that they presently blazed again. When the light shone upon him it seemed to us that he was not so ill-favored as we had previously thought; and, when we again addressed him, we found it easy enough to say "Mr. Stackhouse."

"Whar mought the young woman be?" he said directly, glancing round the kitchen, and pulling up the collar of his shirt at the same time.

"She mought be here," says Hadley, "but she isn't!" and Barnabas, so far from being offended, seemed to think Hadley a wonderfully clever lad, and told him he would like to teach him to use a rifle as well as he used his tongue. "I wouldn't like no better fun," says he, "than to see you with nothin but this ole gun o' mine betwixt you and a yearlin bar."

Then he told us that his rifle had brought down as many as twenty bears in one day, and that not what he called "a first-rate bar-day nuther!"

This was a pretty large story, and caused Hadley to inquire what part of the country he came from, he having all a boy's interest in bears.

"'Tother side o' nowhar!" says Barnabas; and then he explained that he came from the "Big Muddy Deestriect, alongside of Coon Creek," never seeming to doubt that was the most famous place in the world, and evidently taking it for granted that we knew all about it.

"Yes, Sir," he went on—for he addressed himself chiefly to Hadley—"I've stopped my

plow thirty times a day, I reckon, and shot a bar in my furrer just as I'd shoot a crow."

Then he exhibited his boots, and told us they were made of "bar-hide," and that the "har" had been left in the inside for the sake of the warmth. But what staggered us most was his account of a battle he had had with rattlesnakes.

"I was sot on," says he, "by forty-six of 'em to onct, and the shortest one in the caboodle was twict as long as that-ar rifle o' mine!"

"How did you happen to know the number?" asked Hadley, winking at me.

"Well, Sir, just this way, bein you're curus to know: an ole Injun named Flinteye, who was hangin round the Big Muddy about that time, happened along just as I'd fit down about half of 'em, and thar he stood a tremblin like a leaf till I laid out the last of 'em, and then he sneaked in and cut off their tails—he wanted the rattles for his papposes, you see—and come to count thar was fifty-two of 'em."

"But you said forty-six at first?" interposed Hadley.

"Did I? Well, I done it a-purpose. I'm always keerful to understate things."

There was no resisting this, and we began to take kindly to Barnabas, simply because he amused us. He told us of the acres upon acres of the "wild land" he had "clared," talked of "squatter claims" and "pre-emption rights," and of "entering" sections and quarter-sections in a way that was both strange and new to us.

"I reckon I've knowed as many hardships as any boy o' my years," he said, poking in the ashes, with a sigh.

Hadley felt flattered by his calling himself a "boy." It somehow brought him upon a level, and made him feel more like a man; and he listened with still kindlier interest as Barnabas went on to tell of the hard work and hard ways of pioneer life.

"I was born in the Big Muddy," says he, "and raised thar, and from fellin a saplin to shootin a grisly, and from breakin flax to breakin steers thar aren't nothin but what I've done."

"The ole man"—meaning his father, I suppose—"was mighty hard onto me," he went on, "an I done a man's work when I was only ten year old, burnin lime an brush an clarin land, or any thing else I was sot to, for the ole man sot me stents, regalar, and if I didn't git done, *whe-e-ew!*" And he lifted his hand and brought it down upon his knee with a terrible slap.

He paused again and poked in the ashes with a face so sad that it was pitiful to look at. Directly he went on:

"I wore tow shirts and trowsis, and buckskin gallusses, and the socks that was born onto me till I was nigh eighteen year of age, and then as winter was a-comin on, and singin-school times, I was mighty downhearted, and my mother—God bless her!—bought me some finery, by means of takin in some canol hands

to board. The ole man was agin it; but says she, 'Barney's been a good boy, and but for him your land wouldn't a-been paid for as it is; and now he's a'most a man, and wants things a little like other yong men.'

"'And *you* want things too, don't you?' says the ole man; and that's the only time I ever heerd him ask her if she wanted any thing in all the days of his life; and I reckon that was more for the sake of bein *agin* me than *for* her.

"'No,' says mother, 'I did think I'd like to have a shawl this winter, if you could afford it; but I don't know as I care about it any how. I'd rather see Barney have a new suit first.'

"'Then him an you must git it the best way you can,' says my father; 'thar's our taxes, and *your* doctor bill, and the store bill, and I can't spar a cent; and what's more, I ain't a-goin to try!'

"Mother didn't say a word, but next day she took in the canol hands, though she had more to do afore than any woman ought to have done—spinnin, and weavin, and sewin, and washin, and housework: a mighty heap of it altogether. I used to see her sittin' with her hand on her side sometimes, just to catch her breath; for she used to have dreadful coughin fits, especially when she was carryin water from the spring, for it was a good ways from the house. But as often as I asked her if I shouldn't go for the doctor she shook her head, and her eyes took a look as if they had shadders come into 'em. I always knowed she remembered what the ole man had said about the doctor's bill. I wish now I'd a gone without askin her leave."

He poked in the ashes again, this time a long while; then he took up a cricket that he had carelessly half buried, and then, having blown the dust from its wings with his breath, he said, going on with the train of his silent thought, probably,

"She was buried in the corner of the medder. I'd had a little brother two year old buried thar afore her; and the day afore she died the ole man sent me out to mow the grass off the buryin ground! She was only thirty-seven; but she looked fifty, every day of it; and I remember the preacher called her our 'aged mother' at the funeral. I felt like I could a-got up and thrashed him fur it. I don't know why I felt so, but I did; and I wouldn't stop the feeling now if it was into my power." Then he said, brightening up: "I have a notion a feller may swear sometimes, in cases o' necessity like, and not go agin scripiter.

"She was a good woman, my mother was," he resumed again directly; "and deserved a better fate. The last time she ever went from home was on my account. She rode to the store ten miles away, and back again, one cold sleety afternoon; a day a good deal like this it was, and when she come home and give me my new things she was all of a tremble; for her shawl was thin and onfit for such weather, and the creter she rode was none the gentlest. Well,

I can't talk about it, but I can't help wishin' I had some things to do over again, that's all.

"One thing I done gives me some comfort. The first money of my own I ever airnt I used to get her grave-stones, and I had cut onto 'em, 'Sacred to the Memory of Eliza Anne Stackhouse,' though her name was nothing but Anne. Somehow I wasn't satisfied with just only Anne. It didn't seem enough for the like of her."

I had to put my apron to my eyes, and when I looked up I saw that Hadley had written with his finger in the ashes, "Eliza Anne," "Eliza Anne," over and over, and that Barnabas had his gun across his knees, and was screwing away at the lock as for dear life. But presently Hadley asked Barnabas in a brisk tone how his father happened to spare him from the farm-work at last.

"Spar me! He didn't spar me of his own free will. I took to my heels betwixt two lights."

"Good!" says Hadley; "I'm glad you got away from him!"

"Glad? if you was me you'd be hallelujahed, I reckon!" And then he said that to his thinkin thar was a "sparsity" of good strong words in the English language.

He proceeded after a little to tell us about the "freedom-suit" his father promised him when he should get to be "his own man," and which he failed to get. "And I worked that season," says he, "splittin rails, and clarin off brush and drainin the swampy timber-land as a feller never worked afore." Then he showed us his hands, and there was no mistaking the story they told—twice their natural size in the joints, and fluted in the palms with ridges of callous flesh almost as hard as a stone. Hadley kept the fingers in a caressing way after he had done looking at the hand.

All at once Barnabas broke out—his great eyes dilating, his face flushing, and his brawny hands quivering to the length of all the misshapen fingers.

"I haven't told you the worst," says he; "what I underwent when I was a boy, and what I underwent when I come to be my own man, and was kep out o' the freedom-suit both; and all together was small potatoes compared to what I underwent afterward. Maybe you're too young to understand it in pint of its force, but I've been thwattled in love!"

"Yes, my dear children, you see afore ye one whose affections have been blunted and nipped in the bud, and whose whole career has been changed, as a body may say, from shad-dery meader-land to swampy parary. I left my fur hat on the peg at the head o' my bed—I know'd 'twant no use to me no more; and then thar was a bitter satisfaction in it too. My hyp-pocrites I brung with me, thinkin I might want to be buried in one of 'em; for my heart was that hefty for two days and nights that it farly weighed me into the earth."

He hid his face in the red handkerchief for a moment, and then, setting himself up a little

by means of smashing his coonskin cap together twice or thrice, and smoothing it out upon his knee as often, he went on to tell us about the manner of his "thwattlement," which happened on this wise:

"It was big-meeting time," says Barnabas, "and I was thar every night purty much, not to har the preachin, mind ye, but cause *she* was thar!

"A-Thursday mornin meetin took up, and that evenin I went in my everyday things, tothers bein in the wash; and then, thinks I, she's onworldly, for she had been struck under conviction within a few days, and it ain't my clothes she cars for, I reckon. But, if you blieve it, when meetin let out, I couldn't get a-nigh her—she kep three benches betwixt us in spite of me, though I clarr'd one after another like lightning. Then I suspicioned that her conviction hadn't been quite genooine, and that she did car some for clothes.

"When I got out o' the meetin-house I seen her go off with somebody; but it was darkish, and I couldn't place him. And then I just sneaked home acrosst the clarrin; and when I got thar I leant my head against the door o' the smoke-house and cried! Yes, I ain't ashamed to own that I cried: the feller that won't cry when he's *thwattled* in love must have a heart like a nuther millstone, and mine isn't o' them kind.

"That night I dreamed I was chasin a shadder, and the next day as I was workin in the timber I felt skeery like, till sometimes I even shuck in my shoes; but toward evenin when I seen my hyppocrite hangin over a char, all starched as stiff as buckram, I picked up courage agin—thinks, says I, maybe she didn't har me scramblin among the benches; for, ye see, when a feller's in love it's uttermosty onpossible for him to see things as things is!

"Well, I stood afore the glass ten minutes, I reckon, a-tying my handkercher, and that done, it was ten minutes more afore I got my hat sot squar; but I walked fast, and meetin hadn't been took in long afore I was thar. This was a-Friday night; and for some reason unbeknowed to me she didn't appar, and all the while I felt more like I was at a funeral than a revival, and so I declar.

"All that night hope and fear kep a-wrasslin in my heart, and now one was uppermost, and now tother. Thinks I, I've got the mitten, that's a clar case; and then, thinks I, She's sick—I'm shore she's sick, and maybe a-pinin for me; and I could no more sleep on my bed of good goose feathers than I could a-slep on a har mattress. And betwixt one and two o'clock I riz up and sot to hacklin flax.

"Well, Saturday night come at last and I fixed up my purtiest, and was at the cross-roads whar the meetin held afore the preacher; and if my eyes had a-been sot they couldn't a-kep no stidier on the door than what they kep; and bime-by, after the last prar and just as the congregation riz to sing, what should I

see but the ole man a-comin in as large as life and her with her arm in hisn!

"Then the wrassle begun in my heart agin, and this time hope was kep purty much under. Still, I couldn't and I wouldn't clar give in; and so I up and writes her a letter, and I drawed the figger of a par o' scales on to the paper, and, says I, My heart is into one side, says I, and a quarter section of the Big Muddy is into the other, says I, and you, Miss Lucinder, can read your title clar, eyther to the warm Heart of flesh and blood, or to the cold, cold Muddy. Choose betwixt 'em, says I, Miss Lucinder, and end my sufferins one how or tother. And then, says I, Pleese burn as soon as read. And with that I sealed it with three red wafers and rid to the post-office, and seen it go into the mail-bag with my own eyes.

"Now mark what follered: It was a Sunday night that I writ the letter, and a Wednesday mornin, when I went down starrs after an on-restless night, thar sot the ole man's Sunday hat right afore my face, and into it, behold you, my love-letter! It was him that had thwattled me—that was shore.

"No words passed my lips, for words is of no use in all cases of thwattlement, but more particclar in mine; I fell away ten pound in as many days, and when I heerd that Lucinder was a-comin at one door, I gits up in the night, as I told you, and I goes out o' tother, determined to seek my fortune in far distant lands. But, my young friends, thwattlement is *thwattlement* the world over, and puts one feller purty much onto a level with another in pint of feelin cut up. And though I say I don't car, I *do* car; and I've seen her afore me every step I took away from her a-lookin just as bewitchin as she did the first night I seen her safe home from singin-school; and nothin I could see and nothin I could picter has displaced the figger of her for one minute until this blessed evenin, when I sot eyes on another that made me understand that, although my affections had been blunted, they wasn't clar dead."

We did not quite understand the *thwattlement* "in pint of its force," as Barnabas had feared we would not; but we comprehended that the thing must be of an awful nature, whatever it was, and strove to make such amends as we could for our earlier bad conduct in the hope of mitigating the young man's sufferings.

"You are to sleep in my room, Sir," says Hadley, when it was bedtime, taking up the candle to lead the way.

"No, my lad, I'll lie here on the floor, with my saddle-bags for a pillar," answered he; "it's little sleep I shall get any whars; but when my body's oncomfortable it distracts my mind considerable, so that I would hardly car to shirk a spell o' the toothache even."

The following morning we found the snow lying on the ground to the depth of several inches; and to our surprise clean paths swept to the smoke-house, the milking-shed, the well and cistern, and wherever else paths were re-

quired to be swept. A great fire was blazing on the kitchen hearth; and two pails, frothing over with milk, were standing on the table waiting to be strained.

Barnabas, in his shirt-sleeves and with his coonskin cap on his head, quite smooth now, was chopping at the wood-pile, and split sticks of clean, red-hearted hickory were lying knee-deep all around him. He was whistling, and his face looking almost as ruddy as the hickory he was splitting, so that the tale of his "thwat-lement" seemed to us almost like a dream. The little brown snow-birds seemed to have recognized an old friend in him, and were fluttering and hopping all round him—now dipping their wings in the snow at his feet, and now almost grazing his shoulder.

"He is a sort of singed cat," says my father, as he watched him from the porch-side, swinging the axe as though it were a mere plaything.

"And it was just himself who swep all these fine paths the morning, and who milked the cows so beauthifully, and made the fire and all!" says Bridget, who happened to be passing with the milk-pails; "the likes o' him a singed cat indade!"

"Whew!" says my father, "is that the way the wind sits?" and Bridget flounced past him into the house.

After breakfast—which he and Bridget ate sitting beside each other, and beside themselves too, possibly—he proposed, looking sheepishly down, to remain a spell and work in payment of lodging.

"But you lodged on the floor," says my father, "and there is nothing to pay."

"Indade I should think not, unless we was an awful hard set!" exclaims Bridget, wringing the dish-cloth with a will.

Barnabas went nearer her by a step or two as he said: "If I could do any thing for any body I wouldn't clar out for a spell yet, any how."

"And ye couldn't plase meself bether," says Bridget, "thin just to sit down in the asy-chair and take the good of the splindid fire ye made the mornin'!"

"Oh, Miss!" cries Barnabas, quite blushing, "two months ago I never expected sich words as them to be spoke to me, nor to car for 'em if I did har 'em."

"An what fill to ye thin?" says Bridget, shoving her dish-pan the least bit.

He held up his coonskin cap against his face, and speaking behind it, said in a tone intended only for her,

"*I was thwattled, Miss.*"

Bridget did not understand the expression, evidently, but she received the meaning, for she had some of the intuition of her sex, and she replied with the liveliest interest:

"It isn't iny thing that you can't get the bether of, I hope, Sir!"

He did not reply directly, but said he wished the snow had fell clar over the house-top, and then he couldn't have got away.

But Fortune favors whom she will, and she interposed now.

"Can you make a little sled?" says Hadley, edging up.

Barnabas brightened up wonderfully—"I reckon you'll see afore you're a day older," he said; and then, changing his attitude and again speaking in his cap, he added, "that is, if Miss Bridget won't think it too much trouble to shar her slice o' bacon with me agin?"

"Throuble!" exclaimed Bridget, and the little sled was the same as done.

Directly, his cap set quite jauntily, and his axe on his shoulder, he struck through the fields toward the woodland, much as though he had been there a hundred times. Half an hour had hardly passed when he appeared again with the butt of a young dog-wood on his shoulder, curved toward the root as though it had grown especially for sled-runners. All the tools that could be mustered were now brought into requisition, and he wrought with hammer and saw and chisel and drawing-knife; but when the sun went down the sled was not yet completed.

"An it's a pithy, to be sure, on account o' the bye," says Bridget, when Barnabas came in to supper. "If you'd spar me a plank on the kitchen floor agin," he replied, "I wouldn't mind to stay till I finished it."

The bargain was soon concluded; but he had something better than a plank for a bed that night, for Bridget found it no "throuble" now to wait upon Mr. Stackhouse.

He needed "a bit o' mate and hot shortcake," she said, "as well as his bethers—if indade he had any *bethers*!"

That evening there was no lack of fire on the kitchen hearth, and the tin things glittered along the wall till Bridget's glad rosy face shone back upon her whichever way she turned.

"I thought I'd seen purty sights in the Big Muddy," says Barnabas, glancing from one shining pan to another, as the fire-light danced among them; "but I never seen nothin that was any more comparison to this than night and day!"

"Oh, Mr. Stackhouse!" cries Bridget, flinging the towel across the pan into which he was gazing so ardently.

When Hadley and I stole into the kitchen an hour later, to hear more about bears and rattlesnakes, we found Barnabas holding the wooden bowl out of which she was peeling potatoes, her red eyelashes all sparkling with tear-drops. The first word we caught was "thwattle," and that told the whole story. And yet it did not tell the *whole* story, as we must have understood it if we had been a few years older. "The wheel within the wheel" was at that time a mystery to us.

The following day, about noontime, the little sled was completed, and such a mechanical achievement never was, we thought, Hadley and I. He must needs bring it into the house, and it elicited general praise and admiration, and I am still inclined to think the work was cleverly done.

As for Bridget, her enthusiasm exceeded all bounds. Mr. Stackhouse was well able to turn his hand to any thing, she said, and niver had she behild so nate a piece of cabinet-work as was that bye's slid, excipt, indade, it was the coffin of her cousin's baby that was so splendidly waked in the ould counthry. Mr. Stackhouse had a right to 'a been there.

"If it had been two months ago!" says Barnabas, who doubtless saw that the "sad occasion cheer" would at that time have been consonant with his feelings.

"But thim times is gone," says Bridget, with a little toss of her head, implying both authority and impatience. "Because a bye has been once thwattled, is he to stay thwattled foriver? plase tell me."

Barnabas made no answer in words, but his face glowed like a coal of fire with loving admiration of chubby Bridget, more especially when he had set his coonskin cap on her head, which he somehow managed to do in spite of her noisy remonstrance.

Within a fortnight—for Barnabas lived with us as farm-hand—Bridget put a lining of green silk in the old hair cap, and starched one of the two "hyppocrites" till it fairly stood alone, and one day, after the work was done, they walked together to the Squire's, and came back man and wife.

For ten years they lived with us, during which they saved enough to buy a small farm of their own, and during all that time I never heard Barnabas say "thwattle" but once, and that was when Bridget refused to stand on tip-toe and sew on his shirt-buttons, he being inside the shirt. The occasion was perhaps aggravating to the parties of both the first and second part, and I, for one, blame neither of them.

When they were about to move away he bestowed upon Hadley, as a parting gift, a brindle slut that he had named "Lucinder," and that we used to think he took especial pleasure in punishing for her misdeeds, with the request that he would treat her kindly; "Because," said he, "I haven't got nothin rightly agin her."

When we saw him looking back upon us from his cart of household stuff we wondered how we could ever have thought him other than a handsome man.

POE AT WEST POINT.

NUMBER 28 South Barracks, in the last months of the year of our Lord 1830, was pretty generally regarded as a hard room. Cadets who aspired to high standing on the Merit Roll were not much given to visiting it, at least in daytime. To compensate in some measure for this neglect, however, the inspecting-officer was uncommonly punctual in his visits, and rarely failed to find some subject for his daily report of demerit. The old barracks have passed away, and are now only a dream of stone and mortar; but the records of the sins of omission and commission of Number 28

and its occupants remain, and are filed carefully away among the dusty archives of the Academy.

Edgar A. Poe was one of the occupants of the room. "Old P——" and the writer of this sketch completed the household. The first conversation I had with Poe after we became installed as room-mates was characteristic of the man. A volume of Campbell's Poems was lying upon my table, and he tossed it contemptuously aside, with the curt remark: "Campbell is a plagiarist;" then without waiting for a reply he picked up the book, and turned the leaves over rapidly until he found the passage he was looking for.

"There," said he, "is a line more often quoted than any other passage of his: 'Like angel visits few and far between,' and he stole it bodily from Blair's *Grave*. Not satisfied with the theft, he has spoiled it in the effort to disguise it. Blair wrote 'Like angel visits *short* and far between.' Campbell's 'few and far between' is mere tautology."

Poe at that time, though only about twenty years of age, had the appearance of being much older. He had a worn, weary, discontented look, not easily forgotten by those who were intimate with him. Poe was easily fretted by any jest at his expense, and was not a little annoyed by a story that some of the class got up, to the effect that he had procured a cadet's appointment for his son, and the boy having died, the father had substituted himself in his place. Another report current in the corps was that he was a grandson of Benedict Arnold. Some good-natured friend told him of it, and Poe did not contradict it, but seemed rather pleased than otherwise at the mistake.

Very early in his brief career at the Point he established a high reputation for genius, and poems and squibs of local interest were daily issued from Number 28 and went the round of the Classes. One of the first things of the kind that he perpetrated was a diatribe in which all of the officers of the Academy, from Colonel Thayer down, were duly if not favorably noticed. I can recall but one stanza. It ran thus:

"John Locke was a very great name;
Joe Locke was a greater in short;
The former was well known to Fame,
The latter well known to Report."

Joe Locke, it may be remarked by way of explanation, was one of the instructors of tactics, and *ex-officio* Inspector of Barracks, and supervisor of the morals and deportment of cadets generally. In this capacity it was his duty to report to head-quarters every violation of the regulations falling under his observation; a duty in which he was in nowise remiss, as the occupants of Number 28 could severally testify.

The studies of the Academy Poe utterly ignored. I doubt if he ever studied a page of Lacroix, unless it was to glance hastily over it in the lecture-room, while others of his section were reciting. It was evident from the first that he had no intention of going through with the course, and both the Professors and Cadets

of the older classes had set him down for a "January Colt," before the corps had been in barracks a week.

Poe disappointed them, however, for he did not remain until the January examination, that *pons asinorum* of *plebe* life at West Point. He resigned, I think, early in December, having been a member of the corps a little over five months.

Some month or two after he had left, it was announced that a volume of his poems would be published by subscription, at the price of two dollars and fifty cents per copy. Permission was granted by Colonel Thayer to the corps to subscribe for the book, and as no cadet was ever known to neglect any opportunity of spending his pay, the subscription was pretty near universal. The book was received with a general expression of disgust. It was a puny volume, of about fifty pages, bound in boards and badly printed on coarse paper, and worse than all, it contained not one of the squibs and satires upon which his reputation at the Academy had been built up. Few of the poems contained in that collection now appear in any of the editions of his works, and such as have been preserved have been very much altered for the better.

For months afterward quotations from Poe formed the standing material for jests in the corps, and his reputation for genius went down at once to zero. I doubt if even the "Raven" of his after-years ever entirely effaced from the minds of his class the impression received from that volume.

The unfortunate habit that proved the bane of his after-life had even at that time taken strong hold upon him, and Number 28 was seldom without a bottle of Benny Haven's best brandy. I don't think he was ever intoxicated while at the Academy, but he had already acquired the more dangerous habit of constant drinking.

Keeping up the communications with our base of supplies at "Old Benny's" was one of the problems that occupied a good deal more of our thoughts than any of the propositions in Legendre; but, upon the whole, this branch of the commissary department of Number 28 was a success; and many a thirsty soul, with not enough of pluck to run the blockade himself, would steal into our room between tatoo and taps to try the merits of the last importation.

The result of one of these foraging parties after supplies created for a time no little excitement in the South Barracks. People had been burned and hung in effigy, from time immemorial, but it was reserved for Number 28 to witness the eating of a Professor in effigy.

It was a dark, cold, drizzling night, in the last days of November, when this event came off. The brandy bottle had been empty for two days, and just at dusk Poe proposed that we should draw straws—the one who drew the shortest to go down to Old Benny's and replenish our stock. The straws were drawn, and the lot fell on me.

Provided with four pounds of candles and Poe's last blanket, for traffic (silver and gold we had not, but such as we had we gave unto Benny), I started just as the bugle sounded to quarters. It was a rough road to travel, but I knew every foot of it by night or day, and reached my place of destination in safety, but drenched to the skin. Old Benny was not in the best of humors that evening. Candles and blankets and regulation shoes, and similar articles of traffic, had accumulated largely on his hands, and the market for them was dull in that neighborhood. His chicken-suppers and bottles of brandy had disappeared very rapidly of late, and he had received little or no money in return.

At last, however, I succeeded in exchanging the candles and blanket for a bottle of brandy and the hardest-featured, loudest-voiced old gander that it has ever been my lot to encounter. To chop the bird's head off before venturing into barracks with him was a matter of pure necessity; and thus, in fact, old Benny rendered him before delivery. I reached the suburbs of the barracks about nine o'clock. The bottle had not as much brandy in it as when I left old Benny's; but I was very confident I had not spilled any. I had carried the gander first over one shoulder and then over the other, and the consequence was that not only my shirt-front but my face and hands were as bloody as the entire contents of the old gander's veins and arteries could well make them.

Poe was on the look-out, and met me some distance from the barracks, and my appearance at once inspired him with the idea of a grand hoax. Our plans were perfected in an instant. The gander was tied, neck and feet and wings together, and the bloody feathers bristling in every direction gave it a non-descript appearance that would have defied recognition as a gander by the most astute naturalist on the continent. Poe took charge of the bottle, and preceded me to the room. "Old P." was puzzling his brains over the binomial theorem, and a visitor from the north barracks was in the room awaiting the result of my expedition.

Poe had taken his seat, and pretended to be absorbed in the mysteries of "Leçons Françaises." Laying the gander down at the outside of the door, I walked or rather staggered into the room, pretending to be very drunk, and exhibiting in clothes and face a spectacle not often seen off the stage.

"My God! what has happened?" exclaimed Poe, with well-acted horror.

"Old K——, Old K——!" I repeated several times, and with gestures intended to be particularly savage.

"Well, what of him?" asked Poe.

"He won't stop me on the road any more!" and I produced a large knife that we had stained with the few drops of blood that remained in the old gander. "I have killed him!"

"Nonsense!" said Poe. "You are only trying one of your tricks on us."

"I didn't suppose you would believe me," I replied; "so I cut off his head and brought it into barracks. Here it is!" And reaching out of the door I caught the gander by the legs, and giving it one fearful swing around my head dashed it at the only candle in the room, and left them all in darkness with what two of them believed to be the head of one of the Professors. The visitor leaped through the window and alighted in the slop-tub, and made fast time for his own room in the North Barracks—spreading, as he went, the report that I had killed old K——, and that his head was then in Number 28. The story gained ready credence, and for a time the excitement in barracks ran high. When we lit the candle again "Old P——" was sitting in one corner a blank picture of horror, and was some time before we could restore him to reason.

The gander was skinned—picking the feathers off was out of the question—and after taps we cut him up in small pieces and cooked him in a tin wash-basin, over an anthracite fire, without seasoning of any kind. It was perhaps the hardest supper on record, but we went through with it without flinching. We had set out to eat Old K—— in effigy, and we did it; whether he ever learned of the honors we paid him that night I never learned.

Upon the whole the impression left by Poe in his short career at West Point was highly favorable to him. If he made no fast friends, he left no enemies behind him. But up to that time he had given no indications of the genius which has since secured for him a world-wide fame. His acquaintance with English literature was extensive and accurate, and his verbal memory wonderful. He would repeat both prose and poetry by the hour, and seldom or never repeated the same passage twice to the same audience.

The whole bent of his mind at that time seemed to be toward criticism—or, more properly speaking, caviling. Whether it was Shakspeare or Byron, Addison or Johnson—the acknowledged classic or the latest poetaster—all came in alike for his critical censure. He seemed to take especial delight in caviling at passages that had received the most unequivocal stamp of general approval. I never heard him speak in terms of praise of any English writer, living or dead. I never met him after he left the Academy in December, 1830; and hence my recollections and impressions of him are wholly uninfluenced by his after-life.

CALICO.

IT was about time for the four o'clock train. After all, I wonder if it is worth telling; such a simple plotless record of a young girl's life. Made up of Mondays and Tuesdays and Wednesdays like yours or mine. Sharley was so exactly like other people! How can it be helped that nothing remarkable happened to her? But you would like the story?

It was about time for the four o'clock train, then.

Sharley, at the cost of half a sugar-bowl (never mind syntax, you know I mean the sugar not the glass), had enticed Moppet to betake himself out of sight and out of mind till any body should signify a desire for his engaging presence; had steered clear of Nate and Methuselah, and was standing now alone on the back door-steps opposite the chaise-house. One could see a variety of things from those door-steps. The chaise-house, for instance, with the old, solid, square-built wagon rolled into it; Sharley passed many a long "mending morning" stowed in among the cushions of that old wagon; the great sweet-kept barn where the sun stole in warm at the chinks and filtered through the hay; the well-curb folded in by a shadow; the wood-pile, and the chickens, and the kitchen garden. A little slope, too, with a maple on it and shades of brown and gold upon the grass; brown and golden tints across the hills, and a sky of blue and gold to dazzle one. Then there was a flock of robins dipping southward. There was also the railroad.

Sharley may have had her dim consciousness of the cozy barn and chicken's chirp; of brown and gold and blue and dazzle and glory; but you don't suppose *that* was what she had out-generated Moppet and stolen the march upon Nate and Methuselah for. The truth is that the child had need of none of these things—neither skies nor dazzle nor glory—that golden autumn afternoon. Had the railroad bounded the universe just then she would have been content. For Sharley was only a girl—a very young, not very happy little girl—and Halcombe Dike was coming home to spend the Sunday.

Halcombe Dike—her old friend Halcombe Dike. She said the words over, apologizing a bit to herself for being there to watch that railroad. Hal used to be good to her when she was bothered with the children and more than half tired of life. "Keep up good courage, Sharley," he would say; for the long summer he had not been here to say it. And to-night he would be here. To-night—to-night! Why should not one be glad when one's old friends come back?

Mrs. Guest, peering through the pantry window, observed—and observed with some motherly displeasure, which she would have expressed had it not been too much trouble to open the window—that Sharley had put on her barbe—that black barbe with the pink watered ribbons run through it. So extravagant in Sharley! Sharley would fain have been so extravagant as to put on her pink muslin too this afternoon; she had been more than half inclined to cry because she could not; but as it was not orthodox in Green Valley to wear one's "best clothes" on week days, except at picnics or prayer-meetings, she had submitted, sighing, to her sprigged calico. It would have been worth while, though, to have seen her half an hour ago up in her room under the eaves, consider-

ing the question; she standing there with the sleeves of her dressing-sack fallen away from her pink, bare arms, and the hair clinging loose and moist to her white bare neck; to see her smooth the shimmering folds—there were rose-buds on that muslin—and look and long, hang it up, and turn away. Why could there not be a little more rose-bud and shimmer in people's lives? "Seems to me it's all calico!" cried Sharley.

Then to see her overturning her ribbon-box! Nobody but a girl knows how girls dream over their ribbons.

"He is coming!" whispered Sharley to the little bright barbe, and to the little bright face that flushed and fluttered at her in the glass—"He is coming!"

Sharley looked well waiting there in the calico and lace upon the door-step. It is not every body who would look well in calico and lace; yet if you were to ask me I could not tell you how pretty Sharley is, or if she is pretty at all. I have a memory of soft hair—brown, I think—and wistful eyes; and that I never saw her without a desire to stroke her, and make her pur as I would a kitten.

How stiff, and stark, and black the railroad lay on its yellow ridge! Sharley drew her breath when the sudden four o'clock whistle smote the air, and a faint, far trail of smoke puffed through the woods, and wound over the barren outline.

Her mother, seeing her steal away through the kitchen-garden, and down the slopes, called after her:

"Charlotte! going to walk? I wish you'd let the baby go too. Well, she doesn't hear!"

I will not assert that Sharley did not hear. To be frank, she was rather tired of that baby.

There was a foot-path through the brown and golden grass, and Sharley ran over it, under the maple, which was dropping yellow beans, and down to the knot of trees which lined the further walls. There was a nook here—she knew just where—into which one might creep, tangled in with the low-hanging green of apple and spruce, and wound about with grape-vines. Stooping down, careful not to catch that barbe upon the brambles, and careful not to soil so much as a sprig of the clean light calico, Sharley hid herself in the shadow. She could see unseen now the great puffs of purple smoke, the burning line of sandy bank, the station, and the up-hill road to the village. Oddly enough some old Scripture words—Sharley was not much in the habit of quoting Scripture—came into her thought just as she had curled herself comfortably up beside the wall, her watching face against the grape-leaves: "But what went ye out for to see?" "What went ye out for to see?" She went on, dreamily finishing, "A prophet? Yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet," and stopped, scarlet. What had prophets to do with her old friend Halcombe Dike?

Ah, but he was coming! he was coming!

To Sharley's eyes the laboring, crazy locomotive which puffed him asthmatically up to the little dépôt was a benevolent dragon—if there were such things as benevolent dragons—very horrible, and she was very much afraid of it; but very gracious, and she should like to go out and pat it on the shoulder!

The train slackened, jarred, and stopped. An old woman with three handboxes climbed out laboriously. Two small boys turned somersaults from the platform. Sharley strained her wistful eyes till they ached. There was nobody else. Sharley was very young, and very much disappointed, and she cried. The glory had died from the skies. The world had gone out.

She was sitting there all in a heap, her face in her hands, and her heart in her foolish eyes, when a step sounded near, and a voice humming an old army song. She knew it; he had taught it to her himself. She knew the step; for she had long ago trained her slippered feet to keep pace with it. He had stepped from the wrong side of the car, perhaps, or her eager eyes had missed him; at any rate here he was—a young man, with honest eyes, and mouth a little grave; a very plainly-dressed young man; his coat was not as new as Sharley's calico, but a young man with a good step of his own, strong, elastic, and a nervous hand.

He passed, humming his army song, and never knew how the world lighted up again within a foot of him. He passed so near that Sharley by stretching out her hand could have touched him—so near that she could hear the breath he drew. He was thinking to himself, perhaps, that no one had come from home to meet him, and he had been long away; but then, it was not his mother's fashion of welcome, and quickened his pace at the thought of her, and left the tangle of green behind, and the little wet face crushed breathless up against the grape-leaves, and was out of sight and knew nothing.

Sharley sprang up and bounded home. Her mother opened her languid eyes wide when the child came in:

"Dear me, Charlotte, how you do go chirping and hopping round, and me with this great baby and my sick headache! I can't chirp and hop. You look as if somebody'd set you on fire! What's the matter with you, child?"

What was the matter, indeed! Sharley, in a little spasm of penitence—one can afford to be penitent when one is happy—took the baby and went away to think about it. Surely he would come to see her to-night; he did not often come home without seeing Sharley; and he had been long away. At any rate he was here; in this very Green Valley where the days had dragged so drearily without him; his eyes saw the same sky that hers saw; his breath drank the same sweet evening wind; his feet trod the roads that she had trodden yesterday, and would tread again to-morrow. But I will not tell them any more of this—shall I, Sharley?

She threw her head back and looked up, as

she walked to and fro through the yard with the heavy baby fretting on her shoulder. The skies were aflame now, for the sun was dropping slowly. "He is here!" they said. A belated robin took up the word: "He is here!" The yellow maple glittered all over with it: "Sharley, he is here!"

"The butter is here," called her mother relevantly from the house. "The butter is here now, and it's time to see about supper, Charlotte."

"More calico!" said impatient Sharley, and she gave the baby a jerk.

Whether he came or whether he did not come there was no more time for Sharley to dream that night. In fact, there seldom was any time to dream in Mrs. Guest's household. Mrs. Guest believed in keeping people busy. She was busy enough herself when her head did not ache. When it did it was the least she could do to see that other people were busy.

So Sharley had the table to set, and the biscuit to bake, and the tea to make, and the pears to pick over; she must run up stairs to bring her mother a handkerchief; she must hurry for her father's clothes-brush when he came in tired and not so good-humored as he might be from his store; she must stop to rebuild the baby's block-house that Moppet had kicked over, and snap Moppet's dirty, dimpled fingers for kicking it over, and endure the shriek that Moppet set up therefor. She must suggest to Methuselah that he could find, perhaps, a more suitable book-mark for Robinson Crusoe than his piece of bread and molasses, and question Nate's theories of standing on the table-cloth and sitting on the toast-rack. And then Moppet was at that baby again, dropping very cold pennies down his neck. They must be made presentable for supper, too, Moppet, and Nate, and Methuselah. Methuselah, Nate, and Moppet, brushed and washed and dusted and coaxed and scolded and borne with. There was no end to it. Would there ever be any end to it? Sharley sometimes asked of her weary thoughts. Sharley's life, like the lives of most girls at her age, was one great unanswered question. It grew tiresome occasionally, as dialogues of one are apt to do.

"I'm going to holler to-night," announced Moppet at supper, pausing in the midst of his berry-cake, by way of diversion, to lift the cat up by her tail. "I'm going to holler awful, and make you sit up and tell me about that little boy that ate the giant, and Cinderella; how she lived in the stove-pipe, and that man that builded his house out of a bundle of straws; and—well, there's some more, but I don't remember 'em just now, you know."

"Oh, Moppet!"

"I am," glared Moppet over his mug. "You made me put on a clean collar. You see if I don't holler an' holler an' holler an' keep a-hollerin'!"

Sharley's heart sank; but she patiently cleared away her dishes, mixed her mother's ipecac, read

her father his paper, went up stairs with the children, treated Moppet with respect as to his buttons and boot-lacing, and tremblingly bided her time.

"Well," condescended that young gentleman, before his prayers were over, "I b'lieve—give us our debts—I'll keep that hollerin'—forever'n ever—Namen—till to-morrow night. I ain't a—bit—sleepy, but—" And nobody heard any thing more from Moppet.

The coast was clear now, and happy Sharley, with bright cheeks, took her little fall hat that she was trimming, and sat down on the front-door steps; sat there to wait and watch, and hope and dream and flutter, and sat in vain. Twilight crept up the path, up to her feet, folded her in; the warm color of her plaided ribbons faded away under her eyes, and dropped from her listless fingers: with them had faded her bit of a hope for that night; Hal always came before dark.

"Who cares?" said Sharley, with a toss of her soft, brown head. Somebody did care nevertheless. Somebody winked hard as she went up stairs.

However, she could light a lamp and finish her hat. That was one comfort. It always is a comfort to finish one's hat. Girls have forgotten graver troubles than Sharley's in the excitement of hurried Saturday-night millinery.

A bonnet is a picture in its way, and grows up under one's fingers with a pretty sense of artistic triumph. Besides, there is always the question: Will it be becoming? So Sharley put her lamp on a cricket, and herself on the floor, and began to sing over her work. A pretty sight it was—the low, dark room with the heavy shadows in its corners; all the light and color drawn to a focus in the middle of it; Sharley with her head bent—bits of silk like broken rainbows tossed about her, and that little musing smile considering gravely: Should the white squares of the plaid turn outward? and where should she put the coral? and would it be becoming after all? A pretty, girlish sight, and you may laugh at it if you choose, but there was a prettier woman's tenderness underlying it; just as a strain of fine, coy sadness will wind through a mazourka or a waltz. For who would see the poor little hat to-morrow at church? and would he like it? and when he came to-morrow night—for of course he would come to-morrow night—would he tell her so?

When every body else was in bed and the house still, Sharley locked her door, furtively stole to the bureau-glass, shyly tied on that hat, and more shyly peeped in. A flutter of October colors and two great brown eyes looked back at her encouragingly.

"I should like to be pretty," said Sharley—and asked the next minute to be forgiven for the vanity. "At any rate," by way of modification, "I should like to be pretty to-morrow."

She prayed for Halcombe Dike when she kneeled with her face hidden in her white bed to say "Our Father." I believe she had

prayed for him now every night for a year. Not that there was any need of it, she reasoned, for was he not a great deal better than she could ever be? Far above her; oh, as far above her as the shining of the stars was above the shining of the maple-tree: but perhaps if she prayed very hard they would give one extra, beautiful angel charge over him. Then, was it not quite right to pray for one's old friends? Besides—besides, they had a pleasant sound, those two words: "*Our Father.*"

"I will be good to-morrow," said Sharley, dropping into sleep. "Mother's head will ache, and I can go to church. I will listen to the minister, and I won't plan out my winter dresses in prayer-time. I won't be cross to Moppet, nor shake Methuselah. I will be good. Hal will help me to be good. I shall see him in the morning—in the morning."

Sharley's self-knowledge, like the rest of her, was in the bad yet. Why did not the old words have it: "As thy day, so shall thy *merit* be?"

Sharley's day—her Sun-day, her own warm, shining day, opened all in a glow. She danced down stairs at ten o'clock in the new hat, in a haze of merry colors. She had got breakfast and milked one cow and dressed four boys that morning, and she felt as if she had earned the right to dance in a haze of any thing. The sunlight quivered in through the blinds. The leaves of the yellow-maple drifted by on the fresh, strong wind. The church-bells rang out like gold. All the world was happy.

"Charlotte!" Her mother bustled out of the "keeping-room" with her hat on. "I've changed my mind, Sharley, and feel so much better I believe I will go to church. I'll take Methuselah, but Nate and Moppet had better stay at home with the baby. The last time I took Moppet he fired three hymn-books at old Mrs. Perkins—right into the crown of her bonnet, and in the long prayer, too. That child will be the death of me some day. I guess you'll get along with him, and the baby isn't quite as cross as he was yesterday. You'd just as lief go in the afternoon, I suppose? Pin my shawl on the shoulder, please."

But Sharley, half-way down the stairs, stood still. She was no saint, this disappointed little girl. Her face, in the new fall hat, flushed angrily and her hands dropped.

"Oh, mother! I did want to go! You're always keeping me at home for something. I did *want* to go!" and rushed up stairs noisily like a child, and slammed her door.

"Dear me!" said her mother, putting on her spectacles to look after her, "dear me! what a temper! I'm sure I don't see what difference it makes to her which half of the day she goes. Last Sunday she must go in the afternoon, and wouldn't hear of any thing else. Well, there's no accounting for girls! Come, Methuselah."

"Is there not any 'accounting for girls,' my dear Madam? What is the matter with those mothers that they can not see? Just as if it

never made any difference to them which half of the day they went to church! Well, well! we are doing it, all of us, as fast as we can—going the way of all the earth; digging little graves for our young sympathies, one by one, covering them up close. It grows so long since golden mornings and pretty new bonnets and the sweet consciousness of watching eyes bounded life for us—so very long! We have dreamed our dreams; we have learned the long lesson of our days; we are stepping on into the shadows. Our eyes see that ye see not; our ears hear that which ye have not considered. We read your melodious story through, but we have read other stories since, and only its *hæc fabula docet* remains very fresh. You will be as obtuse as we are some day, young things! It is not neglect; it is not disapproval—we simply forget. But from such forgetfulness may the good Lord graciously deliver us, one and all!

There! I fancy that I have made for Mrs. Guest—sitting meantime in her cushioned pew (directly behind Halcombe Dike), and comfortably looking over the "Watts and Select" with Methuselah—a better defense than ever she could have made for herself. Between you and me, girls—though you need not tell your mother—I think it is better than she deserves.

Sharley, up stairs, had slammed her door and locked it, and was pacing hotly back and forth across her room. Poor Sharley! Sun and moon and stars were darkened; the clouds had returned after the rain. She tore off the new hat and Sunday things savagely, put on her old chocolate-colored morning-dress, with a grim satisfaction in making herself as ugly as possible; pulled down the ribboned chignon which she had braided, singing, half an hour ago (her own, that chignon); screwed her hair under a net into the most unbecoming little pug of which it was capable, and went drearily down stairs. Nate, enacting the cheerful drama of "Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree," hung from the balusters, purple, gasping, tied to the verge of strangulation by the energetic Moppet. The baby was calmly sitting in the squash-pies.

Halcombe Dike, coming home from church that morning a little in advance of the crowd, saw a picture in the doorway of Mr. Guest's barn, and quietly unlatching the gate came nearer to examine it. It was worth examining. A back-ground of great shadows and billowy hay; a pile of crimson apples struck out by the light through a crack; two children and a kitten asleep together in a sunbeam; a girl on the floor with a baby crawling over her; a girl in a chocolate-colored dress with yellow leaves in her hair—her hair upon her shoulders, and her eyelashes wet.

"Well, Sharley!"

She looked up to see him standing there with his grave, amused smile. Her first thought was to jump and run. Her second to stand fire.

"Well, Mr. Halcombe! Moppet's stuck yellow leaves all over me; my hair's down; I've

got on a horrid old morning-dress; look pretty to see company, don't I?"

"Very, Sharley."

"Besides," said Sharley, "I've been crying, and my eyes are red."

"So I see."

"No, you don't, for I'm not looking at you."

"But I am looking at you."

"Oh!"

"What were you crying about, Sharley!"

"Because my grandmother's dead," said Sharley, after some reflection.

"Ah, yes, I remember! about '36, I think, her tombstone gives as the date of that sad event?"

"I think it's wicked in people to laugh at people's dead grandmothers," said Sharley, severely. "You ought to be at church."

"So I was."

"I wasn't; mother wouldn't—" But her lip quivered, and she stopped. The memory of the new hat and Sunday dress, of the golden church-bells, and hush of happy Sabbath-morning thoughts came up. That he should see her now, in this plight, with her swollen eyes and pouting lips, and her heart full of wicked discontent!

"Wouldn't what, Sharley?"

"Don't!" she pleaded, with a sob; "I'm cross; I can't talk. Besides, I shall cry again, and I *won't* cry again. You may let me alone, or you may go away. If you don't go away you may just tell me what you have been doing with yourself this whole long summer. Working hard, of course. I don't see but that every body has to work hard in this world. I hate this world! I suppose you're a rich man by this time?"

The young man looked at the chocolate dress, the yellow leaves, the falling hair, and answered gravely—a little coldly, Sharley thought—that his prospects were not encouraging just now. Perhaps they never had been encouraging; only that he in his young ardor had thought so. He was older now, and wiser. He understood what a hard pull was before young architects in America—any young architect, the best of young architects—and whether there was a place for him remained to be proved. He was willing to work hard, and to hope long. But he grew a little tired of it sometimes, and so checked himself suddenly. "As if," thought Sharley, "he were tired of talking so long to me! He thought my question impertinent." She hid her face in her drooping hair, and wished herself a mile away.

"There was something you once told me about some sort of buildings?" she ventured, timidly, in a pause.

"The Crumpet Buildings. Yes, I sent my proposals, but have not heard from them yet; I don't know that I ever shall. That is a large affair, rather. The name of the thing would be worth a good deal to me if I succeed. It would give me a start, and—"

"Ough!" exclaimed Sharley. She had been

sitting at his feet, with her face raised, and red eyes forgotten, when, splash! an icy stream of water came into her eyes, into her mouth, down her neck, up her sleeves. She gasped, and stood drenched.

"Oh, it's only a rain storm," said Moppet, appearing on the scene with his empty dipper. "I got tired of sleeping. I dreamed about three giants. I didn't like it. I wanted something to do. It's only *my* rain storm, and you needn't mind it, you know."

Dripping Sharley's poor little temper, never of the strongest, quivered to its foundations. She took hold of Moppet without any observation, and shook him just about as hard as she could shake. When she came to her senses her mother was coming in at the gate, and Halcombe Dike was gone.

"I s'pose I've got to 'tend to that hollering to-night," said Moppet, with a gentle sigh.

This was at a quarter past seven. Nate and Methuselah were in bed. The baby was asleep. Moppet had thrown his shoes into the water-pitcher but twice, and run down stairs in his night-gown only four times that evening; and Sharley felt encouraged. Perhaps, after all, he would be still by half past seven; and by half past seven— If Halcombe Dike did not come to-night something was the matter. Sharley decided this with a sharp little nod.

She had devoted herself to Moppet with politic punctiliousness. Would he lie at his lazy length with his feet on her clean petticoat while she bent and puzzled over his knotted shoestrings? Very well. Did he signify a desire to pull her hair down and tickle her till she gasped? She was at his service. Should he insist upon being lulled to slumber by the recounted adventures of Old Mother Hubbard, Red Riding-Hood, and Tommy Tucker? Not those exactly, it being thought proper to keep him in a theologic mood of mind till after sundown, but he should have David and Goliath and Moses in the bulrushes with pleasure. Then Moses and Goliath and David again. After that David and Goliath and Moses by way of variety. She conducted every Scriptural dog and horse of her acquaintance entirely round the globe in a series of somewhat apocryphal adventures. She ransacked her memory for Biblical boys, but these met with small favor. "Pooh! *they* weren't any good! They couldn't play stick-knife and pitch in. Besides, they all died. Besides, they weren't any great shakes. Jack the Giant-Killer was worth a dozen of 'em, Sir! Now tell it all over again, or else I won't say my prayers till next winter!"

After some delicate plotting, Sharley manoeuvred him through "Now I lay me," and tucked him up, and undertook a little Sunday-night catechising conscientiously enough.

"Has Moppet been a good boy to-day?"

"Well, that's a pretty question! 'Course I have!"

"But have you had any good thoughts, dear, you know?"

"Oh yes, lots of 'em! been thinking about Blessingham."

"Who? Oh, Absalom!"

"Oh yes, I've been thinking about Blessingham, you know; how he must have looked dreadful funny hanging up there onto his hair, with all the darts 'n things stickin' into him! Wouldn't you like to seen him? No, you needn't go off, 'cause I ain't begun to be asleep yet."

Time and twilight were creeping on together. Sharley was sure that she had heard the gate shut, and that some one sat talking with her mother upon the front door-steps.

"Oh, Moppet! *Couldn't* you go to sleep without me this one night—not this one night?" and the hot, impatient tears came in the dark.

"Oh no," said immovable Moppet, "of course I can't; and I 'spect I'm going to lie awake all night too. You'd ought to be glad to stay with your little brothers. The girl in my library-book she was glad, any how."

Sharley threw herself back in the rocking-chair and let her eyes brim over. She could hear the voices on the door-steps plainly; her mother's wiry tones and the visitor's; it was a man's voice, low and less frequent. Why did not her mother call her? Had not he asked to see her? Had he not? Would nobody ever come up to take her place? Would Moppet never go to sleep? There he was, peering at her over the top of the sheet, with two great, mischievous, wide-awake eyes. And time and twilight were wearing on.

Let us talk about "affliction" with our superior, reproving smile! Graves may close and hearts may break, fortunes, hopes, and souls be ruined, but Moppet wouldn't go to sleep; and Sharley in her rocking-chair doubted her mother's love, the use of life, and the benevolence of God.

"I'm lying awake to think about Buriah," observed Moppet, pleasantly. "David wanted to marry Buriah's wife. She was a very nice woman."

Silence followed this announcement.

"Sharley? you needn't think I'm asleep—any such thing. Besides, if you go down you'd better believe I'll holler! See here: s'pose I'd slung my dipper at Hal Dike, jest as David slung the stone at Go-li—"

Another silence. Encouraged, Sharley dried her tears and crept half-way across the floor. Then a board creaked.

"Oh, Sharley! Why don't people shut their eyes when they die? Why, Jim Snow's dorg, he didn't. I punched a frog yesterday. I want a drink of water."

Sharley resigned herself in despair to her fate. Moppet lay broad and bright awake till half past eight. The voices by the door grew silent. Steps sounded on the walk. The gate shut.

"That child has kept me up with him the whole evening long," said Sharley, coming sullenly down. "You didn't even come and speak

to him, mother. I suppose Halcombe Dike never asked for me?"

"Halcombe Dike? Law! that wasn't Halcombe Dike. It was Deacon Snow—the old Deacon—come in to talk over the revival. Halcombe Dike was at meeting, your father says, with his cousin Sue. Great interest up his way, the Deacon says. There's ten had convictions since Conference night. I wish you were one of the interested, Sharley."

But Sharley had fled. Fled away into the windy, moonless night, down through the garden, out into the sloping field. She ran back and forth through the grass with great leaps, like a wounded thing. All her worry and waiting and disappointment, and he had not come! All the thrill and hope of her happy Sunday over and gone, and he had not come! All the winter to live without one look at him—and he knew it, and he would not come!

"I don't care!" sobbed Sharley, like a defiant child, but threw up her hands with the words and wailed. It frightened her to hear the sound of her own voice—such a pitiful, shrill voice—in the lonely place. She broke into her great leaps again, and so ran up and down the slope, and felt the wind in her face. It drank her breath away from her after a while; it was a keen, chilly wind. She sat down on a stone in the middle of the field, and it came over her that it was a cold, dark place to be in alone; and just then she heard her father calling her from the yard. So she stood up very slowly and walked back.

"You'll catch your death!" fretted her mother, "running round bareheaded in all this damp. You know how much trouble you are when you are sick, too, and I think you ought to have more consideration for me, with all my care. Going to bed? Be sure and not forget to put the baby's gingham apron in the wash."

Sharley lighted her kerosene lamp without reply. It was the little kerosene with the crack in the handle. Some vague notion that every thing in the world had cracked came to her as she crept up stairs. She put her lamp out as soon as she was in her room, and locked her door hard. She sat down on the side of the bed and crossed her hands, and waited for her father and mother to come up stairs. They came up by-and-by and went to bed. The light that shone in through the chink under the door went out. The house was still.

She went over to the window then, threw it wide open, and sat down crouched upon the broad sill. She did not sob now nor wail out. She did not feel like sobbing or wailing. She only wanted to think—yes, that was it, she told herself; she must think, she had need to think. That this neglect of Halcombe Dike's meant something she did not try to conceal from her bitter thoughts. He had not neglected her in all his life before. It was not the habit either of this grave young man with the earnest eyes to do or not to do without a meaning. He

would put silence and the winter between them. That was what he meant. Sharley, looking out upon the windy dark with straight-lidded eyes, knew that beneath and beyond the silence of the winter lay the silence of a life.

The silence of a life. The wind hushed into a moment's calm while the words turned over in her heart. The branches of a cherry-tree, close under her sight, dropped lifelessly; a homesick bird gave a little, still, mournful chirp in the dark. Sharley gasped.

"It's all because I shook Moppet! That's it. Because I shook Moppet this morning. He used to like me—yes, he did. He didn't know how cross and ugly I am. No wonder he thought such a cross and ugly thing could never be—could never be—"

She broke off, crimson. "His wife?" She would have said the words without blush or hesitation a week ago. Halcombe Dike had spoken no word of love to her. But she had believed, purely and gravely, in the depths of her maiden thought, that she was dear to him. Gravely and purely too she had dreamed that this October Sunday would bring some sign to her of their future.

He had been toiling at that business in the city now a long while. Sharley knew nothing about business, but she had fancied that, even though his "prospects" were not good, he must be ready now to think of a home of his own. At least that he would give her some promise of it to keep through the dreary, white winter. But he had given her nothing to keep through the winter, or through any winter of a wintry life. Nothing. The beautiful Sunday was over. He had come, and he had gone. She must brush away the pretty fancy. She must break the timid dream. So that grave, sweet word had died in shame upon her lips. She should not be his wife. She should never be any body's wife.

The Sunday Night Express shrieked up the valley, and thundered by and away in the dark. Sharley leaned far out into the wind to listen to the dying sound, and wondered what it would seem like to-morrow morning when it carried him away. With its pause one of those sudden hushes fell again upon the wind. The homesick bird fluttered about a little hunting for its nest.

"Never to be his wife!" moaned Sharley. What did it mean? "Never to be his wife?" She pressed her hands up hard against her two temples, and considered:

Moppet and the baby, and her mother's headaches; milking the cow, and kneading the bread, and darning the stockings; going to church in old hats—for what difference was it going to make to any body now, whether she trimmed them with Scotch plaid or saracenet cambric?—coming home to talk over revivals with Deacon Snow, or sit down in a proper way like other old people in the house with a lamp and read Somebody's Life and Letters. Never any more moonlight, and watching, and strolling! Never

any more hoping, or wishing, or expecting, for Sharley!

She jumped a little off her window-sill; then sat down again. That was it. Moppet, and the baby, and her mother, and kneading, and milking, and darning, for thirty, for forty, for—the dear Lord, who pitied her, only knew how many years!

But Sharley did not incline to think much about the Lord just then. She was very miserable, and very much alone and unhelped. So miserable, so alone and unhelped, that it never occurred to her to drop down right there with her despairing little face on the window-sill and tell Him all about it. Oh, Sharley! did you not think He would understand?

She had made up her mind—decidedly made up her mind—not to go to sleep that night. The unhappy girls in the novels always sat up, you know. Besides, she was too wretched to sleep. Then the morning train went early, at half past five, and she should stay here till it came.

This was very good reasoning, and Sharley certainly was very unhappy—as unhappy as a little girl of eighteen can well be; and I suppose it would sound a great deal better to say that the cold morning looked in upon her sleepless pain, or that Aurora smiled upon her unrested eyes, or that she kept her bitter watch until the stars grew pale (and a fine chance that would be to describe a sunrise too); but truth compels me to state that she did what some very unhappy people have done before her—found the window-sill uncomfortable, cramped, neuralgic, and cold; so undressed and went to bed and to sleep, very much as she would if there had been no Halcombe Dike in the world. Sharley was not used to lying awake, and Nature would not be cheated out of her rights in such a sound, young, healthful little body.

But that did not make her much the happier when she woke in the cold gray of the dawn to listen for the early train. It was very cold and very gray; not time for the train yet, but she could not bear to lie still and hear the shrill, gay concert of the birds, to watch the day begin, and think how many days must have begun—so she crept faintly up and out into the chill. She wandered about for a time in the raw, brightening air. The frost lay crisp upon the short grass; the elder-bushes were festooned with tiny white tassels; the maple-leaves hung fretted with silver; the tangle of apple-trees and spruces was powdered and pearled. She stole into it, as she had stolen in the happy sunset-time so long ago—why! was it only day before yesterday?—stole in and laid her cheek up against the shining, wet vines, which melted warm beneath her touch, and shut her eyes. She thought how she would like to shut and hide herself away in a place where she could never see the frescoed frost or brightening day, nor hear the sound of chirping birds, nor any happy thing.

By-and-by she heard the train coming, and

footsteps. He came springing by in his strong, man's way as he had come before. As before, he passed near—how very near!—to the quivering white face crushed up against the vine-leaves, and went his way and knew nothing.

The train panted and raced away, shrieked a little in a doleful, breathless fashion, grew small, grew less, grew dim, died from sight in pallid smoke. The track stood up on its mound of frozen bank, blank and mute, like a corpse from which the soul had fled.

Sharley came into the kitchen at six o'clock. The fire was burning hotly under the boiler. The soiled clothes lay scattered about. Her mother stood over the tubs, red-faced and worried, complaining that Sharley had not come to help her. She turned, when the girl opened the door, to scold her a little. The best of mothers are apt to scold on Monday morning.

Sharley stood still a moment and looked around. She must begin it with a washing-day then, this other life that had come to her. Her heart might break, but the baby's aprons must be boiled: to-day, next week, another week. The years stretched out into one wearisome, endless washing-day. Oh, the dreadful years! She grew a little blind and dizzy, sat down on a heap of table-cloths, and held up her arms:

"Mother, don't be cross to me this morning—*don't!* Oh, mother, mother, mother! I wish there were any body to help me!"

The battle-fields of life lie in ambush. We trip on our smiling way and they give no sign. We turn sharp corners where they hide in shadow. No drum-beat sounds alarm. The music and the dress-parade to-night; the groaning and the blood to-morrow.

Sharley had been little more than a child in her unreasoning young joy when she knotted the barbe at her throat on Saturday night. "I am an old woman now," she said to herself on Monday morning. Not that her saying so proved any thing—except, indeed, that it was her first trouble, and that she was very young to have a trouble. Yet, since she had the notion, she might as well, to all intents and purposes, have shriveled into the caps and spectacles of a centenarian. "Imaginary griefs *are* real." She took, indeed, a grim sort of pleasure, this foolish Sharley, in thinking that her youth had fled away, and forever, in thirty-six hours.

However that might be that October morning ushered Sharley upon battle-ground; nor was the struggle the less severe that she was so young and so unused to struggling.

I have to tell of nothing new or tragic in her days; only of the old slow pain that gnaws at the roots of things. Something was the matter with the sunsets and the dawns. Moonrise was an agony. The brown and golden grass had turned dull and dead. She would go away up garret and sit with her fingers in her ears, that she might not hear the frogs chanting in the swamp at twilight.

One night she ran away from her father and mother. It chanced to be an anniversary of their wedding-day; they had kissed each other after tea and talked of old times and blushed a little, their married eyes occupied and content with one another—she felt with a sudden dreary bitterness that she should not be missed, and so ran out into the field and sat down there on her stone in the dark. She rather hoped that they would wonder where she was before bedtime. It would be a bit of comfort. She was so cold and comfortless. But nobody thought of her; and when she came weakly up the yard at ten o'clock the door was locked.

For a week she went about her work like a sleep-walker. Her future was settled. Life was over. Why make ado? The suns would set and the moons would rise—let them; there would always be suns to set and moons to rise. There were dinners to get and stockings to mend. There would always be dinners to get and stockings to mend. She was put into the world for the sake of dinners and stockings, apparently. Very well; she was growing used to it; one could grow used to any thing. She put away the barbe and the pink muslin, locked her ribbon-box into the lower drawer, gave up crimping her hair, and wore the chocolate calico all day. She went to the Thursday evening conference, discussed the revival with Deacon Snow, and locked herself into her room one night to put the lamp on the bureau before the glass and shake her soft hair down about her colorless, inexpectant face, to see if it were not turning gray. She was disappointed to find it as brown and bright as ever.

But Sharley was very young, and the sweet, persistent hopes of youth were strong in her. They woke up presently with a sting like the sting of a frost-bite.

"Oh, to think of being an old maid, in a little black silk apron, and having Halcombe Dike's wedding-cards laid upon a shelf!"

She was holding the baby when this "came all over her," and she let him drop into the coal-hod, and sat down to cry.

What had she done that life should shut down before her in such cruel bareness? Was she not young, very young to be unhappy? She began to fight a little with herself and Providence in savage mood; favored the crimped hair and Scotch plaids again, tried a nutting-party and a sewing-circle, as well as a little flirtation with Jim Snow. This lasted for another week. At the end of that time she went and sat down alone one noon on a pile of kindlings in the wood-house, and thought it over.

"Why, I can't!" her eyes widening with slow terror. "Happiness *won't* come. I *can't* make it. I can't ever make it. And oh, I'm just at the beginning of every thing!"

Somebody called her just then to peel the potatoes for dinner. She thought—she thought often in those days—of that fancy of hers about calico-living. Was not that all that was left for her? Little dreary figures, all just alike,

like the chocolate morning-dress? Oh, the rose-bud and shimmer that might have been waiting somewhere! And oh, the rose-bud and shimmer that were forever gone!

The frosted golds of autumn melted into a clear, sharp, silvered winter, carrying Sharley with them, round on her old routine. It never grew any the easier or softer. The girl's little rebellious feet trod it bitterly. She hated the darning and the sweeping and the baking and the dusting. She hated the sound of the baby's worried cry. She was tired of her mother's illnesses, tired of Moppet's mischief, tired of Methuselah's solemnity. She used to come in sometimes from her walk to the office, on a cold, moonlighted evening, and stand looking in at them all through the "keeping-room" window—her father prosing over the state of the flour-market, her mother on the lounge, the children waiting for her to put them to bed; Methuselah poring over his arithmetic in his little old-manish way; Moppet tying the baby and the kitten together—stand looking till the hot, shamed blood shot to her forehead, for thought of how she was wearied of the sight.

"I can't think what's got into Sharley," complained her mother; "she has been as cross as a bear this good while. If she were eight years old, instead of eighteen, I should give her a good whipping and send her to bed!"

Poor Sharley nursed her trouble and her crossness together, in her aggrieved, girlish way, till the light went out of her wistful eyes, and little sharp bones began to show at her wrists. She used to turn them about and pity them. They were once so round and winsome!

Now it was probably a fact that, as for the matter of hard work, Sharley's life was a sinecure compared to what it would be as the wife of Halcombe Dike. Double your toil into itself, and triple it by the measure of responsibility, and there you have your married life, young girls—beautiful, dim Eden that you have made of it! Well, but there was never an Eden without its serpent, I fancy. Besides, Sharley, like the rest of them, had not thought as far as that.

Then—ah then, what toil would not be play-day for the sake of Halcombe Dike? what weariness and wear could be too great, what pain too keen if they could bear it together, they two?

Oh, you mothers! do you not see that this makes all the difference? You have strength that your daughter knows not of. There are hands to help you over the thorns (if not there ought to be). She gropes and cuts her way alone. Be very patient with her in her little moods and selfishnesses. No matter if she might help you more about the baby: be patient. Her position in your home is at best an anomalous one—a grown woman, with much of the dependence of a child. She must have all the jars and tasks and frets of family life without the relief of housewifely invention and authority. God and her own heart will teach

her in time what she owes to you. Never fear for that. But bear long with her. Do not exact too much. The life you gave her did not come at her asking. Consider this well; and do not press the debt beyond its due.

"I don't see that there is ever going to be any end to any thing!" gasped Sharley at night between Moppet's buttons.

This set her to thinking. What if one made an end?

She went out one cold, gray afternoon in the thick of a snow-storm and wandered up and down the railroad. It was easy walking upon the sleepers, the place was lonely, and she had come out to be alone. She liked the beat of the storm in her face for a while, the sharp turns of the wind, and the soft touch of the snow that was drifting in little heaps about her feet. Then she remembered of how small use it was to like any thing in the world now, and her face grew as wild as the storm.

Fancy yourself hemmed in with your direst grief by a drifting sleet in such a voiceless, viewless place as that corpse-like track—the endless, painless track, stretching away in the white mystery at peace like all dead things.

What Sharley should have done was to go home as straight as she could go, put on dry stockings, and get her supper. What she did was to linger, as all people linger, in the luxury of their first wretchedness—linger till the uncanny twilight fell and shrouded her in. Then a thought struck her.

A freight-train was just coming in, slowly but heavily. Sharley, as she stepped aside to let it pass, fixed her eyes upon it for a moment, then, with a little hesitation, stopped to pick up a bit of iron that lay at her feet—a round, firm rod-end—and placed it diagonally upon the rail. The cars rumbled by and over it. Sharley bent to see. It was crushed to a shapeless twist. Her face whitened. She sat down and shivered a little. But she did not go home. The Evening Accommodation was due now in about ten minutes.

Girls, if you think I am telling a bit of sensational fiction I wish you would let me know.

"It would be quick and easy," thought Sharley. The man of whom she read in the *Journal* last night—they said he must have found it all over in an instant. An instant was a very short time! And forty years—and the little black silk apron—and the cards laid up on a shelf! Oh, to go out of life—any where, any how, out of life! No; the Sixth Commandment had nothing to do with ending one's self.

An unearthly, echoing shriek broke through the noise of the storm—nothing is more unearthly than a locomotive in a storm. Sharley stood up—sat down again. A red glare struck the white mist, broadened, brightened, grew.

Sharley laid her head down with her small neck upon the rail, and— I am compelled to say that she took it up again faster than she laid it down. Took it up, writhed off the track, tumbled down the banking, hid her face in a

drift, and crouched there with the cold drops on her face till the hideous, tempting thing shot by.

"I guess con-sumption would be—a—little better!" she decided, crawling to her feet.

But the poor little feet could scarcely carry her. She struggled to the street, caught at the fences for a while, then dropped.

Somebody stumbled over her. It was Cousin Sue—Halcombe Dike's Cousin Sue.

"Deary me!" she said; and being five feet seven, with strong Yankee arms of her own, she took Sharley up in them, and carried her to the house as if she had been a baby.

Sharley did not commit the atrocity of fainting, but found herself thoroughly chilled and weak. Cousin Sue bustled about with brandy and blankets, and Sharley, watching her through her half-closed eyes, speculated a little. Had *she* any body's wedding-cards laid up on a shelf? She had the little black apron at any rate. Poor Cousin Sue! Should she be like that? "Poor Cousin Charlotte!" people would say.

Cousin Sue had gone to see about supper when Sharley opened her eyes and sat strongly up. A gentle-faced woman sat between her and the light, in a chair cushioned upon one side for a useless arm. Halcombe had made that chair. Mrs. Dike had been a busy, cheery woman, and Sharley had always felt sorry for her since the sudden day when paralysis crippled her good right hand; three years ago that was now; but she was not one of those people to whom it comes natural to say that one is sorry for them, and she was Halcombe's mother, and so Sharley had never said it. It struck her freshly now that this woman had seen much ill-fortune in her widowed years, and that she had kept a certain brave, contented look in her eyes royally through it all.

It struck her only as a passing thought, which might never have come back had not Mrs. Dike pushed her chair up beside her, and given her a long, quiet look straight in the eyes.

"It was late for you to be out in the storm, my dear, and alone."

"I'd been out a good while. I had been on—the track," said Sharley, with a slight shiver. "I think I could not have been exactly well. I would not go again. I must go home now. But oh!"—her voice sinking—"I wish nobody had found me, I wish nobody had found me! The snow would have covered me up, you see."

She started up flushing hot and frightened. What had she been saying to Halcombe's mother?

But Halcombe's mother put her healthy soft hand down on the girl's shut fingers. Women understand each other in flashes.

"My dear," she said, without prelude or apology, "I have a thing to say to you. God does not give us our troubles to think about; that's all. I have lived more years than you. I know that He never gives us our troubles to think about."

"I don't know who's going to think about them if we don't!" said Sharley, half aggrieved.

"Supposing nobody thinks of them, where's the harm done? Mark my words, child: He sends them to drive us out of ourselves—to *drive* us out. He had much rather we would go of our own accord, but if we won't go we must be sent, for go we must. That's just about what we're put into this world for, and we're not fit to go out of it till we have found this out."

Now the moralities of conversation were apt to glide off from Sharley like rain-drops from gutta-percha, and I can not assert that these words would have made profound impression upon her had not Halcombe Dike's mother happened to say them.

Be that as it may, she certainly took them home with her, and pondered them in her heart. Pondered till late in her feverish, sleepless night, till her pillow grew wet, and her heart grew still. About midnight she jumped out into the cold, and kneeled, with her face hidden in the bed.

"Oh, I've been a naughty girl!" she said, just as she might have said it ten years ago. She felt so small, and ignorant, and weak that night.

Out of such smallness, and ignorance, and weakness great knowledge and strength may have beautiful growth. They came in time to Sharley, but it was a long, slow time. Moppet was just as unendurable, the baby just as fretful, life just as joyless as if she had taken no new out-look upon it, made no new, tearful plans about it.

"Calico! Calico!" she cried out a dozen times a day; "nothing *but* calico!"

But by-and-by it dawned in her thoughts that this was a very little matter to cry out about. What if God meant that some lives should be "all just alike," and like nothing fresh or bonnie, and that hers should be one? That was His affair. Hers was to use the dull gray gift He gave—*whatever* gift He gave—as loyally and as cheerily as she would use treasures of gold and rose-tint. He knew what He was doing. What He did was never forgetful or unkind. She felt—after a long time, and in a quiet way—that she could be sure of that.

No matter about Halcombe Dike, and what was gone. No matter about the little black aprons, and what was coming. He understood all about that. He would take care of it.

Meantime, why could she not as well wash Moppet's face with a pleasant word as with a cross one? darn the stockings with a smile as well as a frown? stay and hear her mother discuss her headaches as well as run away and think of herself? Why not give happiness since she could not have it? be of use since nobody was of much use to her? Easier saying than doing, to be sure, Sharley found; but she kept the idea in mind as the winter wore away.

She was thinking about it one April afternoon, when she had stolen out of the house for a walk in the budding woods. She had need

enough of a walk. It was four weeks now since she had felt the wide wind upon her face; four weeks pleasantly occupied in engineering four boys through the measles; and if ever a sick child had the capacity for making of himself a seraph upon earth it was Moppet. It was a thin little face which stood out against the "green mist" of the unfurling leaves as Sharley wandered in and out with sweet aimlessness among the elms and hickories; very thin, with its wistful eyes grown hollow; a shadow of the old Sharley who fluttered among the plaid ribbons one October morning. It was a saddened face—it might always be a saddened face—but a certain pleasant, rested look had worked its way about her mouth, not unlike the rich mellowness of a rainy sunset. Not that Sharley knew much about sunsets yet; but she thought she did, which, as I said before, amounts to about the same thing.

She was thinking with a wee glow of pleasure how the baby's arms clung around her neck that morning, and how surprised her mother looked when Methuselah cried at her taking this walk. As you were warned in the beginning, nothing remarkable ever happened to Sharley. Since she had begun in practice to approve Mrs. Dike's theory, that "no harm was done if nobody thought of your troubles," she had neither become the village idol, nor in any remarkable degree her mother's pride. But she had nevertheless cut for herself a small niche in the heart of her home—a much larger niche, perhaps, than the excellent Mrs. Guest was well aware of.

"I don't care how small it is," cried Sharley, "as long as I have room to stand my two feet on and look up."

And for that old pain? Ah, well, God knew about that, and Sharley—nobody else. Whatever the winter had taught her she had bound and labeled in her precise little way for future use. At least she had learned—and it is not every body who learns it at eighteen—to wear her life bravely—"a rose with a golden thorn."

I really think that this is the place to end my story; so properly polished off with a moral. So many Sharleys, too, will never read beyond. But being bound in honor to tell the whole moral or no moral, I must add, that while Sharley walked and thought among her hickories there came up a thunder-storm. It fell upon her without any warning. The sky had been clear when she looked at it last. It gaped at her now out of the throats of purple-black clouds. Thunders crashed over and about her. All the forest darkened and reeled. Sharley was enough like other girls to be afraid of a thunder-storm. She started with a cry to break her way through the matted undergrowth; saw, or felt that she saw, the glare of a golden arrow overhead; threw out her hands, and fell crushed, face downward, at the foot of a scorching tree.

When she opened her eyes she was sitting under a wood-pile. Or, to speak more accu-

ately, she was sitting in Mr. Halcombe Dike's lap, and Mr. Halcombe Dike was under the wood-pile.

It was a low, triangular wood-pile, roofed with pine boards, through which the water was dripping. It stood in the centre of a large clearing, exposed to the rain, but safe.

"Oh!" said Sharley.

"That's right," said he, "I knew you were only stunned. I've been rubbing your hands and feet. It was better to come here than to run the blockade of that patch of woods to a house. Don't try to talk."

"I'm not," said Sharley, with a faint little laugh, "it's you that are talking"—and ended with a weak pause, her head falling back where she had found it, upon his arm.

"I *wouldn't* talk," repeated the young man, relevantly, after a profound silence of five minutes. "I was coming 'across lots' from the station. You fell—Sharley, you fell right at my feet!"

He spoke carelessly, but Sharley, looking up, saw that his face was grave.

"I believe I will get down," she observed, after some consideration, lifting her head.

"I don't see how you can, you know," he suggested, helplessly; "it pours as straight as a deluge out there. There isn't room in this place for two people to sit."

So they "accepted the situation."

The clouds broke presently, and rifts of yellow light darted in through the fragrant, wet pine boards. Sharley's hair had fallen from her net and covered her face. She felt too weak to push it away. After some thought Halcombe Dike pushed it away for her, reverently, with his strong, warm hand. The white little trembling face shone out. He turned and looked at it—the poor little face!—looked at it gravely and long.

But Sharley at the look sat up straight. Her heart leaped out into the yellow light. All her dreary winter danced and dwindled away. Through the cracks in the pine boards a long procession of May-days came filing in. The scattering rain-drops flamed before her. "All the world and all the waters blushed and bloomed." She was so very young?

"I could not speak," he told her, quietly, "when I was at home before. I could never speak till now. Last October I thought"—his voice sinking hoarsely—"I thought, Sharley, it could never be. I could barely eke out my daily bread; I had no right to ask you—to bind you. You were very young; I thought, perhaps, Sharley, you might forget. Somebody else might make you happier. I would not stand in the way of your happiness. I asked God to bless you that morning when I went away in the cars, Sharley. Sharley!"

Something in her face he could not understand. All that was meant by the upturned face perhaps he will never understand. She hid it in her bright, brown hair; put her hand up softly upon his cheek and cried.

"If you would like to hear any thing about the business part of it—" suggested the young man, clearing his throat. But Sharley "hated business." She would not hear.

"Not about the Crumpet Buildings? Well, I carried that affair through—that's all."

They came out under the wide sky, and walked home hand in hand. All the world was hung with crystals. The faint shadow of a rainbow quivered across a silver cloud.

The first thing that Sharley did when she came home was to find Moppet and squeeze him.

"Oh, Moppet, we can be good girls all the same if we are happy, can't we?"

"No Sir!" said injured Moppet. "You don't catch me!"

"But oh, Moppet, see the round drops hanging and burning on the blinds! And how the little mud-puddles shine, Moppet!"

Out of her pain and her patience God had brought her beautiful answer. It was well for Sharley. But if such answer had not come? That also would be well.

BLIND PEOPLE.

IT is a mistake, although a very common one, to suppose that the loss of sight is necessarily, or usually, accompanied by an atoning strength or acuteness of the other senses. In individual instances blind persons have shown themselves remarkable for what they could do by touch, hearing, and taste; but this is the result of the special training of those senses, coupled with a developed power of making quickly, and depending on, intellectual inferences from the impressions which the unimpaired senses communicate; and not a gift accompanying blindness.

The men who have lost their right arms on the battle-fields of the civil war have been taught to write with their left so well that their penmanship has won praise and prizes. But they have not learned to write with the left hand any more easily than an unhurt man might do—they have not learned as easily; but they have had a motive in necessity. So the loss of sight weakens and depresses the powers that remain, diminishes the courage, obscures and enfeebles many of the fundamental ideas and conceptions of the mind, and deprives the sufferer of a most important aid in the development of the other senses. But notwithstanding this drawback, how wonderful is the quickness of sense, or shrewdness in intellectual deduction, sometimes displayed by blind persons!

Such, for instance, as that of Blacklock, who was on the point of walking into a deep well, if the sound of his little dog's feet, pattering before him on the board by which half of it was covered, had not warned him of danger; of Saunderson, who touched an antiquarian coin with his tongue and was sure it wasn't Roman; and who knew that a certain lady had white

teeth, because "for the last half hour she had done nothing but laugh;" of the Bokhara shopkeeper, described by Vambéry, who kept sixteen kinds of tea, and could tell them all apart by the touch (or was it by the taste?); of Stanley, who, unexpectedly addressed in Pall Mall with the question, in a feigned voice, from a gentleman who had been absent in Jamaica for twenty years, "How do you do, Mr. Stanley?" responded, after an instant's hesitation, "God bless me, Mr. Smith! how long have you been in England?" of Gough, the blind mathematician and naturalist of Kendal, who, when in his old age a rare plant was brought to him, examined it with the tip of his tongue, at once gave the correct name, and declared he had never seen but one specimen of it, and that was fifty years ago; of Wilson, the blind bell-ringer of Dumfries, who tripped up the steps to the belfry as quickly and as certainly as if possessed of the keenest sight, and rarely missed the key-hole at the first trial with the key; of Dr. Willard, of Deerfield, Massachusetts, who, having become blind while still a young man, at the age of eighty-three could gather his own fruit, prune the trees judiciously, lay out and plant his garden, selecting and sowing the seeds without mistake; of John Metcalf, the blind road-maker, who guided lost travelers along the intricate roads so skillfully that they never suspected but that he could see; of Francis Huber, who discovered facts in regard to the life and habits of bees which the wisest and most keen-sighted naturalists had failed to detect.

So also it is related that a blind messenger at Edinburgh was sent with a mattress to a customer, and with it the bill for payment. The sender of the mattress was surprised to see the messenger return with the account and the mattress too. "I've brought back baith, ye see, Sir," said he. "How so?" "Indeed, Sir, I didna like t' leave 't yonder, else I'm sure we wad ne'er see the siller—there's nae a stick of furniture within the door!" "How do you come to know that?" "Oh, Sir, twa taps on the floor wi' my stick soon tell't me that."

A single incident is sufficient proof of the masterly skill of Stanley in the management of the organ. At a public performance of one of Handel's "Te Deums" the organ was found to be a half note too sharp for the other instruments in the orchestra; whereupon Stanley, who was conducting the music, instead of requiring that the violins should be screwed up to the organ's higher range, at once, without premeditation, transposed the whole piece to suit them into a lower key. This was the more remarkable because the new key was the remote one of C sharp major.

Many instances might be cited in proof of the accuracy of a blind man's memory. "When I was a young man," says a director of the Great Malvern Museum, "for many years I hunted in vain to kill a *common* dotterel, which Pennant, the great naturalist, said ought to be called '*uncommon*.' But at last I shot one, and sent to

him. I never saw the famous old man again for upward of thirty years, and long after he had become blind. Meeting him then by accident, 'I can hardly hope,' I said, 'that you will remember me, Mr. Pennant?' For a moment the blind man hesitated, and then cried out, with sudden eagerness, 'Ah! my friend of the dotterel!'"

Anciently the blind were neglected, and left in a great measure to their own resources and to the charity of friends; they were regarded as incapable of special development or education. The art of giving instruction in special and peculiar ways to this unfortunate class was slowly introduced, in comparatively modern times, taking its commencement in France in the thirteenth century, other countries following for the most part and for a long time the lead of French experiment. As is well known, the whole course of progress in this respect has been in the direction of instruction in special institutions, and not in any methods or plans of domestic training.

The blind child must be sent from home to an institution where special efforts can be made to enlighten his darkened mind. And yet, with all the helps which can be given him, with what infinite difficulty does he tread the path to knowledge? He is brought, for example, into an extensive building, with which he must become acquainted almost entirely by touch and hearing. All is new and strange. But in a few weeks he can navigate the difficult passages with considerable dexterity, finds his own seat at table, his place in the basket-room or work-shop, and has, most likely, chosen a special companion from among the sightless pupils. As months pass on he learns to distinguish his own tools and implements from those of his companions by some little flaw or peculiarity not apparent to his teacher; to measure distances with wonderful accuracy; to know the step of every teacher and every companion. In short, touch and hearing are being silently and surely educated; the ear, a watchful sentinel and skillful guide, becomes keener, and the fingers more delicately susceptible and discriminating.

When, however, he seeks that mental development and education which comes chiefly through books, difficulties thicken. The elementary processes are slow and laborious. Numerous systems of printing have been invented for the use of the blind—all very ingenious, no doubt, but most of them difficult to be understood by a person *with* eyes, and we should suppose they would be hopelessly bewildering to one without them. Those who are gifted with special acuteness of touch, and corresponding mental ability, learn, by patient effort, to read with facility. But facts mentioned in the recent Report of the New York Institution for the Blind show that the majority of pupils meet with serious difficulties in learning to read at all well. The question as to what kind of alphabet is best adapted to their use

is by no means settled. The Boston and the Philadelphia (or Glasgow, as it is sometimes called) systems have been the most popular, and are composed of lines which form letters much like our ordinary alphabet. In Great Britain the Philadelphia letter is known as Alston's.

A method of writing with points, invented by Braille, is now in general use in many institutions for the blind. And while it is argued by some that there is great advantage in having a system of embossed printing for the blind in which the alphabet resembles as nearly as possible that in ordinary use among the seeing, on the other hand, the point alphabet is infinitely more simple, and can be readily learned by many who have utterly failed to master the Boston print. It is less laborious to write, and also much space is saved in printing. Books for the blind are both expensive and bulky. The Bible in the Boston type makes a set of eight huge volumes.

The Braille system, which has been extensively adopted, is based on ten fundamental signs, representing the first ten letters of the alphabet, and also the ten Arabic numerals, as follows:

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J
·	:	··	··	·	··	··	··	·	··
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0

By very simple additions the other letters are represented. This system has also been applied to musical notation in such a manner as to render the reading and writing of music very easy. The mode of writing is simple. The apparatus consists of a board, with a surface grooved horizontally and vertically by lines about an eighth of an inch apart. Over this board a frame is fitted. Sheets of paper being placed over the board, the points are made with a style, through a slip of perforated metal, which contains all the changes used in the system. As the sheets must be reversed to be read, the writing must be from right to left. A few books have been printed in the point print, and some system of this kind certainly commends itself to those interested in the education of the blind from its great simplicity.

A very ingenious invention was made some years ago by two blind men of Edinburgh, and used for many years in the Edinburgh Institution as a substitute for books and manuscripts, though not generally adopted. It was called the string alphabet, being a mode of designating the different letters by the form and distances of knots on a cord. Thus a book could be kept rolled up like a ball, and unrolled and read at pleasure; or a communication on fine cord be sent by letter to a friend.

The blind can often master arithmetic with comparative ease. Many curious contrivances have been invented to aid them in their calculations. The board which Saunderson, a noted mathematical genius, used was a very complicated affair. It was about a foot square, fixed in a narrow frame, and contained a great num-

ber of cross parallel lines drawn at right angles to each other. The edges of the board had grooves about two inches apart, and to each groove belonged five parallels, each square inch being subdivided into one hundred smaller squares. At every point of intersection was a small hole to receive a pin. Saunderson always kept two boxes of pins by his side when at work, and these, by difference of position or head, expressed to him the various numerals; a larger pin in the centre of each little square standing for zero, a smaller one for 1, and the other numerals were detected by their relative position to these.

Saunderson manipulated the pins with inconceivable quickness; but the exact way in which he used them in his calculations is altogether a mystery. It is probable that he used groups of pins, from time to time, to express certain stages in the operation, as memoranda to which he could refer again and again. Be this as it may, however, there is no doubt that he worked problems of every—even the highest—kind, both in common arithmetic and algebra, with great rapidity and equal accuracy. Genius as he was, and full of resources which genius alone can devise and use, he would doubtless have rejoiced to possess one of the plain and simple arithmetic boards now in use.

A popular impression is afloat that some clever blind people have the power of detecting colors by the touch. This is an error; touch can do nothing here. Yet the blind man may weave you a rug bright with all the colors of the rainbow, exactly after the pattern which you prescribe. In the first place, his threads of wool are all placed for him by his side, in one exact order, say white, crimson, blue, yellow, and maroon. They are always in the same order and place, so that he takes up whichever he needs with unerring certainty. Hung up in front of him, but easily within reach of his fingers, is a square of smooth, thin deal, on which is traced the pattern of his rug in nails with heads of every possible variety of shape—round, square, diamond-shape, or triangular; tacks, brads, and buttons; some driven home to the surface of the board, others raised above it; but all telling their own story of red, green, white, or blue. He reads his pattern with his fingers, and weaves in the brilliant colors as deftly as if he saw every tint. If his touch is keen his pattern can be set for him by the help of letters and figures, certain letters standing for certain colors, and the figures indicating how many threads or strands are to be taken. Then the different colors all being *arranged* in regular order he skillfully brings out the intricacies of his pattern.

The material used for making baskets is sometimes colored with such substances that the red, for example, is harsher to the touch than the blue. In such cases the blind basket-maker is soon able, apparently, to detect colors by the touch, while in reality it is a difference in *substance*.

In the various institutions for the blind the making of baskets, brooms, brushes, mattresses, and other similar articles, is systematically taught. The work is performed with great neatness and dexterity. It is often said that the work of the blind can not be equal to that of the seeing; but the brooms and mattresses made at the New York Institution for the Blind prove the contrary. Special care is also taken in that institution, as well as in others, that the pupils should gain practical information in regard to the cost of material, the proper prices to be affixed to manufactured articles, *etc.*, so that when they leave the institution they may be able to do business independently, if circumstances render it needful.

The great passion in the life of a blind man, when once aroused, is music. Here he thinks he can achieve, if not immortality, at least renown and certain independence. It is to him a source of the highest, purest pleasure, a solace under all his troubles, almost light in his darkness. It rightly occupies a prominent place in all institutions for the education of the sightless, and surprising skill and proficiency is often attained.

Among the mural tablets of the ancient Egyptians it is said there is one from the tombs of Alabastron representing a blind harper sitting cross-legged on the ground, attended by seven other blind men similarly seated, who sing and beat time with their hands. They were clearly professional musicians, full of animation and interest in their work; and expressing by every feature of the face, as well as their very position, their darkened lot. In those ancient times no systematic provision appears to have been made for the blind; but when music became their resource, they seem not only to have met with compassion and help, but to have found a pure enjoyment.

There is a pleasant incident related of Mendelssohn, who went one hot summer to rest his overtaxed brain in Zurich. There he was besieged by eager admirers, but would accept of no invitation until hearing that the blind pupils of the Blind School were anxious, as they said, to "see him," he visited them. He spoke to the sightless assembly in kindest words, and listened to their songs and choruses, some even of their own composing, with interest and pleasure. And then the great musician asked permission to sit down at their piano, and wandered away into one of those wild and tender strains of speaking melody for which he was so famous. His silent, wrapt audience listened so intently to "The Song without Words," that a pinfall would have broken the stillness. One by one over the eager faces crept the air of deep, quiet joy, until in the midst of the great flood of mingling harmonies, a voice came to them out of the very chorus they had just been singing. Then their enthusiasm knew no bounds. The great master had carried them away, at his will, to heights of joy and triumphant praise before unknown; he had whis-

pered to them of sorrow, and the cloudy ways of life, in words of soft, unbroken tenderness; and now he stirred their inmost depths by a strain of their own weaving, into which he poured a new tide of living song, new grace, and new meaning. No words could tell what they felt; they could have pressed him to their very hearts for joy. This was not long before the great musician's death; but he still lives in the Blind School at Zurich, and there still remains as a precious relic the master's chair in which he sat.

Where real musical genius, intellect, and education are combined, the blind musician may at once take high rank; and not a few have astonished the world with grand and glorious strains. Occasionally, also, some strange prodigy, like "Blind Tom," attracts public attention for a time. Until seven years old this odd genius was regarded as an idiot. Suddenly one night he was overheard playing the piano in his master's drawing-room, touching it with singular grace and beauty, wandering through rapid cadences, and wild bursts of melody, as a finished musician. As far as could be known, he had never even touched a piano till that night. From that time forth he had free access to the instrument, on which he every day performed greater wonders, repeating without effort almost note by note any music once played to him, and with wonderful accuracy mimicking any fault or peculiarity in the style of the performer. His marvelous powers were soon exhibited to the public. He would sit down and play, with amazing correctness, difficult pieces of music, a dozen pages in length, which he had heard but once. Notwithstanding this dexterity, one of his favorite feats was to produce an outrageous, discordant jumble of sound which no ear of the slightest pretense to sensibility could produce or endure without intense pain and disgust. The case of Blind Tom stands alone as a positive anomaly.

While to a majority of the blind music is a source of delight the acquisition of it is generally laborious. The process of deciphering any of the printed signs by which musical changes are made known to them is long and tedious. Consequently the pupils are usually taught by dictation; a short passage being given by the teacher, and repeated by the pupil until he has mastered it. In this way a piece of music is gradually but accurately learned, and when once imprinted in the memory it is rarely forgotten or lost.

The blind have their sports and games and recreative employments; although for the most part these are of the quieter kind. Checkers, chess, dominoes, and games of a similar nature, are attractive to them; and often they acquire a great deal of skill. Numerous little fancy articles are made by stringing beads on small wire. The beads are arranged according to color in different boxes; the blind girl takes the end of her wire, and passes it several times through the beads, by which means several

probably are strung on to the wire. She counts carefully the number she needs, in accordance to her own fancy, or the directions she has received, and retains those on the wire while she removes the others. Fine and delicate work of various sorts is sometimes done, which would seem quite impossible for a blind person to accomplish. There is now in the reception-room of the New York Institution for the Blind a large and beautiful wreath of flowers, made of hair, and entirely the handiwork of a sightless person.

The blind sometimes have very false and curious conceptions in regard to sight. "I can't understand," said a clever blind man, "how things can be *seen* to be round or square, without passing the fingers over them." The process of seeing, to a man born blind, must be more or less of a mystery. Even Saunderson only got so far as to conceive that "the art of seeing was similar to that of a series of threads being drawn from the distant object to the eye.

Du Puisieux, the son of a Professor of Philosophy in the University of Paris, was in some things one of the shrewdest men of his day, having attained considerable proficiency in botany and chemistry; but he was blind. He had a wonderful memory for sounds, and could, it is said, recognize by their voice persons whom he had only once heard. He could tell if he was in a street or a blind alley, in a large room or a small one; but he believed that astronomers were the only people who saw with telescopes, and that they had their eyes differently formed from other men. Nor was his notion about eyes in general a whit less incorrect. "The eye," said he, "is an organ on which the air should have the same effect as my stick on my hand." A boy upon whom Cheselden operated for cataract, had clearly been of the same opinion. Even when restored to sight, he believed that the objects he looked on touched his eyes, as those which he felt touched his skin; and he consequently had no true idea of distance. He asked "which was the sense that deceived him, the sight or the touch?" He wondered how a likeness of his father's face could be got into so small a space as his mother's watch-case; it seemed to him as impossible as getting a bushel into a pint measure. It took him some time to learn to distinguish between the dog and the cat, until he had felt them over carefully with his own hand. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that when some one asked Du Puisieux if he "would not be glad to have his sight," he replied, "If it were not for curiosity I would rather have long arms; it seems to me that my hands would teach me better what is passing in the moon than your eyes or telescopes." Even among the educated blind there must exist strangely vague and incorrect ideas in regard to the physical and metaphysical world. Cut off as the blind man is, in a measure, from the rest of the world, and from many channels of light and information open to others, his isolation is said to give him

special power and aptitude for the study of abstract things: of philosophy and of mathematics. Isolated, undoubtedly he is; when he wishes to think, his blindness saves him from the intrusion of external objects and the busy crowd of ideas which wait about on the world of visible things; it may free him from some illusions of the senses, and the snares of outside appearance; he easily becomes abstracted, where a man with sight would often find it hard: so far, therefore, his way toward deep, inward thought is cleared; wind and tide seem in his favor. Yet, although more than one philosopher is said to have plunged himself into darkness, for the purpose of intense and absolute thought, few, we fancy, would agree with the old woman who said to Dr. Guyse, her minister, who had suddenly become blind, "God be praised that your sight is gone! You're more powerful than ever, now ye've no notes."

The comparative statistics of blindness in different countries reveal some very singular facts. In the United States there are fewer blind persons in proportion to the inhabitants than in any other country in the world, there being only one in about 2460 inhabitants. Norway, for instance, has 1 in 540, Denmark 1 in 1523, Sweden 1 in 1419, Bavaria but 1 in 1986, and France 1 in 938; while Newfoundland has 1 in 1426, Nova Scotia 1 in 1788, and Prince Edward Island 1 in 1880. It is quite impossible to find a satisfactory reason for all of these differences, although variations of climate give an explanation of some. Between 20° and 30° north latitude the ratio of the blind to the whole number of inhabitants is stated to be 1 to 100; between 50° and 60° 1 to 1400; while between 70° and 80° it is 1 to 550.

In round numbers, the entire number of blind persons in the United States is about 12,000; in Great Britain, about 30,000; in France, 38,000. There are numerous institutions, both in this country and in Europe, conducted on liberal principles, which aim to give this unfortunate class an education which will fit them for any position in life which their infirmity will allow them to fill.

The New York Institution for the Blind has had 155 pupils during the last year. The course of study is carefully arranged so as to be adapted to pupils at all stages of advancement; such instruction is given in the Industrial Department as will be of practical benefit; and special attention is paid to the general health and comfort of the inmates. A visit to such an institution as this, while it awakens the deepest sympathy for those deprived of sight, also causes one to rejoice that so much has been done by systematic benevolence to relieve their condition.

Notwithstanding all that can be done for them, yet the great majority of the blind do, more or less, dwell in a separate and peculiar domain of their own. However we may try to lessen the sharpness of the line which divides them from the seeing world, still they are di-

vided, and, at certain times, stand, as it were, aloof from the multitude of seeing men. They are utterly barred off from a thousand channels through which intelligence from the outer world speaks with silent yet living voice to the whole human race. It is impossible to measure what their loss is, or how sharp the privation. When all has been done that can be done for their relief, guidance, and support, the cloud under which they still live is deep and dark. However bright the lining of that cloud—and no one learns to be more fully conscious of its beauty and brightness than the sufferer himself—there must be times when the darkness grows deep and heavy and hard to be borne. Yet it is never too early with a blind child to teach him that he is not alone in the darkness. Never too early to lead him to believe that the same living and mighty Being who has made, and controls, and will judge the rest of the world—is the very same that, unseen, is about, and keeps, and will judge *him* at the last; that there is but one Father in the heaven above, in whom we all alike must trust.

And no one is more ready and more willing to learn to believe this than the blind child if he fall into the hands of a kindly and loving teacher.

THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.

TIME: the past summer, whose grasses are now gathered, whose leaves, then fresh and green, now crisp and curled, are waiting burial beneath the snows whose herald flakes fill the air.

SCENE: the piazza of the Cataract House, at Niagara.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ (*place aux dames*)—Bella, the brunette, graceful and stately as a mountain pine; Sappho, the blonde, whose eyes have caught the color of the morning skies; Violetta, the bewitching, who has always had her own way, and can never be persuaded to have any one else's; Roxanna, a delegate from New England, whose bump of self-poisedness and go-aheadativeness is large and well-defined. In the fore-ground sits Narcissus, his attention about equally divided between Sappho and his patent-leather boots; on the right wing strides Don Miguel, swarthy but courteous; on the left, mounting guard against any raid upon the chair which he has temporarily quitted, John Paul may be seen, his classic profile showing in studied relief against the white pillar whereon he leans. So much for the grouping.

"Who is for the Cave of the Winds this morning?" speaks the cheery voice of Mrs. Japonica, *chaperon* of the lady part of the party.

"I," and "I," and "I," and "I," and "I," and "I," cry all. Not a dissentient voice among the group.

"Put to vote and unanimously carried," remarks Narcissus.

"Si, it is one *vara* good plan," says Don Miguel, brushing the ash from his first cigarette.

"Then order out the barouche," continues Mrs. Japonica; "how many are there of us?"

"We are seven," replies John Paul.

"Too many by twice; but the distance is short, and it is scarcely worth while to get up another carriage. You young people must walk; we old fogies will ride."

By this the barouche was at the door; Mrs. Japonica, with her body-guard of matrons, got in; "forward" was sounded, and the train was soon in motion. In accordance with all military precedent, the light infantry of the young marched in the van; the heavy artillery of the married brigade following on lumbering wheels.

The walk from the Cataract House to Goat Island follows down and along the rapids, crossing the bridge where a toll, varying according to age, size, sex, and condition, is demanded of each person. There is little of interest to be seen on the way if we except the water, of which there is quite enough to turn several good-sized mill-wheels; but the summer having been a particularly rainy one, water was not at all new and scarcely attracted remark.

"This way to the Cave of the Winds," said a number of sign-boards, and there was no difficulty in finding the place. The first station—the ante-chamber, so to speak—is a frame-building, looking not unlike a barn; here you prepare for an introduction to the inner mysteries.

The preparation consists in divesting yourself of the magnificent habiliments, the purple pantaloons and fine linen, in which you have been accustomed to disport yourself before the critical feminine eye, and putting on the garments which the guides if not the gods have provided for you. These being cut to suit the length and breadth of average humanity, the fit is not remarkably perfect if you chance to be either over or undersized. John Paul, being cast in a diminutive mould, looked very much as a bean-pole would arrayed in a purser's shirt. Nor is the material of these garments that which your tailor commends to consideration on the ground that it is "imported." Blue gingham trousers, fastened round the waist with a cord like that which the Trappist monks wear, an oil-skin pea-jacket, bound with a similar girdle, and a flapping oil-skin hood, buttoned so tightly around the neck and under the chin that at the expiration of five minutes you imagine that by some singular mistake your head has been popped into a stew-pan, constitute the upper rigging. Moccasins of white felt are bound upon your feet, and the attire is complete. This is the court-dress which you must don if you seek audience with the Winds. The dressing-rooms are not quite so comfortable as the ones you have been accustomed to. The floor, instead of with a carpet, is covered with sand and broken clam-shells; the wash-bowl has a large hole in the bottom, and the pitcher is without a handle; a looking-glass is provided that you may arrive at a full idea of the repulsiveness of your personal appearance; but this being

cracked in several places distorts you into a monster of such hideous mien that to be hated needs but to be seen! And there being no bell about the room you are forced to make yourself seen, if you find it necessary to have a reef taken in the slack of your trousers, or a nail pressed into service to supply the place of a missing button. The comb and brush at the disposal of guests is suggestive; but not being particular about the parting of your hair just now you conclude that you will not use them.

One thing not over and above pleasant about the affair is that your gingham trousers are wet and dripping. A large fat gentleman has just jumped out of them. There are several sensations in life more pleasant than thrusting your legs into wet trousers. So thought Narcissus. He barely got a foot in before he started back with a yell of dismay: "Thunder! I'm subject to rheumatism and neuralgia. If I put those wet rags on I couldn't stir for a week!" And he at once decided not to go. It being necessary that some one should watch our money, diamond sleeve-buttons, and shirt-studs, Frodsham watches and chains, it was at last arranged that to him this responsible post should be assigned. At last the toilets were made, and after stopping a moment to get breath and allow Don Miguel to relieve himself of a huge Spanish oath and a clam-shell which was in his moccasin, the gentlemen sallied out into the hall.

The ladies were not visible.

Rat, tat, tat at the door of their room: "Ladies, are you ready?"

The door opens about two inches and the nose of Bella is visible, with the eyes of Violetta peeping over her shoulder:

"Oh, we can't come out in this rig with all those people looking at us; tell those men to go away!"

We, in our uncommon attire, were mistaken for men!

But aside from us there was quite a crowd around. One of the curiosities of Niagara is to see the procession of pilgrims, male and female, starting for that Mecca of the waters known as the Cave of the Winds. Multitudes go over to the island expressly to witness the exhibition.

As the naughty, naughty men would neither be persuaded nor ordered away, the ladies finally came out, timidly, and casting furtive glances around to see if any body was laughing at them. Their movement was a sideways, deprecating one, like that of a crab when first trying locomotion in a new shell.

I have spoken of the procession as one of pilgrims; the simile is a good one, barring the lack of cockle-hats and staffs, for the shoon are there, and oil-skin would pass current with even the unimaginative mind for sackcloth, while the gray sand which sprinkles the garments answers for ashes.

Hand in hand, down steep, winding stairs, the party goes, the ladies occasionally tripping in their unaccustomed style of slippers—but never

falling, there being always some one ready to catch them.

The ledge of rock, level with the foot of the fall, reached, a stand is made and the order of advance determined on. There are two guides—Palinurus, who has been at the business for fifteen years, a grizzled old veteran, and Aquarius, younger, with a weakness for the gentler sex and diving. It is arranged that Palinurus shall lead with Bella, John Paul to follow next with Violetta, then Don Miguel with Roxanna; Aquarius bringing up the rear and covering the flank with Sappho.

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,"

sings Bella, lightly, as she skips along the plank walk whose further end is lost in mist, gayly as though treading a ball-room floor. Violetta walks slower and trembling, so that the advance couple are behind the Fall and lost to view before she and John Paul come up. The others have stopped to tighten their girths, so that there are none to aid this timid couple if they come to grief. They are now at the very foot of the Fall—and what a fall is there, my countrymen! The great volume of water thunders down, dashing the spray into poor Violetta's face and blinding her. A noise as of ten thousand siege-guns is in her ears; the winds, roaring up from the chasm and whirling and twisting the spray into fantastic shapes which seem the ghastly guardians of the entrance, snatch away her breath.

A scream of terror from Violetta. "Oh, I can't go on! let me go back, I shall die!"

But the worst is half over. No time for remonstrance or talk about swapping horses now. "Come along!" and by main strength John Paul bears Violetta along.

"Let me go back, I tell you!" and the little hands are clenched and let out straight from the shoulder, while the little feet kick a livelier measure than ever they moved to, in the *trois temps*.

But the Rubicon is passed, and we are behind the Falls. The scene is sublime and terrible as well as wet. Through the curtain of waters which falls, shutting out the outer world, the sun looks like a great emerald. The winds howl and rage until you fancy that Ulysses must be around with the ox-hide bag which Æolus gave him, and that again its mouth has been indiscreetly loosened. Talk of Euroclydon, white squalls, tornadoes, and pamperos, indeed, the breath is now fairly blown out of your body! And so counter are the currents of air that the best-disciplined wind-mill would not know which way to turn. You are quite as much at a loss. A feeling of helplessness comes over you; for the first time you comprehend your own nothingness and the terrible might of Niagara. Heretofore you have seen it from altogether another stand-point; safe on the firm earth, with the blue sky above, birds singing in the trees, and all the lovely panorama of nature stretching around you, the whole

seemed a great show-piece, gotten up for your amusement. Niagara was simply a tumbling harlequin on a somewhat larger scale than the usual one. Now, however, it is different, and you realize how materially circumstances alter cases. The waters have got *you* in the door, so to speak, and it does not seem at all certain that they will let you out. Before you have been in the habit of patronizing them, of lamenting that they are not mineral, that they might be bottled and turned to some practical account. Now *you* feel very much like crawling into a bottle, and the impression is paramount that a pint one would hold you. The cataract leaps at you like a hungry lion—no; blot out the simile, it is tame! A whole desert of lions could not swallow you as these unchainable waters would, sinking you to such unfathomed depths that only the trump of the archangel could reach you. For the moment you seem at their mercy, and feel that mercy you do not deserve. After scoffing at the waters you have crossed their threshold, entered their most familiar home—annihilation is the least punishment which you can expect.

You are lost—literally as well as in wonder and awe. After leading you against the dead wall of rock, over which the waters are leaping, the plank walk has come to a sudden end. You can scarcely scale the wall, it being moist and slippery, as well as a hundred and fifty feet high, to say nothing of the *chevaux-de-frise*—water-horses—which guard the summit. Palinurus and Bella are not to be seen. They may have fallen into the hell of waters which is seething and boiling at your feet. The thought is not a pleasant one. Palinurus is a stranger, certainly, but he is also your friend and guide, and just at present, though lost to sight, is to memory dear. For Bella you have a special regard. All this while you are straining eyes and ears, but between the driving spray and the howling winds can see and hear nothing, which does not tend to lessen your embarrassment. Violetta would be fainting if she did not consider it her bounden duty to scream. Regardless of the fact that you have not the customary thickness of broadcloth on, her fingers tighten on your arm until, though conscious that it is virtue's self which pinches, you are tempted to wheel around and remark, "This is vice."

"Wait here a moment," says John Paul; "I will go ahead a few steps, and find the road or Palinurus."

"No, don't leave me! I'm sure I shall die! Oh, I do wish I was at home!"

John Paul wishes so too; he is not accustomed to such precious responsibilities. For the first time he realizes the peculiarity of his position. If Violetta should be lost how could he meet the reproaches of her mamma? She is an only child. A jury of his countrymen would convict him of daughter-slaughter in the first degree. He might file a cave-at, but would it stay proceedings? To offer one's self for adop-

tion might not be considered as filling the vacuum. Of course the only thing to be done if Violetta went under the Falls would be to go over after her; chivalric custom would demand the sacrifice. But how absurd this would be! How much better, how much *nicer*, to just hasten home to the hotel, and write a splendid obituary for the newspapers—perhaps turn off a neat copy of complimentary and elegiac verses!

But the darkest hour is always just before day. Relief is at hand. "This way!" shouts Palinurus, suddenly looming up like the Flying Dutchman from a mist. Following his lead we cut across the Fall, and soon strike a good plank walk again, where Bella stands laughing and clapping her hands. That young lady does not know what fear is; if she felt inclined for a shower-bath just now you'd see her step out under the cataract as coolly as though she had never taken any other.

But there is more trouble on the side we have just left. Sappho is fainting, and Don Miguel, having his hands and arms full of Roxanna, can lend Aquarius no assistance. To support one woman is about all that one man can do in this world.

"*Sacré!*" mutters the Don between his set teeth.

I do not know what the word means, but am told that it is Spanish for "Come here a minute!"

Palinurus dashes over to the rescue, and two pair of stout arms bear Sappho over to a place of rest and safety. Her blue eyes beam out after a while, and her lips, resuming their red, unclosed to murmur, "Oh, it *was* dreadful!"

"You're about right there, Sappho," says Violetta.

Now it is comparatively plain sailing, and very good headway is made. The pilgrims' path, however, is in a measure one of penance, as the rocks have cut holes in their "shoon," and the result is similar to what it would be had they put unboiled peas in them at starting. At the first I mentioned that the shoes were "felt"—now the pebbles are.

Once out from the valley of the shadow, John Paul became quite blithe and jubilant. "Picking my way along these rocks," remarked he, "I find that I develop the sagacity of a chamois in combination with a grasshopper agility, moral attributes, and physical qualities the latent existence of which was never before suspected by myself or my most intimate friends."

Seated on a moss-covered rock, watching the waters, and talking over the perils passed, calm and contentment shone on every face. Anon John Paul, taking off his hood, wiped the perspiration from his bald head with a bunch of dry weed, and sententiously delivered himself as follows: "This, my friends, is emblematical of life. Fair and smiling at first setting out, doubt and danger beset us ere the meridian was reached. The sun was hidden from our gaze, and, missing its bright face, we thought it quenched, but it still shone beyond the mist.

Safely we passed through the tumultuous winds and blinding waters. Faith guided our steps."

"You'd not have done much without me," put in Palinurus.

"And now, behold, we have gained the smooth waters beyond. So is it ever. I tell you, my friends, that there are more linked analogies between the seen and the unseen world than we short-sighted mortals—Here, rising with his subject, he scrambled to his feet.

"Take care!" shouted Palinurus; but it was too late. With philosophy on his lips, philanthropy in his heart, and his left leg gyrating like the loose arm of a calliper, John Paul slipped into the smooth waters whose praise he had just spoken.

Being a heavy body he sank like a stone. After him dived Aquarius. Finding no available hair to seize the diver caught him just below the small of his back, and landed him safely on the rock.

"Go on, Mr. Paul," said Sappho, "that was a very nice little speech you were entertaining us with."

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Paul, "I've done."

A short distance from the shore were some rocks, on which several couples were seated. "Let's go out there!" said Bella.

The proposition was unanimously agreed to, and again the train was in motion; the chamois picking his way along the rocks with care, and displaying none of the bounding propensities which before characterized his career. A stoppage soon occurred. As is well known one refractory woman or mule can halt a whole train.

Palinurus and Bella had taken the initiative and were wading out to the rocks. Violetta measured the water and the distance with a keen eye; her mathematical bumps dilated: "It's above Bella's waist, and it would be up to my chin. Don't let's go. We might get drowned!"

"No danger, marm," said Aquarius.

"There is, I tell you, and I won't go." She spoke so persistently that Sappho hesitated and began looking around for a life-preserver, while even Roxanna stood undetermined. As for Violetta she planted herself resolutely on the rock.

"Will you not come wizz me, ladees? there is not of danger," urged Don Miguel.

"No, I *won't* go;" and the positive pilgrim stamped another hole in her shoes by way of emphasis. As for the others they put off and reached their destination in safety. True to his charge, however, John Paul sat patiently down and waited a turn of the tide in the feminine mind.

Leave ladies alone and the chances are that they'll do as you want them to. Remonstrate or reason with them and you might as well attempt to stir a cathedral from its foundations. The way that Bo-Peep was advised to do with his sheep is the only way to deal with the "opposite"—I had almost written the *contrary*—sex.

In two or three minutes Violetta announced an ambition to wade out to the rock where the others were, she could not be happy without it. So Palinurus came over, she waded in, and harmony and good-will once more obtained.

Out on the rock the party was variously entertained. Palinurus related the strange things which had occurred since he had officiated as *valet de chambre* to Niagara. Among other things, how several young ladies had been carried over the Falls with their best clothes on, and how one fell from Table Rock, the body being recovered after a number of days in a dreadfully mangled condition—all of which was very cheerful information and highly provocative of hilarity, especially among the ladies.

Then Aquarius exhibited divers feats of diving. He would "turn turtle" off the rock, curling his legs over as he went down like the tailfeathers of a drake, bringing up weeds in his mouth and fragments of shells in his hands. These treasures were in great demand, and each lady packed her cavalier with a load, giving a stirring injunction that on no account should the precious relics be lost. The gingham trousers being unprovided with pockets the question of transportation assumed a decidedly serious phase. Don Miguel stowed his hood full of shells and wadded his chest with small boulders, making a treasure-chest of it. John Paul, who was intrusted with Violetta's treasures, concealed them in some mysterious way, and on being asked about them simply replied that they were safe. On reaching home Violetta's heart was made glad by the delivery at her door of a bushel or two of shells and cobble-stones. Don Miguel, however, having lost his in the water, was soundly berated on all sides. Were the truth known, John Paul quietly dropped the stuff confided to him back into the water on the other side of the rock, that Aquarius might find something when he dived for others next day. On the beach and about the hotel he picked up a few paving-stones and things which looked about the same and answered Violetta's purpose quite as well—better, in fact, for there was one curious bone in the collection which could not have been fished up in the river. Thus did John Paul do his devoir and nobly vindicate his trustworthiness.

From one of his profounder diversings Aquarius brought up a bump on his head. It is odd that none of the ladies wanted to secure it to remember the occasion by. Asked if it hurt him he replied, "No, he didn't mind such things much, he was used to them, it made him feel good rather than otherwise." Here you have a striking illustration of the advantages of early education.

The road home is much more comfortable than the one out. The guides kindly volunteered to take the party through the cave again, if any of them wished "to repeat," but none professed a desire to. One heat—or rather one chill—was quite enough. The fact is, that having been in the water and through the wa-

ter and under the water for an hour or two, dry clothes and the warm sun suggest themselves as comforts peculiarly adapted to the season. Something hot would not be objected to by even the most devout disciple of Father Mathew.

"On ordinary occasions," remarked John Paul, as the train wound its way over the little foot-bridge in front of the Falls, "I scorn the intoxicating bowl, and am particularly down upon all beverages which cheer without inebriating; but at the present moment I *would* consent to take a little mild stimulant, not to gratify the depraved craving of a vitiated appetite, but simply for the preservation of my teeth—which are in a fair way for rattling out of my head."

From this little foot-bridge you have an excellent outside view of the Falls. Strange thoughts come over one as he gazes. For thousands of years these waters have been plunging on in their mad career, and yet their voice is as loud, their tramp as defiant, their sweep as resistless as ever. The rocks are hoary with mosses, but no symptom of old age shows on the crest of the cataract. Generation after generation has passed away, forms of animal and vegetable life have been blotted out from existence, stars have faded from the sky, yet the waters continue majestic in might and full in volume as the first day that they were created. Good-natured, too, they are all the while; wouldn't much mind carrying you over, if you happened to drop down their way, and they never seem afraid of wetting themselves by falling into the river.

There is nothing like moral reflections occasionally. They relieve the mind of the writer and give the reader a breathing spell.

After gaining the shore the party was treated to a beautiful rainbow. Some were disposed to view it as gotten up specially for the occasion; but I am informed that the sight is by no means an uncommon one. This was a very fine bow, indeed; one of the successes of the season. Some of our art critics might have slightly objected to the tone and coloring, but it is certain that they could have found no fault with the drawing, as the arch was perfect.

"What makes the rainbow round?" asked Sappho, thoughtfully.

"Is that a conundrum?" inquired Bella.

"No, I should really like to know," returned Sappho. "Perhaps you can tell me, Mr. Paul."

"Certainly," replied that gentleman, clearing his throat and assuming an oracular attitude. "Rainbows are formed in the regions of the heavens opposite to the sun, by the refraction, reflection, and separation into the colors of the prismatic spectrum which his rays undergo in the drops of falling rain."

"But it is not raining now," remarked Roxanna.

"No," said Bella, "but it is spraying, which amounts to about the same thing if you have no umbrella."

But what makes the rainbow round? that is what I want to know," said Sappho.

"Have I not explained to you, Miss Sappho, that the refraction, reflection, and separation of the sun's rays into the colors of the prismatic—"

"Yes, I know, but bother your prismatic; you got that out of the dictionary," returned Sappho. "That accounts for the colors, but I want to know what makes rainbows round."

"Because they look better round than square, I suppose," said Violetta. "Beaux are always 'round—sometimes when it would be more convenient to have them away."

"My explanation was certainly very lucid," remarked John Paul, with an injured look. "If after listening to it you can not understand why rainbows are round I am very sorry for you, but my duty is accomplished." Indeed there was cause on his part for anger and indignation. For he knew no more than the man in the moon "what makes rainbows round"—nor does he to this day.

"You'll remember the guide?" said Aquarius to John Paul, at parting.

"Certainly," was the reply, "while memory holds her seat in this distracted brain," and the party moved on.

"Why, he expected you to give him something," whispered Violetta.

"Did he?" replied John Paul, absently; "it didn't strike me so."

The journey to the dressing station was a very silent one. The ladies were thoroughly tired, and needed a deal of assistance getting up the steep stairs; but the ascent was safely accomplished at last. On calling for Narcissus he was found to be absent, and suspicions were entertained that he had decamped with the money and jewelry; but after a while he turned up all right, with a smell of lemon-peel on his lips. He accounted for it by saying that he had eaten an orange. The long, single curls which young ladies wear clinging to their shoulders like a honey-suckle, looking rather limp, and their hair generally being out of crimp, the necessity of getting home as soon as possible was suggested by Mrs. Japonica and acceded to unanimously. The most tired of the excursionists rode in the carriage, but a few who wished to show their indefatigability walked.

Dinner was enjoyed that day, a *carte blanche* being given for wine. Yes, a *carte blanche* indeed, for "Carte Blanche" was called for—bless Bouché Fils and Co. for the brand.

"How did Roxanna get on without her *chapeiron*?" asked Mrs. Japonica after the dessert was brought on.

"Oh, capitally," replied Violetta, "she had a chap of her own!"

WRECKED AT SEA.

On, the day was fair when we sailed from port,
And the wind blew light and free!—
The day was fair, and we gave no thought
To the perils of the sea,
For our good ship's keel was stout and strong,
And strong each mast and sail;
And well we knew she had ridden oft
Through many a boisterous gale.

Slowly we dropt down the purple bay,
And over the harbor bar;
Oh, the sun shone bright on that cloudless day
On each shining mast and spar!—
Two hundred souls did our good ship hold,
Two hundred souls and more;
And many a glance was backward turned
To the fast receding shore.

Five days out, and the winds rose high,
With voices hoarse and loud,
The winds rose high; and the darkened sky
Grew thick with sullen cloud:
Then we shortened sail, and the rain and hail
Began to beat our deck,
While round about us the huge waves seemed
To threaten us with wreck.

For two full days and nights we strove
'Gainst wind and rain and tide,
Till all at once a big sea stove
A hole into our side;
And fast the pumps were made to work,
But our strength was all in vain,
For the more we tried to head the leak
The more the leak did gain.

Then on a sudden a shudder ran,
Like an ague, through our keel,
And our gallant ship, like a drunken man,
From side to side did reel,
As headlong into the vasty deep,
Beneath the sky's dark frown,
With a parting lurch and a final plunge
The "Sarah Jane" went down.

Seven in all in an open boat,
Six men and a woman fair,
With a locket fastened about her throat
And wild disheveled hair—
Seven in all of the many souls
Who sailed from port that day,
When the sun shone bright on each mast and spar
As we dropt adown the bay.

North-northwest for whole days we steered
While yet the storm raged loud,
But at last the wind to our port-side veered,
And the sky put off its cloud—
North-northwest for three days and nights,
With never a sight of a sail,
And never a voice beside our own
To give us a friendly hail.

The fourth day dawned with a fair blue sky,
And the wind blew soft as balm,
While the morning hours went slowly by
To a breathless noonday calm;
And far away, like a cloud at first,
Ere the time of noon was past,
With tearful eyes and with beating hearts
We sighted land at last!

MORE OF THE GREAT SHOW AT PARIS.

IN a former article in this Magazine (July, 1867) I could give but a very unsatisfactory account of the American display, and even of its promise. It is not now either impressive or adequate, but it is far more important and interesting than there seemed any possibility of its becoming. Little did any of the Americans who at the opening of the Exhibition rushed to see their country's grandeur—but (having left behind their microscopes) saw it not—know what was the exact state of the case. At that moment a large part of the American exhibition was in warehouses at Havre or on the wharves of Brest. Some of its choicest articles were resting at various towns and junctions for lack of any freight trains to bring them to Paris. There are railways in France, it would seem, which never dream of more than one small freight train a fortnight. There was a Chicago School-house which staid at Rouen long enough to have taught the population to read and write. There was a Boston Bakery in an adjoining village; in a third, a Petroleum Refinery; in a fourth, masses of machinery; and, in short, there was time for an enterprising Yankee, had he been present, to have called together from various stations on the Normandy railways the bones and sinews of a regular American manufacturing town.

One after another, during the first six weeks after the opening of the Exhibition, there came into Paris a regiment of Americans, bringing their respective inventions behind them; and then it was to find their places in the catalogue, and, in many cases, in the building itself, barred against them. Primarily the vast amount of trouble and expense which have befallen American exhibitors—some of whom informed me that they would have to sell their articles at a loss in order to get home again—was no doubt due to the wretched inadequacy of the means of transportation in France, and to the courtesy of the French, which does not hesitate to smilingly promise the unperformable; but it seems to have been still more due to the incompetency or indifference of those who had the superintendence of the American department. I fear it will be long before the heart-burnings which pervade the department can cease. But as the exhibitors will no doubt make enough of their grievances, and the authorities will defend themselves, I will not attempt to consider the matter here, but hasten to lock arms with the reader, to whom I propose a saunter through the *Rue des Etats Unis*. And here, it may be remarked, an optimist would find that the delays and troubles already mentioned, as having prevented some of the most valuable things from getting into the great building or upon the catalogue, has resulted in making the American Department a more faithful representation of the unfenced and sometimes straggling country across the ocean.

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Here, as there, some of the most important "Exhibits" are in the "Annexes," and in little spots of the outlying territories, so to speak, of the Park. Out there, for example, is the school-house, which Mr. J. Clark brought all the way from Chicago, and for which Dr. Fouché, of Switzerland—one of the most distinguished of the jurymen—declared he should have demanded the grand prize had it been on the catalogue. (When the catalogue was made it was at Havre.) With it also is a Western farmhouse, which can be put up, or taken to pieces and packed in a few boxes, in nearly as little time as a marquee can be stretched and struck. In the "Annex" on the extreme verge of the Park are grouped the Sewing Machines, all busy under the hands of handsome French girls, who recall the criticism of the countryman on one of the earliest of these contrivances, that it was "a very purty machine, 'specially the part covered with calico." The arrangement of the machines is happy, so that from the first lock-stitch ever invented one may trace step by step the entire line of improvements and modifications by which almost every variety of sewing and embroidery can now be done. The delicacy of some of these machines—and particularly the knitting-machine—is almost spiritual; and the girls maintain that they are now good-humored, and again in the sulks and unwilling to work, just like the girls themselves. They are undoubtedly the anthropoids of the machine-world, and are watched by a fascinated crowd, like the orang-outangs in the Zoological Gardens.

Further on one passes the many wringing, screwing, weighing, washing, apple-paring, and other machines to the end of the Annex, where is the beautiful brass locomotive which has gained such general admiration. This locomotive was, by-the-way, gravely reproved by the semi-official press of Paris for being decorated with flowers on the Fourth of July. "It is evident," said one paper, "that the news of Maximilian's death has not penetrated this locomotive." That the Fourth of July differed from any other day for Americans had certainly never until this year penetrated the official mind of Paris.*

As we leave this point we shall be certainly persuaded by Captain Hudson to visit in a neighboring room the little boat—the *Red, White, and Blue*—in which he crossed the ocean, and learn from him that the Emperor personally called to see "the first foreign vessel which has ever entered at the port of Paris"—for the boat came up the Seine.

* We have been much scandalized by English ignorance of America; but if Americans read more French they would often be astounded at items in the French press. For example, the *Moniteur* lately, in announcing the removal of Wells by Sheridan, said, "The removal seemed to be as acceptable to the white population as to the Republicans!"

The most New English thing in the Exposition is perhaps the little cottage, of a kind too familiar to those who have roamed about Massachusetts for us to pass by, where a sign informs us American "crackers" are being baked. At the door we are welcomed by Mr. S. T. Bacon, who will show us how the exquisite Boston water-biscuits are made. Unfortunately Mr. Bacon was not able to import the Croton Reservoir, and consequently one can detect a difference between his Paris biscuits and those which in America reveal how pure flour and water may be as æsthetic as tea. Nevertheless, the bakers of Paris admit that Mr. Bacon has given them a new "wripkle." For throughout Europe a "cracker" or "biscuit" always means a sugar-cake. But it is not because of the Boston crackers that this cottage is so characteristic of New England; it is a conglomerate of inventions. There are no fewer than forty-three different inventions comprised in this building, which represent classes claiming the attention of sixteen juries. The chair you sit on, wheeling round on a pivot and rocking on a spring; the table at which you sit; the curtain that shades your eyes without darkening them; the beverage presented to refresh you; the cork-screw that draws it; the glass from which you drink it; the paints on the wall; the oven that bakes the biscuit; the engine that heats the oven—all these and many more are stowed away in this ingenious "American Bakery." Out of the sixteen juries who would have visited it, had it not delayed at Havre, only one came to this curious place, but that one marked it for a gold medal.

Among the recitals of the woes of unhappy American exhibitors which are heard at every turn we hear, happily, some of the triumphs of transatlantic genius over discouragements. Here, for example, is a German-Philadelphian who represents the West Virginia Oil Company, whom Havre (hereafter to be associated with a certain warm place as Halifax has hitherto been) also prevented from getting upon the catalogue. But a man who has "struck ile" in Virginia was not to be foiled by the tyrant and the despot of the Old World. Mœhring hit upon the device of going around and offering to grease all the machinery going in the Exhibition, gratis, with his oil. He soon had one thousand machines running by this oil, and from their delighted owners a steady stream of certificates, testimonies, and notes of admiration running into his hand, all of which will no doubt turn to gold in due time.

Approaching now the Exhibition building we come to a doorway draped with American flags, under which two or three negroes stand gazing upon the crowds going by, an employment from which they are very reluctant to turn for the purpose of answering the incessant demands for "une Sleeng," "ein Cocktil," "vun Kobbelere," or iced-soda. For this is the American Restaurant, which has made a goodly number of francs. One day it opened 500 bottles

of sherry for cobblers. It demands a franc for every drink, except the soda, which an irreverent Englishman describes as "a soapy, frothy iced beverage, flavored with certain fruit essences, and served in glasses inclosed in perforated plated mugs, at the uniform price of half a franc the dose."

Here we may pause a moment in the only room in Paris where American newspapers can be found; here are on file the *Tribune*, *Herald*, *Boston Transcript*, *Advertiser*, *Harper's Weekly*, and several other journals, and the room would be a pleasant little retreat were it not that adjoining it, in the Tunis Café, there is a girl from a London Music Hall who, accompanied by an accordeon, perpetually wishes she "were a bird," in which aspiration we have deep sympathy, whether regarding the better song that might be expected or the possibility that she might try her wings. However, the Orientals listen to her with admiration, just as we might to a genuine pink or black singing-girl, however she might screech.

Entering the main building, we find a long double-shelf devoted to American *Maizena* (which the jury decided had not been improved since former exhibitions), preserved fishes and fruits, and, above all, American wines. These wines have produced some sensation. When Thackeray visited New Orleans he wrote that it was impossible to think meanly of the institutions of a people among whom he found as good Burgundy as he could get in France; and it is not improbable that he was still under the influence of that generous wine when he fell into his blunders about the American war. In that sentiment, however, he used one of the most common touchstones of civilization. If Congress, in addition to its provision that its representatives abroad shall use only the American dress, should also decree that they must use on their tables the Cincinnati Catawba—say that of Mr. Werke, whose wine is golden and wins golden opinions—there is no telling how much might be accomplished in the way of spreading republican ideas. There are here Missouri wines, which are yet a trifle rough; Californian wines, which are of rich flavor and prophesy wondrous things for the future; but the still and sparkling wines of Cincinnati are as yet unsurpassed. Mr. Flagg, son-in-law of the late Nicholas Longworth, exhibits the "Golden Wedding," a first-pressure wine of the vintage of 1859, the year in which old Mr. Longworth celebrated his Golden Wedding. Mr. Werke, however, seems to have brought to the highest culture of which it is susceptible the exquisite flavor of the Catawba grape, a flavor which the Old World does not hold in all its suns and soils. Great ears of Indian corn, and lofty stalks of sugar-cane, form a fit frame about these wines.

Before leaving this attractive shelf I may say that, in my opinion, a good market might just now be opened in Europe, particularly in England, for American wines. An article in the

last *Edinburgh Review*, showing the terrible extent of wine-adulteration on the Continent, is but one expression of the atmosphere of suspicion which surrounds the wine-trade of Europe. Under these circumstances the Catawba wines might be successfully introduced, were it not for the large price demanded for them. It is well known in Ohio that the late Mr. Longworth admitted that he could sell his wines at half the price which he asked, but that he did not do so because he could not compete for the supply of the American market with a low-priced wine. Fashionable people would not at their entertainments use a wine known to be of lower price than foreign wines. His reason was not very complimentary to the good sense of the Americans or their guests. A member of the English Parliament recently consulted me about American wines, saying he desired to import some for his private use; but on learning that it would, by the time it had arrived in London, have cost as much as some Moselle he knew to be genuine, and possibly a little more, he gave up the idea. Had he ordered the wine it would have been the means of introducing it to an important circle of English society.

The main department of American machinery, which we now enter, is not imposing to the eye. The models by which it is represented are generally small, as compared with the machines exhibited by England and France. In fact, the distance of America has had its effect here, inducing inventors to construct small models of their machines for exhibition, where it was possible, while inventors nearer at hand have sent chiefly the machines themselves, which are continually at work. With a jury of idealists the American machinery would fare well. With the actual juries, however, the American machinery—although on the whole well rewarded—would have done better had not so many of the inventions referred to conditions of work but little known to the Old World, unknown particularly to France and England, which generally decided the verdicts in this class. Some of the American inventions, for instance, are for the system of river and lake steamers of large size, whereas such an internal system is almost unknown here. The tobacco-cutting machine, with its twenty-seven changes, is admirable where it is desirable that tobacco shall be cut at the rate of 500 pounds an hour; but the juries of Western Europe hear an announcement of such a machine without emotion.

And here I am compelled to remark that there is a great deal of human nature in juries. How small a thing—a growing aspiration for breakfast in some juror's breast, a stomach mutinous for a glass of wine, a slight cold in the head—may decide the fate of the competitor. An honest-seeming fellow, who I believe spoke the truth, assured me that he lost the gold medal for his machine because one of the jurors had cut his finger on it. He had seen the foreman write his name in the gold-medal book, but meantime one of the party touched some point

and got his finger cut. "I did not see it, unfortunately," said the exhibitor, "and when the juror said to me, 'isn't this a very dangerous machine?' I replied, 'If any body is fool enough to poke his hand into it while it's going it is.' Just then I saw the man wrap his finger in his handkerchief, and presently the foreman scratched me out of the book." Yet another lost his reward because, admirably as his invention secured its end, it required (as a jurymen said) too long for explanation. "I had great difficulty," said this exhibitor, "in persuading the man that he was an ass."

The most constant and faithful investigators of the American machinery were the English. Several of these were very eminent constructors and workers of machinery themselves, and such was their enthusiasm for some of the American works—especially for Corliss's engine, which wielded its Titanic power gently as an infant's breathing, the corset-weaving, the type-dressing machines, and the broad cassimere loom from Worcester—that groups of them could often be seen around them explaining their merits to bystanders. "Americans here," said a leading exhibitor from the United States to me, "owe one half of their medals to the common-sense of English manufacturers, who are never to be deceived about the value of a piece of work or an invention."

In conversing one morning with a very eminent English engineer who had been examining the American machinery, he said, "It differs from nearly all the machinery of other countries in having originality. The American machines are so many new ideas. We of the Old World do little more than perfect old principles, and invent new adaptations for an old machine; naturally, too, because the grooves in which our manufactures are to run have long since been determined. There is nothing requiring mental leaps, and we don't take leaps, nor train ourselves for them. But in America there is shown all the contrivances and ingenuity which might be called up to his aid by a man of wit placed in strange, unprecedented circumstances, where ordinary implements and old plans could not aid him at all. In these odd ideas in wood and iron I can read, more than in any book, what an extraordinary country that is over there, which is calling out talents from Old World brains whose existence was never before suspected."

The American section abounds in small things which are apt to be overlooked, and which would seem to have been arranged by persons who did not know their value. It was only as I was looking up from some other object that my eye was caught by some exquisite pictures, by Miss M'Daniel, wrought entirely in flowers and leaves, the natural colors of which she has found the means of preserving to perfection. The leaf makes a perfect tree for her little landscape, and there is no end to the transformations of mosses and petals under her art. Near these, almost hidden away, are some quaint figures

which seem to be little cows, goats, men, and women, but which disappear on a close inspection into quaint kalmia-roots. There are hung too far away from other photographs, and just where they would be the least observed, a series of thirty magnificent photographs (20 by 14 inches), giving the grandest scenes in the mountains of New England and New York. The various American marbles and American woods are well displayed, and Mr. Barlow's Orrery is continually surrounded by an admiring company.

The rival piano-fortes of Steinway and Chickering are continually going, a compromise having been reached between the two makers—whose feeling toward each other could, I fear, hardly be expressed by the harmonies of their instruments—by which a tune is performed first on one and then on the other. However, I fear that there is a vast deal of internal discord beneath nearly all of the music heard in the Exhibition.

Continuing our walk toward the centre of the Exhibition we come next to a very fine collection of fossils from Illinois, for which large prices have been eagerly offered by the agents of Old World museums. It is full of specimens of rare value, and has been obtained, I believe, by Dr. Emile Goubert in exchange for a much larger collection of fossils from this hemisphere. Near to these are the American fossils of the future, if we may so hope; the weapons, belts, arrows, wampums, beads, etc., of the Indians. The collection is not as large as it should have been, but is very interesting. There is, especially, a valuable collection of the beads used by the Indians, as European ethnologists believe, for counting, and furnishing thus a sign of some remote connection between them and the various savage tribes of the Eastern hemisphere who used beads for the same purpose, a practice still preserved in the Rosary.

As we pass we find a group of foreigners enjoying a laugh at the peremptory "Hands off, if you please!" with which the American articles are labeled, instead of the courteous "*On est prié de ne toucher pas*" found elsewhere.

Tiffany has here some beautiful little silver steamboats, and Mr. Barton of Wisconsin has a small mosaic stone-glass table containing 96,321 pieces, which combine to give curious and certainly original likenesses of Washington, Lincoln, and other celebrities. There is a splendid Storm Indicator, and admirable Astronomic Clocks and Register, the latter from Boston.

Much attention is excited by the fine raised maps and books for the blind, but still more by the large case of American bank-notes. The anxiety in Europe to see the "greenback" is surpassed only by the desire in America to have the same converted into an archæological curiosity. Even the Brooklyn and New York beauties, who, well washed and cleaned I am happy to note, look down from the walls, can hardly compete with the engravings of the American

Bank Note Company. Nevertheless it is the opinion of some good critics that the said ladies are second to none in the gallery of photographs for beauty. Near them are some of "our most remarkable men"—Johnson (President) and Stanberry being very comfortably and appropriately shown as the two wings of Robert E. Lee. American destiny overhangs them, however, in the brow of Walt Whitman and the splendid eyes of Lucretia Mott. I am glad to see the best American heads so well represented. Hunt's portrait of Lincoln in the gallery of paintings does not, however, to my mind, convey an adequate impression of the late President. While I was looking at it a French gentleman brought a lady to see it. "That is it," he said. "Who is it?" she asked. "The great American President—Lincoln," he replied. "Impossible!" she cried, in evident dismay.

The stroll through the American section having, at the end of it, brought us into the Picture Gallery, I take the opportunity to complete briefly as I can the notes begun in my former article, already referred to, upon the national collections here.

Mr. Henry O'Neil, A.R.A., in a recent paper on the Picture-gatherings of Paris, speaks of the pre-Raphaelist School as having produced a reaction unfavorable to British Art. "By a natural reaction," he says, "from the unintellectual imitation of the minutest details in nature, which for a while puzzled the Art-world, the young painters of the present day are going to the opposite extreme, and I can not but think that such a practice in early life is utterly pernicious, for it is sure to end in unintelligibility. For unsatisfactory as was the downright realism of the pre-Raphaelite school, it was at least a healthy change from the conventionality which preceded it; whereas the sudden change to the opposite vice of incompleteness is pernicious and actually fatal to a student's progress." It is true that the favorites of the Royal Academy are reactionists; they follow in the footsteps of those who once despised Hogarth, and petted his now forgotten rival Hudson; but it is also true that the central idea of pre-Raphaelism is profoundly influencing every department of Art in England to-day. This is true not of pictures alone, but of poems and history. Carlyle and Tennyson, and still more Browning and Swinburne, are men whose greatest distinction is their interpretation of details and their realism. It is true, however, that pre-Raphaelism had a deep fault—that was, it too equally emphasized each object in a picture, so that its works seemed to have no great leading aim. A picture, like a man, should have its *forte*—its selected purpose; and this should not be confusable with incidental things, although these also should be complete. The persons of the chorus ought not to be so elaborately dressed, or so prominently placed as to be mistaken for the heroine of the play, with whom they are only to sympathize. The tendency of the best art-

ists in England is every where toward greater completeness in details, but also to the just subordination of them. And though Art is an exotic in England, and grows there only through the utmost pains—the wealthy not knowing good pictures, and willing to pay highest prices for worst work, thus corrupting the painters—it is not improbable that outside of the Academy there may one day appear a new and beautiful style of art, of which pre-Raphaelism is the wild-honeyed Voice in the Desert. At any rate, in walking through many of the national galleries here at Paris I am sure that I can trace—and that, too, in steps very beautiful—wherever the pre-Raphaelite influence has extended. It is striving to grow in England, budding in Italy and on the Northern Rhine, blooming in Belgium, blossoming in France. And its absence may be traced through many lands—Russia, Austria, Switzerland—in hard, rough strokes, and in vague shadows. In short, I am convinced by this Exhibition that while pre-Raphaelism is by no means a final unfolding of Art, it is a necessary and structured phase in the development of it, and that all nations of the present day may, in respect to their arts, be classified as higher or lower as they have or have not yet reached that phase.

The French artists seem to me the only ones who have passed that phase; and the reason is obvious. They had a constituency who knew by instinct what was beautiful. Any one who walks around the Madeleine on the day when its base is fringed with flowers for sale by old women, will see that the flowers are arranged by the same art that branched out into the colonnade and capitals of the church. All these go to make the soil from which French artists grow. Turner was indeed reared in a dismal back court of Covent Garden, where his chief prospects—morning, noon, and night—were the litter and sweepings of the cabbage-market; but such sturdy, indigenous souls as that of Turner are rare advents in history. The record of artists who have been buried in London litter and soot, instead of crystallizing them into gems, is unknown; the record of those whose genius the beauty of France has allured into the upper light is known. These have had no rich Philistines from Manchester or Liverpool to corrupt their purest aspirations. At least none hitherto; but there is much reason to fear that the present condition of French art is climacteric, and even that faint signs of decadence are already discernible. That such a painter as Cabanel should have been the first to step forward at the distribution to receive the grand prize and the decoration is a significant fact. He voted for himself, it is true, and he no doubt was able to secure, by his position as Chief Professor at the Academy, the support of some whom he could support in turn; but, after all, the pre-eminence of Cabanel is a sign that French art has passed its full-blown beauty, and is now cabbaging out into something coarse. There is hardly any thing here by that artist

which is not vulgarly conventional. In his Paradise—he is fond of painting Paradises—there is the clipped, artificial look of a French garden; Eve is just the Eve of M^{lle} Abingdon at the *Variétés* last year, and one is confident that near by there must be a board with, *Il est défendu toucher les pommes*. The eminence of Meissonier—who, as he came up in the wake of rotund Cabanel, seemed much fitter to be fighting battles than painting them—is also a sign of the *blasé* state of French art. And when Gerome, the only French artist of both genius and culture, decorated (Rousseau was the first, but hardly the second), came up—pale, weak, dying, but with a noble visage—he seemed to me an impersonation of the genius of French Art, which, having lit the torches of all Europe, is itself threatened with extinction.

Significant also was the absence from the Imperial throng of the greatest pupil of Delacroix, P. E. Frere—or, as John Ruskin loves to call him, *the Brother*—the artist whom France created to express that deepest heart of hers, whose banner is *fraternity*. Never shall I forget the light in Ruskin's eye when he said, "The great characteristic of the best art of our day is its compassionateness, and the man who stands at the head of it is Edouard Frere—Edward the Brother!" This artist has—shoved almost out of sight, it is true—some works in this exhibition which call up sacred tears, works which paint that poverty and sorrow that are akin to His who had not where to lay his head. He grasps our hand and takes us to the "Asylum for the Aged at Rouen," where we witness the serene content of those whose day of work is over, and who are nearing home; into the lowly cottage where the child is lisping its "first prayer," or another takes its "first steps;" hard by "the little wood-cutters" are beginning merrily the life that will be hard. But it is not the painter of scenes like these that the hero of December 2 loves to honor; it is the day for the painters of glorious deeds that never occurred, of battles never fought—except in the lying pages of Bazancourt's "Crimea"—of those who paint gaudy epaulets on shoulders which would disgrace any not made of paper.

I have already intimated that the influence of French Art is shown strongly in the Belgian Gallery; but it must not be supposed that the latter is characterized by any servility; on the contrary there are few countries, if any, whose art suggests a more original life. The Belgian paintings have a freedom and ease which are generally found in nations only at the beginning of a great artistic career. The French influence seems to have gone just far enough to relieve that country of the great heavy flesh-and-blood style of Rubens which had so long weighed upon it. Leys of Antwerp seems to me the finest of the new Belgian school, and there are three works of his relating to Luther and the Reformation which subtly connect the advance in art in Belgium with the religious progress which has so filled that country with excite-

ment during recent years. One of the pictures to which I refer represents Luther as a child singing Christmas hymns in the streets of Eisenach; a second gives a view of the interior of Luther's house at Wittenburg; and a third—a powerful picture—represents a Conference in the time of the Reformation. I am glad to be informed that the young King of the Belgians has the good sense to be a warm admirer of Leys. F. Pauwels also, though now a Professor in the Ducal Academy of Weimar, is a Belgian and exhibits his works in this gallery. He has two works here in which there is a rare mingling of bold outlines with sensitive lights and shades. The scene of each relates to the events which immediately followed the death of Philip Van Artevelde. The one represents the leading citizens of Ghent brought to do penance before Philip the Hard, who, before he would confirm the treaty which restored the Flemish franchises, demanded that these leading citizens should kneel before him with ropes around their necks and implore his mercy. The noble-looking men are brought out nearly stripped and with ropes around their necks; but they will not kneel and confess their patriotism a sin, nor implore mercy. The negotiation is almost broken off when the Duchess of Brabant and the Countess of Nevers throw themselves at the feet of the Duke; the Duchess Marguerite also, leaving her throne, kneels at his feet, and he relents. The venerable citizens look on silently. The other painting represents the widow of Van Artevelde, who had been massacred by the town he saved (Ghent), bringing her treasures to relieve the distress of the same people when they were surrounded by Louis de Neale. The lady is in deep mourning, and her demeanor and face, in which there is no consciousness whatever of the heroism of her action, are most noble. There are other Belgian works here of wonderful power, but I can notice only a few in each gallery, and indeed must pass over some collections altogether. For example, the Dutch paintings, although generally interesting, seem to be just what Dutch pictures have been for some time well known to be. As the juries pass by really valuable articles with the remark, "Unimproved since the last Exhibition," so must the critic pass by the Art-Gallery of Holland, and to a great extent that of Italy also, whose fifty paintings here are, with a few exceptions, disappointing. Of the Italian sculpture I shall have something to say presently.

There are some countries whose Art-galleries seem to indicate a diffused genius of a peculiar and high kind, embodied but measurably in any special works, scattered in felicitous touches over many. There is a certain wild beauty pervading the Bavarian gallery, now lighting up some old Suabian story on the canvas of Enhuber or Baumgarten, or adding the canonization of Art to Elizabeth of Hungary under the hand of Liezenmayer; and one can only predict that this rich atmosphere holds great works in solu-

tion. There is a similar hint of reserved power among the few pictures which Portugal has sent here, one of which is indeed a marvelous production. It is by Professor Lupi, of Lisbon, and represents Tintoretto interrupting the painting of his dead daughter's portrait to gaze upon her. The Viscount Menezes, of the Portuguese Legation at Rome, has dealt well, also, by a good subject in his *Salvator Rosa*, while held prisoner by Calabrian bandits, drawing the portrait of a woman crowned with vine leaves and holding a cup. As for Switzerland it has here many paintings industriously worked, scientifically accurate; but there is a general hardness of color and a painful absence of imagination. The mountain-pictures are like magnified and painted photographs. Occasionally there are (as by Koller) good animals.

In estimating the German pictures it is absolutely necessary to cleanse one's eyes of the titles, eulogies, honors, and so forth, which are so lavishly bestowed upon so many of them. There were until lately—*Ilum fuit*—so many German kings and princes, each with his favorite or court artist, that German criticism has been far from pure. The best way is to judge the pictures sent from Germany without reference to the honors ascribed to their artists in the Catalogue, even at the risk of giving an eccentric estimate. The main fault of German—especially of Prussian—art would seem to be an almost Chinese fidelity. A picture ought to have a leading feature or aim, and around that ought to be painted so much of its natural environment as is the natural setting of the main feature. Because other things are occasionally found connected with an object does not furnish a reason for introducing them into a picture of that object. Every thing is, indeed, in science connected with every thing else; but the old German who, in his biography of Luther, began with a complete treatise on the geology about Erfurth, carried the matter rather far. Art differs from science. Many of these pictures are loaded with figures and objects, which render simplicity, and consequently impressiveness, impossible. At times I have suspected that the majority of German painters, North and South, are also so musical that they deem no theme fully rendered except by a whole orchestra of forms and hues. The chief excellence of German art seems to me to be its physiognomical character. Many of the forms seem to have been built as a soul builds its body, such meaning has every line. These artists have entered into the inmost nature of rock, cascade, sheep, and man. How should the grave Professor Knaus, of Weisbaden, unless he had a Shakspearian touch in him, have caught the very trick and humor of this mountebank performing with his wonderful canaries in a barn, and the stupid wonder of that countryman, who sees the birds released from his familiar old hat? A whole volume on expression might be written after studying the work of Schössel, of Wurttemberg, representing a dumbfounded school-

master, who, having returned after some absence, finds all his pupils smoking, and enjoying every phase of fumitive, and, it is to be feared, fugitive, delight. Löffler of Vienna, with equal skill, reverses the situation in "The Cordial," which shows an old and solemn school-master slyly treating himself to a glass of strong waters during recess, unaware that the youngsters are watching him through a window. These, though characteristic, are by no means, however, among the greatest German paintings in the Exhibition.

The finest in this section of the Art-gallery seems to me to be "The Death of Philip II. of Spain," by Keller of Baden. There is perhaps a little more splendor about the drapery than could really have been seen on such an occasion; but the head and look of the dying King, who sits in a chair, while his son kneels at his feet, and the priest praying in the background, form a picture in which the passion and power are not marred by any thing theatrical. Somewhat too crowded, but yet full of force and movement, is the picture of a tumult at a banquet among Wallenstein's generals at Pilsen, by Herr Scholtz of Dresden. Höberlin, of Wurtemberg, has treated with much vigor a subject which has recently interested the public—namely, the departure of some monks from a convent which has been suppressed by soldiers. It is marred, however, by the improbability introduced by making the soldiers jeer two brethren who are staggering under the weight of the Virgin they are bearing with them. I found a certain fascination in Henneberg's interpretation of Bürger's "Wild Huntsman."

In Austria all styles and schools crop up, as might be expected of a country formed by a fortuitous concourse of the fragments of nationalities. One of the best from Vienna is a pathetic picture by Friedlander, the "Mont de Piété." The persons who have come to pledge their most valued possessions are selected from various walks of life, and the contrasts presented are fine. A young widow surrenders her husband's sword; and near her an aged peasant offers her cloak; but the finest thing is the touching struggle with which an old musician parts with his violin.

In the Danish gallery the finest paintings are those of Madame Jerechan. That lady has seven works here, all Danish or Scandinavian subjects, which are well worthy of study—particularly those which represent the coast and fisherman of the North. In this section, also, are to be found the latest etchings of L. Frölich, the author of "Mademoiselle Lile" and her adventures. These etchings represent an allegory of "Labor," designed for the Exchange at Copenhagen, "Hero and Leander," and other subjects, and are in every respect admirable.

There are in the Art-galleries many works which are hardly to be looked upon with a critical eye, being rather in the domain of curiosities than productions of Art. The entire Egyptian gallery, for example, consists of a

highly valuable series of rough but well-drawn sketches of the most interesting monuments of Egypt. They were made by Mr. G. Le Grey, who accompanied the sons of the present Viceroy on a voyage through Upper Egypt, and an examination of them is the best compensation one can have for not seeing the things themselves. Then in the Belgian there are eight little groups in terra-cotta, by L. Harze of Brussels, whose genius lies in the same direction with that of Mr. Rogers of America, whom he even surpasses in the ability to convey subtleties of feeling through small forms and an inexpressive material. Hitherto the large use made of terra-cotta in Prussia and in Switzerland for making models of ancient statues, temples, and the like, for the use of academies (an admirable collection of which was obtained for the University of Michigan by Professor White), has been thought the final advantage of this cheap material. M. Harze has shown to the people, whose bursts of laughter sufficiently direct the visitors to his groups, that to genius nothing is common. "The Gentleman Citizen" and "Tartuffe" of Molière, the "Falstaff and Dorothea" of Shakspeare are charming. The group which seems to give most delight, however, is that of "The Blind Mother"—a subject from Béranger. The blind old lady, suspecting the amorous proceedings between her daughter and the lover which she can not see, and the little dog whose barking one can almost see, are indeed wonderful. I may also mention among the art-singularities a strange, wild picture from Chili, in which the barbaric and old Christian ideas are powerfully blended. It represents, so far as I can judge, "Satan falling from Heaven," and it is this Satan which comprises the amazing characteristics of the picture. He has the body of a man, slight picturesque horns, a tuft of hair growing out of the small of his back; he grasps a most fascinating serpent, and his two legs are the coils of two serpents whose colors and marking are dazzlingly brilliant. The hues of this painting are almost too dazzling for the eye. The idea pervading it denoted to my mind a transition from a serpent-worship such as prevails in Dahomey, to a period when under a belief in another deity the serpent is dethroned; for there is much reason to believe that the accredited devils of any country are its original and subsequently outlawed deities.

I pass now to a brief consideration of the Sculpture in the Exhibition. Once upon a time, when all Boston was at a white heat about the works of Greenough, Crawford, and one or two younger American sculptors, Mr. Emerson caused a sentimental swoon in all the drawing-rooms of that city by suggesting the horrible idea that sculpture was as an art *blasé*, and would probably be used by posterity for decorative purposes. If any of the sufferers by that prophecy have been among those who have, as the French allege, given an "American tone" to the society of the Exhibition, they must have often felt their wounds smart. Not only has

sculpture been placed in the catalogue in the same class with "die-sinking, stone and cameo engraving, etc.," but this classification corresponds with the fact that nearly all the sculpture here is used as ornamentation for the central garden! Here are the finest marble statues, made by the best living sculptors, standing out and blackening under the weather. And, alas, it is wonderful how precisely adapted for that purpose most of it is.* One-third, perhaps more, of the sculpture here is avowedly made for architectural decoration, as caryatides, panelings, and so on; and this third will by no means suffer by comparison with the two-thirds intended for high art. In England, particularly, sculpture seems to have gone off into the making of busts and other monumental purposes. Some English sculptors do indeed aim at higher work; but the only criticism that can be made on their work is that which Voltaire made on his friend's Ode to Posterity—"it will fail to reach its address."

The French sculpture is much better, but only a few pieces by Paul Dubois, Aimé Millet, and Carpeaux seem to me to be noble works. The last-named artist has wrought a powerful tragedy in grand marble in his group of "Ugolin seeing his Children perishing with Hunger in Prison" (Dante, *Inf.*, c. 33).

But it is the Italian sculpture which surpasses all other in the Exhibition, and at the same time most forcibly suggests that sculpture is a passing art. Let any one look at the Milonian Venus, or the Hermaphrodite in the Louvre, and then visit the Italian section where Vela's "Dying Napoleon," Dupré's "Piety," and "Infant Bacchus," and other notable works appear, and he will perceive that the best sculpture here is trying to repeat what can not be repeated. These marbles are fit only to be placed in a cemetery of the great old artists whose works they commemorate.

Nevertheless a walk through the central garden where the sculpture is kept is very pleasant. Here is a boy holding up a bird which came from one quarter of the world; another sculptor fortunately sent another boy with a bow and arrow; these two are put opposite, so that one boy seems about to shoot the other's bird. There is an interesting figure (by Thiebaut) of the Enemy Sowing Tares. There is a poor little naked shivering girl with her cithara, who illustrates La Fontaine's fable of the Grasshopper and the Ant:

"La cigale ayant chanté,
Tout l'été,
Se trouva fort dépourvue
Quant le vîse fut venue."

* The eminent French critic, H. de la Madelène thinks that both painting and sculpture are becoming fossil arts—an effect which he attributes to the general skepticism of the age. "*On sent*," he says, "*que le sol se dérobe sous leurs pieds, et que l'ombre grandit s'épaissit autour d'eux. L'heure approche où la grande sculpture ira rejoindre la grande peinture dans la fosse commune, et voici l'ère prochaine du buste, de la statuette et du médaillon.*" But some may not credit a critic who thinks Whistler the only artist in America!

It is by Cambos (of France), and is quite lovely. Argenti has a charming little fifteen-year-old dreamer, were one not harassed by the thought that if the child were to stretch herself the bed would not be long enough for her by half a foot.

But it is impossible to go the rounds of these Sapphos, Modestys, Innocences, Virgins Bathing, or at the Toilet, or in a hundred other situations—impossible, I say, without feeling that they are quite as exhaustible as one's self; and I am quite ready to adopt the answer put by *Punch* in the "intelligent American's" mouth: "Well, stranger, don't seem to see much in them stone gals."

Yes, sculpture certainly and swiftly, painting probably but slowly, are becoming respectively mural reliefs and interior frescoes; and what is to take their places? Answer: there is a man in the Exhibition with a Photographic Camera by which he is able to catch not only forms but colors. These colors appear upon his plate, the very hues of nature, with all their freshness and depth; but while you look with amazement upon them they fade away. The art of retaining them is not yet discovered; but hundreds of skillful experimenters are at this moment running a race to discover the means of retaining these colors, and when the discovery is made, as it must inevitably be, the sun will be the sufficient sculptor and painter for the human race; and the genius which once uttered itself on stone and canvas will be (let us hope!) adequately employed in rearing amidst happier societies human forms and blooms worthy to be looked upon and retained by the Eye of Day. John Ruskin devoting his fortune to furnish the poor of London—so many as he can reach—with clean and bright homes, is painting a grander picture than any he ever criticised; and he does but paint the way for the coming Angelos and Raphaels of the street. The Genius of Art may well use the language of Jules the sculptor, when he must choose between his marble Psyche and his helpless untaught Phéne:

"Shall to produce form out of unshaped stuff
Be Art—and, further, to evoke a soul
From form, be nothing? This new soul is mine.
.....Stand aside—
I do but break these paltry models up
To begin Art afresh."*

In the neighboring section of the Exhibition called *L'Histoire du Travail*—the second from the centre of the circular galleries of which the building is composed between the paintings and the photographs—one may trace other arts that have risen and passed away. Many times walking through it have I had occasion to remember Wendell Phillips's lecture on the "Lost Arts." In vain will one try to find amidst the new mosaics, for example, in the building any thing at all resembling the really artistic ones made in the old times. There is a surface on these old porcelains which the Wedgewoods can as little recover as the workmen of Berlin

* Robert Browning, *Pippa Passes*.

can recover the art of making these Damascus blades. The tapestries also which every where adorn this section represent more than two centuries, and show that, as this kind of work has become less of an art, the skill which could make them has been transferred to the making of superb carpets. The tapestries now made at the Gobelins and the Beauvais establishments are very handsome, no doubt; but the figures and scenes represented on them were all drawn to suit the exigencies of tapestry work, not as artists might conceive them. With ancient tapestry the reverse was the case; the weaver accommodated himself to Raphael, not Raphael to the weaver. In tapestry work there is work precisely corresponding to mosaic work; the weaver must, that is, sit by his work and knit in at this or that point the special colors required. When this was done in earlier days tapestry was as much the necessity of a fine mansion as carpet or curtain now; but it has been now superseded by wall-paper, frescoing, and the like. It doesn't compensate an artist to cramp his picture, and it doesn't pay the manufacturer to follow the difficult flights of genius with his hand-shuttle; and the result is, that new tapestry is made now only because a reactionary (if not interested) government has tried to revive the fashion of adorning rooms with them by using them at the Tuileries, and by making presents of them to a few other princes. It is a forced trade; and all the tapestry now made in France will be eagerly sold for old counterpanes in less than fifty years from now.

It requires considerable courage to enter a European museum. There are usually so many things demanding attention that the wits are scattered as *disjecta membra* about the room. How distressing when one wishes only a modest steak to be suddenly surrounded by twenty thousand rare and spicy dishes! Nevertheless I think that this museum nuisance with which every voyager in the Old World is familiar is due to the absence of any thing like a Science of History at the time these collections were made. There is apparently no connection between the ancient saurian tracks and Luther's old shoe, which one finds side by side at Frankfurt; but nevertheless from the saurian tracks a man of science would have drawn all other tracks animal, savage, and civilized up to those traced pretty deeply on the old sandstones of theology by Luther's new shoes. Were the department of the "History of Labor" in this Exhibition only geologically arranged, so to speak, it would be the most interesting series of rooms ever open to a Student of Humanity. As it is it is made such by those who are already alive to the wondrous romance of Man, which is being recovered chapter by chapter—Stone Age, Bone Age, Bronze Age, Iron Age—a romance, which, when its thrilling plot and marvelous illustrations are generally known, will relegate our novels to the old cases which contain the illuminated missals.

This department should have been arranged

so that the Stone Ages of all the races should have been in one room, the subsequent ages being collected after the same comparative method; so that we might trace the vestiges of man without having the strata broken. As it now is, the knowing ones have to make their own classification. It has a tremendous effect on the imagination to go from a breakfast à la *fourchette* at the Maison Dorée and see in a glass box a heap of shells (snail and cockle) and animal bones—the débris of the first repast known to be human, and enjoyed *au naturel* in Denmark many thousands of years ago. And similarly there is a profound interest to the philosopher in tracing the development of a sharp bone into the sword, the bow into the cross-bow, and thence into the gun; the developments of bits of bark into plates, sticks into knives and forks, and strings into musical instruments. Each one of these poor things was in its day a triumph of genius; over each some brave soul cried *Eureka!* Shall a race come in the future which shall turn this whole art-palace into an archæological museum, and say: "Poor fellows, they seem to have done their best, but think of such ornaments and watches on human beings! and how *could* they have got along with such wretched engines even at the rate of a mile a minute!" By three things the present age seems to be especially linked to the earliest ones: by the preponderant attention given to warlike implements, by a fondness for oysters, and by the love of smoking. There are many illustrations here of Thoreau's remark, that the serious occupations of one age are the sports of the next. Here, for example, are the belts and baubles for which old kings went to war; they meant then the dominion of the world. Except that they are heavily jeweled, they are precisely the belts for which Sayers lately fought in the prize-ring, and the baubles for which lords contend at the Derby, and have brought here to be the chief ornaments of the English avenues.

There are some rude jars that hint of some medieval experiments feeling after the electric secret which Volta won; at the door stood a statue made by Marten called *Telegraphic Electric*—a beautiful nude girl with a golden star on her forehead, holding in her hand an arrow feathered with two little telegraph-spools. The earliest signs of the pictorial art interested me much; they are cut upon the bones of a deer now extinct, and show that even then men offered sacrifices to their deities. Here is a dwarfish figure drinking from a horn, and there he pours the liquid out; I once saw the Lord Mayor of London show his descent from that dwarf by sipping "the loving cup," and then passing it round at a dinner—that being precisely what the ancient Druid priest did with his libation.

The musical instruments seem traceable to the Germans, who doubtless got them direct from Pan. When Herr Ruckers—I conclude he was a Herr though he worked in Belgium

—constructed this old piano, the first grand piano ever made, he perhaps thought that he had done as great a thing as the pilgrims who about the same time founded Plymouth. Ruckers made it for a princess, and frescoed it with loves and graces inside and odd Chinese figures without. It belongs now to M. Herz, whose own pianos I can hear going outside (under the fingers of a flax-haired girl in rustic dress, whose looks and play together stop the way). But Herz does not seem to me to have distanced Ruckers so well as M. Debain, who has a piano here which can not only be transformed into an organ by the touch of a spring, but may be further changed into a music-box, which will play any tune on earth by putting the block into it, without a musician, and even introduces castanets when wanted. It is an instrument which costs three or four hundred dollars, and were better than a band at a dancing party.

We must not, however, wander from this antiquarian region without feasting our eyes upon the old porcelain, old miniatures, and the illuminated scrolls and books. The Rothschilds have always had a passion for collecting old wares, especially ancient porcelains, and they have sent all their most valuable specimens here. It would seem as if our ancestors held that it would help digestion if a devil slowly came into view as one's dinner was devoured. Sometimes, indeed, it is Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, and other Biblical characters who are depicted; but this is on later porcelain; on the earlier it is plain that the makers delighted to place devils. They are bat-like, serpent-like, semi-human. The later devils have come out of the Bible; the earlier are like Pan and other pagan divinities. The French miniatures seem to me most beautiful, as they are of older date. They are chiefly portraits of the ladies of a former generation—a never beautiful but shapely race, who, by their unconscious nudity, show that Venus was always, as now, the French Madonna. Among the more recent miniatures I was glad to see one representing Napoleon I. when a youth. It is, I should think, accurate and full of subtlety; he had a well-charged fang under his soft-tinted beauty. Another was a picture of Talleyrand, quite different from any I had before seen. He may have been any where between thirty and forty when this was taken. He had mild blue eyes, a wide face, mouth a little simpering but not without sweetness, long curling hair, and a long, strong nose.

The old books with their illuminations here are not so numerous as those which may be found in the British museums, and in one or two other places; but this collection is remarkable for having what is believed by eminent German antiquarians to be the oldest book in the world, at least in the European world. It is in the Dutch collection, and is entitled "The Looking-glass of the Conservation." It seems to be a half-scriptural, half-catechetical book,

and has an exquisite picture of Eve conversing with a devil of more beautiful countenance than herself—this devil being a beautiful woman, with ringlets, a swan's neck, but whose lower person has the misfortune of being that of a predatory bird with a serpent's tail. Near this book is another which competes with it in antiquity; it is an old Catholic prayer-book, with a strong infusion of Scandinavian mythology in it. This also abounds in devils, who are cast down into hell, a locality represented simply by a monstrous animal mouth. In all of these northern infernalisms there is a noticeable absence—though it was the Christian era—of fire. Hell still represented the realm of Hela, a region of unmitigated cold. For a long time afterward it was not considered safe for the missionaries to suggest to these shivering Norsemen that there was any thing so comfortable as fire to be attained by wickedness. Almost, if not quite, as ancient as these (unfortunately none of them are dated) is the splendid "Prayer-book of the wife of Kalmatheys Jansee." In this there is a significant old picture of the Father, Son, and Madonna put in the form of a Trinity, the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove being thrust into the back-ground. Another picture shows very curiously the blending of the Tree of Life with the Tree Igdrasil. The serpent which tempts Eve is near the bottom of the tree (In Igdrasil it is about the root), and on the top of the tree is the bird of brilliant plumage, which belongs purely to the Scandinavian myth.

No man, I think, who goes carefully through this "Histoire du Travail," and then examines the work of the modern world, can help feeling the deep discord with truth of those who rail at us of the present day as having paid the simplicity, genuineness, and devotion of the "heroic Past" as the price of our ingenuity and mechanical progress. It could, I believe, be demonstrated in this building that the intellectual or even the mechanical progress of the race may be more easily questioned than its moral progress. Some exquisite contrivances we seem to have entirely lost, and a great many of our inventions seem to be but the expansions of early buds which sufficed the young world as their more full-blown power does our older world. But in the higher realm of sentiment and morality every step seems to be out of a dark haunted purgatory into a clear and pure atmosphere of truth and sympathy with nature and man. In our taste, for example—and taste is both moral and intellectual—we find a continuous and rapid progress toward nature. With the single exception of the technically-called "Fine Arts," which do not affect the question, the ancient work affords but few specimens of a love or appreciation of the models of beauty, and consequently of strength, with which Nature has surrounded us. They deal—in their making of clocks, watches, brooches, bracelets, and the like—in circles, angles, straight lines, round knobs, while

the workman of to-day places some animal or vegetable form.

As we walk from the section we have just been examining we pass through the glass department, where every lamp or shade is a fruit or flower, and the chandeliers mosses mingling with crystal fountains; and among the bronzes, where every known form of grace in nature is repeated. We observe here that whatever is new is in the realistic direction; the floating fairy is supported by a part of her drapery touching the earth; the boy is supported in the air by his skipping-rope which touches the earth as he leaps over it. Then the great silver services are lakelets on which little ships float; the castors are orchids, the cellars shells. We pass down to the region of jewelry, and there find that the entire direction of the art of ornamentation toward imitations of nature. A diamond-spotted salamander, a pearl butterfly; ear-rings or brooches, which are golden webs with emerald or opal spiders at their centres and sapphire flies entering them; a little peacock with spread tail made into a pin; a lyre-bird breast-pin; a jeweled serpent for a bracelet, with a tiny watch devised in its head. Indeed, there is now in Europe, and for aught I know in America, such a passion for these forms, that bright beetles, real ones, are brought from the four quarters of the globe to be set in gold and worn. Butterflies' wings of a certain tough kind that come from Africa, from whose wings the blue-and-gold sky does not fade, are treasured for the hair. An Indian house is exhibiting here a magnificent dress whose texture is gold and silk threads woven through burnished scarabæi! All this represents a normal, and, I believe, a healthy and beautiful tendency in the mechanism of the present time; and one need not despair of being one day borne over land and sea by things beautiful as the horse, deer, or swan; nay, through the air by gorgeous bubbles!

By the side of Carlyle's last wail over the "Phantasms" and "Hypocrisies" of English work I would place two machines lately invented by a workman with Messrs. Howard and Ballough of Manchester, which have won grand prizes in this Exhibition. One of these is a vast beaming machine which winds its thousands of little threads from many spools upon one large beam; each of these threads supports a little wire looped about it; if one of these threads breaks the wire peg falls into a little hole fitted beneath it, and the entire huge machine instantly stops until that one thread is renewed! Such is the doom pronounced by English invention upon rotten threads. Still more striking—I could almost call it poetical—is the self-correcting and self-supplying loom, in which a modification of the same principle secures the following results: if the thread with which any shuttle is weaving breaks that shuttle is instantly pitched out and another falls into its place, and continues the work until its thread too shall break or fail, when another takes *its* place, and so on *ad infinitum*, all this being without the in-

tervention of a human hand! In such a loom there is virtue enough to weave the flawless transfiguration-vestment of humanity. And indeed, though there are few such noble inventions as these, the whole spirit of the new machines of all countries is to secure sounder, completer fabrics. If our intellectual guides were equally self-correcting and self-stopping, and if systems and creeds only knew when they were played-out shuttles that could no more weave honest threads into the woof of society, the world would be advanced more than by any amount of scolding or contempt. An English house has, at an expense of a thousand pounds, built a little minster, eight or ten feet high, entirely of spools of variegated threads; there is some quaintness in the association of ideas it suggests which causes many a smile; but from those little insects which praise the Lord by rubbing their hind legs together, up to the shopkeeper who sells sound thread for sound gold, there is faith enough to build a truer minster than Westminster.

"Who sweeps a room as for Thy sake
Makes that and th' action shine."

In the old Peace Congress of London some enthusiast exclaimed, "Mars is on his last legs!" There are some friends of peace who might make this exclamation now, though perhaps with more reverence for the god than the enthusiast had. There is no reason why the last legs of Mars should not be very good and strong legs. We have not yet got out of him all that we need, though it would be well enough to convert him. Here on his own "Champ," with the first Napoleon's dust on one side of it, and the third Napoleon's soldiers on the other, Mars has shown himself ready to be that which in the great future he must become, the prover of that which is best and strongest. Many have been the mild battles of skill, the engagements of wits, that have occurred here.

Before this reaches the light the American historian will already have told the thrilling story of the Battle of the Safes; how Herring and Chatwood, costumed respectively in starry banner and Union Jack, intrenched in strong boxes, met with their retainers and attacked each others' castles; how twenty minutes ere Chatwood had effected a breach in the bastions of Herring he of the starry had by a flank movement reached the citadel of the English sovereign, and (despite John Bull's surly reluctance) pocketed it.

But it would require an epic poet to relate the Battle of the Bands. From the rising of the sun to the going down thereof the big-lunged fellows gathered by thousands, and steadily, except for intervals of lager and other reinforcements, blasted each other. Through the mouths of trombones, trumpets, cornets, and all other instruments sweet sounds were hurled into opposite ranks, each regiment in turn having to attack, and then stand and take the other's fire without reply. Thus on that day the air was filled with a medley of all national themes. One

aged man sat that day a little apart, listening from hour to hour as there floated through the air the hymns and chants which nations had heard as cradle-songs in their infancy, and were now set to their heart-beats, with a long rapture upon his face. It was Lamartine. The Bavarian was unapproachable among brass bands.

The great musical feature of the Exhibition, however, was the evening concerts given by Strauss. This black-haired, strong-featured, thick-shouldered man, the last I should ever have believed the greatest living master of musical *graces*, has absolutely drilled his sixty men into one. After watching him and his orchestra, and listening to them for some evenings, the performers all seemed to me to be projected as the multitude of heads, arms, and hands are projected out of the god Siva in the Hindoo section. And yet, during a rehearsal one afternoon, when I was the only audience, Strauss declared to his sixty Germans, with but a single thought, that their performance was insufferable. It struck me, however, that they didn't believe it. When Strauss mounts the stand, casts an anxious look over his band, every eye is upon him. No one knows how his signal is given; but instantaneously every string, every pipe, begins, and there is evolved a harmony so perfect that it is conceivable only as a bouquet of tone-flowers. It matters not what the piece is, Strauss will make it beautiful. Once I found myself in an ecstasy which could not even be totally suppressed when conscience whispered, "This is Verdi!"

But, to return for a moment to the conflicts of the Exhibition, there were few spots more attractive than that room in the Cercle International where the silent Knights of Caissa assembled daily for their tournament. It was through the influence of Prince Murat, a good second-rate player, that the Emperor recommended this chess-tournament. There were five prizes, the first of which was a bowl of the Sèvres manufacture—not very handsome, and so large that one could hardly congratulate its winner. The other prizes were in money, and were offered chiefly by the Paris Club and the International Association, simply to furnish enough to pay the expenses of the eminent players who should attend. Each player played two games with each of the others. A little half-hour glass was set beside each, and he must make as many as ten moves in the half hour. The encounter for the first prize closed on July 2. The following will show the reader the result, and also indicate the distinguished players who were present:

	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.
Arnous de Rivière...French	5	7	1
André (Baron d')...French	2	15	1
Czarnowski.....Pole	7	7	2
From.....Dane	7	19	0
Golmayo.....Spaniard	7	12	0
Kolisch.....Hungarian	15	2	2
Lloyd.....American	8	15	1
Neumann.....Prussian	15	3	3
Itosenthal.....Pole	6	5	4
Rousseau.....American	4	16	0
Steinitz.....Austrian	14	3	2
De Vere.....English	12	5	1
Winawer.....Pole	11	3	1

The fight between the Hungarian and the Austrian was extremely exciting. Steinitz, since he conquered Andersen, has been thought of as the right man to meet Paul Morphy, should he revisit Europe. He is probably the youngest man, except De Vere, in the room, and is small, thick-set, has high cheek-bones, and a wide forehead with red hair falling on it, and a circle of red beard around his mouth; his eye is steady, and he plays a cool, close game. Kolisch, who finally won, is quite young also, and handsome; he has fine dark eyes full of humor. He surpassed Steinitz if at all (they are nearly equals) in subtlety and chess-culture. Steinitz began by winning two nobly defended games from Baron De Rivière, the President of the Congress. It was with some astonishment that the blond youth from the region of Bismarck was observed coming forward until he had got a step beyond Steinitz in the general race, and was only beaten by having one more lost than Kolisch. De Vere is the boy of the assembly. His chess-play is the result of genius, and it has more beauty in it than any play I ever saw except that of Morphy. Two others present struck me as having some genius—Czarnowski, whose keen, sharp eyes and fine features betrayed a bad temperament for patient play—and Golmayo, whose forehead rose up above his thick black beard like a marble pillar. It is a pity America was not better represented on this occasion. Rousseau has gifts, but is chronically out of play. Lloyd, with an admirable tact and power, has turned his powers so constantly to problems that it has been impossible he should keep step with all the modern developments of gambits. His genius for enigmatic chess was abundantly displayed in his tournament, and on one occasion (it was, I think, at the end of a contest with Baron d'André) he announced a mate in three moves which no man in the room was able to discover, though they all made the effort. One or two other good chess-players from America, among others Dr. Richardson of Boston, made their appearance at the rooms, but too late to enter the lists. The games played were generally "close," but some of them very remarkable. M. de Rivière is now editing them for the public.

Alexander the Great declared himself ashamed of the deep interest he took in this game. Yet here is chess still interesting intelligent men who could not get up any interest in Alexander, or even in the little circumstance associated with his name, of conquering the world. One can not entirely suppress a misgiving at seeing this company of fine-browed, some of them scholarly, men retreating from the great highway of time and life, and spending hour after hour in this silent, resultless conflict. But then, how many in that vast current of life and zeal roaring under these windows may one day be proved to have been spending their hearts and brains in things equally resultless and trivial! There is, indeed, an old legend that these chess figures are the kings

and warriors of some immemorial battle which promised never to end, the gods having transferred them and their strife to this mimic field, so that the rest of the world might attend to their affairs in peace. I fancy that in the future many of our all-engrossing struggles of to-day will survive, if at all, only in such mimic and petty forms. "Whether Cæsar or Brutus was right," is a question that shakes the world at one era, and a boy's debating room at another.

So we leave the chess-tourney, saying to ourselves *vanitas vanitatum*; and at the very door we find one of the most remarkable illustrations of the motto and the train of thought behind it. For here the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews has built a little temple in which are exhibited models of the sacred places of Jerusalem. There is here a copy of the Pentateuch, which was found owned by a Jewish colony in the heart of China (Honan), and believed to be very ancient; a model of the tabernacle in the desert; a panorama of Jerusalem as seen from the Mount of Olives. But the chief object of interest is the Model of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, with the surrounding chapels, convents, and mosques. This model was made in 1862 to be submitted to the Sublime Porte under the direction of the Pasha of Jerusalem, and the Heads of the various communities represented at the Sepulchre. The measurements are on the scale of one-eighth of an inch to the English foot, and the roofs and sections are all removable, so that the altars, shrines, and convents may be seen stretching over and underneath each other. Around the Sepulchre—"the centre of the world"—cluster the courts, chapels, and convents of the Latins, Greeks, Moslems, Abyssinians, Copts, Syrians, Armenians, Turks, Prussians, and various Christian denominations. The *Papa* of Christendom has, as is fit, the "manger;" and nearly all have the "tomb." In order to see the footholds of some of these—all are distinguished by various colors—it is necessary to remove stratum after stratum of the stronger countries, and find others that have burrowed far into subterranean vaults. Every one of these little shrines cost a bloody war. What are they all now but a religious chess-play?—now that the world has learned to sing—

"Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth earth's compass round,

And your high priesthood shall make earth *all* hallowed ground!"

Not far from this is the model, in full size, of an ancient Mexican temple, containing antiquities of exceeding interest. It will always be one of the terrible paradoxes of human development that a people who had advanced so far in civilization as the ancient Mexicans are proved to have done by these relics should have constructed the top of every temple as an altar for the murder of human beings for the satisfaction of God. When Columbus was on his way to discover America he touched first at

Cuba, and there the inhabitants informed him that if he would sail due west he would find a people who were acquainted with many arts; but, unfortunately, Columbus had a theory about the Northwest Passage, and he sailed due north. So we are left to trace out the wonderful civilization as best we may from these remains of it. What the people were we gather from their faces on old pipes, and from a black mask of great age which is on exhibition here; these show them to have had almond-shaped eyes and flat, wedge-shaped, not thick, noses; their mouths were small. They bear an undeniable resemblance to the Japanese, who, in coming to California, may, for aught we know, be returning to their prehistoric home. The most interesting object exhibited from Mexico is perhaps an ancient zodiac of stone, more than twelve feet in diameter (larger than that of Denderah), on which the signs are excellently carved, most of them—as the tiger, condor, scorpion, serpent, crocodile, human skull, and an indefinable monster—being quite distinct.

In the ancient Chinese temple near by there are relics which seemed to me somewhat similar to those of Mexico. There are more horrors in the latter; but it would seem that what were human sacrifices in Mexico had become terrible punishments in China. Never was there greater ingenuity of torture than these celestial gentlemen seem to have arrived if we are to believe the pictures to have been true to any facts. The King and Queen, and generally their daughter, sit looking on with undisguised pleasure while their executioners, masked as demons, with monstrous beaks and ears, boil people in caldrons, squeeze them flat between boards, and subject them to other unpleasantnesses.

The Egyptian Temple reveals its ancient occupiers as having a far inferior talent for barbarity; they must have gained some lessons of peace and patience from the stars whose worship is every where symbolized in their temple. And here, too, are the signs of the greatest national progress. Those splendid specimens of cotton in the Egyptian rooms mean a career for Egypt. It may indeed result, as it did in America, that the coming transformation of Egypt into the great cotton-growing country of the Old World may strengthen the fetters of her slaves, which are as weak now as those of the American slaves were in the time of the Revolution; and I regret to believe the Viceroy, though opposed to slavery, is a gradualist; but if we suppose that the civility of the world has got beyond permitting a relapse into that barbarism any where, we may look forward to an Egypt once more leading the Oriental world in civilization and power.

And here is the queer little Kingdom of Siam showing off its mongrel wonders! Here are models of its floating shops of bamboo, and its residences, each consisting of a single room propped—for the Siamese will not sleep or move above or beneath any one. Their houses have

tiles shaped and arranged precisely like the scales on fishes. They use spoons made of shells, and have a host of musical instruments, comprising those of China and India, in the rough. From the pictures on their boxes and ware I should judge that the chief faith of the Siamese is in green devils with asses ears. The Siamese were once the most contented people in the world; their little river was "the Mother of Waters;" one town was "the City of Ten Million Elephants;" a second "the City of Pure Gold;" a third "the City of Diamond Walls." But a century or two ago a French captain found his way there, and gave such a description of Paris that the King sent an embassy to France, and a magician with it, fortunately, for he had occasion to use his superhuman powers in saving the ship from wreck. The embassy, on its return, gave an official report very favorable to the institutions of Siam as compared with those of France, in which the priest or magician's hand is plainly discernible.* However, the grand things seen in Paris began to be whispered about in Siam; and the value of the sparsely populated 250,000 square miles of Siam began to be dwelt upon among the Western civilizers. The Pope and Monks on the one hand, and the French, English, and Americans on the other, have never left poor Siam any peace in these late years. In 1855 Sir John Bowring, the tool of Palmerston in the Levant, after the failure of four efforts of En-

* Sir John Bowring, in the course of a lecture given in London last February, from which I gathered some of these facts, read the report of this embassy, which seems to me curious enough to copy here: "They were admitted to the presence of the King, and the King ordered a company of 500 French soldiers, all good marksmen, to be drawn up in two ranks, facing each other, 250 on each side. They were commanded to fire. They fired, and each soldier lodged his ball in the musket-barrel of the soldier opposite. The King asked the Siamese ambassador if there were any sharpshooters as good in Siam; and the ambassador replied that the King of Siam did not esteem this kind of skill as worth much in war. The King of France was displeased, and asked what kind of skill the King of Siam did esteem, and what kind of soldiers he did appreciate? The ambassador replied, 'The King admires soldiers who are well skilled in the magical arts; and such as, if good marksmen like your Majesty's soldier's here should fire at them the bullets would not touch their bodies. His Majesty the King of Siam has soldiers who can go unseen into the midst of the battle, and cut off the heads of the officers and men in the enemy's ranks, and return unmolested. He has others who can stand under the weapons of the enemy to be shot at or pierced with swords and spears, and yet not receive the least wound or injury. Soldiers skilled in this kind of art he values very highly, but he keeps them for his special use in his own country.' When the French King heard this he was unwilling to have the trial made; but the ambassador said, 'You need not fear: they have an art by which they can ward off your bullets.' They were ordered to come forth, and they came. The French soldiers all fired several rounds, some at a distance, some near, but the powder would not ignite, and the guns made no report. The magician desired the French soldiers not to be discouraged: 'They shall fire, and the guns shall go off.' They fired—all the balls fell to the ground before they reached the Siamese soldiers, of whom not one was struck."

gland to possess Siam, persuaded the King, by the help of some rifles, to enter into a commercial treaty with his country. So the 20 vessels which represented the shipping trade of Siam that year have grown to 400; and there are indications in her section in the Exhibition that she too holds a thread to be woven with effect into the human web.

It is impossible not to be ethnological in this Exhibition. I am sure that there are more materials for ethnological study on these few acres than could be obtained by a voyage round the world. The French anthropologists and ethnologists have not failed to recognize this great occasion, and have arranged in a Swiss cottage in the park an admirable Ethnographic Museum. And here, I may say that the ethnographers of France are nearly the only ones who pursue the purely human sciences with a human aim. The device of their society is a white man standing between an Asian and an African and clasping hands with them, and their motto is: *Corpore diversi sed mentis lumine fratres*. In the United States and England anthropology was invented to prove the natural inferiority of the negro; in Russia ethnology has been cultivated to attest the right of Russia to own all Slavonic races; and at the very time that the late Slavo-Ethnographo-political Congress was going on at Moscow the French society was preparing in this park a museum which shows the substantial unity of all the varieties of mankind swarming around it. If you wish to know the nationality and nature of any of these people you need but go into this annex, where you shall find the man or woman photographed naked, and labeled.

But its chief value is as a key to the restaurants, where the universal stomach—the foundation of commerce and brotherhood quite as much as the *mentis lumen*—is being satisfied. Although in most of the foreign cafés a goodly number of disguised French waiters can be detected, nearly all have representatives from their own country. During the first week the great attraction was a Russian girl who made tea—taken hot with lemon and sugar, a tea-punch—at the Muscovite restaurant: she is a lovely, innocent girl of eighteen, whose name I found was Ardita; but her upper dress was so peculiar that after the first week she was admonished to dress in a thicker material. The Tunisian café in the Bey's pavilion is one of the most peculiar, though it has been found difficult to keep the Japanese servants from donning the French dress. Two girls there, Osato (Sugar) and Osumi (Ink) sit perpetually smoking, drinking tea, and playing cards. In the *Café Chinois* two girls sit so quietly that you might think them carved wood. The dark girl in the Roumanian buffet is laden with gold-cloth, and would make a good study for a Jewish Esther. The English (Spiers and Pond) restaurant brought here an array of pretty girls; but it is complained that one of them marries off each day (I hope some statistician means to watch the matrimonial results of this Exhibition).

No animal, if we are to believe Darwin, ever had any peculiarity about it which is not now, or at some period was not, an advantage to it; and I suppose we must believe the same of man. It is hard to imagine what purpose could have been served by the grotesque and sometimes terrible customs through which some races have passed, but wherein others yet linger; but it may be those temples, with their paraphernalia and infernalities, were gymnasiums to produce certain sinews of the physical soul which may play their part when the world-drill for world-victories shall come on. We cold white folk of the North and Northwest, "paling and ever paling," will one day need the reinforcement of this swart force, this warm genius, this fatalistic fearlessness. The English and French have already in the world's history distanced the Scandinavian people by mingling with the dark-skinned Basques, whose cradle was the bulrushes of the Nile; and the next great step is to result from a more comprehensive "miscegenation." The Englishman and the American do not, as they mingle with this great stream of races in the Champ de Mars, surpass other races as much as they might have anticipated. The middle-class English who are chiefly here are the most unmitigated Pharisees to be found. I asked a young woman who was keeping a table in the educational department to allow me to look over some valuable fossils; after I had done so I expressed myself as much obliged to her. "You are welcome," she replied, pleasantly; and then recollecting what she no doubt thinks her "duty," her face curdled, and she said: "As I have obliged you, perhaps you will oblige me by coming to our prayer-meeting." At that moment a savage woman passed with a ring in her nose, and I thought her just as well off as the English woman who had no better place for her soul's jewel than to wear it in her nose, as it were, and thrust it in every one's face. But she was but doing what hundreds of her countrymen are doing here, who think they are serving God by boring all the ends of the earth with ill-timed and never-understood questions about the state of their souls.

The Americans are certainly making a better impression than the English on the Parisians, who are, by-the-by, the shrewdest judges of character in the world. Nevertheless every American should read M. André Leó's account of *La Colonie Américaine* in the great Paris Guide, which, with its general friendliness, mingles some of the satire that one too often hears in Paris even among those who most admire American institutions. Among the fine trains of velvet and satin to be seen on the boulevards and in the salons, M. Leó observes a certain number whose newness gives unmistakable signs of having come from the gushing sources of the land of oil. He illustrates the American's fondness for pictures by relating how one of them has just purchased a grand work, a satirical picture of a courtesan in her chariot, followed

by bankers, diplomatists, and the *élite* of society. The humorous sketch by Cham of a Northerner and Southerner fighting with pistols on the top of a crowded omnibus is a fair hit at the too frequent obtrusiveness of our national politics. Nevertheless, I am hardly just to M. Leó in selecting the one or two nettles amidst the many flowers he casts to us, and must at least record his salutation to Americans as "the realizers of our opinions, with us yet under discussion, and as the hardy and sublime inventors of *Go ahead!*"

One characteristic of the American in Paris particularly amuses the Parisian; it is his child-like faith in the Grand Hotel! As the Irish woman's affection for her spouse grows under the daily administration of the cudgel, so grows the American's simple trust in the Grand Hotel under the extortionate charges to which he is there subjected. What these charges are generally may be gathered from the following: A gentleman arriving in Paris from the South at daybreak drove to that hotel, and announced that he wished only to wash, breakfast, and then start at nine o'clock for London. He was shown to a room just slept in in the third story, where he washed his face and hands, then descended to breakfast: for the ten minute's use of this room he was charged nineteen francs, as much as it would have cost him to stay three or four nights at any other hotel in the same neighborhood. Of course the American chafes under his treatment there, especially at the reluctance of the waiters to give him any breakfast; and a few mornings ago the company always lounging in the hotel-court was startled at the sight of a newly-arrived Bostonian with a breakfast-knife in his hand following a dismayed waiter and crying, "I have waited one hour and a half for something to eat, and I want to kill somebody!"

Chauvin believed that it was the mission of France to conquer the world: Madame Emmeline Raymond accepts this theory, but supposes that it is to be a conquest by the *Mode*. Enlarging Madame's idea of the Mode to manners as well as fashions, I should say that the theory is incontestable. The French gentleman is the only one in existence who can treat man as man without respect to his accidents. He has no desire to know your bank-account, nor your creed, nor the private matters by which you must stand or fall in London and Boston. "People of Egypt," said Napoleon in 1798, "they will tell you I have come to destroy your religion; do not believe it!.....I respect more than the Mamelukes, God, his Prophet, and the Koran.....All men are equal before God"—in all of which Napoleon meant a good deal of humbug, no doubt, but he also uttered the conviction that is deepest in the Frenchman's heart. To him the religions and the customs of nations are their various costumes appropriate to various rôles, and he welcomes each and all with an admirable equanimity. In one sense the French do not mix so well with other tribes; they rare-

ly learn another language, they are poor colonists; but they are as imitative as monkeys, and can trick themselves out in any opinion, habit, creed, or costume. Two-thirds or more of the Tunisian, Roumanian, Spanish, Turkish, and other girls and *garçons* employed in the foreign restaurants of the Exhibition are actually French, and the real visitors from those countries are the last to discover it. They can wear any dress and make themselves of any color—it is only by the test of language that they are found out. They are the friends of all the human family, and treat the lowliest person as daintily as they would treat a prince. Their very frivolity, as we call it, is—to borrow a phrase from Victor Hugo—"the volatilization of a people who evaporate in fraternity."

Only a year ago I walked over this Champ de Mars, and thought it wonderful that a spot so arid and ugly should be found close to the beautiful city; and it now seems to me a matter for perpetual admiration that so swiftly this desert should rejoice and blossom like the rose. Nothing except the wand of MARS waved over it could have produced the transformation. No one people, no segment of man, could have wrought this. The more I visit it, the longer I stay near it, the more am I impressed by a perception that it is a symbol and prophecy of what the fraternal co-operation of mankind is to make on every acre of our blood-stained world. There must be wars and rumors of wars before the end come; but meanwhile I believe this gleaming prophecy will cast its light across the darkest shadows that shall fall upon us. During the first two or three months of it one naturally lingered among the details of the Exhibition, comparing this and that, and estimating the chances of prizes; but now that the verdicts have been awarded and the distribution over, it is natural to think of the thing as a whole. A whole it is, and not a hodge-podge of beautiful or interesting objects. Like the bits of a wondrous mosaic, these myriads of objects, seen from a little distance, shape themselves harmoniously into a great human cartoon. This Exhibition has an individual voice, motion, and face of its own. I looked down upon it one day from a neighboring steeple, and saw that it was what the Greeks tried to express in the word *κοσμος*. At first it shone as a circular rainbow of zones and tinted skies; then as a vast opal set in emerald parks and the diamond temples of many lands. How lovingly the little mosques, temples, cathedrals—though reared to "gods many and lords many"—gathered together under the crystal heaven! It occurred to some botanist to suggest to the Imperial Commission that it should request the Governments in all parts of the world who were to be represented here to have their exhibitors bring the seeds of their finest native flowers. These seeds were brought, and were sown throughout the park around the domes and chalets which each people erected.

Forgotten for a time by all but the friendly

summer, which has now touched the vast majority of them into life, there have sprung up the flowers of all climes—from the Nile, the Pyrenees—and here they are nodding and winking at one another in grand floral assembly. An appropriate wreathing for this great fair face made of the selected lineaments of races, the human *Perdita*—"sum of every creature's best." An arterial and a nerve-system also has this Exhibition, like an organic being with corresponding individual motion. The gliding of the English postal car, which, as it speeds past a station, gently disengages the suspended mail-bag and draws it within; the action of those transcendental machines from Manchester; the hatter who from the simple skin before your eyes makes your good felt hat in precisely fifty minutes; the diamond-cutters of Amsterdam, who, after you have vainly tried their gem with a sledge-hammer, seeing it bound back impotent, will with their fine thin implements carve it to their will; the glass-blowers, with their singing flames charming the crystal Proteus into a thousand shapes, and mastering him through all; these—and how many others could be named!—are a fraternity of gentle, irresistible forces; they are the pulses of a living heart. And for this face, this heart, there is a voice. Walking through the building one is stunned, for a time at least, by the din and rattle of the machinery, which scold at the organs, that seem indignant in their turn; while the competing pianos send out waspy notes that seem trying to sting each other into silence; and with all is the buzz of human talk. But one soft morning it occurred to me to walk away from the building, and pause here and there to listen to the general sound. The sharpest noises were first to lose distinctness; the loudest machine did not reach so far as an orchestral violin; the vast roar of the machinery was subdued to a solemn bass; the human tongues and the pianos became as the dreamy croon of summer bees; the Russian organ, like a great musical loom, overbore all sounds, and wove them—and finally itself—into one grand, ineffable voice.

"That music always round me, unceasing, unbeginning—yet long untaught I did not hear;
But now the chorus I hear, and am elated;
A tenor, strong, ascending, with power and health,
With glad notes of daybreak I hear."

ANOTHER WEAK-MINDED WOMAN.

A CONFESSION.

I THOUGHT to join the noble army of martyrs unconfessed. I expected to die and make no sign. But the recent letter of a "Weak-minded Woman," and kind words of the Easy Chair, have made me rise to speak. Perhaps the experience of one who has partly succeeded where so many fail may warn others how straight is the gate and narrow is the way to authorship, and how few there be that find it.

I do not address any who can lock themselves in libraries secure from interruption. I speak to those to whom the morning sun brings daily

work; my fair countrywomen, who are so like white lilies at sixteen, yellow lilies at thirty, and alas! how many spotted lilies at forty.

I can not remember when I did not make rhymes and little compositions. At ten years of age I broke out in song, "Thoughts on my Rose-bush." It was written in a cramped, pot-hook hand, and carried to my mother. She praised my verse, but told me to write no more; she was afraid it would make me unhappy. I wonder it did not make *her* unhappy to read,

My rose that's scarcely yet in bloom,
Its beauty charms my sight;
Its fragrance, too, beneath the moon,
Still fills me with delight.

If the nightingale had answered from among the roses, I verily believe mother would have thought my song the sweetest.

At school I was always high in "composition," and helped others through the dreaded Friday. I loved to write on "Solitude" and "Friendship," and constitutional weakness for rhyme showed itself in abundant quotation. I wrote verses secretly and carried them in my pocket, where they were mashed into a wad Monday mornings.

While in boarding-school two years' real study kept down the afflatus. It was not dead, but sleeping. Soon after returning home, I came on an idea in Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*, about the cross being a sign of worship almost universal.

"Ah," said I, "I have struck a vein; here is a new idea." I worked up five eight-line verses and sent it to *Putnam's Monthly*. I did not expect it to appear the first month—of course not; nor the second—no, indeed. Nor—so I tried to persuade my waiting soul—did I look for it in three months. The magazine came regularly; but "The Cross" I have not seen from that day to this. I was not discouraged. They had a dull "Reader" in the office; he was tired when he came on my manuscript, and tossed it into the waste-basket, without reading it at all. No wonder, when my handwriting was so indistinct.

One day I read in the *Saturday Courier* an offer of a hundred dollars for the best story of American life. There! If I could write a "prize tale it would give me place in the literary world at once." I went to work at morning; laid my scenes in New York, a city of which I, at that time, knew precisely nothing. And, because my belongings were plain, I riot-ed in descriptions "perfectly splendid." My hero dwelt in a house something like a flash hotel, and gorgeous was the dress of my heroine: it would make Broadway stare. He spake as never man spake; she replied in sentimental quotations. With great care I copied the stuff and sent it to Philadelphia.

In two weeks the heavy package came back to me. The Editor had examined my manuscript, and must write that "the plot is too slight for a serial tale. He would recommend me to practice before attempting to print again,

as book-making is no more a thing of inspiration than clock-making is."

Cool and kind advice; but I was stone-deaf. I threw out some hundreds of adjectives, re-hashed the thing, and sent it to a religious paper in Michigan, that was like the Goldsmith family, to the last degree "poor and pious." It was accepted; but the editor could not afford to pay for such articles.

At last I saw myself in print. The story seemed wonderfully shrunken, and there were several misprints which drove me nearly crazy. But I was an "author"—therein like Shakspeare. In all this I had no confidant. I was shy and sensitive, and the idea of discovery put me in agony. I wrote in the attic, sitting in a broken-backed chair, with an old chest for a table.

Encouraged by this crumb of comfort, I wrote what was intended for a lively sketch of Western life, and sent it to the *Post*—Bryant's paper. I aimed at the highest—beginners always do—and demanded ten dollars for my work. I presume the "Reader" of that article thought me hopelessly insane or a total idiot.

Soon after I was married. In the golden days of courtship and honey-moon, how many rhymes I made are known "To him who will understand them"—this being the flimsy veil under which Love strung my harp and taught me what to sing.

In the first six years of housekeeping and baby-tending, the *furor scribendi* was pretty well kept down; but, like inherent disease, though long concealed, it is sure as death, and will come out.

One day, as I was embroidering a soft blanket, I said to myself, "My life is so narrow, so common, so poor, I will break through it once more and write a song, and see if I can not bring back some portion of the lost bloom and fresh breeze of morning." The old longing came upon me stronger than ever before; but with it a meekness altogether new. I was humble and patient, and felt weak as a little child.

Looking into my heart of hearts I wrote "My Children." Fifteen years ago baby-poetry was not so done to death as now; the subject did not seem worn out. I felt so keenly in writing that I found tears running down my face; surely, thought I, others must feel in some degree what stirs me so deeply. I dared not carry it in my pocket for fear it might be lost and I discovered. For weeks I wore it in my bosom. No deed of shame was ever hidden with more anxious care. After copying it nine times, I sent it to the *Home Journal*. Three weeks later I saw respectfully declined "My Children."

I was sorry but not hopeless. I remembered how often rejected poetry found way. I wrote it out again for a Chicago paper, and without name or date dropped it into the Post-Office at dusk. Had I been caught stealing I could not have felt more guilty as I hurried home.

The same week it appeared in fine type on

the inside. No one noticed the thing, and it gradually passed out of my thoughts. One happy evening, as I was looking through *Harper's Magazine*, I found in the Drawer "My Children." I trembled from head to foot; blushing fearfully, I showed it to my husband; and when he said, "My love, I never doubted you could write poetry and prose too," I felt as if his hand had crowned me with laurel and myrtle.

It was midwinter, and the snow was deep, but the sun went down in summer splendor, and daisies bloomed under my feet. For one transcendent hour I wore the robes of prophecy, and looked from shining heights into a glory yet to come. I was not a paid contributor to *Harper's Magazine*, but returns were in from the Promised Land. A breeze blew from the far hills of Beulah, and for one night I feasted on grapes of Eschol.

My poem was copied. I found it in an English periodical, and it came home in a bilious-looking sheet, *The Pioneer*, published in Salt Lake City. My neighbors read it, and gave me generous praise; and when a friend in Baltimore wrote, "Oh, Jane, if I had been told you wrote 'The Star-spangled Banner' I could not have been more surprised," my cup, so full before, ran over. Some years later I read "The Children's Hour," and finding a line in it identical with my own, I exclaimed, "The great musician, the sweetest of all singers, he has read my little song."

The mania for writing took complete possession of me. I sent out my sewing, and let the children have full swing in the arbor. They had a pretty high time, while I wore the ink-spot on my finger. Housekeeping went on as usual; but every thing was still as a grave, and I so absent-minded I might as well have been miles away. John came and went to his office in silence, while I fancied I heard a voice from heaven saying, "Write!" I wonder how he bore with me so long.

I wrote sketches intended to be amusing, a poem, and a long Indian story, "The Miami Lovers." The papers were usually accepted, but when I demanded wages for my work no one could afford to pay. "Pigeon-holes were crowded;" they were "overrun with just such articles;" "drawers were stuffed." I grew nervous and hollow-eyed. I could not eat, and the "Miami Lovers" murdered my sleep. The insanity ran on for five months, then the end came.

One September afternoon, as I leaned my aching head upon my hands, a light broke in upon my brain, and Common-Sense spoke:

"If a jury of twelve honest men bring sentence in a case fairly tried before them, would you abide by their verdict?"

"Certainly I would."

"You have addressed twelve editors. The sentence is, your writings are worth nothing, and the jury all agree."

It was over in an instant. I gathered my

papers, walked to the kitchen, and dropped them under Biddy's tea-kettle.

"Shure! an yer after settin' the chimley afire," said she.

"No, there is not fire enough in my papers to do any damage."

But the joke was lost on Biddy.

I went through the house, and made a clean sweep. The trash was all consumed in an hour. It was equal to a spring cleaning. I washed the ink-spot away with a lemon (it was a very deep stain), called the children, tuned my guitar, and delighted them with a fandango. We had a glorious supper of wafers and honey, and a game of romps afterward, and then the old songs. I believe John had a sort of instinct as to what had happened, but I knew he would never say one word; so I must speak first. That night, as I unbraided my long hair, the only beauty ever possessed by me, I said,

"John, I am done writing forever."

He came behind me and looked over my head at the haggard image in the glass before us. We stood a moment silent.

"So," he said, softly turning my face toward him, "my wife is coming home."

I burst into tears. I fell on his breast and sobbed aloud. The wife was indeed coming home.

I slept in halcyon quiet, and woke to new life. The ghosts of the "Miami Lovers" are laid forever. Peace descended upon our house, and the angel abides with us yet. I have ceased from troubling editors, and trust they are at rest.

One weakness remained—I leave nothing unconfessed: I could not burn "My Children." I had so doted on that bantling, and—it may as well be told—I dote on it still. The boy it glorifies is a tall fellow, at this moment going through the house like a young buffalo. My little girl has passed within the veil; but I hear my lost darling when I read the poor old rhymes, and they are as dear to me to-day as the first sweet words of my first sweet baby.

The impulse to write is not gone. Early dreams come back with mellow October days, and in banishing them I have something of the feeling which comes over me in listening to the dead march wailing for the burial of the brave and the beautiful. It returned in dim, vague yearnings when I saw Ristori, when I heard Parepa sing; but it will never possess me again. Should I yield to the influence, I would divide myself from what I love best for the sake of a pale, weak picture of emotion, which I can no more portray than I can copy the vanishing hues of sunset, the dying tints of the rainbow.

Oh, Easy Chair! I have heard you plead eloquently for woman, and I longed to tell you then, as I do now, that the gentlest act of your gentle life was to unbar the charmed gate and give me one fleeting glimpse of what lies within. The singers are there, and the harpers with their harps. Without are weeping and wailing and, I do believe, some gnashing of teeth. I

try to warn weary pilgrims seeking that gate, as I stand afar off, not disconsolate, but content.

And now you have my "Experience"—Methodist, you see—will you listen to a few words of Exhortation?"

I know you "weak-minded woman." I see your wistful eyes; I understand your yearning heart; I watch your patient waiting. You fight seven days' battles every week. Let me take your tired hand as I speak. Bury pen and paper at once. Roll a great stone over the sepulchre, and seal it with a seal that shall remain unbroken till the coming of the Angel of the Resurrection. Do it cheerfully, and do it now. Your path is plain; you can not be author and do your duty. Take your place in the silent ranks of those

—"who never sing,
But die with all their music in them."

If you train your sons to be men who will not lie or hunt office, and your daughters to be true and womanly as yourself, it is better than to have written "Aurora Leigh" or translated the "Inferno."

"It is easy enough to preach," you say. Dear friend, I am ordained to preach, because I have first experienced.

In every human life there is something wanting. Your husband's home is not what he would like to have it; your friends are every one struggling for what they may never possess, and men feel just as we do. They, too, are bound down by circumstance, and made wretched by ambition. You and I know many a general in no way like Themistocles, who finds the trophies of another will not let him sleep.

"If I could but speak like Miss Dickinson!"

That way lies madness. The aloe which happened to burst into flower in our time will not blossom again in a hundred years. Should you undertake to address a town-meeting your knees would give way, you would come down in a heap, and your friends think you were struck with sudden imbecility. *You can't do it.*

If the motherly hen in your back-yard should try to follow the flight of the lark that "goes singing up to heaven's gate," what can she do? Get as high as the fence and fall on the other side, while the chickens scatter as if the hawk were come. Only this, and nothing more.

"But I would so love to write a little something!"

Well, my dear, I yield this much. Should the Glee Club wait on you for a campaigning song adapted to "Sparkling and Bright," it is enough. Write: the occasion and surroundings will give it value.

"I am so worn and faded."

Yes, we all are; it is pitiful. I think the secret cause is known only to the Great Physician. The strong women are dead. We all do fade as a leaf while men are in their summer prime. Your daughters wear your roses and lilies, and if heart and life be right the im-

print on your face will make those who see understand "how angels come by their beauty."

Cultivate cheerfulness; keep a funny book "lying around loose;" read the children's fairy tales and the glorious golden legends; avoid women looking for "spheres" and "missions." Listen to the children; such bright ones as yours can not live twelve hours without saying something to make you laugh. Buy a few perpetual roses; they will brighten a whole summer; and after the short, crowded days of winter go into the starlight, look up to the chambers of the East, open your heart to the sweet influences of the Pleiades, and remember the Land that lies beyond them.

The true reason of the growing unhappiness of women is that nearly all women write is feverish and morbid. Fanny Fern broke ground in this field; a host of sowers followed. The harvest is whitening, and you, poor child, have thrust in your sickle. As you value happiness turn your back on it and go home. Fling away ambition, or invest it in your sons.

Many women fail where men succeed because women do not support each other as men do. You are ready to stone me, but I will say it. I have heard very tame speeches in the Senate, after which Senators crowded up, and assured the speaker they had heard nothing like him since the days of Clay and Webster. Of course the speaker knew they lied; but it was praise and encouragement; it was what he needed; it was delightful. I do not recommend a lie; but if you must err let it be on the pleasant side.

When Sallie Sunflower sent an essay "On Spring" to the county paper did you go and tell her she could do more and better? No. You made fun of her so it came to Sallie's ears, and she locked herself in her room and cried her eyes out. Why do you laugh at her for precisely the yearning after the ideal which you feel to-day? Weak stirrings of the same spirit which in higher natures have given us the majestic lines of Milton, the divine melodies of Mendelssohn.

Let a man commit a crime: his friends hide him, hustle him off on the early train, and stand by him to the last. Let a woman fall, and how many—I shame to think *how* many—hands are lifted to cast the first stone. I once saw a drunken woman carried through the street before a crowd of hooting boys. If some one, for the sake of all womanhood, had veiled that poor creature from the sunlight, the hand that did it would be whiter ever afterward. Nobody stirred. Why? Because we were afraid of what each other would say.

Finally, my dissatisfied sisters—(recollect I speak only to the married, I am too weak to wrestle with the Giant)—let us not forget man was created first, and then woman. The colors of his life are deepest, the currents of his being strongest. I do not believe the world will ever produce a feminine Shakspeare or Milton, or a woman's hand write grand oratorios or create

beauty like the Apollo. We will vote before a great while; we may hold office; we may be angels; but we can never be men.

Tell me, were you a crowned queen, would you want a royal consort like England's, whose only aim was to sink his existence in that of the queen? I hope not. Rest assured, whatever you may do and be, your life is the second, the accompaniment to your husband's. It is "Bible doctrine," and I glory in preaching it. In the holy Trinity—I speak with awe and reverence—there is one sex. There is no mention of feminine angels. No women were called to be disciples. Only Moses and Elias appeared in the transfiguration. We shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Sarah, Rebecca, and Rachel will be there, but *not among the rulers*. It is the law.

Let us repeat the old, old story that made Eden Paradise. In our hands are the strings which hold the harmonies. Shall we fill the air with wailing, or wake an under-song so sweet that all who pass will pause to hear?

ADVENT.

WITH Advent begins the ecclesiastical year, the times and seasons of which are appropriately regulated by the Sun of Righteousness and accord with the course of the Son of Man when upon earth, and are intended to illustrate and commemorate the successive events of His life here below. The Advent season comprehends the four weeks which precede the Nativity. The first Sunday of the season is always the Sunday nearest to St. Andrew's Day; and as that day falls, this year, upon the 30th of November, which is Saturday, the first Sunday in Advent is the following day, the 1st of December.

When the Advent season was instituted has not been recorded. Some writers claim St. Peter as the author of it; but other things have been claimed for St. Peter which we are unable to verify in his favor. The early history of Advent seems to be lost. All we can positively affirm is that its observance preceded the year 450, for one Maximus Taurinensis who lived about that time wrote a homily about it.

In the Greek and Roman Churches the Advent season is one of especial religious preparation for Christmas. Anciently rigorous fasting was required of the members of those communions, while at the present day peculiar penances and devotions are deemed indispensable. In England, both before and after the Reformation, sermons were regularly preached in connection with the season, and the old Salisbury Missal has a service appropriate to it. Doubtless from this came the service in the Book of Common Prayer.

Advent denotes the coming of the Lord. In the Prayer Book of the Episcopal Church the services appointed for the Advent season bear particularly upon that coming. They do not touch the vexed question of the second coming of Christ, about which so much has been said

and written, and which in every century of the present era has periodically excited so much interest, and among some even alarm, but refer simply to what is usually called the final coming. We do not intend to enlarge upon the question of Christ's coming. It is both important and interesting, and involves a great deal of research and reflection. It will amply repay examination; but it does not appertain to the field of secular literature. Hence we must pass it by.

Advent is premonitory to Christmas. As our Saviour, beyond peradventure, has come once, the Advent season is very fittingly placed before the anniversary of that coming in order to draw attention to Christmas-tide. It is well calculated to awaken a keener interest in the "gentle and joyous" period when all hearts are merry, and also to kindle the enthusiasm of those who are reminded that there is another coming of the Lord. Inspired by the latter idea some consider Advent as a *minor* Lent. Lent is the "former rain," Advent the "latter rain"—the two ecclesiastical seasons prepared for the legitimate reviving and refreshing of the vineyard of the Lord. The Advent season to the religious mind is beautiful in idea and in fact—a season which kindles the emotions of the people, and stirs up the watchmen upon the walls of Zion to reiterate the command of their Master, "Watch!" Much good doubtless springs from its healthful use.

But all Advent observances are not of a strictly religious character. Like other seasons of the year, such as Christmas and Easter, of which we have heretofore written, it has been marked in different parts of the world by various and oftentimes quaint customs and practices.

"A very singular spectacle," says an antiquarian writer, "presents itself in Normandy to the stranger who, unacquainted with the customs of the country, finds himself alone among the corn-fields and pastures of the department of the Eure-et-Loire. On every side he can discover nothing but fire and flames running over the fields, and every now and then he hears a certain shrill but modulated noise. This phantasmagoria, which at first astonishes and even alarms him, arises from the practice of a very ancient custom still in use in certain cantons of Normandy. Every farmer fixes upon some day in Advent for the purpose of exorcising such animals as prove injurious to his crops, and for this purpose he furnishes his younger children with prepared flambeaux, well dried in the oven. If he have no children his neighbors lend him theirs, for only young and innocent children can command certain injurious animals to withdraw from his lands. After twelve years of age children are unfit to perform the office of exorcists. These young children run over the country like so many little spirits, set fire to bundles of hay, flourish their torches among the branches of the trees, burn the straw placed underneath, and continually cry out:

'Mice, caterpillars, and moles,
Get out, get out of my field;
I will burn your beard and bones:
Trees and shrubs
Give me bushels of apples.'

"Many farmers," says M. Cochin, "have given up this custom; but it is said they have more vermin in their grounds than they who follow it." It is true fire will destroy the eggs of the caterpillar, but how the mice and moles are exorcised is not so clear. Yet the good people of the country believe the remedy infallible. Accidents might be supposed to arise from this lawless assembly of juvenile torchbearers; but their fire is believed to burn only vermin. Such at least is the opinion of the simple inhabitants of the Eure-et-Loire.

Formerly, in the rural parts of England, Advent was a time when the young people levied contributions upon their friends and neighbors, though this custom was more generally in vogue upon St. Stephen's day, the 26th of December. Barnaby Googe, in one of his quaint poems, says:

"Three weeks before the day whereon
Was born the Lord of Grace,
And on the Thursday boyes and gyrles
Do run in every place,
And bounce and beate at every doore
With blowes and lustie snaps,
And crie, the advent of the Lord
Not born as yet perhaps."

And then wishing their neighbors peace and prosperity they make their demands, and

"Each man gives willinglee."

At this season, also, rustic young girls attempted to divine the names of their husbands that should be. Barnaby says:

"In these same dayes yong, wanton gyrles
That meete for marriage bee,
Doe search to know the names of them
That shall their husbands bee.
Foure onyons, five, or eight, they take,
And make in every one
Such names as they do fansie most
And best do thinke upon.
Thus neere the chimney them they set,
And that same onyon than,
That first doth sproute, doth surely beare
The name of their good man."

They also endeavor to divine the character of the "good man" by going at night to the woodstack and drawing out the first stick that the hand meets:

"Which if it streight and even be,
And have no knots at all,
A gentle husband then they thinke
Shall surely to them fall;
But if it fowle and crooked be,
And knottie here and there,
A crabbed, churlish husband then
They earnestly do feare."

For all these wicked doings Barnaby goes on to blame the "Papistes,"

"Who rather had the people should
Obey their foolish lust,
Than truly God to know, and in
Him here alone to trust."

But, as old Stapleton says, "human natur is human natur," and wherever young people

are, divining will be going on. The seeking after a good man reminds us of the legend of the saint whose shrine, if we remember rightly, was in Cornwall. Her name has escaped us. The custom was for the "gyrles meete for marriage" to surround the shrine on the saint's day, and in order to cry: "A husband, St. —; a good one, St. —; a handsome one, St. —; a rich one, St. —;" then in chorus, "and soon, St. —."

Perhaps the saint was St. Agnes. It will be remembered that Keats, in his St. Agnes Eve, says:

"They told her how, upon St. Agnes Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honeyed middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright."

In Italy the Advent season is duly celebrated, especially in Rome. One custom is worth referring to. In the last days of Advent the Calabrian minstrels enter Rome, and are to be seen in every street saluting the shrines of the Virgin Mother with their wild music, under the traditional notion of soothing her until the birth-time of her infant at the approaching Christmas. This circumstance is related by Lady Morgan, who observed them frequently stopping at the shop of a carpenter. To questions concerning this practice the workmen who stood at the door said it was done out of respect to St. Joseph, who was a carpenter by trade.

The *Pifferari* play a pipe very similar in form and sound to the bagpipes of the Highlanders. "Just before Christmas," says Lady Morgan, "they descend from the mountains to Naples and Rome, in order to play before the pictures of the Virgin and Child," which are common in every Italian town, and abound in the cities. Raphael's picture of the Nativity has a shepherd standing at the door playing upon his pipes.

The pipings are premonitory to the carols. Bourne says the word is derived from *cantare*, to sing, and *rola*, an interjection of joy. The first carol ever sung, says Jeremy Taylor, was the song of the angels on the birth of the Saviour—Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men. Carol-singing became extremely popular in the Middle Ages, and has continued in many places, where old habits and customs have been preserved, in vogue to the present time. Many of these carols were fine, some quaint, and some whimsical. There is a book of them in the British Museum, with tunes attached. Besides there are other volumes of similar songs extant. We have no space, however, to give extracts from them.

Advent is a pleasant season, though it come in the winter month, the gloomiest of the twelve. It may not come to all alike. But we trust that the present Advent is to most of our readers the conclusion of a happy year, and the harbinger of another merry Christmas.

PRINTS, PICTURES, AND PRICES.

ON Saturday the 23d of February, 1867, there was sold at a London auction-room an etching of Rembrandt, for £1180. Never before has any thing like such a price been paid for what, though unquestionably a very great rarity, is, after all, far from being unique. This etching represents Christ healing the sick, but is more commonly known among collectors by the name of the "Hundred Guilder," because a copy of it was sold during Rembrandt's lifetime for that sum. There is a special circumstance which gives a peculiar value to this impression—which is, that it, with seven others, are the only known examples of the "first state" of the etching.

When an etcher or engraver was busy about his plate, he was very naturally in the habit of taking off impressions every now and then to see how his work was getting on. These impressions were called "artist's proofs," and no doubt in most instances, after serving their purpose, were considered of but little more value than waste paper. But Rembrandt, finding that not only were his finished etchings selling well, but that some curious collectors eagerly laid hold upon these unfinished scraps, thought he could turn an honest penny—rather a failing of his—by multiplying the "states" of his etchings as much as possible. In some cases there are not less than ten states known and described, one here and there being simply ridiculous. In the "Gold Weighers," for instance, the earliest and rarest state has the face blank.

Of the eight known impressions of the first state of the "Hundred Guilder," five are safe in public collections. The British Museum has two, the Imperial Libraries of Paris and Vienna—the latter having an inscription in Rembrandt's handwriting to say it was the seventh impression taken from the plate—and the Museum at Amsterdam, one each. Of the remaining three one belongs to Mr. R. S. Holford, who gave £400 for it; the second to the Duke of Buccleuch, and the third has just passed into the hands of Mr. C. J. Palmer. The history of this last impression, which is described as a "magnificent impression, undoubtedly the finest known, on Japanese paper, with large margin, and in perfect condition," is thoroughly ascertained. From Rembrandt it was obtained by J. P. Zomers, and after gracing successively the collections of Signor Zanetti, Baron Denon, Messrs. Woodburn the print-sellers, Baron Verstolke of Amsterdam, and Sir Charles Price, it has now found a resting-place in Bedford Row. At the Baron's sale in 1847, it was purchased for 1600 guilders (£133). The "second state" of the etching, which only consists in a few cross-hatchings introduced in one part of the plate, is by no means to be had for nothing. A splendid impression on India paper, with large margin, from the Dubios cabinet, sold for £160; and even this is not the highest price this state is known to have fetched.

Many others of Rembrandt's etchings bring very large prices. His portrait of Advocate Tolling, a very splendid work, cost Baron Verstolke £220, though it fetched at his sale only 1800 guilders (£150). It is worth at least twice that sum now. "Ephraim Bonus," the Jewish physician—perhaps Rembrandt's finest etching—was bought at the same sale for the British Museum for 1650 guilders. Only three other impressions of this state are known. "Copenol," a writing-master, cost the Baron in 1835, though not in a very good condition, 300 guineas, though it only produced 1250 guilders at his sale. Of "Rembrandt holding a Sabre" there are four impressions of the earliest state known—one at Amsterdam, one at Paris, one in the British Museum, purchased from the Baron for 1805 guilders (£150), and one in the collection of Mr. Holford, who is said to have paid £600 for it.

About one of Rembrandt's etchings we have an amusing story. He had gone to spend a day with his great friend, Jan Six, a burgomaster of Amsterdam. As they were sitting down to dinner it was found the servant had forgotten to provide any mustard. He was sent off at once to the village close by; but Rembrandt, knowing that the favorite maxim of Dutch servants was "much haste, little speed," laid a wager with the burgomaster that he would etch the view from the dining-room window before the servant returned. He took up a plate, tried his etching-point upon it, sketched the view, and won his bet. The engraving is a very rare one. Baron Verstolke's impression sold for £17 10s., but he would be fortunate who could secure a good impression at that price now.

In Mr. Maberly's *Print Collector* is an account of another of Rembrandt's etchings, which is worth compressing. One day that artist, struck apparently with the attitude of a dog lying asleep, determined to etch its portrait. The plate he took up was much larger than he required, so that the etching only occupied the left-hand corner. From this he printed an impression upon a piece of paper, which, though larger than was required for the etching, was not as large as the plate. The etching looked ridiculous enough, and the artist accordingly cut out the part of the plate containing the little dog, and the rest of the impressions were struck off in this reduced size. The first impression, fortunately or unfortunately, was preserved, and an account of the prices it has fetched at different times is a very instructive example of the mania of collectors. We first hear of it at Mr. Hibbert's sale in 1809, where it fetched thirty shillings, the purchaser being M. Claussin. He sold it at a small advance of price to a London print-seller, who disposed of it to the Duke of Buckingham for £6. At the Duke's sale in 1834 it produced £61. But the purchaser made a good bargain, nevertheless. A Dutchman heard of it, offered the fortunate owner 100 guineas, then £150, then *any price he liked to ask for it*; but no, he was proof

against all temptation, and kept possession of his treasure, till at last, with many really valuable prints from the same collection, it passed into the British Museum for the sum of £120.

Two other instances of the same kind are given by Mr. Maberly—the first, that of Rembrandt's "Four Prints for a Spanish Book." They were engraved upon one plate, but after a few impressions had been taken off the plate was cut into four pieces. Of these first impressions the greater number were in like manner cut into four, but one at least escaped this fate. This impression was purchased for £1 7s., then for £57 13s., and finally became the property of the British Museum for the sum of 100 guineas. In the second instance, Berghem etched six prints on one plate, which he afterward cut up into six pieces. The single impression known of the entire plate was purchased for the National collection for £120.

Next in point of importance come the works of that prince of engravers, Marc Antonio Raimondi. The drawing in some of these is most exquisite; and well it may be, when it was probably that of his great friend Raffaele, almost certainly in those of "Adam and Eve" and "The Judgment of Paris." Manuel Johnson's copy of this last—"one of the finest impressions known"—fetched £320. His "Adam and Eve" has fetched £150, and his "Massacre of the Innocents," a proof before the inscription, £250.

Of Albert Durer's etchings the most beautiful is his "Adam and Eve." Some time ago the finest known impression of this engraving came into the possession of Mr. Smith, the eminent print-seller. He showed the print to Mr. Maberly, who eagerly inquired the price—which, as far as I recollect, was about £60. Possessing another impression already, Mr. Maberly was at first not inclined to pay this large sum even for such superior excellence. Day after day, however, he came to look at the charming impression, and at last said, "Well, well, I must have it. But you will take back my other impression, won't you, and allow me what I paid for it—£15?" "Why, no," said Mr. Smith. "I don't think I can do that. I won't offer you £15, but if you like I will give you £30." The value of Durer's engravings had been doubled since Mr. Maberly's former purchase. At Mr. Maberly's death his prize sold for £55. Mr. Johnson's impression, which was no doubt a fine one, fetched £46. What a change from the price Durer himself tells us he got for his engraving in 1520—four stivers (fourpence)! Even taking into account the difference in the value of money in his time and our own, what he received can not have amounted to a couple of shillings.

Coming down to more modern times, we have F. Müller's engraving of "The Madonna di San Sisto." It proved his death. On taking a proof of his plate to the publisher by whom he was employed he was told he must go over the whole work again, as it was far too delicate

for commercial purposes. With heavy heart he set about his work, but it was too much for him, and on the very day the proofs were taken off from the retouched plate he died. It fetches large prices now. At Mr. Johnson's sale, a "fine proof before any letters" brought £120. The same sum was obtained for Count Archinto's copy, in 1862.

I must not forget Raphael Morghen. Wonderfully beautiful are some of his engravings, and their value quite as rare and startling. That of the "Last Supper," after L. da Vinci, "before the letters and with the white plate," sold at Mr. Johnson's sale for £316, and at Count Archinto's sale for £20 beyond even that price. Another copy was sold in 1862 for £275.

Engravings by English artists fetch much more moderate prices than those I have mentioned. An impression of Woollett's "Niobe," all but unique, fetched £70. His "Fishery" has produced £35 10s. Some of Strange's portraits bring good sums. His "Charles I.," for instance, has been sold for £62. Still larger prices have been obtained for some portraits by earlier engravers. In 1819 Faithorne's "Lady Castlemaine" produced £79; and in 1824 R. Elstrake's portrait of "The Most Illustrious Prince Henry Lord Darnley, King of Scotland, and the Most Excellent Princess Mary, Queen of Scotland," £81 10s. The highest price probably ever paid for an English portrait was £100, the sum given by Mr. Halliwell for an early and unfinished state of Droeshout's Shakspeare.

In the case of one of Hogarth's prints, there is an impression concerning a peculiarity that gives it a very factitious value—"The Modern Midnight Conversation." The print usually fetches thirty shillings, but the impression in question, in which "modern" was spelled with two *d*'s, was bought for the British Museum for 78 guineas.

In comparing the ancient prices of prints on their first publication with the modern ones we must not forget the immensely larger sums that engravers are paid nowadays than what were usual in former times. The artist then was often his own publisher; but even when he was engaged by some other person, he received what would be considered at present most inadequate remuneration. Woollett, for instance, a hundred years ago, asked only 50 guineas for engraving his "Niobe," though Alderman Boydell generously gave him 100. The price at which it was published was five shillings. Contrast these prices with those that are obtained now. We will take an instance from France. Louis XIV. commenced a "*Chalcographie du Musée Royale*," a series of pictures from engravings in the Louvre. The series is still continued; and in 1854 the sum voted for this purpose was nearly £9000. Of this H. Dupont was to receive £1666 for engraving Paul Veronese's "Pilgrims of Emmaus;" and De François (the artist engaged for Frith's "Derby Day"), £1250 for Fra Angelico's "Coronation of the Virgin." When

in 1847 there was a similar commission contemplated by the English government, it was said that the sum Mr. J. H. Robinson was to receive for engraving "The Raising of Lazarus" was £5000. A publisher will often spend several thousand pounds in bringing out a first-class engraving. The "copyright alone" is a most serious item. Landseer got for the "Peace and War," now in the Vernon Gallery, £2650. The prices charged for the impressions must of course be in proportion. For instance, when Colnaghi published Doo's engraving of the "Raising of Lazarus," there were 100 artist's proofs at 20 guineas, 100 proofs on India paper at 15 guineas, 100 proofs on plain paper at 10 guineas, 200 prints on India paper at 6 guineas, while the prints themselves were charged 5 guineas each.

No collecting mania is any thing like so popular or so extensively practiced as that for pictures. They have come to be considered as indispensable articles of furniture in every well-appointed house; and it is no uncommon thing, in consequence, to meet with a collector who talks, and evidently thinks, much less of the gems that ornament his gallery than of the checks by which they were secured. And how grossly the "old masters" are belied in many of these collections! They had no more to do with the productions to which their names are appended, in all the splendor that gilt letters can give them, than the purchaser himself. But if a man will order a Claude five feet by three and a half, because he has a spare corner of those dimensions, he had better not inquire too closely, any more than in the case of a St. Anthony's tooth, as to what animal it originally belonged. In London alone there are, I suppose, sold every year more pictures by the "old masters" than are left to us of their paintings altogether.

The difference between the prices at which such pictures are acquired and those they fetch when brought to the hammer is amusing. A Raffaele, declared in the auction-room to have cost its late owner 1000 guineas, sells for £37! A Yorkshire gentleman bequeaths twelve of his pictures to the National Gallery: they are rejected, every one. The whole collection is brought to the hammer; it had cost £3000; it produces £150—about the value of the frames. Nor is it only in England that a man sells a horse for a gross of green spectacles. A French collector insures his gallery for 3,339,500 francs. It is sold some years afterward, numerous additions having meantime been made to it, for 535,435 francs.

Few instances of forgeries are more amusing than that given in the "confession" of Major Pryse Gordon. "When I returned from Italy in 1800, I had a beautiful copy of the 'Venere Vestita' after Titian in the Pitti Palace. It was painted on a gold ground, and highly finished; and the countenance, I thought, somewhat resembled Mary Stuart, our Scottish Queen. A few years afterward my *virtù* was sold at the

hammer, and in the catalogue this morceau the knowing auctioneer had called 'Mary Stuart, by Titian, the only miniature known to be by that great master's hand.' The bait took, and a person of the name of F—— bought it for £55. The next day I went to the sale-room to settle my accounts, when a queer-looking fellow addressed me, with the miniature in his hand, saying he was the purchaser. 'What a lucky person,' I replied, 'you are, Sir! Why, you will make your fortune by this precious article. I advise you to take a room and exhibit it.' He took the hint, advertised it in St. James's Street forthwith: 'To be viewed, at No. 15, an undoubted miniature of Queen Mary, by Titian, valued at 1000 guineas,' etc., etc. The public flocked to this wonder, by which the cunning Pat put more than £200 in his pocket, and afterward sold this 'unique gem' to Lord Radstock for £750."

A story is told about the late W. Hope, the wealthy banker of Amsterdam, and one of his purchases. He had bought a picture as a Rembrandt, and given 2000 guineas for it. Finding that it did not quite fit the frame, he sent for a carpenter to ease it a little. While watching the operation he remarked how wonderfully the picture was preserved, considering that it was nearly two hundred years old. "That is impossible," said the carpenter. "The wood is mahogany; and mahogany had not been introduced into Europe at that time." Mr. Hope burnt the picture.

One can feel no pity for such cases as those of the American who said his father's collection consisted almost entirely of Raffaelles and Leonards, with a few Correggios. But there are others in which even the best judges have been deceived. Some years ago a portrait by Holbein was purchased for the National collection for 600 guineas. The authorities, however, acknowledge it to be a forgery. It had been at one time in the possession of Mr. Nieuwenhuys, a well-known dealer in Brussels, who had been well content to get £20 for it.

Painters of no little eminence have lent themselves to very unworthy practices. Rembrandt is said to have sometimes touched up the pictures of his pupils and sold them as his own. Guido is accused of having done the same thing. Some of these were probably as good as those he painted when his gambling propensities had got him into greater difficulties than usual. Lanzi tells a good story about one of these productions. He had half finished a picture, when a favorite pupil of his, Ercolino di Guido, substituted a copy of his own for the original. The painter quietly went on with his work without suspecting the trick that had been played on him.

Patrick Nasmyth, among English painters, has been guilty of similar malpractices. A picture-dealer had purchased a work of Decker. He sent for Nasmyth, got him to sharpen up the foliage and add some figures copied from Ruysdael; then substituted Ruysdael's name for

Decker's, and the transformation was complete. That picture was sold some time afterward for 480 guineas. Nasmyth got 11 guineas for his share in the transaction. And so lately as 1847 there was exhibited in the Royal Academy a picture bearing the name of an R.A., which was claimed by a young artist, certainly not an R.A., as his own work. He had sold it for 22 shillings; on the books of the Royal Academy it was priced at 30 guineas.

Nothing can be more striking than the prices paid for genuine productions of the old masters and those the artists themselves received for their work. Think, for instance, among the artists of our own school, of the prices Wilson's pictures fetch in the market now, and his painting his "Ceyx and Alecyone" for a pot of beer and the remains of a Stilton cheese. Wilson was not in fashion then. Patrick Nasmyth again had his dealings principally with pawnbrokers. His view of "Leigh Woods" sold for £740. Hogarth's pictures of the "Harlot's Progress" were sold, in 1745—the artist still alive—for 84 guineas; and his "Rake's Progress"—eight pictures—for 176 guineas. The first of these sets was destroyed by fire at Fonthill in 1755; the other is now in the Soane Museum, Sir John having paid £598 for them; but he had to give 1755 guineas for the four pictures of the "Election." When Hogarth wished to dispose of his "March to Finchley" by lottery, several of the tickets found no purchaser, and accordingly they were given to the Foundling Hospital, which was fortunate enough to obtain the prize. Cuyp's landscapes, which nowadays fetch astounding prices, were not at all appreciated while the painter was alive. But even when the artist had justice done to him to some extent, what a wonderful advance do we find upon the original prices—in those of Gainsborough for instance, who ventured gradually to raise his charges from 5 guineas a portrait to 40 guineas for a half, and 100 for a whole length. His portrait of Mrs. Siddons was cheaply secured for the National Gallery in 1860 for £1000; but it took twice that sum for Mr. Graham of Redgorton to get possession of the exquisite portrait of the lovely Mrs. Graham, which he bequeathed in 1859 to the Scottish National Gallery.

Sir Joshua Reynolds's portraits command larger prices. Lord Ward gave 1100 guineas in 1859 for "Miss Penelope Boothby;" and the Marquis of Hertford gave 2550 guineas for Mrs. Hoare, of Boreham Park, Essex, and her child. The same princely collector gave 2100 guineas at Rogers's sale in 1856 for the *replica* of the Bowood "Strawberry Girl," the original of which had been sold to Lord Carysfort for 50 guineas. The Imperial Gallery of St. Petersburg possesses the "Infant Hercules Strangling the Serpents." He received 1800 guineas for it, and a gold snuff-box, with the Empress's portrait set in large diamonds.

One or two of Wilkie's pictures deserve men-

tion. The King of Bavaria gave 1000 guineas for the "Reading the Will," now fast melting in the Royal Gallery at Schleissheim. The Duke of Wellington gave him £1200 for the "Chelsea Pensioners Reading the News of the Battle of Waterloo." His "Rent Day" fetched 1050 guineas at Mr. Wells's sale in 1848; Lord Mulgrave had given Wilkie £150 for it.

Few pictures of modern times have brought larger prices than Turner's. Three of his works, the "Guard Ship," for which he got £25, "Cologne" and "Dieppe" (he had £500 for each of these), were purchased in 1848 for £1500; but at Mr. Wadman's sale, in 1854, brought 1530 guineas, 2000 guineas, and 1850 guineas. In 1860 his "Grand Canal, Venice," fetched 2400 guineas, and "Ostend" 1650 guineas; Turner had got 400 guineas for the two. But the rage for Turners has, to some extent, gone by; for while Mr. Windus, in 1850, had given 710 guineas for the "Dawn of Christianity," it realized in 1859 no more than 320, and the "Glaucus and Scylla," bought for 700 guineas, 280. The largest price, however, I believe ever given for a Turner was that obtained in the May of this year at Mr. Monro's sale, when "Modern Italy" brought 3300 guineas.

Of other modern artists I may mention Roberts, whose "Interior of the Duomo, Milan," sold in 1860 for £1700. The largest price he ever received for a picture was 1000 guineas, from Mr. T. Cubitt, for the "Interior of St. Peter's, Rome," somewhat different from the second picture on Mr. Ballantine's list—"Old House, Cowgate, Edinburgh," £2 10s. His first picture was sold to a dealer, and never paid for. Callcott's "Southampton Water," at Sir J. Swinburne's sale, 1861, fetched 1205 guineas; Mulready's "Convalescent from Waterloo," in 1857, 1180 guineas; his "First Voyage," in 1863, 1450 guineas. Etty's "Dance from the Shield of Achilles," one of his finest works, brought £1155 in 1857; but his "Joan of Arc" is said to have produced 3000 guineas. Lord Northwick gave £2000 for Maclise's "Marriage of Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, with the Princess Eva;" at his sale in 1857 it fetched 1710 guineas. Stanfield's "Port na Spania, near the Giant's Causeway," produced £1700; Faed's beautiful "Sunday in the Back Woods of Canada," £1710; Leslie's "Sancho and the Duchess," at Rogers's sale, 1170 guineas; the poet had given 70 for it. Landseer's pictures command very large prices. His "Dead Game," in 1853, was sold for 1200 guineas. His "Titania, with Bottom and the Fairies," for which he got 500 guineas, cost Lord R. Clinton, in 1860, 2800 guineas; and Christie undertook to get 2000 guineas for "Jack in Office." But perhaps as large sums as Sir Edwin ever received for pictures were for the four exhibited in the Academy in 1846, "Peace" and "War," "Refreshment" and "The Stag at Bay." For these pictures, including the very important and costly item of copyright, he was paid £6850.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IN the early summer of this year there was seen for a few days a striking figure upon the pleasant balcony or piazza of Congress Hall in Albany. This hotel is upon the hill by the side of the Capitol, and its balcony is shaded by the dense foliage of the trees in the little street which separates it from the square in front which crowns the hill before the Capitol as you look up State Street. The pleasant balcony is closely associated with the pleasure of summer life in Albany by those who stop for a day or two, or by the Judges of Appeals in the summer term, and the lawyers and clients attending the court. This year it has been a kind of open-air club for the members of the Convention who lived in the hotel or in the neighborhood, and at any time during the short daily recesses of the Convention the invidious British traveler, setting his round eye-glass in his eye, might have seen a range of well-polished boots along the railing, and quadrupeds made bipeds by the tilting backward in chairs of august delegates.

Yet if the Capitol Commissioners have their way, and build the new Capitol at a cost which the finance report of the Convention estimated at ten millions of dollars, Congress Hall and its shady balcony are doomed. Indeed it was supposed at one time that its destruction, to make room for the new Capitol, was so sure that the house was stripped; even the grates were removed, and if the dismantling of an old hotel would give the State a new Capitol the work was virtually done. Then came the Legislature, and the worthy and sagacious farmers at the Delavan, wishing to make hay while the sun shone, demanded such stately prices that there were rumors of an adjournment of the Legislature to some spot where the hotel farmers were less intent upon hay. This led to a sudden furnishing, after a fashion, of Congress Hall, and many of the statesmen who passed that winter in Albany had rooms in the old house, but did not know the tranquil and shadowy charm of its summer balcony.

Upon that balcony, as we said, in the early days of June there sometimes sat a small, slight man, apparently shriveled or withered, the slightness of his form emphasized by a huge broad-brimmed plantation hat. He was bent or curled over as he sat, and smoked a long pipe—so long that he was obliged to hold the wooden stem in his hand, as if it had been a chibouque, and he was always alone. He seemed to know no one and to care to make no acquaintances. Apparently he muttered a great deal to himself, as if rapt and unconsciously talking. But the murmur was inarticulate. It seemed a forlorn, grotesque old man, living in reverie. But when he arose his step was uncertain. He moved toward the dining-room in the same self-involved manner, and it became too plain that it was a man wholly besotted with drink. At the table there was the same muttering; a stupid wonder that the waiters did not come; a peevish impatience, and an abrupt stalking away from the room before he had half eaten his dinner.

Then if, forgetting the sad spectacle of a ruined man, some musing loiterer upon the balcony could have looked through the trees of the

dusky square down into the Albany of thirty or forty years ago, he might have seen an eager, intelligent lad, earnest in study, ardent in friendship, generous, aspiring, ambitious, with a sparkling and persuasive tongue, and a brilliant career smiling upon him from the future. Later he might have followed the youth to the other side of the continent, where the promise seemed to be partly fulfilled, and he rose to high civic honors. Yet upon a broader and more conspicuous platform that promise was wholly eclipsed, and the bright, studious boy became a man whose presence was a saddening spectacle, and whose name was a by-word. He had grown to be a national humiliation; and such was the wreck and waste of manhood that there were many who asked as they had never asked before—can nothing be done by law to prevent this terrible ruin which seems to lie in wait for any man?

When he sat upon the balcony of Congress Hall he held no public position—he commanded no respect. It was pitiful to see him crouched under the broad brim of his hat and to think that, as he silently smoked, he too looked through the trees of the dusky square down into the town and saw the rosy, eager, hopeful boy of thirty or forty years ago, and then thought of the horrible incubus which had gnawed his life and career away, and which he could never hope to throw off. Nobody spoke to him—it was useless; but he was too tragical a sight to smile at. Yet this old man, as he seemed, this prematurely withered frame of seventy, was only forty-eight years old.

At the end of the summer, in early September, if you were coming up State Street one warm afternoon, you would have seen several carriages and a hearse before St. Peter's Church. The generous, hopeful boy—the ruined man—was dead. The service was read, and amidst the warm tears of those who loved him he was borne away. There was no address, no sermon. What could be said? The one great appalling fact of his life—could that be mentioned as a warning over his coffin? And if it were not mentioned what else could be thought of? The prayers were said in the church, which was as gloomy and depressing as our Gothic churches generally are; but there was no sermon. The life, the death, they were the most solemn and impressive of sermons.

THE daily telegraphic reports in the papers vary from stories of impending revolutions to accounts of great boat-races, and base-ball matches, and prize-fights. That eminent muscular Christian, Mr. Guy Livingstone, would think more kindly of us if he saw us now; and those who have a theory that the "manly sports" of old made England so "merrie" a country, are probably of opinion that we are becoming worthy sons of our sires. As soon as climbing greased poles and running races in sacks become universal what shall we lack of being a simple, hearty, happy folk?

But why is it that the local papers, after giving glowing descriptions of the boat-races, for instance, tell another tale? They beg that their town or village may not again be honored with a match race between the champions of the in-

nocent art of rowing. They exclaim against the ruffians whom such occasions assemble, and the universal drunkenness and rioting which accompany the festival. It is a fierce excitement, a betting, a gambling, like a prize-fight. The "manliness" is of the Tom Cribb school. The "noble art" does not prevent all kinds of swindling and meanness.

But the most significant and impressive fact of this kind is, that one of the prize-fighters in a recent contest in Ohio, Mike M'Cool, was received and escorted by a great procession in St. Louis. There was music, there were speeches and great glorification, and Mike M'Cool could hardly have been more honored, so far as popular display is involved, if he had served his country well.

It is not surprising that coarse and ignorant persons, who take pleasure in seeing a human being pounded to a jelly, or his eyes gouged out, or his ribs broken, or who critically enjoy watching the life knocked out of a mangled body, should conspire to honor the murderer and bear him in triumph. But why should the newspapers give long accounts of the disgusting scene, with all the pomp of large headings and elaborate description, as if it were deserving of more attention than other atrocities? Of course it is well to know both the crimes and the accidents that occur around us, that we may keep intelligent watch upon the condition of society. But the details of the accident of an honest laborer working to support himself and his family, and who falls from a ladder as he carries a mortar, and breaks his leg or his neck, if he is only shockingly cut and bruised and shattered and swollen out of recognition, ought to be more interesting. But it is not so; not even the mangling and bruising makes it so. He is merely an honest man ruined by an accident, and the newspapers cut him off contemptuously with a line. But if he had only put himself into training, and, after eating raw beef-steak, and walking and running and sleeping, had worked himself into a high bestial state, and had then spent an hour in having his ribs broken, his eyes put out, and his nose smashed by another man in an equally high brutish condition, then our poor friend would have had a reporter, three columns, and a special telegram all to himself.

While our land telegraphs are communicating to the remotest points the thrilling tidings that Mike M'Cool has broken the ribs of Jones, and will next try to break the head of "Jim Elliott," the ocean wire bears the joyful news that "the Zetland stakes of £50, at Doncaster, were won by Verulam, and the Cleveland Handicap of £530 was won by Seville, who, on Tuesday, was the victor in the great Yorkshire Handicap. Vex was successful in the race for the Corporation plate, valued at £305. The Standplate Handicap, stakes £70, was awarded to Bounceaway. The Handicap Sweepstakes of £475 was won by Minnie Warren; and the Queen's plate, valued at £105, by Miss Sara." All we can say of this is, that it is better to send such stuff through the sea than to send the rib-breaking and eye-gouging stories over the land. But by-and-by the newspapers will invite our attention to their marvelous enterprise, and inform us that they serve up all the news of all the world for our breakfast-tables.

There is a serious view of the prize-fight subject which might be urged upon the newspapers. The utter brutality of such exhibitions and their demoralizing influence are as unquestionable as in the similar case of a public hanging. It should therefore be the wish and endeavor of all honest people to make them as little attractive and notorious as possible. But if the great papers insist upon publishing sensational and striking articles about them, is it not inevitable that universal attention will be directed to them, a false importance will be given to them, and many a man who might earn an honest living as a porter will put himself in training for a bully and a bruiser.

We are all in the habit of saying fine things about the glory and greatness of a free press, and Mr. Gladstone made an excellent speech upon that subject at a recent dinner in London. But how can a press be great or glorious, however free it may be, if it be constantly prostituted to mean ends? and what can possibly be meaner and more degrading than a description, in elaborate slang, of the pounding of a human being out of all human likeness, under pretense of "manliness" and for a thousand dollars a side? Cock-fighting is contemptible enough; but it is not so demoralizing as men-fighting; and the men-fighting would not be half as harmful if the newspapers treated it as it deserves to be treated. But when the movements of Mike M'Cool and his sayings and doings are recorded as if he were a hero or had merited public attention, there is a great offense committed against public decency.

WHO remembers the good old days of the English Opera at the Park theatre? Certainly not this Easy Chair, which yet, however, recalls the first appearance of Ole Bull in this country upon that stage and the last play of Tyrone Power. They are very juvenile reminiscences, but none the less vivid and delightful. Then at the old National, corner of Leonard and Church streets, where now the palaces of trade arise, and the immorals of the stage have been succeeded by the morals of the shop, there was to be heard, amidst much smell of gas and orange-peel which peculiarly marked that Thespian temple, the Opera of *Amelie*, with Miss Shirreff and the Segguins. For several seasons Miss Shirreff charmed the simpler tastes of the town, before yet Palmo's was, and when she came to the foot-lights and archly nodded her head and warbled "Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad," what listening and enraptured youth did not believe himself to be personally addressed? What became of Miss Shirreff? She suddenly ceased to sing for us. The old theatre was consumed. Other buildings devoted, if the Easy Chair rightly remembers, to drinking purposes succeeded. They disappeared, and nothing now remains but the corner of the street and the palaces of trade.

Such reminiscences were awakened by a late sudden summons to the English Opera. It was not in the "Commercial Emporium," but in the Capital of the State. Now the only association of the Easy Chair with theatrical performances in the city of Albany was a confused impression of some upper room in what was called a Museum, at the corner of State Street. He had never been there, but he remembered looking up at the glaring windows upon a hot summer evening

long ago and wondering how much people were paid for partaking of that kind of amusement. "Is it to the Museum we are to go?" asked the Easy Chair. "Not at all; to the Academy of Music," was the answer.

To the Academy therefore we went. Down the stately State Street, with black, angry clouds flying overhead, and into Pearl Street, and by the market-house, which smelled as all market-houses smell, and by a row of unhandsome shops, to the theatre, or Academy. It wastes no space in vestibule. We passed in directly from the street, and a step or two brought us into the dim parquette. It was very dim, and there was but one door. Indeed, a more complete trap it is not possible to imagine. The whole parquette has no other exit, and a few persons in a panic crowding it would doom the rest to sure destruction. The most intelligent people of the city were there on this pleasant evening. How can intelligent people run so foolish and criminal a risk? There is no reason why there should not be five doors of the same size; and with corresponding openings in front the building would be peculiarly safe, instead of remarkably unsafe as it is now.

The parquette is entered through this narrow door, and instead of opening cheerfully upon the balcony and descending through it, you enter under the balcony, and with a vague feeling of being in the cellar. The theatre is small, but, except for this mistake, would be a very sociable and pleasant house. The usher takes us to one side and seats us just under the edge of the balcony. "Be thankful," said the Chief Justice, "that you have seats as comfortable as these. For it is a benefit night. All the orchestra-chairs are engaged, and all the nobility are coming." That was very evident. There was the delicious murmur and rustle of a rapidly-filling house, which is so delightful to the beneficiary, to the manager, and to all the company. The moment that we were seated the Easy Chair sought with his eye the hole in the drop-curtain through which he knew Mr. Crummles was gazing delighted. Then he watched the entrance of the higher classes, with their wonderful *chevelures*, their mere caprices of bonnets, their beautiful opera-cloaks, their faces of real enjoyment. What a solid, honest-looking audience! They seemed assembled to enjoy; and when the gas was turned on and they were irradiated they looked as happy as if they had all come to the theatre for the first time.

The opera was *Martha*, and there is no pleasanter opera to be heard. It is not one of the grand dramatic recitations. It is not one of the fine lyrical tragedies. It is not one of the great rôles of a great prima donna. But it is one of the most pleasing, melodious, and delightful operas that we have. This is true, however, of the first two acts only. The last two are essential to unravel the plot, to get the poor Lionel back to his wits and the sprightly Martha back to Lionel; but they do not ripple and teem with tunes that we all go home humming and awake delightfully remembering. It was composed by Flotow about twenty years ago, in 1847, the revolutionary year in Europe, and was produced at Vienna under his own direction.

Now between the cities of Berlin and Vienna there was the same kind of feeling as that which

has been sometimes declared to exist between the cities of Boston and New York. The grave Berlin was inclined to look down with complacent superiority upon the gay Vienna, and the gay Vienna never failed to smile and scoff at the grave Berlin. So when the pretty *Martha* was sung, and the rumors of its festive and genial and touching melodies came floating into Berlin, that royal city smiled superior and said, "What is this little thing that excites our light-headed neighbor? let us hear it." So Flotow came to Berlin and drilled the company, and one evening, when all was ready, the royal opera-house in Berlin, one of the finest in the world, was full of a bright and sympathetic audience; and when Herr Flotow came in and took his seat as conductor, he was loudly applauded, and bowed, and showed a modest face, and lifted his baton, and the overture began. Up went the curtain, and there sat Tuczek dressed as Martha. If the candid reader does not know who Tuczek was it is surely not the fault of the Easy Chair. And it is equally surely the reader's misfortune. She was one of the invaluable singers whose ready and copious talent is capable of every part, and who does every thing well. She sang *Martha* capitally, and when in the course of the opera the delicious "Last Rose of Summer" stole in, its effect upon every one who had heard that melody all his life was prodigious. We were ready to wave our handkerchiefs or to wipe our eyes, and the rest of the audience, feeling the essential charm of the air, shared our enthusiasm. The performance was triumphant. The composer was cheered, the singers were cheered, every thing was cheered, and every body was cheerful. The next morning the papers said, in the true Berlin manner: "The music is very pretty. It has no depth, but is that pleasing *dancing music* in which the Viennese so greatly delight!"

It was impossible not to remember this German evening of the old régime, while yet Louis Philippe was King of the French, when the orchestra in the little Albanian theatre began the overture. And when the curtain rose and showed the amiable beneficiary, Miss Caroline Richings, where is the man whose heart did not sympathize and rejoice with her that the seats were so full, and that she and her companions in song might be at rest and devote themselves to their task with a consciousness of assured success?

A merrier and better performance of *Martha* was never seen. It was full of the most humorous spirit, intelligence, and refinement, and the Chief Justice and the whole Bench were amazed to know that there was in the country so excellent an English troupe. Not since Tuczek and the Berlin evening had the Easy Chair enjoyed the opera so much. Formes at the Academy in New York was very fair. His voice in its better days was noble, but he overacted, and in *Martha* there was always great disproportion in the excellence of the various parts. But here the harmony was complete. The voices blended exquisitely. Let us name the singers that they may have the benefit of honest admiration. Yet before doing so, it is only just to say that they are perhaps not remarkable in other operas. The music of *Martha* lies in an easy, practicable range, and is perhaps peculiarly adapted to the voices in question. The Easy Chair speaks of what the Bench heard, not of what it did not hear.

There were, then, Miss Caroline Richings, the prima donna, whose voice is not sympathetic, and is rather hard and metallic. But she sings well, and has a fine presence and perfect self-command upon the stage; Mrs. E. Seguin, with a pleasant soubrette voice; Mr. E. Seguin, an agreeable baritone; Mr. Campbell, a good sound basso; and Mr. Castle, a truly exquisite tenor, a voice of the quality of Mario's, but of less scope and force, and of course of much less training. In the first, familiar, delightful tenor song, the melody of which is as tender as Mozart himself, and of the words of which the Easy Chair has not the least knowledge, Mr. Castle could not well be surpassed. If his voice does not fail and is equal to a large house, and he does not acquire any foolish stage tricks, from all which he is now wholly free, he ought to hold a high rank among the best of contemporary tenors. The whole Bench observed with satisfaction the curious personal resemblance of the tenor to the figure and face of Shakespeare in Faed's picture of Shakespeare and his Friends.

There we were, packed in a hot pit, upon a narrow seat, just under the balcony; but so excellent was the entertainment that we sat delighted and loudly applauded, and saw with sorrow the final drop. It is such a pretty, impossible, absurd affair! But what cared the Bench? Was there not sweet singing, and tender woe, and delightful waywardness, and a distraught lover, and a real countess singing his madness away with the "Last Rose of Summer?" Was there not the endlessly delicious romance in which we all take a real part, and are never, never weary of seeing its mimetic representation?

If the Easy Chair suffered his glances to wander they merely strayed from the representation upon the stage to the reality in the audience. Directly before him sat Martha and Lionel, softly cooing before the curtain rose. With low-breathed rapture and sassafras lozenges every moment of anticipation was sweetened. Happy fate had placed an iron column at her side, so that no envious ear could detect a single syllable of his manly whisper; and no imagination could fancy the happiness which these lovers were enjoying, and about to enjoy, in beholding the woes and final happiness of the other Martha and Lionel upon the stage. Alas! but they too were to have woes. For suddenly to them enter an usher, squeezing past people's knees and pushing the air sideways with his hands, symbolic of packing closer upon the seats. "Won't ask you another time, ladies," said this urbane usher; "but a benefit night, you know, and very full. Will you jest please—j-e-e-s-t a l-e-e-t-l-e further, ma'am." This last adjuration was addressed to Martha in front of the Easy Chair. But, horrors! Jest a l-e-e-t-l-e further carried her beyond the column! And then the iron abomination would be fixed cold and remorseless between her and Lionel! They struggled desperately, and pretended that there was not an inch of room to spare, and that every body was wedged suffocatingly close already. Foolish turtle doves! What is the business of an urbane usher but to adjust such difficulties, and prick such transparent bubbles every evening? The passengers in an omnibus to carry twelve only might as well protest against the thirteenth and nineteenth man as the lovers against their

fate. After vowing that it was evidently a moral impossibility for even a child to get beyond the column, Martha yielded to cruel fate, and was separated from Lionel by that horrible post! Is there any thing more tragic than this in the pretty opera which we were about to witness? Is it not true that the drama of the audience may be more touching than that of the stage?

But lo! Does not the Countess of Derby, whilom Martha, sing away the madness of her Lionel with the "Last Rose of Summer?" And do you suppose that other Marthas have not equal restorative power? Behold! While we have been moralizing the Martha before us has been exorcising that column even as the other the madness; and although there was not an inch to spare, and although it was utterly impossible that she should move beyond the column, yet now not only has she moved beyond it, but she has pushed a l-e-e-t-l-e farther, and *he* is now beyond it, and, in good truth, at last every body is sitting suffocatingly close, and somebodies do not object!

It is laid down, said Täglich C. J., in Shakespeare's Reports, and it has never been disputed, that it is the true object of the player's art to hold the mirror up to nature.

DANIEL WEBSTER, in his address to the Sons of New Hampshire in Boston, says: "Gentlemen, the bones of poor John Wickliffe were dug out of his grave seventy years after his death and burned for his heresy, and his ashes were thrown upon a river in Warwickshire. Some one says:

"The Avon to the Severn runs,
The Severn to the sea,
And Wickliffe's dust shall spread abroad
Wide as the waters be."

Who wrote the lines?

Bartlett's Dictionary of Familiar Quotations says in a note: "In obedience to the order of the Council of Constance (1425) the remains of Wickliffe were exhumed and burned to ashes, and these cast into the Swift, a neighboring brook running hard by." The note then quotes from Fuller's Church History the famous passage: "Thus this brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon; Avon into Severn; Severn into the narrow seas; they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."

The note also refers to Foxe's Book of Martyrs, in which he says: "For though they digged up his body, burned his bones and drowned his ashes, yet the word of God and truth of his doctrine, with the fruit and success thereof, they could not burn."

It is from Fuller that the thought comes. But who put it into the striking form in which it has become familiar? There is a similar thought in a stanza of a hymn "from the German of Martin Luther" in Rice's Quotations; but it is applied to the dust of all martyrs, and is a rhymed paraphrase of "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church."

Bartlett, we think, refers also to these lines in a work of the Rev. John Cumming, "The Voices of the Dead;" and we learn that they are often quoted in sermons upon missionary occasions.

So Wordsworth in his sonnet to Wickliffe. Among the ecclesiastical sonnets:

"As thou these ashes, little brook, will bear
 Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
 Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
 Into main ocean they; this deed accursed
 An emblem yields to friends and enemies,
 How the bold teacher's doctrine, sanctified
 By truth, shall spread throughout the world dispersed."

Wordsworth, in a note, owns his debt to Fuller; and certainly his version is merely Fuller and water.

A friend says: "Webster, in quoting the verse in his New Hampshire speech, if I remember correctly, refers to it as the prophetic utterance of a contemporary mind which satisfies me that he knew nothing of its origin, or, as I suggested to you, that he made it himself. The structure of the verse is modern and was not written in the age of Wickliffe, for Wickliffe was contemporary with Chaucer; and down to the time of Skelton, a century later, there was no such easy and flowing versification as this in the English tongue."

ONE of the most vigorous of our historical societies is that of Long Island, which is also one of the youngest, having been incorporated as late as 1863. It has already a library of thirteen thousand volumes, with more than fifteen thousand pamphlets, and a collection of valuable manuscripts. Its museum is rich, and is constantly increasing. The permanent fund of the Society is more than sixty thousand dollars, and Mr. Edwards S. Sanford has given, in addition, a publication fund of two thousand dollars. This is to be expended in the preparation and publication of each volume in turn, and when the fund has been reimbursed from the sale of one volume another will follow.

The Society has begun its publications with a book of extraordinary interest, not only to the historical student, but to the general reader. It is the "Journal of a Voyage to New York, and a tour in several of the American Colonies in 1679-80, by Jasper Dankers and Peter Sluyter, of Wiewerd in Friesland." It is translated and edited by the Hon. Henry C. Murphy, Foreign Corresponding Secretary of the Society. Mr. Murphy is one of the best of our Dutch scholars, and when he was Minister at the Hague a few years since he found in the possession of a bookseller at Amsterdam the valuable manuscript which he has here translated with admirable felicity and skill.

Dankers and Sluyter were prominent members of the Community of Labadists at Wiewerd, a sect which arose in the Dutch Church, resembling the Quietists and Quakers, and of which Mr. Murphy gives a brief and interesting account. Like all separatists, they were suspected and persecuted by the dominant church, and as their tenure in Wiewerd was dependent upon the life of a convert, the community looked across the sea for an abiding city. The experiment was tried upon the island of Surinam and failed, and Dankers and Sluyter were subsequently sent to New York to see what promise of a successful settlement there might be in the neighborhood. The result of their expedition was a colony upon a tract called Bohemia Manor, at the head of Chesapeake Bay, lying within the present States of Maryland and Delaware. The community never counted more than a hundred men, wo-

men, and children, and disappeared with the century.

The Journal of Dankers and Sluyter is remarkable for its fidelity of observation. It has all the striking and delicate detail of a Dutch picture. Nothing escaped the eyes of the travelers, and their style is perfectly simple, so that the life and manners of the old time are very vividly reproduced. A few illustrations are added which are full of interest to New Yorkers. In our little space, however, the Easy Chair can do little more than make known the value and interest of so unique a work.

The travelers left Wiewerd on the 8th of June, 1679, but it was the 26th before they fairly sailed for Falmouth, in England, from which they did not clear for the voyage until the 20th of July. They give an amusing account of their fellow-passengers. And indeed they speak of all persons whom they for any reason dislike in a tone very far removed from Quaker placidity. The very first night they record that they slept little "in consequence of the clatter of so many godless and detestable men, and the noise of children and others." But they submit without repining to utter discomfort of other kinds. Standing all night long in the rain, for instance, they meekly view as a discipline of Providence, but they do not seem to reflect that Providence may equally discipline his children with the clatter of detestable men and the noise of children. The voyage was long and stormy, and nothing could be more disagreeable. But the travelers see every thing. We can feel the gusts and the rain-drops of that old summer. The whole tale is alive. "6th, Sunday.—The wind favorable, with a thick mist which cleared up about nine o'clock, when it was quite calm. A girl attempting to rinse out the ship's mop let it fall overboard, whereupon the Captain put the ship immediately to the wind and launched the jolly boat, into which two sailors placed themselves at the risk of their lives in order to recover a swab which was not worth six cents." This was to gratify the covetousness of Margaret Filipse, who owned both ship and cargo and was a passenger.

The travelers were in constant terror of pirates whom they call Turks. "We looked after ships but could see none, which allayed the fears of the passengers." "About eleven o'clock we observed a large ship ahead of us on the larboard. Every one immediately was alarmed again." But the terror of the Turks does not blind the Labadists to the splendor of the sunsets and all the life of the sea. And they describe with accuracy the various fish they see. The "still-vest Bermoothes" do not allow them to escape, and they encounter, unfortunately, a tremendous storm, which is described at length and very graphically. As to the fearful sights which tradition assigns to the Bermuda storms, the journal says naively: "They were confirmed to some extent in my mind by our mate, who had passed by this island several times, and had never failed of the storms; and as for the sights he told me that being once close to the island, beset by a severe storm and a dark night on a lee-shore, it seemed as if the air was full of strange faces with wonderful eyes standing out of them, and it so continued until daylight." One day a shark was caught. The brains were taken out, "which were as white as snow; these are esteemed a

valuable medicine for women in childbirth, for which purpose the English use it a great deal."

On the 23d of September the travelers sailed up between the Hoofden, or headlands of Staten Island and Long Island. "As soon as you begin to approach the land you see not only woods, hills, dales, green fields, and plantations, but also the houses and dwellings of the inhabitants, which afford a cheerful and sweet prospect after having been so long upon the sea." The Indians came running down to the beach, and some of them put off in a canoe and came on board. "They are dull of comprehension, slow of speech, bashful, but otherwise bold of person, and red of skin." "As soon as you are through the Hoofden you begin to see the city, which presents a pretty sight. The fort, which lies upon the point between two rivers, is somewhat higher, and as soon as they see a ship coming up they raise a flag on a high flag-staff according to the colors of the sovereign to whom they are subject, as accordingly they now flew the flag of the King of England."

It was Saturday when the travelers stepped ashore, and were taken by one of their fellow-passengers who lived in the city to the house of a friend where they were regaled with "very fine peaches and full-grown apples," which seemed to them, after their long exile upon the sea, "exceedingly fair and good." The next day they conversed with Jean Vigné, the first male born

of Europeans in New Netherland. Mr. Murphy says in a note that Sarah de Rapalje is usually considered to have been the first-born Christian child in New Netherland; but this statement makes Jean Vigné the first-born of Europeans not only there but in the whole United States north of Virginia. The travelers found a universal relish for "miserable rum or brandy" from Barbadoes, and fitly called *kill-devil*. At Nyack, or the region near Fort Hamilton, they met Jaques Cortelyou, a personage who greatly perplexed the Labadists. He was born in Utrecht, of French parents, and was very accomplished. But "the worst of it was he was a good Cartesian and not a good Christian, regulating himself, and all externals, *by reason and justice only* [the Italics are the Easy Chair's]. Nevertheless he regulated all things better by these principles than most people in these parts do who bear the name of Christians or pious persons." If the Labadists should come sailing up between the Hoofden at the present time they would probably be relieved by finding that there are more "good Christians" than "good Cartesians" in the pretty little city which they saw.

This book is so enticing that we must here in the midst heroically break away. But we assure our readers that there is no recent addition to our historical literature more truly interesting than this "Voyage to New York."

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes upon the 30th of September. The chief points of interest during the foregoing month pertain to the action of the President in relation to his general policy toward the people of the Southern States:

THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATIONS.

On the 3d of September the President put forth a Proclamation reciting that: By the Constitution the President is bound to take care that the laws are faithfully executed; that the Constitution and the laws made in pursuance thereof are the supreme law of the land, which all judges are bound to obey; that the judicial power is vested in the courts of the United States, with authority extending to all cases in law and equity arising under the Constitution; that military officers are sworn to obey the orders of the President, the General, and other superior officers; that the President, in case of need, must call upon the land and naval force to secure the faithful execution of the laws; and that:

"Whereas impediments and obstructions, serious in their character, have recently been interposed in the States of North Carolina and South Carolina, hindering and preventing for a time a proper enforcement therein of the laws of the United States, and of a judgment and decree of a lawful Court thereof, in disregard of the command of the President of the United States; and whereas reasonable and well-founded apprehensions exist that such ill-advised and unlawful proceedings may be again attempted there and elsewhere"—

Therefore, the President warns all persons against obstructing or hindering the execution of the Constitution or the laws; enjoins all mili-

tary and civil officers to "render due submission to these laws and the decrees of the Courts of the United States; and to give all the aid in their power necessary to the prompt execution of all said laws, decrees, judgments, and processes." The President further calls upon all citizens to "remember that upon the said Constitution and laws, and upon the judgments, decrees, and processes of the Courts, made in execution of the same, depend the lives, liberty, prosperity, and happiness of the people." He urges the people therefore "to sustain the authority of the law, to maintain the supremacy of the Federal Constitution, and to preserve unimpaired the integrity of the National Union."

On the 8th of September the President issued a proclamation giving general amnesty to all, with few exceptions, who had borne part in the late rebellion. The Proclamation recites the previous action of the Government in this matter: (1.) In July, 1861, Congress declared that the war should be waged only to maintain the supremacy of the Constitution, and to preserve the Union, "with all the dignity, equality, and rights of the States unimpaired," and that as soon as these objects were attained the war ought to cease.—(2.) That on December 8, 1863, the President issued a proclamation of amnesty to those, with certain exceptions, who had participated in the rebellion.—(3.) That on May 29, 1865, the President issued a proclamation of amnesty to those, with some exceptions, who having taken part in the rebellion, should now take the oath of allegiance; these exceptions including "fourteen extensive classes of persons

therein specially described, who were altogether excepted and excluded from the benefits thereof."—(4.) Recites the leading points of the President's Proclamation of April 2, 1866, which declares that the insurrection is at an end; that there is now no organized armed resistance in the late insurrectionary States; that the people thereof have conformed, or are ready to conform, to the Amendment to the Constitution prohibiting slavery; and that there is no longer any reasonable ground to apprehend any renewal of the late rebellion; and that large standing armies, military occupation, suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, and the like, are dangerous to public liberty in time of peace; and that "a retaliatory or vindictive policy" could only hinder reconciliation and national restoration, and embarrass industry and enterprise: therefore it is deemed essential that the proclamation of May 29, 1865, "should be modified, and that the full and beneficent pardon conceded thereby should be opened and further extended to a large number of persons who, by its aforesaid exceptions, have been hitherto excluded from Executive clemency."

The Proclamation, after this preamble, goes on to extend full amnesty, "with the restoration of all privileges, immunities, and rights of property, except as to property with regard to slaves, and except in cases of legal proceedings under the laws of the United States," to all persons not specially excepted, who will take an oath to "protect and defend the Constitution of the United States, and the Union of the States thereunder; and faithfully support all laws and proclamations which have been made during the late rebellion with reference to the emancipation of the slaves." The exceptions included in this Proclamation of amnesty are ranged into three classes: (1.) Executive officers, including President and Vice-President of the Confederacy, heads of departments, and agents in foreign states; together with Governors of States, military officers above the grade of brigadier-general, and naval officers above the grade of captain. (2.) Those who treated otherwise than as prisoners of war any persons engaged in the military or naval service of the United States. (3.) Those who were at the date of the proclamation in custody, or held to bail, or who were "engaged directly or indirectly in the assassination of the late President of the United States, or in any plot or conspiracy in any manner therewith connected."

All told these exceptions can number only a few hundred names. All others, so far as this Proclamation goes, are restored to all "privileges, immunities, and rights of property, except as to property with regard to slaves." The wording of this Proclamation would seem to involve the restoration of the franchise to all those who are thereby pardoned; but the act of Congress prescribes that in the States under military government no person can vote unless registered; and in order to registration the applicant must take an oath to the effect that he has not voluntarily engaged in the rebellion. The Attorney-General (see Record for July) held that the Boards of Registration had no power to refuse the oath to any one desiring to take it; and that once registered, he must be allowed to vote. Congress, however, in the Act Explanatory of the Bill (see Record for September), provided

that "no person shall at any time be entitled to be registered or to vote by reason of any Executive pardon or amnesty for any act or thing which, without such pardon or amnesty, would disqualify him from registration or voting;" and also makes it the duty of the Boards of Registration to see to it that the person applying to be registered is qualified; and moreover directs them to strike off from the register all names improperly placed there. Previous to the passage by Congress of the Explanatory Act the President had issued an order (see Record for August) directing the Military Commanders to govern themselves by the opinion of the Attorney-General; that is, to register all who would take the oath. Congress, in the Explanatory Act, directed that "no District Commander or member of the Board of Registration, or any officers or appointees acting under them, shall be bound in his action by any opinion of any civil officer of the United States." The result therefore is, that the Military Commanders must decide upon the question of registration and voting in their respective districts. But as the President has the power of removing the Commanders, and appointing others who will act in accordance with his views, it is claimed that during the recess of Congress, at least, he has the power of shaping the question of franchise in the unconstructed States. Congress can not legally reassemble until the 21st of November, that being the time to which it was adjourned. Upon the bearing of this proclamation on the general affairs of the country will most likely turn our political history for some succeeding months.

GENERAL SICKLES IN CAROLINA.

The former of the above-noted proclamations was evidently intended as a censure of the course of General Sickles as Military Commander in North and South Carolina. General Sickles has addressed to General Grant a statement and vindication of his course. He had been charged with instructing one of his officers to disregard a process issued by the United States Court for that district, in relation to the delivery of certain persons charged with the murder of United States soldiers. General Grant seems to have ordered him to obey the process of the Court, but upon reception of General Sickles's statement of the case rescinded the order, and directed him as follows: "Follow the course of action indicated by you as right, and regard my dispatch of the 13th August as rescinded." Subsequently Sickles complied with the orders of the Court. The main charge against General Sickles arises from his Order No. 10, issued April 11, 1867, in which, among other things, he directs that—

"Judgments or decrees for the payment of money or causes of action arising between the 19th of December, 1860, and the 19th of July, 1865, shall not be enforced by execution against the property or person of the defendant. Proceedings in such cases of action now pending shall be stayed; and no suit or process shall be hereafter instituted or commenced for any such causes of action."

This Order contains many other provisions, among which are: prohibiting imprisonment for debt, except in case of fraud; suspending all proceedings for recovery of money in cases where the sale of negroes is concerned; prohibiting the carrying of deadly weapons, except by United States officers and soldiers; abolishing whipping,

branding, and other corporal punishments; exempting a homestead, articles of apparel, and implements of husbandry or trade to the amount of \$500 from sale under execution. The reasons for this "stay" were given in the Order, and repeated in substance in the statement of Sickles, in which he says:

"There was presented a population every where impoverished, and in many counties threatened with starvation. With the reopening of civil tribunals suits were commenced in numbers far exceeding any thing that had been before known. When forced to execution final process was carried to its last and harshest limit without mercy. The cultivation of the soil, from which alone present support or future succor could be derived, was about to be abandoned. . . . In all the departments of labor the same feeling of despair was predominant. Thus driven to desperation disorder had been manifested; violence was threatened to the civil courts and civil officers; the public peace was exposed to imminent peril, and a state of anarchy was impending that would have required for its suppression the sternest exercise of military authority."

In view of this state of affairs, and urged by the Governor of South Carolina and other leading men within his department, General Sickles issued the Order in question, the substance of which is thus summed up by him:

"*First.* To those who had already entered up judgments it was said, 'Forbear for twelve months to enforce your executions.'—*Second.* To those who were suing upon contracts made during the war it was said, 'Take no further steps at present in the prosecution of your claims.'—*Third.* To those who were prosecuting claims for the purchase-money of slaves it was said, 'They are prohibited.'—*Fourth.* To those who have had demands upon contracts made after the cessation of hostilities no interference was threatened or allowed."

Meanwhile, August 24, Mr. Binckley, the Acting Attorney-General, addressed to the President a formal opinion upon the course of General Sickles, in which he takes the general ground that his action in superseding by military authority the power of the courts over actions for debt and the like was wholly unwarranted, and a manifest usurpation of power which could not be conferred even by Congress, which is but one of the co-ordinate branches of the Government; that it is the duty of the Executive to maintain the authority of the Judiciary; and that he is "solemnly impressed with the belief that unless the President promptly represses the contumacy thus disclosed to him he will be exposed to the just imputation of a culpable insensibility to the co-ordinate dignity and paramount sanctity of the national department of justice." General Sickles was thereupon removed by the President from the command of the Military District of the Carolinas. After this removal Governor Orr, of South Carolina, addressed a letter to General Sickles, in which he says that, while not approving of many of his orders, "I bear voluntary testimony to the wisdom and success of your administration, and express the opinion that the almost unlimited powers with which you were invested by the Acts of Congress have been exercised with moderation and forbearance." In respect to the Order No. 10 Governor Orr says:

"So far as this State is concerned it was last spring, in my opinion, absolutely necessary. Looking to the impoverished condition of the country, the shortness of the provisions and staple crops last year, the general pecuniary distress pervading the country, and to the necessity of protecting the small means of farmers and planters at that time from the process of the courts, they were thereby enabled to subsist their families and grow the present crops. . . . In my judgment, if this

Order had not been issued last spring, a very considerable increase in the number of troops in this State would have been necessary to have been stationed at many of the court-houses to preserve the public records from destruction, and insure the safety of the sheriffs in executing civil processes in their hands, which they had been ordered to levy by thoughtless or heartless creditors. In my opinion General Order No. 10 received the approval of a very large majority of the citizens of South Carolina; and your general administration as commander of the district is approved by a majority nearly as great."

• ELECTIONS.

In *Vermont* the election for Governor and State Legislature took place September 3. Mr. Page, Republican, was chosen Governor by about 20,000 majority. The Legislature is also largely Republican.—In *California* the election held September 4 was for Governor, State officers, Legislature, and members of Congress. Mr. Haight, Democrat, was elected Governor by a majority of about 10,000; the Democrats appear to have a majority upon joint ballot in the Legislature, which insures them a Senator in the Congress of the United States, who is to be chosen.—In *Maine*, the election, held September 9, was for Governor, State officers, and Legislature. Mr. Chamberlain, Republican, was re-elected by a majority of about 11,000; last year his majority was 27,000. The vote was much reduced, the diminution being wholly in that of the Republican party, the Democrats polling somewhat more than their former vote. The Legislature remains Republican by a large majority.—In *Louisiana*, an election was held September 27–29 for members of a State Convention. The Act of Congress, however, prescribes that unless a majority of the registered vote for a Convention it will not be held. The vote was made in proportion to the numbers registered, and it is not certain that the requisite majority in favor of a Convention has been given.

The process of registration in the unconstructed States is so far complete that we are able to arrive very nearly at the general result. As given, the total number of persons registered is about 1,147,000; of whom 530,000 are whites and 617,000 colored. In Arkansas, Georgia, North Carolina, and Virginia the whites registered are somewhat in the majority; in all the other States the colored persons registered are in excess. The largest white majority is in Virginia, where it is nearly 14,000; the largest colored majority is in Louisiana, where it is 38,000; next comes South Carolina, where the colored majority is about 25,000.

THE YELLOW-FEVER.

The yellow-fever has raged fearfully, more especially in Texas. The extent of the range of the epidemic in this region is set forth in a letter dated September 14, from the Health Committee at Galveston to the Board of Health at New York; from which we quote a few sentences. The letter says:

"We know not now any place of safety. The epidemic district may be stated at an area of 200 miles in length and 125 miles in width, comprising the Gulf front of Texas, and no human sagacity can tell how much further interior the virus may be carried, and take the epidemic form. So many persons have fled to the country in all directions from Galveston, Houston, and other infected places, that it would appear to be spreading among the rural population."

The letter goes on to state that it is quite im-

possible to remove the unacclimated to a point of safety; and that the cessation of the epidemic can not be expected to occur until the arrival of freezing weather, which in that region comes late in November or early in December.—Among the deaths by yellow-fever we find that of General Griffin, who, by the removal of General Sheridan, and until the arrival of General Hancock, was in temporary command of the Military District of Louisiana and Texas.—The epidemic also prevails in New Orleans. The resources of the infected region are wholly inadequate to meet the demands of the occasion, and contributions from the North have been sent, considerable in amount, but yet, we apprehend, not adequate to the urgency of the occasion.

THE INDIAN WAR.

The war on the plains has gone on with little cessation. The newspapers of the day teem with accounts of encounters. Late in September a council was held on the North Platte, at which were present General Sherman, Senator Henderson, and many of the Indian chiefs. The result was, that the Indians, while professing to be ready for peace, demanded that the Powder River Road, running by way of Fort Laramie, should be abandoned, and also that the Smoky Hill Road be discontinued, and the building of the Southern Pacific Railroad stopped, as the noise of the locomotives would drive off the game. General Sherman in reply said, that these routes must be kept open; that the Indians would be recompensed for any loss they might suffer therefrom; and that the tribes would do well to accept a reservation on the Missouri, Cheyenne, and White Earth rivers, to be theirs forever, and from which they could exclude all whites, except such as they should choose to admit. The council appears to have resulted in nothing except the bestowal of some presents to the Indians and the appointment of future meetings to be held a month or more thereafter.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

From this region there is little during the month to record. In *Mexico* there seems to be the possibility of the establishment of an organized Government under the Presidency of Juarez. The relatives of Maximilian have requested the delivery of the remains of the Prince; the request was made informally through the Austrian Admiral Tegethof. The Mexican authorities replied that when the request was formally made either by the Austrian Government, or by the family of the Prince, it would most likely be complied with.—The war on the Plata still goes on; but nothing decisive of the ultimate result has as yet occurred.

EUROPE.

Upon the European Continent every thing remains in an attitude of expectancy. The possibility of a war between France and Prussia underlies every thing. If we could judge from the formal speeches of the rulers there is no occasion for quarrels; but as records show the North German Confederation—that is really Prussia—has now on foot an active army of more than 900,000 men; while that of France approximates to this number. Both countries appear to be bent upon placing their armies in the highest state of efficiency. In the judgment of those best qualified to judge, the question of war and peace in Europe for the next year hangs in even scale. Among the incidents of the time, of no great import in themselves but of possible importance in the result, may be noted an attempt by Garibaldi to overthrow the Papal Government at Rome. He had gathered a band to march upon the States of the Church; the King of Italy disavowed the movement, seized Garibaldi, and placed him in confinement. The French Emperor, in the mean while, pushed some troops toward Rome to defend the Papal Government, and for this he received the thanks of the Pope.

Editor's Drawer.

AH! this cheery Drawer!
Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose "liniments" are admirably pictured in *Harper's Weekly* of September 7, has written four lines on laughter which run in this wise:

"Don't you know that people won't employ
A man who wrongs his manliness by laughing like a
boy?
And suspect the azure blossom that unfolds upon a
shoot,
As if wisdom's old potato could not flourish at its
root?"

We know it not—believe it not. On the contrary, we agree with an old New England rhymster who, in years long gone by, in the old *New England Magazine*, held certain views on the subject of merriment which he thought could be put into verse somewhat in this style:

"The merry heart! the merry heart!
Of Heaven's gift I hold thee best;
And they who feel its pleasant throb,
Though dark their lot, are truly blest.
From youth to age it changes not;
In joy and sorrow still the same;
When skies are dark and tempests scowl
It shines a steady beacon flame.

It gives to beauty half its power,
The nameless charms worth all the rest;
The light that dances o'er a face,
And speaks of sunshine in the breast.
If beauty ne'er have set her seal,
It well supplies her absence too;
And many a cheek looks passing fair
Because a merry heart shines through."

But it was not with the intent to quote poetry that we "seized pen in hand" to open this Number of the Drawer. With it is closed another volume! With it is defunct another half-year! Numbered with the past, like the respected Mr. John Love, who

"Traded in furs and other skins,"

but whose terrestrial career was many years ago, in Erie County, brought to an abrupt termination by the bloody hands of "the three Thayers" thus:

"Moses tuk his axe and chopt him,
Isra'l tuk his gun and shot him,
Until thar wa'n't no life remainin' in him,
As—they—could—per—ceive!"

For Seventeen Years has the editor of the

Drawer followed and closed up, month after month, the long procession of literary and artistic worthies who have

"Kept step to the music of the harpers."

In that goodly period of time *Thirty Thousand pages* of mental pabulum have been contributed to the entertainment and instruction of this people.

The thought is by no means disagreeable that, supposing each copy of the Magazine to have five readers, or "glancists," the Drawer finds peering into it, every month, a half-million pleasant-faced people, who enjoy the witty things that are carefully segregated for their entertainment.

Which leads us into a statistical mood, and induces a desire to sum up in figures the great good that has been conferred upon the people by diffusing among them a spirit of honest, hearty mirthfulness. Let us cipher it up:

Each copy of the Magazine is read by say five persons.

Each number of the Drawer will average forty separate anecdotes or jokelets.

Each number, therefore, assuming that one hearty laugh is produced by each "funniment," gives precisely two hundred audible smiles per number. Multiply this two hundred by our one hundred thousand subscribers, and you have the following astounding total:

Number of laughs per number....	200
Number of laughs per month.....	20,000,000
Number of laughs per volume....	120,000,000
Number of laughs per year.....	240,000,000
Number of laughs in 17 years.....	4,080,000,000!

The foregoing affords occasion for some curious arithmetical problems. We submit the following to the consideration of persons of a mathematical turn of mind:

Problem 1.—A good laugh is held by physicians to be equal as a sanative to a dose of medicine: Supposing that each dose of medicine adds $15\frac{1}{4}$ minutes to human life, how many years are saved by the Drawer each month and year, and how many in 17 years?

Problem 2.—Laughs vary from the inaudible smile to the guffaw which may be heard a hundred feet: Supposing the average distance to which these laughs may be heard is ten feet, how far could all be heard in a month? in a year? in 17 years?

Problem 3.—How long would it take these laughs to go around the globe (24,840 miles)? How long to reach the moon when nearest (221,436)? How long to reach the sun (95,300,000 miles)?

Problem 4.—A good laugh is worth as much as a cigar or a cocktail—say 10 cents: How much are the Drawer laughs worth a month? How much a year? How much for 17 years?

Problem 5.—The National Debt is now \$2,573,817,423: How long would it take to pay this off in laughs—laughs and debts both to be estimated in currency?

Problem 6.—Supposing the debt to be payable one-third in currency and two-thirds in gold, gold being at 141% and the laughs to be estimated in silver at 119%: How long would it take to pay the debt?

Any person who will send a correct solution of the foregoing problems will be entitled to receive the Magazine for ten years, upon payment of the regular subscription price.

LATE in the winter of 1864-65, when our national prospects appeared dark and doubtful, there disappeared from the town of Hector, Schuyler County, New York, an old lady named Story. Having lost her husband and two sons in battle her mind became impaired, and she was known in the neighborhood as a harmless crazy woman. She was about forty-five years

old, short, stout, and a loud and constant talker. Her patriotism and admiration of "Old Abe" were boundless. She returned to her home after an absence of two weeks, and astonished every one by relating an interview she had had at the White House with Mr. Lincoln. Her narrative ran thus:

"I called at the White House early one morning and was refused admittance by the attendant, who said I must wait. Says I, 'I'm Mrs. Story, from Hector!' and I am going to see Abe Lincoln.' A gentleman approached and commenced talking to the front-door-keeper. I slipped by, but had not gone far before I met another chap, who asked my business. Says I, 'I'm Mrs. Story, from Hector,' and I want to see Mr. Lincoln.' He told me I couldn't see him, and I just opened on him a little. While I was talking a door opened, and out came a long, lean, lank fellow, who said: 'What's up out here now, John?' I told him I wanted to see Mr. Lincoln. Said he, 'Walk in, my good lady; I'm Mr. Lincoln.' Then said I, slapping him on the back, 'Honest Old Abe, Father Abraham, George Washington the Second, how—are—you? I'm Mrs. Story, from Hector.' Then he pulled a chair up to the grate, made me set down, and he sot down right beside me. I told him I'd lost my man and boys in this cruel war, and was willing to shoulder a musket myself, ef he'd let me, and help save our country. He asked me a great many questions, and we sot and sot and talked and talked for two hours; and when I come to go he took both my hands, bid me 'Good-by and God bless you!' which I will never forget."

People hearing this story and knowing her condition, of course gave it no credit; but not long afterward Secretary Seward, passing through that county to Auburn, was detained some hours at Watkins. During this time, while conversing with a citizen, he asked if there lived in the county an old lady named Story, who was out of her mind? Receiving an affirmative reply, he said, "Mr. Lincoln came to me immediately after his interview with this woman and told me all about it. As he did so big tears rolled down his cheeks, and he assured me that there was 'patriotism enough in Mrs. Story to replenish one of the Southern States in that article,' and that she had whiled away two of the most pleasant hours it had been his lot to enjoy since he entered office."

How like "Old Abe!" and how it attests that love for humanity which has made his name beloved at every hearthside in the land!

ANOTHER of the good old man!

After he had sent the name of the Rev. Mr. Shrigley to the Senate for confirmation as Hospital Chaplain in the army, a self-constituted committee of the Young Men's Christian Association called on him to protest against the appointment. After Mr. S.'s name had been mentioned the President said: "Oh yes, I have sent it to the Senate. His testimonials are highly satisfactory, and the appointment will no doubt be confirmed at an early day." The young men replied: "But, Sir, we have come not to ask for the appointment, but to solicit you to withdraw the nomination, on the ground that Mr. S. is not *evangelical* in his sentiments."

"Ah!" said the President, "that alters the case. On what point of doctrine is the gentleman unsound?"

"He does not believe in endless punishment," was the reply.

"Yes," added another of the Committee, "he believes that even the rebels themselves will finally be saved; and it will never do to have a man with *such* views hospital chaplain."

The President hesitated to reply for a moment, and then responded with an emphasis they will long remember: "*If that be so, gentlemen, and there be any way under heaven whereby the rebels can be saved, then, for God's sake, let the man be appointed!*"

He was appointed.

MUCH beautiful verse has been written of Autumn—its golden foliage, its falling leaves, its ripened fruits, and so on; but of the closing one of the autumnal months nothing in the language has surpassed these exquisite lines by Hartley Coleridge:

NOVEMBER.

The mellow year is hasting to its close;
The little birds have almost sung their last;
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast—
That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows.
The patient beauty of the scentless rose,
Oft with the morn's hoar crystal quaintly glassed,
Hangs, a pale mourner for the summer past,
And makes a little summer where it grows.
In the chill sunbeam of the faint, brief day
The dusky waters shudder as they shine;
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way
Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks define;
And the gaunt woods, in ragged, scant array,
Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy twine.

JUDGE —, of Baltimore, is an able judge and a pious man. He knows for what the island of Jamaica is chiefly celebrated, and thinks with Lord Byron that "The two things most consolatory to fallen man are rum and true religion."

Disdaining to imbibe perpendicularly in bar-rooms, he keeps a demijohn of conceded Otard in his office, and there slakes as thirst or inclination prompts. The Judge has a son who knows his father's habits, and emulates them with filial assiduity. On a Sunday morning the Judge would say:

"Well, Rufus, going to the First Presbyterian with me this morning?"

"No, father; I reckon I'll go down to the Second Methodist."

But on his way to that edifice Rufus uniformly stopped at the office, unlocked the old gentleman's private closet, and indulged himself with pleasant fluid.

Every Sunday morning the Judge repeated his laudable inquiry, but Rufus preferred the Second Methodist. The Judge soon began to notice a marked diminution in the contents of the demijohn, and rightly suspected who was the culprit. The Judge emptied the remaining liquid into another vessel, and placed it in a secluded place. Next Sunday morning came the usual interrogatory:

"Going with me this morning, Rufus?"

"No, father; I reckon I'll stick to the Second Methodist."

On reaching the office and taking hold of the demijohn, he not only saw with disgust the empty jug, but noticed a small piece of white paper attached to the handle, on which was legibly in-

scribed these words: "*Second Methodist closed for Repairs!*"

After church father and son met, and looking curiously at each other smiled a little smile, but said nothing. The "repairs" on that Methodist building have not yet been completed. So Rufus avers.

It really would seem that "the force of spelling can no farther go" than in the superscription of a letter written by a freedman in Portsmouth, post-marked August 12, and directed to his friend in Syracuse, as follows:

MR. GORGE W COL

Scur E Quess

Nu Youreck.

—But it reached Syracuse, and George got it.

DURING a temporary sojourn of the writer, about a dozen years since, in the village of Oxford, Ohio, Tom Marshall of Kentucky was invited, or invited himself, to give a course of lectures before the students of Miami University, an institution located in the village aforesaid, and equally distinguished for the height of its Calvinism and depth of its erudition.

The lectures, which were of a highly religious and moral tone, were delivered in the college chapel, and, of course, were numerous attended—the reverend gentlemen composing the Faculty appearing every evening in a body on the stand with the lecturer, to give him countenance and encouragement.

It had been announced that on a particular evening the theme of the discourse would be "Church History." Up to this time Tom had been sobriety itself; but on the occasion in question—owing, doubtless, to certain preparatory exercises undergone with a view to promoting a *spiritual* frame of mind in harmony with his subject, he made his appearance on the platform visibly the *better* for liquor, for he was never in better trim than when

"He was na fou, but just had plenty."

His effort was the most brilliant he had yet made, and the learned President and Professors were delighted, manifesting their approbation by nods, smiles, and such other demonstrations as were consistent with a due observance of decorum.

At length the lecturer came to speak of the burning of Servetus at Geneva. After depicting the horrible details in a manner terribly graphic, and laying the whole blame on John Calvin, whom he declared to be the chief instigator of the atrocity, he turned to the clerical *posse* behind him, exclaiming, in the most deprecatory and confidential tone: "Gentlemen, *I wish to God some Pope had done that, and not the head of our church!*"

DURING a love-feast in one of the Methodist churches of the Hoosier capital an elderly stranger related his experience—stating, among other things, that he was converted in New Jersey. Immediately after he had taken his seat a good, whole-souled Republican, doubtless mindful of the *locus in quo* of "Nasby's Saint's Rest," arose and said: "I love the Lord, because He first loved me; I expect to continue loving Him, because of His promises. I feel thankful that His love is not confined to any locality, but extends

even to New Jersey; and if He is merciful enough to convert a sinner of New Jersey, what will He not do?"

Why is it that New Jersey is constantly maligned in this manner?

SHORTLY after the enactment of the law conferring on the courts of Ohio authority, for good cause shown, to change the names of parties petitioning for that purpose, an application was made under the statute before Judge Clark, then presiding over one of the circuits of that State, but now a member of the New York bar. The Judge not being satisfied that the motives of the applicant, who was rather a slippery character, were entirely *on the square*, intimated that he would take the matter under advisement for a few days.

"But," persisted the counsel, "it is very important that my client's petition be acted upon at once."

"I am very sorry, Brother B——, to put your client to any inconvenience," replied the Judge; "but the fact is, since the passage of the act empowering the court to *administer the ordinance of baptism*, I feel a little at a loss whether to *sprinkle* or *immerse*; and I would like a little time to look into the authorities on that question!"

LAWYERS—Western lawyers—seem to be running very much to poetry, pleadings and briefs being written in that pleasing style rather than in plain, legal prose. A correspondent recently stopped over night at Ravenna, Ohio, where he found in the village paper the following notice of an application for divorce, written by a prominent lawyer of the place:

STATE OF OHIO, PORTAGE COUNTY,

The undersigned, in modest tone,
Announces to his wife who's gone,
With deep regret, and short discourse,
His application for Divorce.
Before the Court of Common Pleas
He's filed a statement of his case,
And charges his Sophronia dear
With conduct very strange and queer.
To speak quite plain, he says that she
Is guilty of adultery.
That not content with one man's charms,
She folds whole townships in her arms;
In gross neglect of duty she
Is worse than Madam Xantippe,
And makes his home from sill to spire
Almost as hot as *Hades* fire
In eighteen hundred sixty-six
She hitched herself to Edward Wicks,
And leaving plaintiff quite alone,
She sloped with Ed to parts unknown.
Complainant mourns, alas! alack!
But mourns for fear she will come back,
And therefore to Judge Tuttle's gone,
To cut the knot that makes them one.
At next November Term of Court
Sophronia will please report,
Or in default of doing so,
Petitioner will not be slow
To ask Judge T. to cut the chain
And make this prisoner free again.

SAMUEL Z. WICKS.

M. STUART, Attorney for Petitioner.

Alas for Samuel! In him behold another of those unhappy Wicks the tallow of whose married light and life were remorselessly extinguished by the irregularity of an unfaithful Sophronia.

WHAT Judge Tuttle will do in the preceding case is of course in the future. What *was* done

in a divorce case in Montana, an account of which is sent to us by a correspondent, is thus briefly stated:

"I have noticed several stories in the Drawer of Justices of the Peace, but they can't beat that of a Justice who discharged the onerous duties of that office in the Grande Ronde Valley when it was first settled in 1861. A party brought a suit for divorce. When the case came up for trial the defendant pleaded the want of jurisdiction. The Justice put on his specs, and after careful examination of the statute concluded that he had jurisdiction in all cases where the value of the property did not exceed one hundred dollars. So he told the plaintiff he would have to file an affidavit stating that his wife and children did not exceed the value of one hundred dollars; which was done, and the divorce forthwith granted."

That seems short and practical. Possibly Chancellor Robertson will make a note of the case in his forthcoming volume of Reports. In a financial point of view the precedent may be valuable.

It is quite as often that mistakes occur of persons who suppose it is their duty to become clergymen as of those who fancy that they have the right talent to become physicians. The one thinks he has a call to *preach*; the other to *practice*. Experienced "hands" often see the lamentable error about to be committed by zealous aspirants in both professions. A case in point occurred not long since in the northeastern part of Illinois. At a Conference of Methodist ministers Brother S——, who was not noted for brilliancy of diction, related his experience—speaking, among other things, of his call to preach, and his reluctance to obey the Divine inspiration, until it seemed to him that he must either preach or *suffer eternal punishment*. Elder T——, a very pious man and eloquent preacher, but somewhat given to jocularity, said to Brother S——, after meeting: "Yours, my dear brother, seems to me to be a very hard case—very hard indeed; for *it is very certain that you will never be able to preach!*"

DURING the war with Mexico, when the American army was marching to attack Monterey, it passed through a small town some twenty-four miles north of the city. While the troops were marching through the streets a tall, strapping Kentucky volunteer stepped up to General Taylor (who, in his usual plain, ordinary clothing, stood at a corner, resembling more an attaché of the wagon-master's department than a general-in-chief), and, ignorant of his rank, accosted him with: "Hello, old fellow! can you tell me where I can get any whisky?" The old General answered in a very quiet way, pointing to General Twiggs, who was just passing by on horseback: "Follow that tall officer and you'll find some." The soldier obeyed, and returning in a short time hailed General Taylor with: "You were right, *old hoss*, I got the lick!"

WHILE encamped at the Walnut Springs, a short distance from Monterey, after the taking of the city, the old General and Major Bliss were seated in his tent, and wishing some fresh water sent the negro boy, his servant, to the spring, a

very diminutive one, to bring some. Very soon the boy returned without any, saying that a big volunteer was at the spring, and told him he would break his neck if he touched the water. The General said to Bliss: "I must go and see about this." So, taking the bucket, he started for the spring, but soon returned with it empty. On Bliss inquiring why he also had failed, the General answered that "the volunteer threatened to break my neck if I touched the water, and *he looked as though he intended to do it!*"

THE following, from "A Book about Lawyers," just published in England, but not likely to be republished here, is quite good enough to have found its way into "The Bench and Bar," recently issued by the Harpers:

In a case concerning the limits of certain land, the counsel on one side having remarked, with explanatory emphasis, "We lie on this side, my Lord;" and the counsel on the other side having interposed with equal vehemence, "We lie on this side, my Lord," the Lord Chancellor leaned backward, and dryly observed: "If you lie on both sides, whom am I to believe?"

WE quote one or two more from the same work:

It is said of the celebrated joker, Lord Norbury, that he would at any time rather lose a friend than a joke. On one occasion he began the utterance of the sentence of death in this wise: "Prisoner at the bar, you have been found guilty by a jury of your own countrymen of the crime laid to your charge; and I must say I entirely agree with the verdict; for I see 'scoundrel' written in your face." Here the prisoner interrupted with: "That's a strong reflection—from your Lordship!" Whereupon the Judge, keenly appreciating the joke, commuted the sentence into transportation for seven years.

A STORY is told of a victory achieved over Daniel O'Connell by a witness whom he was cross-examining. It was after he had won his celebrated *sobriquet* of "the big beggar-man." The witness was for the crown, in a case of riot committed by a mob of beggars, and he represented the affair as very serious. "Pooh, pooh! Now just tell the court how many there were," said O'Connell. "Indeed, I never stopped to count them, your Honor; but there was a whole tribe of them!" "A whole tribe of them! Will ye tell us to what tribe they belonged?" "Indeed, your Honor, that's more than I can do at all, for sure I never heard; but I think it must have been to the tribe of Dan!" "You may go down, Sir!" cried O'Connell, in a rage, amidst the irrepressible laughter of the court.

Nor long since two prominent members of the bar of this city, while trying a cause, indulged in certain personalities toward each other that they may have fancied quite "sarcastical," though they would hardly call upon the out-of-court public to strain its politeness or truthfulness by approving what they so vigorously stated. One of the learned gentlemen concisely alluded to the other as a "puppy." An allusion somewhat similar was made not long ago in one of the courts of Preble county, Ohio; but the retort it evoked evinced greater tact and better temper

than was exhibited by our metropolitan counselors. It is thus narrated by a correspondent at Eutaw:

Counselor B—— was trying a cause before Judge P——. The counselor was somewhat ponderous in size and ponderous in manner. His opponent was a recent acquisition to this hemisphere from that quiet but isolated portion of Western Europe known in poetry as the Isle of Erin. He was a practitioner of the terrier sort—a worrier—and annoyed his learned opponent more by the frequency than the force of his attacks. At last B——, out of patience after one of these assaults, turned upon the minute Milesian and exclaimed, in thundering tones: "Hush! you impertinent puppy, or I'll pick you up and put you in my pocket!"

Our Celtic orator turned to the Judge with an expression of countenance and tone of voice quite indescribable, and said: "May it please the Court, if the jintleman does as he sez he will, all I have to say is that he will have more law in his pocket than he ivver had in his big head!" The jintleman of "Oirish extract" gained the case.

Moral: Style not thy legal opponent the juvenile offspring of an elderly dog.

IN the days when camp-meetings were more frequent in Indiana than they are at present, one was held in H——. A good many of the baser sort attended, more for amusement than any thing else. One of the unregenerate, G. M——, while on his way to the meeting, found an old and very poor horse, all bones, which he mounted, and managed to ride into the encampment just as the worshippers were assembling, and the preacher, the Rev. T. G. B——, was reading his text: "Shall these dry bones live?" M—— deliberately dismounted, and surveying his steed, replied, loud enough to be heard by those in range of the clergyman's voice: "It's a mighty doubtful case, Mister; but they may!"

SOME twenty years ago a certain Methodist minister—now deservedly ranking very high in his denomination, having been for years a missionary to China, and at this present writing occupying a prominent pulpit in one of the cities of the Empire State—was holding forth with characteristic zeal in one of our rural districts on the text "*Thou fool.*" Having in due form unfolded the lesson contained in these words, he at length concluded his discourse in a perfect tempest of exhortation, as follows: "And finally, impenitent hearers, will you *live* fools? will you *die* fools? will you forever be *dammned* fools?"

A GREAT many years have rolled by since the Rev. Lemuel Haynes, a colored preacher, was settled over the Congregational Society in Rutland, Vermont. This Haynes was an uncommonly able man, and remained the pastor of said church, if we recollect rightly, some twenty-five years. During this pastorate Rev. Hosea Ballou, one of the earliest apostles of Universalism in this country, came into town and announced that on a certain Sabbath, and at a certain place, he would preach. Mr. Haynes's friends persuaded him to forego his third service on that day and go over and hear Mr. Ballou. He did so. Mr. B. invited him into the pulpit. He went. After the sermon the preacher turn-

ed and asked Mr. Haynes if he had any thing to say. He immediately arose and delivered a fifteen minute sermon—the most memorable one, probably, he ever delivered in his life. His text was: Genesis iii. 4: “And the serpent said unto the woman, *thou shalt NOT surely die.*” Topic: CHARACTER OF THIS PREACHER. He was: 1. An old preacher. 2. A cunning preacher. 3. A laborious preacher. 4. A heterogeneous preacher. 5. A presumptuous preacher. 6. A successful preacher. And finally, he was a *universal* preacher.

This, as may well be imagined, fell like a bomb in the enemy's camp, stirred up an intense excitement, and gave rise to a long, voluminous, and more or less bitter controversy.

A FEW years since the Methodist Conference for Vermont met in the town of Bradford in that State. As the preachers, the day before the session was to commence, were pouring into town, a knot of citizens congregated in one of the stores or bar-rooms, and were engaged in passing their comments upon the throng of newcomers. Among these was a lawyer, who in his observations was rather hard, not to say a little bitter, on the ministry in general. At length a by-stander, interrupting, remarked:

“I guess, my friend, you must be a Universalist.”

“A Universalist!” he retorted; “by no manner of means! I give you good bail that when I go to heaven *I don't go on the cattle train!*”

In the year 1859 General B——, Marcellus D——, and M. J. C—— were candidates for Congress in the Second District of Georgia, and by mutual agreement “stumped” the district together. At the first appointment a large crowd assembled, and General B——, the oldest candidate, addressed them first, followed by D——, the youngest, a vigorous and captivating speaker. When the time came for Mr. C—— to speak he explained his reason for giving most of his time to answering Mr. D—— by relating an anecdote.

“The Rev. Mr. G——,” said he, “called on one of his parishioners for a contribution toward building a new church.”

“‘I am in debt, heavily in debt,’ replied his friend; ‘I must first pay my debts, and then I will help you.’

“‘In debt?’ answered the preacher, ‘why you are in debt to the Lord; you owe Him for every thing you have. Pay the Lord first.’

“‘That is true,’ was the response; ‘I do owe the Lord for all I have; *but the Lord is not pressing me like my other creditors.* I must pay them first.’”

The result of the triangular political contest is not given by our correspondent, nor is he inclined to make allusion as to what arrangement was subsequently made in reference to the liability to the higher power. Some of those old Georgia politicians held loose notions on pecuniary matters, and were too much in the habit of letting their little “coupons” go to protest.

In the early settlement of Western New York Mr. N—— resided in Genesee County. His small family included an aged father and mother. In the order of time the old folks died.

The son, wishing to show proper respect for their memory, procured a double-headed grave-stone, of soft, clayish slate. It was brought home and placed against the fence, where it soon dissolved and fell to the ground. The inscription upon it, written by N—— and engraved under his direction, is as follows:

Here lies a Father and a Mother true,
A Granther and a Granny tue.

THE passing off of old folks is in the ordinary course of nature, but the elegies that are inspired by accidents are various and touching, as in the following, where the cause of the exit is followed by matter pertinent to the census:

From life to death—a sudden stroke—
His head was by a saw-gate broke;
The purple gore in streams did run;
He left a widder and one son!

How we smile at these incongruous trifles! Do they not teach us the lesson that the greater part of mankind are no more remembered after death than the dreams of childhood, or the flowers of preceding summers! Homer's comparison of the generations of men to the leaves of successive years is not more striking as a picture of human frailty and vicissitude than as a memento of the oblivion that spreads its shadows over the tomb:

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
Another race the following spring supplies;
They fall successive, and successive rise:
So generations in their course decay;
So flourish these, when those are past away.

DURING the judgeship of the late Henry Baldwin, of the United States Supreme Court, and while he was holding the Circuit at Philadelphia, the late David Paul Brown was before him to argue a case that had several times been “continued” from term to term. Wearied and annoyed at these repeated postponements, Mr. Brown remarked, in a tone sufficiently loud to be heard on the Bench:

“It does seem to me as though his Honor would ‘continue’ this case until the day of judgment.”

“Well,” replied the Judge, “if I do I am afraid *you will not be there to plead.*”

“No your Honor, perhaps not; but your Honor will, and *plead most lustily!*”

WHEN Buell and Bragg made their celebrated race for Louisville on lines parallel with each other many of the regiments of the former became considerably demoralized, and not a little mourning and lamentation went out from hundreds of hen-roosts and pig-sties. On one occasion a long, slab-sided Illinoisian was trudging along the Bardstown turnpike with an enormous gobbler thrown over his shoulders. The Colonel, noticing him, rode up, and doubtless thinking that that species of bird should be seen nowhere in camp excepting at head-quarters, demanded:

“Where did you get that turkey? and how dare you straggle from the command to rob against orders?”

With an expression of countenance as innocent as a seraph's, the fellow replied:

“Well, Colonel, I captured him back here,

and as he couldn't take the oath I thought I'd bring him along!"

From the "bummer" point of view the answer was pertinent; but the Colonel held different views, and ordered it into the custody of the Commissary. Thence, of course, to head-quarters table.

A CLERICAL correspondent (the "cloth" are always welcome) sends the following letter of an enamored party who desired to experiment a little in the wedded love line:

"the Rev. Mr. ———.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have Made up My Mind to Marrie one of your church Members of your Congregation. we have set or greed to get Married on the 2th of ———. Miss m——L—— being one of your Members, she has or Wishes for you, My Dear Brother, to Marrie us. I will be in C—— on the first myself and if Nothing happens and god spears me and I will Come and see you on the subject myself Mr. ——— Dear sir Please answer this letter of Mine if you are at home so that there will be no Miss under standing between us.

"I Remain your Dear Brother and affectionate friend

There was no "Miss under standing" in the case, and Miss M—— L—— soon got her "lines."

OF epitaphs, serious and filled with poetry, there is none in the language more beautiful than the following, written by Samuel Taylor Coleridge a few months before his death:

"Stop, Christian passer-by! Stop, Child of God!
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seemed he—
O, lift one thought in prayer for S. T. C.;
That he who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life, may here find life in death!
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame
He asked and hoped, through Christ. Do thou the
same!"

A TOUCHING instance of connubial affection and devotion occurred not long since in New Hampshire. An aged couple, who during half a century of married life had wrangled and quarreled with each other, were in all probability soon to be separated. The old husband was taken sick, and was believed to be near his end. The old spouse came to his bedside, and after carefully examining and taking stock of his condition, exclaimed:

"Wy, daddy, your feet are cold, and your hands are cold, and your nose is cold!"

"Wa'al, let um be cold!"

"Wy, daddy, you're goin' to die!"

"Wa'al, I guess I know wot I'm 'bout!"

"Wy, daddy, wat's to becum of me if you die?"

"I dunno, and don't care! Wat I want to know is, wat's to becum of me?"

At this stage of the colloquy our reporter judged that the correct and delicate thing for him to do would be to retire. He retired.

A MISSOURI correspondent, in looking over his bound volumes of the Magazine, noticed in the Drawer, years back, the name of his old friend, Colonel W. E. G——, then of Ohio, now of Missouri. The Colonel got off many good things, and occasionally was himself made the subject of merriment. Of the latter sort was the following:

On the last "glorious Fourth" the Colonel de-

livered an oration at Neosho, down in the southwest corner of Missouri. In the course of a magnificent effort, which will long be remembered by the thousands who heard it, the Colonel alluded to the surpassing beauty and richness of that section of country; and drew a strong contrast between its present peaceful and prosperous condition and the devastation and bloodshed which rioted there during all the late war. In this part of his address he used this expression: "Your children grow around you in beauty now—your sons like these young forest trees; your daughters like yonder flowers upon the prairie."

After the exercises the Colonel and a few friends were chatting over their meerschaums when a long-drawn-out, bushy-headed, grizzle-bearded man, such as these frontiers only can produce (with two "navies" and a "bowie" in his belt), came in very abruptly and demanded to know what he meant by the expression quoted above. G—— carefully explained the poetic compliment intended to the rising generation of Southwest Missouri, and ended by asking his grim visitor to "take su'thin'."

"All right, Kernal!" answered the now good-humored man-eater—"all right, Kernal! Durn me ef you ain't a brick! But I sort o' spicioned you war pokin' fun at our young 'uns, seein' as how most of our timber here is wuthless black-jack, and the prairier flowers durned weeds!"

DURING the remarkable log-cabin and hard-cider Presidential campaign the Right Reverend Bishop England, of Charleston, was detained over night in the village of Madison, Georgia, and, at the request of several citizens, delivered in the court-house a lecture on the Roman Catholic religion. Seeing the lights and the crowd, old Tim D—— sailed into the room as steadily as the cloud of canvas he was carrying would permit. Tim was perplexed and annoyed by the unusual lack of enthusiasm, and as soon as the reverend speaker paused for a moment, steadied himself, swung his hat, and sang out: "Come, boys, let's have three cheers for old Tippecanoe!"

The good prelate thought the invitation was perhaps ill-timed, lacking in reverence, and a little odd, "you know;" but the cheery three were not given, and Tim waddled off the premises.

DEAN ALFORD, Mr. Richard Grant White, Mr. Edward S. Gould, and other eminent wordists, are doing good service to the Queen's and Federal English. Their criticisms on the bad grammar of eminent writers, from Addison down to Tupper, are producing admirable results. We commend to their notice the following clever definition, recently given by a youthful scholar in a Western university:

One morning Doctor S—— put this question to young W——: "How is a verb affected by adding a preposition?" As the answer was not promptly given, the Doctor said, "I will tell you: it renders it more emphatic. Now, Mr. W——, take the verb *caveo*—to excavate, to hollow out; add the preposition *ex* to it, making it *excaveo*, and how does it affect its meaning?"

"Just as you say, Doctor," replied W——; "it makes it more *emphatic*, Sir—that is, Sir, to holler out louder!"

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